A photograph of a monkey sitting on a wire basket. The monkey is looking directly at the camera. In front of it is an open book with text on the pages. The background is a chain-link fence.

MONKEY READ

~

MONKEY DO

A NOVEL

BY

VeryWellAged

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Second Edition

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A series of subsequent corrections and releases have followed to fix errors in the text. The release date for this version is 25 April 2016.

A revised version was released on 14 June 2016, because of major reworking of chapters 35 and 36.

A number of typographical errors, syntax errors, and a continuity error, were corrected in the 16 July 2016 release. Chapters affected were: 15, 20, 22, 24, 27, 32, 36, 37, 39 and 47.

For the 9 August 2016 release, additional typos were corrected as was a relationship connection that was swapped midway in the text. The text is now consistent in that regard.

The 15 November 2016 release fixed some technical problems, redirected a hyperlink, and added some clarity in two places.

None of this book may be used by others without the express email consent of the author.

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Foreword

The following novel is connected to the work and stories of VeryWellAged, which can be found in various formats at the website: <http://www1.asstr.org/~VeryWellAged/index.htm>

While it is not necessary to have read the stories referenced in this novel, to understand the references, all the stories can be found on the website.

Preface of Language and Culture

This story, as do many of my stories, involves an American English speaker living in the Philippines and interacting with Filipinos. Primarily with Filipinas, the females.

For those of you whose primary language is English, it may surprise you that compared to some other languages, your language is a highly precise stew pot of words, nuances, and structures that allow for a strict understanding of exactly what is intended to be conveyed. We have rules upon rules of what constitutes correct speech so that ambiguity is removed.

The languages of the Philippines are the converse. Ambiguity is part and parcel of their lives. States of being we use are completely missing from their casual lexicon. Where a child might come to an adult and say, ‘*Mom says to tell you it is time to eat dinner.*’ A Tagalog speaker might simply say *Kain na*. That Tagalog translates to *Eat now*. If you hand me a sack of potato chips, I might say, *I have had enough*, in Tagalog, it would be *Tama na*. Now, *Tama* actually means *Correct* and *na* means *now*. But when strung together it is understood as *Enough*. So *Correct now*, means *Enough*, and nowhere is there a verb of being.

The result is a spoken English which sounds a bit odd to your ears until you remember that the missing words come from people who are unaccustomed to using anything like them. An example is: *What you do her?* Which can mean: *What did you do to her?* Or *What did you do with her?* Or *What did you do for her?* You are supposed to gather the meaning based on the context of when the question was asked.

An additional complexity arises in our penchant for asking compound or complex questions. For instance, in the sentence:

Joan, are you ready to agree; is this for you?

The Filipina hears two questions.

1. Are you ready to agree?
2. Is this for you?

When faced with two questions in one sentence, you will not get a useful answer. If you do, you are very lucky! The general rule is one question per sentence. However you can modify a sentence, by asking it in improper English and avoid this. It is a subtle difference but it does work.

Joan are you ready to agree, this not for you?

It may not seem like much to you and it is definitely not proper English, but you will get your answer!

In this novel, the dialog is as accurate to the place and type of conversation as I can make it. There are things I don't do. In real dialog, he is confused with she and visa versa. Tagalog does not use gender pronouns and so the Tagalog speaker will often make this mistake.

Pronouns are used freely within sentences and often do not refer to any identified subject. Further a number of individuals may be identified by the same pronoun in the same sentence. If there are four sisters, which sister is being referenced, is anyone's guess. If you ask, you often get a look, like, why does it matter?

That is the nature of the ambiguousness in lives led. You will often hear a Filipino complain that a foreigner is strict. The foreigner is trying to untangle the ambiguity and it is not appreciated.

So I have done as much as I can without making the reading completely impossible. I hope you enjoy what follows.

Prologue

I emailed him three times, and I don't even know his real name.

He knows what I want to know, but he will not tell me. He just says, 'Get your ass over here and settle down. Look around. If you are patient, discreet and clear, you will find what you are looking for.'

That is so not helpful. I know he is there, with a houseful of lovelies. I know he knows others with the same thing. But he won't help me to get what he has.

Still he isn't being rude. He is pleasant in his emails. It is just that he says he is afraid of those he doesn't know. OK I guess I can see that. He writes stories about life with many girls in the Philippines; stories I can't get out of my head.

That is not to say I have been celibate these long last years. Nah, I have dated a bit. I have had some girlfriends, but none I could see myself settling down with. The gals were nice and all, but there was something missing. There was something that wasn't working for me.

He does email back, but sort of with non-answer answers. I ask him if I can meet him. He says, *No*. I ask him where in the Philippines he is based. I cannot get an answer.

He does caution me that if I am a picky eater, or someone who is too attached to my home, my town, my friends, to my US based family, that it probably will not work for me. Yeh, I guess I can see that too. He said I had better like rice, because that is the staple there and not eating it will be a never ending source of irritation. I get his meaning. To a certain extent, you have got to 'go native.' You have to eat, drive, and live in their world, by their rules.

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It has been a year since I first found these stories and in that year I have been increasingly wanting what he, and the others he writes about, seem to have. Oh, I know he says the stories are fiction. But he also says they are based on reality. I want that reality.

I have a job and have always made a really good wage, but the plant where I work is shutting down. I am going to lose that income. I am eligible for early retirement, but that will leave me in the poor house soon enough. I guess I could maybe get a job as a “greeter” at Walmart, but it doesn’t appeal to me.

Friends? Sure I have a few, but they are all in the same boat. I am not sure I want to see their sorry ass faces as we all slide into long term economic misery. We are all too young for Social Security. Unemployment benefits don’t help for long, even if I could get them. But I can’t as I will be taking voluntary retirement.

My family? Nah, I’ve been divorced for fifteen years. My kids are grown with kids of their own. They spend their holidays with my ex. Can’t blame them. I was never there for them when they were growing up. I worked two jobs in those days to keep the roof over their heads and food on their table. But that doesn’t count I guess, cause I wasn’t the one to wipe their snotty noses when they had a bad day.

I have a home, and no mortgage, so can get some value for the thing now. If I wait a year, I guess it won’t be worth squat. Do I love this dirty town? Nah, can’t say I cared for it much, ever. It is just the place where I work.

So I figure, it’s time to leave. I’ll sell everything here. There’s nothing I want to take with me, that can’t fit into a few cardboard boxes. I can get someone to ship them to me once I find a place to hang my hat. I call a real estate agent and put my place up for sale. I’ll retire and leave as soon as the house sells.

When the agent comes to the house, I get a bit of a laugh. She says normally she tells the home owner that he or she needs to make improvements to the house to make it saleable, but I have kept my place

up. I paint it more often than is probably needed and repair things as soon as I see the issue. She says the place has ‘curb appeal.’

When my current girlfriend sees the ‘For Sale’ sign on the lawn, she freaks out a bit. She wants to know what’s up with that. And, like, I just don’t want to tell her. Well that ends that, and she decides to move on. Can’t blame her.

The next thing I think about is where I am going. In the email I did get from the guy, he said, find anywhere in the Visayas, except Cebu City. OK, maybe but I don’t want to be too isolated. I guess a bunch of guys know the Philippines because of their military service. I was never in the military, so I am flying blind.

I email this writer back and tell him my plans. He sort of backs me up, saying I should come over before selling and make sure this is for me. I need to be sure before I make such a complete commitment. He says that for every guy who comes over and stays, there are probably half a dozen who decide it is not for them. I hear him, but no, it is going to work for me. This is one thing I am not going to follow his advice on. I just don’t like any of my other options.

I take a month studying the map of the Philippines, using Wikipedia to research the places I see on the map. The Philippines is having a strong economic growth spurt these last few years. It seems to me I need to find a place where the economic growth has not been felt so much. If I understand the stories, I need a place where jobs are still hard to come by and women are more ready to find a safe place to land. I choose *****. Maybe it is a good choice, maybe not. If not, I will find somewhere else once I get there.

The bottom line is that I want the life that is ‘out there’ and no matter where I live, I will have the same amount of US dollars coming to me. How far those dollars go is of real concern. My bet is that if I do it right, they will go a lot further in the Philippines. Maybe I don’t have enough to live comfortably here, but I think I can live comfortably there.

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If I can get a long term lease on some land and build a house on it, it ought to satisfy the SRRV Visa requirement, for a financial investment that must remain during my stay. I am old enough that the amount really isn't all that great anyway. If I do that, I don't have to marry to stay there. It is sort of what Jake did in the story about Joy, that the guy wrote. It also means that I am not tied to any one woman. That is something that I think I have to have working for me.

Chapter 1: Rice

When the guy said I had better like rice, he wasn't kidding. Maybe I'll get back to that later.

I got here two weeks ago. The first week was a bit of a challenge. I came in on a 21 day visa. I need to get to a Bureau of Immigration office this week to get an extended tourist visa. That gives me an extra sixty days to figure out how to proceed on the plan or re-up for yet another 60 days. I can do the extended visas over and over for over a year. Someone told me for US citizens it is three years now. But I will find out when I get to the immigration office.

OK, I've got to say this about the females. Yes many of them are beautiful, but there are some amazingly ugly gals here too. Just saying, you know, it is a mixed bag, but in truth, there are an amazing number of 8's, 9's and a few 10's to see.

I'm leasing a small house on a monthly basis for now. The place is 'furnished' by their standards. It falls a bit short of mine, but I hear the warning in my head from the earlier emails. I need to accept I am not in the U.S. of A, any more.

The toilet is so small it is just damned funny. You can shit, shower, and shave in a five by four foot room. The kitchen is an 8 CuF fridge, a two burner hotplate, a shallow sink built into a concrete counter and covered with cheap tile.

I am looking for something far better, but at ₱3,500 monthly, which is currently worth \$77.80, I am not complaining.

The weather is warm to hot. No question about it. I need a fan on me at night to get any shut eye. Once I find a longer term place I will invest in an air conditioner. They call it an aircon. That's something I am learning here. Everything is shortened, made smaller, thinner, lessened. Snack food bags are tiny and hold tiny amounts. Soft drink bottles hold less

liquid. Chairs and sofas are smaller and lower to the ground. They are also not padded nearly as well. Sometimes I feel like the chairs are all rejects from elementary schools back home. ... 'Back home,' now that is a concept that I need to jettison if I plan to stay here. This is home. Anyway, all things, including words are shortened. Why say air conditioner when you can say aircon? Why say toilet, or rest room, or comfort room, when you can say CR? Why say fridge when you can say ref?

It takes me exactly forty-eight hours after arriving to get female companionship and I wasn't trying. I simply sit down to eat a bite for lunch at a street side place with tables and chairs on the sidewalk when a pretty gal in her thirties asks me if I am with anyone. I say I am not and she asks me if she might sit with me. *Sure*, I answer and in short order, while I am served and eating, I am also fielding a round of questions. She wants to know: why I am in the Philippines; whom I am visiting; why this province; if I am married; how old am I; do I like rice; and so on.

Some of her questions I can answer honestly, but one I will shade a bit. I tell her I am in the Philippines to retire. I am not visiting anyone. I chose this province because it allows me to make my money go further. No, I am not married and I am 55. The rice bit is something I find funny. I am eating rice while she asks me the question. I say as much. She looks nonplussed.

No, I not make myself so you understand. My cousin, she marry a man from Utah. She tell me he only want potato or bread. He eat rice if he have no choice, but he not want this. You like that maybe?

Nah, I'm OK with rice.

Really?

Yeh.

This good then. So you like girls?

Excuse me?

You like have a girlfriend? Maybe me?

Why you ask about girls and not women?

We are girls? Correct?

Huh, OK, yeh, sure, I guess.

Yes you want me for a girlfriend?

I just have to laugh. I don't even know her name. I do not know if she is what I am looking for. But in the middle of my laughing I remember something I read in one of the stories.

I don't know you well enough. We can see if we can be girlfriend and boyfriend, but no promises now. OK?

Yes, yes. I agree. We find out. Good. Very good.

Now, what is your name?

Her name is Eunice but she is called Jenny. Don't ask me why, because she cannot explain it and so I don't know. She is thirty-five with two kids, boys aged eighteen and fifteen. She is married but separated for the last twelve years in reality if not legally. Also in reality she is not one for me, but I didn't promise her anything. I ask her what she is going to do right now, after we leave here.

She slips up and answers in Tagalog. *Wala lang. Sorry, sorry, I have no plans. May I see where you live?*

That can't be more obvious, but I play along. *Sure, it is close to here.*

We walk along dirt roads. We pass what amount to stores, but they are little more than roadside stands, about seven feet wide and maybe ten feet deep. Each with what amounts to a counter, except for the barber shop. Each sells some things, vegetables, or fruit, or plumbing supplies, or electrical supplies, or eggs, or fish. There are a few dozen of these places. We turn a couple of corners passing simple bamboo huts and squat concrete structures suited for some commercial purpose. In short order

we come to my very humble abode painted a faded yellow and a dull red. I am told it is forty square meters, or about 400 square feet. To me it is humble, but it isn't humble to her.

Oh, I dream I will have a house like this before I die! You are very lucky in life I think.

And then we walk in the door and the tune changes. *Oh! Your maid, she is very lazy! This place is not right! You must fire her immediately! I will get you a good maid!*

For starters, there is no maid. I am taking care of things and I thought I had done a dandy job. Jenny obviously is of a different opinion. As to getting a maid, no I do not want her getting me a maid. That sounds like a matter of staking out her turf and it is exactly what I don't want.

Jenny, thank you for your offer, but I will get a maid myself. How much does one cost?

You should not give her any more than two thousand five hundred pesos. Where will you get a maid? You not know anyone.

I will consult with the landlord. So what is wrong with the place?

The dishes not covered. You must never leave them out like this! Some of your foods must put in sealed plastic containers. The ants get in. They ruin things if you not do that. Curtains need washing. Walls need washing. Where the broom¹ by front door? This floor gritty. After floor cleaned it need wax. You not wear shoes house. Put slippers at the door.

I see. OK I think you have made your point. I will get a maid.

Satisfied, Jenny relaxes. At maybe five foot two, she is actually taller than many of the other women here. Her hair is a little longer than shoulder length and is the normal black. Her eyes are brown. Her complexion is very light. She carries an umbrella and uses it, while we were walking, to keep the sun off her. I say umbrella and not a parasol,

¹ - A soft short broom made of rice stalks. The broom is soft.

because it is no frilly Victorian cloth thing. It is a real umbrella. Her shoes are standard issue poolside flip-flops. Nothing more. Hers are red and white. She is dressed in a long sleeved blouse and multi-color leggings.

We sit outside on the small terrace under the extended roof from the house. There is not much breeze but at least we are out of the sun. We shoot the shit for an hour before Jenny announces that there is somewhere she must be. I should get the place cleaned up via a maid. Later when the house is more presentable, she will return.

And leave she does at about mid-afternoon. I text the landlord about getting suggestions for a good maid. I don't get any suggestions. What I do get is a seventeen year old girl, a black eyed, black-haired, beauty, who is calling from the street, *I-Oh! I-Oh!*

I greet her, asking what she needs. She is perplexed. I ask her in a slightly different way and get the response, *I your maid Sir Ronald.*

Who sent you?

Sir Albert, your landlord.

What's your name?

Elvie.

How old are you, Elvie?

Seventeen, Sir Ronald.

Where do you live?

Here?

Excuse me? I asked, where are you living?

Sir, if I your maid, I will live here!

Where is your family?

Far away Sir. They not live in the city. I come here alone. I think I stay with my Tita², my aunt, but she not here. I not know where she goes.

You know I live here alone?

Yes Sir! Sir Albert tell me that. He ask me, 'Elvie that OK?' I tell him, yes.

Maybe you can be my maid. We will see. Come in and tell me what needs to be done.

Head down and shuffling along with stooped shoulders, so as to make herself as small as possible, she enters through the gate grasping a plastic sack, much like a garbage bag, passes me on her way to the house's front door, which is standing open. She gasps. *Sir, OMG! Sir, there is so much to do. How you live here like this. This so wrong!*

You'll do, I think. Elvie, you are hired. Get your things. You can start in the morning.

These my things, and she holds the bag up for me to see. I start now. Please Sir, where the broom?

Look in that room, I say, pointing to a bedroom. She scurries off. Honestly that is what she did. I don't think any other word would do justice to her actions. When she returns I ask, OK where do we start?

Oh! No Sir! You sit. I do this. In two hours the place looks very different. But it is time to eat and I am about to cook something for the two of us as I gather that is part of the deal, when she comes unstuck! Sir NO! I cook! I cook! You must not!

She looks at what I have and announces she needs a few things from the store. Do I want to get them, or may she? I tell her she can go and give her some cash to make the purchases.

² - Aunt is Tita. Uncle is Tito. [Pronounced tee-TAH and tee-TOE]

She is gone and back in no time at all. Food is ready in under an hour. I am expecting that it will be passable and won't put me in the hospital. What she serves is damned tasty and it of course includes a large serving of rice. I just about over eat, which evidently makes Elvie a happy girl.

Elvie does not eat with me. I ask her why. *Sir, I your maid, I not think I do that.*

Elvie, will you eat with me if I ask you to do it?

Sir?

Will you?

Yes Sir. If you require it, I do it.

After the meal Elvie returns to cleaning and is still cleaning when I announce it is time for bed. She can start again in the morning. She will sleep in the room I am not using. It is too small for me but not for Elvie, it would seem. I will not touch Elvie for fear that she will then think she is "the girlfriend." A maid is one thing. A girlfriend living with me is quite another. I need to maintain control. It is something that I think I have learned from the stories I have read.

Morning comes on this third day. I now have a house and a maid and evidently a woman who wants to be my girlfriend. Let her want it and let Elvie see that. How did that guy put it? I need to play for the long game.

Morning brings with it breakfast of boiled banana and a course dark sugar³, plus some instant Nescafe coffee. It works for me. By noon the house looks completely different. I think it is done. Elvie says no, we need to paint the place. I stop her at that point and explain that this is temporary. We need a larger place and maybe later I will build a house.

How big this next house you want?

Elvie I want a house with at least four bedrooms and space outside.

³ - Muscovado Sugar

Why? It just you!

For now, Elvie, yes. But later it will be different.

You want me to look for this? Maybe I get a better price than you can get.

Sure, you can look. How much will such a house cost?

Maybe too much! I think maybe ₱8,000 a month! So much money!

If you can find such a house, please find it.

OK I go after I make you lunch. What you want?

Do we have any more of what you made last night?

No, sorry. It is gone. You like noodles maybe?

Yeh, noodles are fine.

OK I make.

Elvie does make a simple and tasty noodle dish, with rice!, before disappearing for hours. For most of that time I am puttering around, and using my smartphone with a local SIM to surf the web a bit. I am in no big hurry. Around 4PM Jenny calls out, *I-Oh!*, from outside the gate. I am sitting on the terrace. It's just too hot to be inside at the moment. I just call out, *Come in.*

As she walks to the terrace, a smile on her face becomes a little more animated. She is already noting some changes. We greet each other with a peck on the cheek before she tilts her head to the front door and asks, *May I?*

Go right ahead. I sit outside. I am confident that all is OK. I don't need to hover. A couple of minutes later Jenny is sitting by my side. *That fast. How you find a maid like that?*

My landlord knew someone. He sent her over. I think she does a good job.

She living here. Should I get jealous? Maybe she younger and prettier.

Jenny, she is the maid. We are in separate bedrooms and I have not touched her. Yes she is younger. Prettier? That is a hard thing to judge. But she is the maid and not a girlfriend.

OK. Good. Where she?

Looking for a nicer place for me.

You not like this one? I think it nice.

No, I want a little larger place. Jenny, will you stay for supper?

You want me stay here?

For supper. Maybe we will spend a night together. We will see. Maybe it is too soon.

Yes OK. I agree. OK yes. I want to meet your maid. I will see how she cooks.

We spend the next half an hour with me asking her about her boys, why her marriage fell apart and related matters. I am filling time until Elvie gets home.

When Elvie does arrive, she takes the addition of Jenny on the terrace in stride. The two talk in Ilonggo for a brief time, before Elvie all but panics and apologizes for not speaking English in front of me. I have not mentioned anything like that to her, but I am not going to tell her differently. Jenny also apologizes. I ignore it all and instead ask Elvie if there is enough food for one more tonight.

Of course, Yes! No problem. I will get it ready now. And off she dashes.

I would be worried about that one, but she is dark and so not a problem.

Goddamn, these women are if not racists, then they're something close to it. If I wanted a white woman, I could have stayed at home or if I wanted someone a bit younger than I could find at home, there are white women

in South America. Jenny doesn't get it. I don't give a shit about her color. Yeh, Jenny is lighter skinned than Elvie, but neither are white. Still I say nothing and just smile. Tonight I am teaching Elvie that there will be other women around. If Elvie works out, she will be mine, but she will never have me exclusively.

Dinner is damned good. It is something they call pinakbet with coconut milk, over rice. There is a bit of pork in it for flavoring, Jenny tells me, but it is considered a vegetable dish. Just one you can't serve to a vegetarian. There is Sprite on the table for Jenny. I am drinking a beer. Elvie decides to not eat with us. I overrule her and tell her to fill her plate and sit down. *You are the maid. But a maid deserves respect too.*

I am too shy, Sir. I no want to.

Jenny tells me to not push it. I agree, for tonight, to go along with that suggestion. Tomorrow is another thing.

Jenny takes her leave after dinner and Elvie immediately asks, *That why we need bigger house? For her two boys?*

No Elvie, it is not. Now what did you find?

I not find a place with four bedrooms. I find a place with six but they want ₱9,500. I tell them, 'too much!' Then they say ₱9,000. I say maybe we answer tomorrow.

Can I see it?

Yes Sir. I have the keys. I give them back tomorrow if you not like. But we not need such a big house. I think it is too much for me to clean.

I will get you help if I take the house.

Sir, really why such a big house?

Elvie, you will see later. But why are you worried? Do you plan on being with me a long time?

Sir? Why I not want to stay? This is a good life.

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For now, but you will find a boy, you will fall in love and leave your job as a maid.

No I not do that.

Yes you will. The only way you will stay is if you belong to me. If you give me your body and children. Then you will stay. But you will never be my wife and I will always have other women. So I think you will not stay.

Why you say you have many women? I think Jenny not know that! You are bad. I tell Jenny.

Go ahead. I don't care if I ever see her again. But if you do, you can leave too.

You fire me?

No, Elvie. I only fire you if you disobey me. If you obey, you will stay forever.

I think about it.

Chapter 2: Taking 'No' as the answer.

My morning starts out a little oddly. A breakfast of freshly baked sweet rolls is on the table. So is a tall glass of what I am to discover is called buko (fresh coconut) juice, and a pot of coffee made from Nescafe instant packets. Elvie is nowhere to be seen. Is this nice breakfast a parting gift? She is not in the house. I decide to not worry about it and enjoy the breakfast in front of me.

Afterwards, I clear the table and start doing the dishes, only to get yelled at. *Stop! I do that!* Elvie has returned with bags of groceries. She sheds her outside flip-flops and runs to me, holding the bags while at the same time seeming to just slide into her inside of the house pair of slippers. It is an amazing performance that makes me want to laugh, but I sense, laughing would not be the thing to do at this moment. Dropping the bags at my feet, she jumps into my arms, kisses me and holds on tight.

You made your decision?

I yours. I belong to you. No argument. I do what you want. I always with you. Now I call you Ronald, not Sir Ronald. You must agree, I run the house. No other girl. OK?

OK.

What happens next is not the stuff of romance novels. It is the stuff of reality.

You take me to your bed, but first I must put these things away. Hehe.

Elvie isn't doing a mad scramble. She is carefully unpacking and putting things in the best place. She is humming and swinging her hips. This is a happy girl. Is it this easy? Really? Might she have run away, calling me a monster? Maybe. But that has not happened. Not yet anyway. But I best not assume she will accept other women in the future. I best make sure she accepts them as soon as I can. She is only seventeen. If I bed her and she turns bad when the next female graces my bed, I am in deep shit.

Some say the age of consent in these Islands is fourteen. Well it is and it ain't. See, if an underage boy fucks a young'un, well that's legal. It is not rape. But if you are older than eighteen and you fuck that same fourteen year old, you can go to jail. Jails here ain't exactly nice places, so you do have to be careful. The legal thing revolves around a law which supersedes the consent age law. I found out about it by accident, but it is a real thing. So do I bed her now? Do I take a chance?

Ronald? You know that house I tell you about?

Yeh. Why?

I go back there this morning. I not like it. I think there many rats there. It a problem. I give keys back. We look other places.

Huh, OK.

Elvie is still cleaning and I decide to take a walk. I need some things. I could ask Elvie but this will be sort of a scavenger hunt. I need to stretch my legs. I grab my cell phone and tell her I am going out for a bit.

You angry with me? I give keys back?

No. You did right. I am not angry with you. We need to find the right place, not the first place.

Good! Correct! And another smile shines on her sweet mocha face.

I slide into my shoes at the door and launch off to find... what? Oh sure I am looking for shaving cream and a new razor, but I also am open to finding what other options might be out there.

This is a Tuesday, but it is also a Muslim holiday and schools are not in session. Kids are everywhere. Many young teen girls are in view. Some are examples of my hopes and dreams, but I cannot just walk up to one. I have to do this right. Patience! I have to be patient. And so I walk by, smiling and answering the kids who greet me with a salutation in English with one right back, be they boys or girls, regardless of age. I am simply the nice foreigner.

I find a convenience store, one of the larger and sturdier structures in the area. They have my shaving cream. They also sell condoms. I buy a few. They sell brandy, I buy a liter of something called “Light” brandy.

My shopping is done but I decide to walk on a bit more. About ten stores further on I find a bakery. Is this the one that made the sweet roll I had this morning? There is no way to tell. I am intrigued by some of the baked goods they have for sale. I see deep orange wedge shaped pieces stacked up. It is not pie. I decide to ask about it and step up to the high glass counter, over which I can barely see. Evidently the floor on the other side is a bit higher as I catch sight of a young girl. Her features are delicate, her smile is an honest one. Her eyes are bright and look directly at me.

What you want Sir?

What is that?

Pudding? You want?

How much?

Five pesos.

OK, one please.

She retrieves the slice with tongs and slides the slice into a thin plastic bag like you might see at a supermarket back home, in the produce department. I hand her the five pesos and ask, *What is your name?*

k'Ren.

I wasn't sure I understood. *Will you spell that for me, please?*

k-a-r-e-n

But you don't really say the 'a' and it sounds like k'Ren.

Correct.

How old are you?

Fourteen.

No school today?

Correct. So I help here.

I see. Well thank you very much k'Ren. I am Ron. It is nice to meet you.

Yes Sir. I like too. Come back again Sir!

She is a cutie, but so are so many others. Patience, Ron, patience. My way back to the little house is pretty much the same as the way out. I am greeted repeatedly and I answer every time. Best to be friendly.

The roads are unpaved, but the constant rains keep them from throwing up any dust. Still they are not muddy either. The ground seems to be a sandy mixture. The big thing is the unevenness of what is under my feet. I can't walk as if I was on a city sidewalk. It is more like walking on a nature trail even though the road is far broader.

Getting to the house, I remove my shoes and slide into slippers that Elvie bought for me yesterday.

Did you find what you need?

Yes. I did. And I found what I didn't need but want. And I pull out the bottle of brandy.

Hala⁴! We will have a good time with that!

We?

Of course, yes!

I see.

⁴ - Means "watch out!" [Pronounced: ha-LAH]

What else you buy?

I pull out the shaving cream and she takes it from my hands, saying, I will put this away. What else in that bag?

Just something for me. And before I can do anything about it, her hand is in the bag and out again with the condoms.

Good. I glad you care.

Oh, how do you know they are for you?

Ha! I think they not for me. You will get me pregnant. They for the others. This is good.

They are for you too, until you are eighteen.

OK. Yes, that is best. OK, I agree. Until then.

When is 'then?'

My birthday next August. You give me baby then. Not the others.

No Elvie. I will get others pregnant if they are old enough.

I see. OK. That what you want. OK. I obey. But I run the house!

Yes you run the house.

Good. You want to do it now?

It's not the most romantic proposal I have ever heard. But it works for me, somewhat. Too hot now. Tonight.

She raises her eyebrows once. She has agreed. You want lunch now?

It's almost noon. I'm not all that hungry but what the heck. OK.

What you want? You like fried rice and what you have last night?

Yeh, sounds good. And in no more than fifteen minutes food is on the table. All this for ₦2,500 salary plus I get to bed her whenever I want. What'a country!

After lunch, I am feeling a bit gritty and sweaty from my walk and the heat. Plus I want a good shave, so into the shower again. I get the first really good shave I have had since I got here and am just getting into my slacks when Jenny comes in somewhat unannounced. I gather she announced herself to Elvie, but her appearance at my bedroom door is a surprise to me.

A little fun with Elvie earlier, Ronald?

Hi to you too. No. I took a walk and felt like I needed a shower. Jealous?

A little. She seems too happy.

You want a little of what you think she is getting?

So she is getting some?

No she hasn't. But you think she has.

Yes I am sure of it.

So do you want some?

Why? You have her.

Why, is my business. I asked you a simple question Jenny. Do you want some?

Yes, I take you back from her.

She doesn't have me and bedding me does not make me yours.

We will see.

Do you want some now?

It too soon? You already do her.

Jesus fucking Christ. I didn't have her.

I pull Jenny into the bedroom and almost throw her on the bed. If she wasn't so pleased with all this, it might be rape. I pull off her leggings, these are gold ones, and her panties with them. She left her shoes outside and is barefoot. Dropping the slacks and briefs I just put on, I put this little hellcat on her knees and plunge in to a decently tight cunt from behind. She is neither completely dry nor sopping wet. There is enough lubrication for me to bottom out without any damage.

The fucking is pro forma. I am pounding a cunt and then the need for a condom hits me. What was I thinking? I was so damned angry with this bitch that I skipped a major step. Well, let's hope she is healthy. I still need one. I don't want kids with this one.

The condoms are on a table right by the bed. I scoop-up the entire line of square plastic containers that have yet to be separated. I separate one tossing the rest back as I continue to fuck this thirty-five year old mother of two. For a MILF, there is nothing wrong with her other than she wants to control me and her kids are male. Either one of those two issues is enough to make her non-viable. Both together makes her simply and completely wrong. Still, it gives me a chance to get clear with Elvie, in a big way, that she is not the only one I will be fucking.

I pull out long enough to get the rubber on and long enough to get a complaint from Jenny.

Why you need that now? You already in me.

I don't want to get you pregnant.

Why? Maybe I want it.

Maybe you do. I don't. And I slam my cock into her again. She is grunting. I find her clit with my index finger of my right hand and mash it, pushing it around. The fucking continues, and then she gets the big one. She doesn't scream. She doesn't cry. She just sort of freezes and shakes. I have stopped but am still in her. I start up again.

She cries, *Stop. It hurt now.*

I am still hard. I am holding Jenny in my arms and call for Elvie. Jenny looks at me and smiles. *Good, let her see us like this.*

Elvie comes in, surveys the scene and waits.

Undress and get over here.

Jenny is wiggling. I hold her firm and tell her to be good.

Why I be good?

You said you wanted what Elvie was getting. Elvie, have we had sex?

No, not yet. Now we do?

Yes, you get what Jenny just got. You want that?

Yes! Elvie has by now removed what little she had on and is naked, next to me. I release Jenny from my grip and position over Elvie to take her. Jenny is still there, fumbling with her clothing as I mount Elvie. I have no idea if I will see Jenny again and I frankly don't care. What I do care about is that I am now inside Elvie and it appears that I may have just deflowered her from the evidence on the outside of the condom.

I am more careful with my Elvie, I play with her breasts. I am tender with her clit. If this is her first time, I want it to be special, which means stopping well short of a big O, if I think she is getting sore. I roll her over and take her missionary position which gives me a chance to kiss her.

We stop fucking for a while. We hold each other, kiss each other, and stroke each other, before I mount her again. Her B cup breasts are delights with small dark areolas and even smaller dark nipples. The nipples are hard little pebbles between my fingers. Her breath is sweet and her arms are strong.

When I do mount her the last time this afternoon, it seems like we are in sync with each other. I am doing nothing special to bring her to her first orgasm. I simply want release, but something does happen between us

and, inexplicably, we cum at the same time. My cum being contained by the condom.

Ronald? She is lying in my arms.

Yes?

I think she not come back.

Yes, I know.

You OK with that?

Yes, she is not right for me.

Oh, I think you want the big house for her and her boys.

Yes. You told me that before. I told you before, she is not the reason.

I know. I not think you tell me the truth. What the reason?

There will be other girls. You will always be with me, but there will always be others. Understand?

I think maybe yes. Ronald?

Yes?

I need to fix dinner now.

OK. Elvie, I have a nickname.

No, I call you Ronald. It not right for me use your nickname. It disrespectful.

Ah, OK. And so it apparently is, even though I am bedding her.

I have time on my hands at the moment. The cable TV gets connected tomorrow and the Internet will be connected on Wednesday. I am not a reader and there are no books here anyway. There is a bar near here, but my landlord told me it is not safe for me to go there at night.

For now the only Internet is via my cellphone and it is very very slow. It's dark outside. The sun goes down at six and by six thirty, baby it's dark outside.

There is not much of a wait before a meal is laid out on the table. Elvie has two places set. She serves me before sitting down and taking her portion.

Ronald, who you find for a girlfriend now? What you looking for?

First, I am looking for someone who will accept that she will not be the only one. She needs to accept that I am with you too. Plus there are things you need to learn.

You teach me?

When we get Internet, I will show you.

Maybe I help you find someone?

No, I don't think so. I will do this on my own. Thank you for offering.

You are welcome, Sir. I only want to help.

I know.

There is a knock on the front door. We aren't expecting anyone. I get up to get it, but Elvie grabs my arm and whispers for me to go to the bedroom and lock the door. She will see who is there. This level of fear has me a bit off balance. I follow my young girl's instructions.

A few seconds later I hear two female voices. I know one is Elvie. Is the other one Jenny? I open the door to see the two of them speaking in serious voices. It isn't a fight, but it isn't a love fest. I decide this is my issue and not Elvie's.

Jenny, what brings you back tonight?

You. Why you do that?

Do what?

Don't be makulit⁵! You know.

I only know what she has said because of the stories I have read. I ignore it and move on.

You took exactly what you wanted, me in bed. You were sure I had been with Elvie and you wanted what she had. Isn't that correct.

But you...

No! Isn't that what you wanted when you spoke to me this afternoon?

Yes! But you...

No! No 'but's' Jenny. Only truth. Did I tell you that I had not been with Elvie?

Yes. B.... OK, Yes.

Did I tell the truth?

Maybe.

Elvie, had I touched you at all before Jenny was here this afternoon?

No.

Jenny, if you are going to accuse us of lying, please leave.

OK. You not touch her.

But you were willing to be with me, if I had taken Elvie. Correct?

Yes!

So why get upset when I take her after I take you?

I not want you to have her and me. I want you for me only.

⁵ - Very difficult. Annoyingly so.

That is not going to happen. So why did you come back?

You do that to punish me?

No, I did that because I do not want any woman or girl to think she controls me or owns me. I will have other girls. It's as simple as that. Elvie knows that now. She may live here but she can never control with whom I have sex.

Why you do this to me?

Do what? You pursued me. I didn't pursue you. You wanted in my bed. I didn't ask you to come have sex with me. What happened to you is because of your behavior, not mine.

What will my family say, if I live with you and other women? What will the neighbors say?

Go home Jenny.

I don't want to lose you.

You never had me.

Maybe, but I don't want to lose this chance.

Chance for what?

For safety. For love? Maybe? Maybe you can love me anyway?

Go home Jenny.

You agree, just me and her?

No, I do not agree. Go home Jenny.

OMG, how many more?

I don't know. Go home Jenny.

No! I don't want to.

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

OK Jenny. Take Elvie's clothing off her and eat her pussy until she cums and you may stay. If not, you must go.

Both girls are startled by the request. Elvie is startled though it appears that she will comply. I can see it in her face. Jenny has hit the wall. She can't cross that wall. Later she may think she regrets not trying, but she is just not right for me. She folds her tent and decamps, her head slumped low. I need a Tylenol.

Chapter 3: Something is in the oven.

There is nothing as sad, nor as weird as a pretty woman who wants in your bed and you, a man twenty years her senior, and no Adonis, is saying ‘no.’ I swear on my dear mother’s grave, never did I expect to be in such a situation.

Elvie, on the other hand, is happy as might be this morning. If she might have felt sympathy for the woman, Jenny’s assertion that it was her hope to oust Elvie from my bed, has made Jenny an enemy in young Elvie’s eyes. The fact that I threw Jenny out is proof to Elvie that I meant what I told her earlier. The fact that she slept in my bed last night was topping on the cake. We didn’t fuck again, but there was no need to. We snuggled until we both decided it was too hot for that much togetherness. Sleep came soon after.

This morning, following a breakfast of canned beef loaf sliced into medallions cooked and then cooked a bit more covered by scrambled egg, all over rice, and some Nescafe coffee, I decide it’s time for another walk before it gets too hot outside. We are expecting the Cable TV service to be connected today, but Elvie is here, so my presence is not required. I pass the same stores as I did yesterday, but today the kids are all in school. There is more traffic on the road, but the kiddies are all gone from sight.

I am careful to avoid being run over. There are no sidewalks. Just dirt from edge to edge. There are no lanes and I suspect if there were, no driver would respect them. Driving or operating a motorcycle here means ad hoc and innovative path choices that defy any rational explanation. Mario go-cart is more predictable.

I see smiling faces. I see faces that just look out in curiosity, I see faces that do little to mask dislike or anger. The last of these are few in number, but they do exist.

The sky is clear this morning, but it rained most of the night and puddles abound in a chaotic manner as I weave my way down the streets. I am considering whether I should buy a car or a motorcycle.

The death rate for those on motorcycles is far too high, but I note that almost no one is wearing a helmet and most have flip-flops on their feet as they operate these bikes. Not only is no one wearing leathers, many have little on at all. So the mortality rate is partially from these choices. I have also noted that they seem to take it as a point of pride, not to look back at the traffic oncoming before they pull into that traffic. And then there is the fact that they pass on both sides, often at the same time some other cyclist is on the other side. If the vehicle in the middle has to make an adjustment, someone is going to get hurt.

I am thinking that if I avoid stupidity, I should be fine on a bike. If I need something more, later, so be it.

There up ahead is that bakery, where I got that squash pudding yesterday. I wonder what they have today.

As I step up to the counter under a small awning to protect both the patron and the baked goods from the sun, it takes a little bit of time before my glasses that darken in the sun, lighten up enough for me to really see what is in front of me. There is a wide variety. I look up at the woman behind the counter to discover a slightly older version of the fourteen year old I met yesterday. I guess I look startled, as the woman asks if I am OK.

I think so. But may I ask you a personal question?

What is it?

How old are you?

Twenty.

Do you have a sister who is fourteen?

Ah yes. You see her yesterday maybe?

Yes. You look just like her. But you are not fourteen. That is why I looked surprised, I think.

I think yes. Sir what your name?

Ron.

You married Ron?

No.

You have a girlfriend now?

No. Are you single?

Yes.

What is your name?

Susan. You think I look nice?

Susan I think you and k'Ren both look very nice. Do you live with your parents?

No, Sir Ron. Mother is dead. Father works in Bohol as a tricycle driver. k'Ren and me stay with our Tita. She works for the family that owns this store. We help here when she must go to the doctors because of her RA⁶.

Are you in school? College?

No, Sir.

When do you get off work today?

Whenever you want, I go with you. You want?

Maybe. Can we talk privately for a few minutes?

⁶ - Rheumatoid Arthritis. (This seems to be an auto immune disease that affects a larger segment of the Philippine population than it does the world population in general.)

Wait a while Sir. My Tita is on her way back now. She will be here soon.

OK, while I wait, tell me about these rolls....

I do get a lesson about choco rolls, cheese bread rolls, hopia, star bread, stone bread and other objects in her glass enclosed counter. I choose a hopia which has a mung bean and reduction of onion filling inside a flaky layered pastry shell. It's damned good.

It's OK Sir, we can go now. I not know where it can be private.

Maybe we can just walk and talk. OK?

Yes, Sir Ron.

I take her in a direction away from the house. I don't want to end up there by accident.

Susan, I have moved here and will stay here forever. If you are looking for a man to take you to the USA or some other country, I am not the right person.

Oh Sir. Truly? You will stay here?

Yeh.

If I am your girl, I not need to leave my sister alone to follow my guy?

That is correct.

Then I want to try to be your girlfriend.

I am sure you do. Susan many girls your age, want to be my girlfriend. You understand that, correct?

Yes, Sir. I know this is true.

You will be a girlfriend for me for life, if your sister comes to live with me too. Do you think you would be OK with that?

My sister and me can live with you?

Yeh. Both of you.

I do not have to be separated from her?

Correct. Both of you become my girls.

You want k'Ren as a girlfriend?

Yeh... and you too. Both.

That evil! It wrong! It against God! She too young. Her head is shaking, her face is hardened, but we are still walking.

Yes that may be true. But it is what I want. You and your sister will have a good life. I will pay for schooling, for both of you, if you want it. If both of you are good to me, we will be together for life.

It not right.

OK. Maybe, but it is what I can offer you. What do you think your sister will say?

Maybe my sister agree, but she should not.

If she agrees, will you?

Why you require this Sir Ron? This abnormal.

I do this because it is what I truly want. If she agrees, will you?

If she wants college, you pay for it?

Yeh.

May I work? You take my money for the house?

You may work. Anything you earn is yours. But I will try to give you a child.

You also get my sister pregnant?

Not until she is at least eighteen.

Where you live?

I have a small place now in the Quezon subdivision, but I looking for a larger place now.

You drink.

Yeh, some. Not to get drunk.

You have temper?

No.

No have disease maybe?

No. I am healthy.

Truly?

Yeh. If your sister says yes, what will you do?

You really be good to me?

Yeh.

I will talk to my sister when she comes home today.

If you ask her before supper, the two of you can have supper with me tonight?

So you need me to cook?

Ha! No. I have a maid. Elvie will do the cooking for us.

If I come to you, we have a maid?

Yeh.

O... M... G... OK I ask her. I go back to the bakery now. I forget! I need to put something in the oven.

I walk her back and continue on my way to the little house.

You have a good walk?

Yeh, I think so.

Good. The cable installer say he will be right back. He needs something from the office. What you have in the bag?

Oh, I forgot. I bought hopia for you.

You buy this for me?

Yeh, I had mine at the store.

Yes, yes, OK, but you buy for me? Wow. Nice. Thank you! You like this hopia?

Yeh. Sure do. Elvie, I don't know if we will need it, but make sure we have food for four, including you, tonight.

Who?

Later, if I know they are coming. Maybe no one.

By the time the installer returns, the hopia is just a memory. I have just about drained the battery on my phone playing a sliding block puzzle game, and I have abandoned the interior of the house for the terrace due to the heat.

I am not sure what the deal is but this guy seems determined to spend the rest of the afternoon completing an install that should have been done long ago. I ask him what the problem is, but it is clear he has no English. Elvie asks him at my request, but the answer from him only produces a shrug from her once given. Elvie either doesn't have the English to translate what he has said, or the answer is meaningless. Anyway he is still working at it when I see movement right outside the gate. It is far too early for Susan and I doubt she could find me that easily. The mystery is resolved when Jenny's head pops around the gate.

May I come in?

Yeh, Jenny, come through.

She is in a dress today, and is carrying an umbrella. She has a bit more make-up on and I think I smell a little perfume on her.

Why did you come back?

I think about what you say yesterday. You are right. Right about me and what I trying to do. More right then I want admit to myself. You see the part of me I try to hide, but it not hide from you. You see all. You see that I am evil in what I try to do. You not angry with me, you just see this and see that I am a fool. I get angry and not think. I not think about what I want and what I need to do to have it. I try to control you and make you do what I want. This is wrong. Very wrong. It is me must change. Not you. You try to show me that. I do what you want now.

This is not the best time.

Yes I see that.

Stay until he leaves.

OK.

I am not sure what to do. Jenny has no place in my plans. I am damned sure not going to take in two teenaged boys. Maybe some guy might enjoy that, but it sure ain't me. No offense or anything but gotta tell it like it is.

About twenty minutes later our cable from hell installer announces it's all well and good. We can watch TV. A few minutes later he climbs into his little mini-truck and rolls away at a very deliberate pace.

As I watch him drive away, both girls are on the terrace. Our terrace is behind a concrete block wall and cannot be seen from the street. It is shaded by a roof that extends out from the house. There is a long bamboo and rattan couch (no cushions) and a couple of chairs on it. The floor is smooth ceramic tile.

Elvie, I want you to do something for me.

What you want?

Undress here on the couch. Jenny will try to give you an orgasm with her mouth. If she is successful, she will get naked and you will do the same to her. Understand?

Eyebrows go up and her leggings are pulled down. I have seen this type of action in porn videos, but never in real life. Elvie starts out a little stiff and uncomfortable, but willing. As Jenny proceeds with her lingual attack, Elvie is visually relaxing and showing signs of enjoyment. Jenny starts out terrified but committed. As time passes, and Elvie is encouraging her, Jenny also relaxes and exhibits a determination to reach the goal.

In truth I can't see much, Jenny's hair falls around her head and masks the activities below. Elvie is not noisy during sex. I suspect Jenny's jaw is giving out. In an effort to bring Elvie off she brings her hand up onto Elvie's clit and manually plays with it while maintaining her assault with her tongue. The technique works and Elvie is having an orgasm.

Jenny is old enough to be Elvie's mother. I don't think that point has been missed by any of us. So it is a bit of role reversal when Elvie gets up – naked as you please and orders Jenny to strip and get her ass down on the couch.

The fact that Elvie is naked on the terrace is one matter. Jenny getting naked out here seems to be quite another. Jenny is about to have a meltdown. Elvie is having none of it. I gather in her mind, this is her house and Jenny is an interloper. Jenny damn sure better do as Elvie tells her to do.

Eventually Jenny sheds that lovely dress, sexy bra and panties. I sit down on the couch and put Jenny's head on my thigh as Elvie leans in to her quim sandwich. If Elvie had qualms about such a thing before, none seem to exist now. She is shaking her head, with what I can only guess is a tongue firmly over a clit. She hums a tune. She inserts a finger into her

victim's pussy. She keeps after it until the sauce for one goose is served to the other. Jenny has her own orgasm.

When both are good and done, I pull them to either side of me on the couch still naked, kissing Elvie first, I tell her she has been a perfect helper. I am proud and pleased with her. I whisper, *listen to what I say next.*

I turn to Jenny and kiss her good and hard. *Jenny, in all honesty, you are not someone I was looking for. I am not going to have two teenage boys living with me. It just isn't going to happen.* She starts to panic. *However, you are now mine and you may not leave me, except to go back to your boys if you must. So where your boys live is up to you. Just not with me. Further, Jenny, I may be entertaining others tonight and if I do, your presence here will not be allowed. You are not banned from here, except possibly tonight. Do you understand?*

Ronald, my boys are old enough to live on their own. The older one is old enough to take care of his younger brother. It is OK. I can live with you without them. Who you have coming? I make my decision too late?

No Jenny, it would not have mattered when you made your decision. I was looking for something very different. Elvie will accept you, but you must accept me and what I want. If you do, just like Elvie, you will be here forever. There is one big rule extra. You must protect and be good to Elvie. You hurt her and do wrong by her and that is the end of it. Clear?

Yes, Ronald very clear. Elvie, you have nothing to fear from me ever again. From now on I am your Ate⁷.

Friend, there is one difference. I run this house, not you. I am the maid and this is my house to run.

Well that produces a confused look from Jenny and what I gather is an unspoken request for an explanation.

⁷ - Older sister or trusted older female friend. [Pronounced: ah-TEH]

Jenny, Elvie is my maid. She is mine and will do as I say. She is not a girlfriend. She has no say in my choice of companions. She is my, what I think you call, alalay⁸ and she gets paid a salary. On top of that, any home I live in, is under her supervision. You on the other hand are a girlfriend. You can work, or do whatever you want, with the exception that the only bed you are allowed in is mine or another in my house. Clear?

Very.

My cell phone vibrates and a text appears. What time supper.

You coming?

Not sure yet. What time?

You need a little extra time?

Yes, please.

OK, 7PM.

Good. Chat later.

And the text volleys end. Elvie looks at me. They coming?

Unclear but supper will be at 7 tonight.

Jenny gives me a very hard look. Ronald if Elvie is not what you want and I am not you want, what you want? Tell us. We yours anyway. Elvie you know this?

No Ate he not tell me.

Ronald? What you want? It is not just many, because if it many, I fit in.

Well Elvie may learn in a couple of hours anyway. Yes OK, I believe you are committed to me now. I am looking for either a mother plus daughter or sister-sister, with the younger one being very young. Tonight it may be

⁸ - Helper or assistant. [Pronounced: ah-LAH-lie]

two sisters, twenty and fourteen. They know why I have invited them. They are making the decision right now. It is up to them to choose to come or to say no, 'not for us.'

Who they?

Jenny, you don't need to know that unless they join me.

Ronald, you really take the fourteen year old?

Yeh, and I would have taken her if she was a bit younger. So leave it alone.

You really want the older sister? She come so you can have the younger one?

No, I want them both. Elvie, now do you understand why I want a bigger house?

Eyebrows go up quickly.

You two go in, shower and get dressed.

Chapter 4: Come to Jesus

I am sitting alone, but the aroma of female sex is present as it floats up from the rattan I am sitting upon. Exactly how I fit Jenny into all this is a puzzle. But keeping her out of my life was going to be next to impossible. She is determined to get a seat at the table and smart enough to know her own ambition had just about scuttled the attempt. That single piece of self-awareness makes her special. It makes her precious. How I make use of it, I don't have a clue.

When Jenny reappears she sits down by me and is quiet for a bit. I put my arm around her and bring her in to my side. A little reassurance is all it is.

Jenny, do you think you have made a big mistake? I am probably a bad man.

Elvie says you are here forever. You will never go back to the USA. Is that true?

Yeh.

She says you make her eat her meals with you, and you bought her merienda today.

What's merienda?

A snack. Custom of a break from work in the afternoon with maybe a fried banana or tinapay.

What's tinapay?

Bread.

OK I guess. It wasn't intentional to that extent. I was just trying to be nice.

You want us even if you really want the fourteen year old?

Yeh, I mean yeh, I want the young girl, but I still enjoy being with you and Elvie. It's not a 'this thing only' or having to choose one over another. At least it ain't for me. The reason I didn't see you fitting in is that you didn't bring a young girl in with you and I've no interest in having your boys around. It would complicate things way too much.

OK, Yes. You want me to bring you a young girl?

Why do you want to do that?

I don't want to lose you. If my boys don't have to worry about me and my needs, they are better off now. My life is with you. I am going to make sure you never regret that.

Jenny puts a soft hand on my cheek and pulls me in for a loving sweet kiss. I kiss her back with real feelings, something I didn't have for her yesterday.

Jenny, when was the last time you ate?

Yesterday.

Elvie! And in a few seconds my majordomo appears at the door giving me a look that says, what do you want?

Feed her now, until she is full. She has not eaten since yesterday. I get eyebrows that tell me my instructions will be followed. Elvie comes out onto the terrace, grabs Jenny's arms and drags her into the house.

I am alone again out here, but I am anything except alone. I think of the stories I have read. How Jun found that the power of Jake was a dangerous thing to wield. I think of Joshua as he walked along those city alleys in Cebu, realizing what he meant to the people he was interacting with, how he was no better than others who took what they wanted because they could. These two that are here, were not forced, or so I can argue, but chose to be here. Their lives helped them make this choice, which many would argue they should not have made. And for that, by making the option possible, by giving them an escape hatch, I am evil. Am I? Is it better that Jenny gets nothing to eat today? How do I know

she would not have gotten any food if I were not here? What would she have had to do to get some, if she could get some rice? I feel like I am in the middle of an M. C. Escher drawing.

I am daydreaming, or musing, or something having to do with being distracted when my cell phone vibrates again. *We come. Where U?*

Come to the entrance to the subdivision. I will meet you there. How soon you get there?

Ten minutes. Need to pack our things.

When was the last time you could pack your worldly possessions and be somewhere else in ten minutes? If that doesn't have you going for a stiff drink, you are possibly a sorry asshole.

I stick my head in the door. *Elvie they will be here in ten minutes. Put a pot of food together for Jenny and send her off now. If there is enough left for the four of us, give her everything else for her kids too.*

I get eyebrows from Elvie. Jenny starts crying, but I don't think she's hurt.

I have about four minutes before I walk down to the entrance. During that time, Jenny appears with a real pot, filled with food. She looks at me, shakes her head, pulls me in for another kiss, stands back and says, *Anything. Just ask.* And she walks off.

It doesn't take long to walk to the entrance of the subdivision and I get there before Karen and Susan arrive. The sun has set and the dusk is deepening as I think I see them approaching. Two peas, same pod. One pea is a little bigger than the other. They are holding hands, holding small bags with their other hands. You think I am thinking about sex with a little girl? Nope. I am thinking, a motorcycle isn't going to cut it. I need a car.

As we meet on the street, dusk is surrendering to night and the warm moist ocean breezes nestle all bodies in a blanket of heavy gently moving air.

I put myself between them, taking a hand from each and walk them back to the house. Karen finds her voice to ask, *We live here now?*

For a bit. I am looking for a bigger house.

Ate say you have a maid. That true?

Yeh, her name is Elvie. You will meet her when we get there.

So we not your maids for sex?

No k'Ren, you are my girlfriends. Is this want you want?

You take care of us? Feed us? Not make us work?

Yeh.

We not have to have sex with other men?

k'Ren, you must never have sex with any other men. If you do then you must leave.

See Ate, I told you he is a good man. He wants us. We are lucky.

I do want them. I only hope they are not stupid, lazy or dishonest girls. I certainly didn't have an opportunity to vet them. That they are walking wet dreams for me is clear. But what's inside the package. Is it all goodness and light, or is there evil here. This is a two way bargain. They don't know if I am good, but I don't know if they are good either.

Sure they have every reason as Jenny does to be good and hold on tight, but will they?

One does not walk briskly in this climate, at least I don't. But it isn't far and we are at the door soon enough. It isn't seven yet, but that doesn't matter. The food is ready and introductions come next. Flip-flops are left outside the door. Bags are dumped inside the door and two girls stand a little apprehensive but tall in the light of the room. Their clothing is clean, pressed, but not in particularly good shape. Still both are wearing dresses of a simple design. Both are scrubbed clean, with hair brushed

and teeth straight and white. Susan is older than Elvie by three years. Right now that doesn't matter.

Susan, k'Ren, this is Elvie. She is my maid and she runs this house as I want it run. Elvie, these two beautiful girls will be my girlfriends if all goes well tonight. If it does, they will live with us forever or until they choose to leave. I will only ask them to leave if they steal from me or lie with another man. Before anything else happens, I promised them a good supper, and I suspect you are as hungry as they and I am. Elvie, is supper ready?

Eyebrows go up and I lead the two girls to the table. Elvie has made an affritada tonight to go over the rice. She pours the girls Sprite without asking. The girls seem to be waiting for me and so I take a portion and wait for them before eating. That causes Susan some confusion.

Why you not eating?

I am waiting for you to fill your plates. It is a custom in my country that everyone is served before anyone eats.

We don't do that here.

We do in this house. No one will ever say, they didn't get enough because it was all taken. We eat as a family. OK?

Opo⁹. Sorry.

It is fine. I do not have many rules, but I do want you to understand you are joining a family. You are not alone anymore. You will depend on me and Elvie and we will depend on you. If you stay, we will be a team. We will protect each other. We will be kind to each other and we will make sure the others are OK before we act.

Sir Ron, you are serious about this. It is not a game? This is real?

⁹ - A concatenation of oo for 'yes', and Po, meaning Sir or Madam. [Pronounced: Oh-POH]

Elvie, do you think this is real?

Eyebrows go up. Elvie has not said a word.

Sir Ron, why you do this?

Now Elvie finds her voice. *Friend, I tell you why. Listen me. He wants your body and body of your sister. I think he wants your love too but that not clear to me. He not get your sister pregnant, she too young now. You he give a child. He truly want both of you. In that way, he is evil I think. But he is good to me and he be good to you. So I not care he evil. I be his for life and do what he tells me do. I think if you smart, maybe this right for you too. Di ba¹⁰?*

Sir Ron, is Elvie correct?

Yeh. I think that is an OK answer. Is it not what I told you today?

Do you want my love?

Love is something that is given, not requested. If you find love for me, I will be very lucky.

Will you love us?

Time will tell, Susan. I hope I will.

You say you looking for a bigger house. Why? This one is very nice? It big enough for us.

Susan we will discuss that in the morning. Now please, let's eat and enjoy Elvie's food.

Opo.

Karen has not said a word. She is used to her sister being in control. Tonight we will see what Karen is like without her Ate. The rest of the dinner is not completely quiet, but none of the conversation is directed

¹⁰ - A phrase meaning, 'Is this correct?' [Pronounced: dee BaH]

towards me. Plus it is in Ilonggo, or at least I think it is. The dish Elvie has made is a tasty and hardy stew. It is stick to the ribs sort of food and all seem to enjoy it. At one point Elvie asks me if we might please purchase a karaoke player. The girls want to sing. That is something else I should have known and taken care of. I had read in those stories how they love karaoke. I guess I assumed it was a little bit of an exaggeration. But no, it seems to be a requirement.

The two girls want to play a card game, but Elvie doesn't know it. Karen tells her they will teach her. Elvie is reticent. I stay out of it, sort of. I wait a few minutes and then announce, *k'Ren, you are with me tonight. Susan, Elvie will set you up with where to sleep and get you a towel. k'Ren I have a towel for you in my bedroom. Come with me. You take your shower after I take mine. OK?*

Opo.

I don't look at Susan, but Elvie is doing that. I hear Elvie say in English, *Just relax. I take care of the dishes first. Then I show you where we sleep.*

Susan is not having that, and answers, *I help you with the dishes.*

No! I am the maid. You are the girlfriend. Do not forget that. We are different. I do exactly what Ronald tell me to do, you not have to. You can leave but I am his. I belong to him.

I have heard enough of this as has Karen. I lead her into my bedroom. She follows, looking back at her Ate. And then the bedroom door is closed. There is no Ate to find. Karen is alone with me and she will either figure out how to become a good girlfriend, or this experiment will be over, at least with Karen and her sister.

I sit her down on the bed and sit beside her. *k'Ren I want you very much. But I do not do things, others do not want done. Are you sure you want to be here?*

Yes.

Then let's start with you taking off your dress.

Now?

Yeh, now k'Ren. This is when we find out if you really want to be my girlfriend.

I do!

Well k'Ren, my girlfriend hates to have clothing on when we are alone.

That does it. The girl whips the dress off over her head and stands there in a thread bare bra and panties.

k'Ren I will get you new under things tomorrow. Now take them off. Your body is better than that damned cloth you have on.

Her eyebrows go up, and she removes both the bra and panties. She has breasts. Somewhere between A and B cup on her small delicate frame. Her hips do flare out a bit but she has a classic Asian build and so the curves are muted. Her skin is smooth, but she has a few bruises, and burn marks which I gather come from the bakery. Hopefully, they will disappear in time.

Now come take my shirt off.

Her head is bowed a bit as she approaches and unbuttons my shirt before removing it.

Where do I put it?

Toss it in that basket over by the window.

And she does. Now put your hands on my shoulders. Feel my arms, my chest, my back. ... That's it. ... This is the body of the man who you will lie with, make love with, and live with for many, many years. Have your fingers and hands get to know it. ... Good. ... now remove my slacks and underwear.

I stand to allow this to go smoothly. Much to my pleasure and a little to my amazement, she does as requested. But she takes it a bit further. She anticipates my next request and allows her hands to roam over me,

touching me, holding my cock, cradling my ball sack. She looks up and asks, *OK?*

I smile and tell her, *More than OK. How do you know?*

I watch my Tita do this for Tito when they think I am asleep.

What else did you see?

She do this. And Karen opens her mouth and slides my cock into it for what amounts to a saliva bath. She removes my cock and then holding my ball sack tightly in one hand, starts stroking my rigid pole with the other.

She's doing a yeoman's job but I want to touch her and fuck her, not cum in the air from a hand job.

That is very good k'Ren. Now allow me to give you some pleasure.

There is a confused look on her face. I put her on her back on the edge of the bed. Her ass is on the bed, but her legs hang awkwardly off the edge. I lift her legs up and kneel down in front of her virginal cunt, allowing her legs to hang over my shoulders. Leaning forward. I use the fingers of both hands to pull the labia major wide apart, before my tongue separates the labia minor and licks up. My reward is a gasp as she hunches her hips forward.

My tongue finds her clit and I lick it gently. She hoarsely whispers, *Yes!*

Using my tongue I continue to excite her cunt, but I am careful to not leave her raw. She is grinding her pelvis into my face. Her hands have a death grip on the hair of my head.

I bring my hands up and take her hands in mine, ending the grip. Pulling my head back elicits complaints. Keeping her where she is, I am standing, holding her legs straight up in the air. Her cunt exposed below and my cock twitching just inches away. Reaching across her legs I now am holding both legs in place with one arm. My free hand places my cock where it can make Karen mine. I slide my cock up and down over

her slit, gathering her secretions over my glans. And then I push in, hard and not waiting on her cherry, I obliterate it with a single stroke.

Karen gasps. I wait. Nothing. Now I start to move out slowly, but not completely. Back in again. Karen moans. Again out and back a little more quickly. She hunches her cunt into me. I take that as a signal to start to fuck her good. She is right there with me. She matches my rhythm and pushes for more. I snake a finger on to her clit and the gasps start to come more often. And then I feel a release of hot liquid all around my cock followed a few seconds later with the feel of an orgasm. I do not have a condom on. For this one time I will risk it. But this is the only time until she is four years older.

Karen's orgasm triggers mine and I unload cum inside her. She feels it and cums a second time as the heat of the cum hits her cervix. A moment later I pull her a bit higher on the bed and lie next to her, holding her.
Well girlfriend, did I make you feel good?

I am confused. I thought it was my job to make you feel good.

It is, but it is also my job to make you feel good. It is a partnership. You do for me and I do for you.

So as your girlfriend you want to make me feel good?

Yeh.

Hehe. Of course yes! Why I not say yes to that? This what you want from me?

Yes. Sometimes we do this just the two of us. Sometimes we do this with you and your Ate together. Sometimes we do this with Elvie or another girl.

You do Elvie? I hear her say she is not the girlfriend.

She is not the girlfriend. She does what I tell her to do. If I tell her to eat your pussy while I kiss you. That is what she will do.

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

You are evil! Hehe, but it's OK I guess.

Chapter 5: A lesson in manners.

I hold Karen for a little longer and then tell her I am going to take a shower. She can wait for me here until I return. I grab a towel and robe before exiting the bedroom for the communal CR¹¹. There is just one in the house. I will be quick about it. However on my way between the bedroom door and my destination, I catch Elvie's eye. She comes to me and I quietly ask her to get fresh sheets for my bed, and to change them as soon as Karen gets into the shower. Elvie gives me a questioning look and I say, *She was a virgin, Elvie. What do you think would happen?*

I get eyebrows.

I think I am quick through the shower but girlfriends are different from Elvie. They don't do as told. All three are in my bedroom, finishing up the making of the bed. The old sheets have been removed and are not in sight. Karen comes up to me, pulls be down for a kiss and then whispers in my ear, *I sleep with Elvie tonight. Ate is with you.*

I look at Susan and ask, *Do you know about your sister's decision that you are to be with me tonight?*

Yes Po.

You agree?

Yes Po, k'Ren say I need to learn what she know. She very happy with you.

OK well, take your shower now.

No need. I shower before we come here tonight.

I see. OK. Then Elvie, take the little one and a little later, ask her what I said you would do.

¹¹ - Comfort Room, toilet, bathroom.

I get the eyebrows again from Elvie and a giggle from Karen.

When the door closes behind those two, it is Susan who is standing with me. I'm in no condition to fuck anyone, but clearly something needs to happen.

Susan please remove your dress.

Now?

Yeh, now.

Did k'Ren do this?

She did and she didn't argue with me.

*Sige, sige*¹². She removes the dress, with some resignation. The bra and panties beneath are in no better shape than were her sister's. I tell her to take them off as well. Susan closes her eyes, sighs, almost moans, before complying.

She is really quite a beauty. Maybe five feet tall, with black hair and eyes. There are no bruises or burn marks, just pretty mocha skin. She is a taller version of Karen with a bit more in hips. Even the way her hair is combed is the same. The difference is the desire for what's to come. Is it fear that will subside? Is it anger of that which will be lost? Is it the belief that this is a very bad bargain? Is it all three in a toxic mix that feeds on itself?

I could kick her out right now, but I have already taken Karen's cherry. So the dominoes, if they are to fall, have already been tipped over.

¹² - While not needed, words are often repeated, and the meaning subtly shifts when it happens. Sige alone means 'OK, continue' but doubled up it is more, 'OK, I agree and will continue.' [Pronounced: sih-GEE (the 'ih' sound is actually a shwa and the G is hard)]

Susan, you are truly beautiful. More so than I had understood when we first met. Now please remove my robe and discover the man who will be your bed partner and hopefully your lover for years to come.

I stand up so that she might do as I have requested. Soon enough I am naked and she is holding the robe. *Just put it across that box. ... Yes that is fine. ... Now come and touch my shoulders, my neck, my arms, and learn. ... Nice ... that's right. Touch my chest, my back and continue your education. ... Learn about all of me.*

Susan proceeds but she ignores my genitals. I do not make a noise about that. Instead I have her sit on the bed and then without moving her ass, I tell her to lie on her back. I kneel down in front of her, spread her legs, and as I did with Karen, I place the back of her knees on my shoulders before putting my fingers and tongue on the lips of her cunt.

I am gentle, but insistent. This is not a negotiation. This is part of the deal.

I think she was expecting pain and punishment, but what she is receiving is pleasure. I sense a recalculation in her head. *Why you doing this?*

To make you feel good.

Why?

Because sex is to be enjoyed. This is part of having sex.

Why you not just stick it in and be done?

That doesn't sound like joy to me. I don't think I would like that.

But that's sex!

Ah, Susan, you have a lot to learn. Now relax. I want to have more fun. Susan is confused, but her body is enjoying the attention. That much is abundantly clear by the copious amount of fluids leaking from her cunt. I continue to suck and munch on her cunt as I reach up to her left tit. God does she ever like that. She begins to hump my face. With my free hand I

grab her ass cheek. She starts lifting her legs off my shoulders and then slamming down on them.

I keep up the assault on her and the edge of the bed is now soaked with her juices. She is moaning and gasping. My jaw is beyond tired, but I don't want to let up as fucking is not on the menu right now.

And then finally I get my reward. Susan cums. It's not a fake, because she doesn't know what cumming is, based on her earlier comments. At the moment she resembles the Gateway Arch in St. Louis, MO, with her head and my shoulders bearing all the weight. The guttural sounds coming from her, are beyond my ability to describe. It comes from something deep and profound.

OK Susan, it's time to sleep now.

But you didn't... you know.

Another time. We have lots of time. There is no rush.

I don't understand. I thought... you know.

Yeh, but it isn't like that. Let's move to the other side where it is a bit drier and get some sleep.

She does and we do. Susan is relaxed and we spoon until the body heat and the warmth of the room make the endeavor something to end by our unspoken but mutual agreement.

Sometime in the night Susan reaches out to find that I am hard. Her hand on my cock feels good, and wakens me in the nicest of manners. I moan in appreciation, and that spurs her on. The stroking intensifies. I pull her in. I think she expects me to mount her directly, but I want to kiss her. I play with her tits. I break the kiss and suck on a nipple, stopping for a bit her stroking of my cock. Now she is getting amped up again. I finger her clit while sucking on her tit until she gets real juicy. Now it is time to mount her. Her hymen gives way easily and I am inside her without much discomfort if any.

I want another kiss and I get it with arms thrown around my neck and tongue inserted into my mouth. She is tight, just as tight as was Karen, but her arms and legs are stronger. I feel the power of her small body as we fuck into the night. There are no special moves. There are no gymnastics. It is just two humans doing what humans do.

It lasts no more than fifteen minutes or so, but in those minutes, she cums twice and I cum deep inside her.

I kiss her again, tell her she is wonderful and then we both slide back into sleep for another hour or so.

The morning sun is just beginning to lighten the sky, as Susan stirs and I, feeling motion, also awaken.

Good morning sweet Susan.

Good morning Ron. Sir what we do, this is sex?

Of course, what else could it be?

I not think it can be so nice for me. You are very kind to my body. It OK for you?

It was very good for me.

Hehe, poor Elvie.

Why?

She not your girlfriend.

And so?

So no sex for her.

Who says that?

Oh! Oh! But... Now I really not understand.

Elvie does what I tell her to do. If I want her in bed, then she is in my bed. If I tell Elvie to lick your pussy while I kiss you, she will do that. If I tell Elvie to have sex with k'Rren while I am having sex with you, she does that.

Did you?

Did I what?

Tell Elvie to have sex with my sister.

Yes.

Why?

Because your sister and I talked about it last night. She said I was evil but good too and then laughed. You and your sister are here because I want you both. Elvie is here because I need her. Jenny, who will be here later today is here because she is willing to do anything I want her to do and she wanted to be with me so much, she made sure I knew that she would do anything. There are four of you plus me. That is why we need a bigger place. Susan, you are wonderful. You are perfect. I never want you to walk away. But you are not the only one here. We are to be a team. Can you do that?

I not sure.

I see.

Ron, last night was wonderful. But I need to think about this and talk to k'Ren.

Yeh, that's fine. You want the shower first?

Yes, please.

Take my robe.

I hear the bathroom door close and a minute later my door opens to admit Elvie? It OK Ronald?

Maybe. The sex was fine. But she needs to talk to k'Ren about sex with you and having Jenny here. How did it go with k'Ren?

It go real good. We happy.

Good. I need to tell about Jenny now, before Susan does.

No, I do that already. No problem with that. It OK now. OK I go back to k'Ren before Susan comes back.¹³

And with that Elvie exits, closing the door behind her. Tick, tock, how will it play out between Susan and Karen. Regardless of what Elvie thinks, I am not sure about the outcome. We have kicked up a great deal that Susan must accommodate in that head of hers, which has set expectations and a rigid world view. Karen is younger. Her world view is not as fixed. The result is unpredictable.

I hear the bathroom door close and then another door close. That can only mean Susan is in with Karen. I slip into a pair of boxers before exiting the bedroom, to take my shower.

By the time I am out of the shower and dressed, the three females are all in the main room, a combined Sala¹⁴, dining area and kitchen prep area¹⁵. There are no signs of trouble and I am relieved. *Good morning k'Ren. Did you sleep well?*

Duh! Who can sleep with this one's tongue inside you?

Was that a problem?

Not really. I teach her that she can't sleep when I do that to her! Ha!

I see. Did either of you get any rest?

¹³ - Here is a classic example as I described in the **Preface** where the actual syntax would have been hard to follow and I have adjusted it for you. What Elvie actually said was, *OK I go back to her before she come back.*

¹⁴ - Living room.

¹⁵ - Actual cooking is done outside.

Yes some. Where is Jenny? Why she not here?

From the front door. Because they didn't want to scare you away, the first night. So they send me away until now.

Jenny I am not sure if they are ready yet. We have not heard from Susan. Susan, have you had a chance to speak with your sister?

Yes. We stay. Jenny, please come in. Elvie and Karen tell me how you get to stay here. I agree with my sister. Ron is evil, but good too. If real evil you not be here. Just Elvie, k'Ren and me. If good maybe only you or Elvie only here. We all stay. ... Ron, you mad at me?

Why?

I say you are evil.

It's OK. Girls we need a bigger house.

Elvie and Jenny decide to team up to find new accommodations. Susan is needed at the bakery.

I am waiting for the guy from the Internet service to appear and Karen is just hanging out. We sit down together on the couch inside the house. The midday heat has yet to push us outside. Her head is resting on the left side of my chest. My left arm around her. We are that way for a bit, before her right hand finds my fly and lowers the zipper insinuating her hand inside my slacks and then inside my boxers. She takes hold of the essential 'me.' She sighs, *You like this Ron?*

I do. She is stroking me gently up and down.

Ron? You like Susan?

I do.

A lot?

Yes, as much as I care for you. Both of you are special.

Keep her in your bed tonight.

Jenny is in my bed tonight, with Elvie.

Change please. Maybe Ate and Jenny? I be with Elvie again? Or I will be with Jenny and you be with Elvie and Ate.

Why?

It important.

OK k'Ren, I will make the change.

Karen moves off the couch and kneels in front of me. With my help she pushes my slacks to my knees before taking me in her hand and then her mouth. Her oral skills need training and this being a good time, we spend twenty minutes on the finer points of fellatio with Karen getting better and better until I tell her to get ready for my cum.

As I teach her, swallowing right away and continuing to suck on the cock is the best way to complete the task. She completes in fine fashion and I can barely see straight. Luckily I have just zipped up and we are presentable when the Internet service installer arrives.

You would think if the TV guy took four hours, this guy would need eight, but he is done in 30 minutes. Karen decides to watch some TV and I fire up my little netbook.

Elvie returns at eleven and gets the rice going. She calls out that we will have vegetables for lunch. That leaves a lot to the imagination to me, but Karen smiles and licks her lips.

After lunch, which ended up being a hot mashed eggplant with onion, garlic and tomato, all over the requisite rice, I announce I am going for a walk. Karen announces that she will accompany me.

Why?

No more girls!

What if I want more?

Talk to us first.

Oh?

Yes!

I see. Well I am going for a walk now, so if you are coming, you had better hurry. And she does. I am not looking for more girls. I am needing to stretch my legs. Plus the house is too small and I feel cramped in it. Karen and I walk paths I have not taken before. There are little alleyways filled with what Karen tells me are squatter shacks, though she quickly corrects herself and tells me we are supposed to refer to the people as informal settlers. Curious eyes follow us. Most of those I see who are over the age of, say, ten, are female. Younger than that, the division is equal. Young mothers with babes in arms, little ones scampering around the legs of their moms. Older female children riding herd on the younger ones.

Ron, all you have to do is point and nod your head and they will come to you. But there are too many. Many are good, but some are bad. Some have sickness, like TB. You can walk here during the day, but not at night.

As we walk on, on occasion, a girl close to Karen's age will come up and try to engage in conversation. In each case the girl thinks she has figured out that I like girls Karen's age and they are wanting to know if I have room for one more. Karen engages them in conversation, takes down a cell number and snaps a photo on my phone. She tells them probably nothing will come of it. By the time we return to our house, she has five photos and cell numbers. When Elvie hears of this she rolls her eyes. When Jenny returns home, she nods and says to me, *Please let me get you the next one.* When Susan hears about it, she gets apoplectic. Almost screaming at Karen, *k'Ren, that was stupid. Why you do that?*

To show Ron that he needs us to pick a good one. Too many and some bad.

How he learn that from what you do?

At this point I break in, Oh, I think I got the message. k'Ren is correct.

Ha, you are both crazy!

Over supper Jenny announces that there is a used karaoke for sale at the pawn shop. It is a good buy, can they get it?

You too? OK. Tomorrow.

Good, I get you tonight maybe?

Jenny you can have me if you can share with Susan. I want her back in my room. Susan is that OK with you?

You want me and not k'Ren?

What do you think? Who did I ask for?

OK, sige, sige.

Jenny, you good with that?

Yes Ronald. I do what you want. Always.

Friend you not want to be with me?

Oh Susan. Misunderstanding. You are fine. I just reminding Ronald, he not need to ask if it OK with me. I do what he asks. Elvie belong to him and me too. I belong to him. Not a girlfriend, no, I belong to him.

Chapter 6: Explain Belong

Friend Jenny, explain what you mean, you belong to him. He not own you. That not legal. So you not a slave. How you belong?

I know he not marry me. I know he not even really want me. He tell me that. I know I not what he wants in his heart. He tell the truth to me. He not try to fool me. He never lie. I try to get him by being sneaky. I think he lie to me and I want to have him. But I a fool. No he not want me and he tell me to leave. He tell me to leave many times. But I know I must be with him. Maybe I have a choice, but no rice and he is rice plus more. Why I not want that? I do everything I can, he say 'go.' Last he say to me you do anything I say and you can stay.

Truly he say that?

Hindi¹⁶. Not really, but same-same in a way. He say 'do this thing you not want to do, then I allow it.' I know he means always do what I say or you can go. I will stay. I do anything he want. But you, friend Susan, it is you and your sister he wants. Maybe someday he will marry you. Yes he wants the two of you. This I know.

How?

Fool! He tell me! He tell Elvie! Ask her!

Elvie, this true? It me and k'Ren he want?

It is true. He tell me he look for a mother-daughter or a sister-sister. This is what he wants. He finds you and k'Ren. I think he is not looking for anymore. He tells me I am maid and if I stay I belong to him, but no marriage and I am not the girlfriend. He tell Jenny to leave many times. She goes sometimes but always comes back. He gives up and says to her 'you can stay if you do what I say, but you are not the ones I want.' I

¹⁶ No [Pronounced: hin-DEE]

hear him say that to her. Tell me friend Susan, he ever tell you, you not the one?

Hindi.

He ever tell you no marriage.

Hindi. But he says I will be girlfriend for life.

He say that about k'Ren?

Hindi. Maybe he marry her? k'Ren he say he will marry you?

Hindi. He not say that. He say he wants us, Ate.

Maybe. Maybe he marry you. Maybe you and not me.

Friend Susan, he allow Elvie and me to stay, both you he wants. Why you think he wants you tonight? He not ask for k'Ren, he ask for you. Don't be foolish.

I have heard quite enough. Hey, I am right here. Why are you speaking about me as if I am not in the room?

Ronald, is what Jenny and me say about you correct? You want them?

Yeh, I very much want Susan and you k'Ren.

Will you marry one of them?

Not now, Elvie, but ask me in five years. It is too soon to talk about marriage.

So maybe?

OK maybe.

Which one?

Elvie I said ask me in five years and if I ever decide to marry, then I will decide which one. I have not made any decision at all. It is too soon.

Ronald, do you want any other girls?

If Jenny wasn't here, I might have said yes. But four is plenty and six is too many. So the answer is no more girls. Jenny is fidgeting. What is it Jenny?

Sir I have a sweet niece. Will you consider one addition?

I don't need any more Jenny.

Sir Ronald, she is young, smart, pretty and very poor. If it is the number of us, I will leave if you will take her and be good to her.

Jenny, do you belong to me?

Yes, Sir.

Then how can you offer to leave?

I see Sir. But Sir, will you please consider her?

What is this girl's age?

Eleven.

I hear a gasp from Susan.

Where are her parents?

Mother die in childbirth. Father hit in motorcycle accident. His head not right after this.

She is too young to request to join me. All here want to be here. Even Susan. She is just afraid I don't really want her. That is silly, but that is her fear. Susan starts to cry. I pretend to not notice. I have sex with every girl in this house. No one can be here unless they come to my bed when requested. So, no.

What if she requests it?

Jenny, I would not trust it.

Please just meet her?

No, but I allow Susan to meet her. Let Susan be the judge.

But she will say, 'no.'

I expect she will. Jenny there are no more girlfriends. If anyone else was to join, it means she belongs to me as you do. For the life of me I cannot see how I can expect an eleven year old to belong to me or even understand what that means. Now Susan, do you really still think I don't want you?

Why you want me? I don't understand this. And Ron, would you take the eleven year old to your bed if she did understand she belonged to you?

I don't need to explain why I want you. You just need to believe that I do. And to your second question, yes. If she could understand, I would take the child to my bed. But there is no eleven year old who can, so the question is sort of silly.

Friend Susan, are you ready to meet my little niece?

It's late. Now?

She is not far from here. Best you see her now.

Susan looks confused. Ron? What is your advice?

It is seven thirty now. Be home by ten. Trust your judgement and not your morality.

I don't understand.

Maybe you won't have to, but if you do, I think it will become clear.

I get a look that tells me she does not find that answer helpful in the least. So be it.

As Jenny and Susan leave on this weird mission, I am left with the two I wasn't going to be with tonight. They decide to watch a little TV. I am going to cruise the web.

Jenny and Susan return a little after nine. Jenny isn't saying anything and it is Susan who speaks to the rest of us. *That child needs saving, but not here and not for the reason you think. She is too hard. She can never belong to anyone. I think she knows too much already. Her heart is scarred. She is not for us here. I think Jenny knows this now.*

Jenny briefly gives the slightest of acknowledgments with her eyebrows.

And Ron, I know what you mean by judgement and not morality. It is a good lesson for me.

Yes, it is difficult to explain, but once you need to separate the two, knowing you can, is important. ... Jenny I know you agreed with the decision. Are you OK with Susan?

Oh! Yes. Sorry, yes, she is fair and tells the truth. I just sad to see what happen to my niece. She was a sweet child.

Are you OK to be with us tonight? Maybe you want to sleep alone?

I am with Susan and you tonight please.

OK well the two of you take a shower, together.

I will take mine after you.

I think I'll get a look or a comment from Susan, but I get nothing other than an acknowledgment as they proceed as I have requested. Karen notices and I do get a look from her. I can offer nothing in return.

A half an hour later, I have taken my shower and am entering the bedroom to find Jenny giving Susan a massage. I say nothing as I slip off my robe and get onto the opposite side of the bed. Susan is sighing in pleasure and grunting as some muscles are worked vigorously. Jenny looks over at me and proudly announces that she will take care of my

wife to be. I roll my eyes. I suspect that Jenny is 25% kidding and 50% sincere and 25% trying to pump up Susan's ego. This is both good and bad. I will be happy to see the gloomy Susan disappear, but I do not want her to expect a marriage proposal. That can easily blow up in my face some time down the road. This requires some careful thought... tomorrow.

But my mind wanders a bit. Why do I constantly hear echoes of Jake and Joshua and Noah and Sam and Howard and Lawrence? Once you put things into play, they take on a life of their own. Yeh, I have read all those stories and, I guess I have enjoyed watching the women pull the pins out of the fantasy and give the guys a real life lesson in how things roll, but being on the receiving end doesn't feel all that good. I have no idea how to deal with Susan's heart should she get set on being the bride.

For now I decide that two can give a massage at the same time. While Jenny has a right leg in her grasp, I take the left leg. That produces a smile from Jenny and an OMG from Susan.

I put a hand on a left buttock and pull it wide a bit. Jenny takes the hint and provides symmetry. Her freshly washed crack and rosebud are completely exposed. I wetten my middle finger with my own saliva before tracing from the back edge of her cunt, up over her rosebud and to the top of her crack. Susan squirms and pushes her pelvis into the mattress.

Jenny and I take firmer grips on her buttocks and before I can move, Jenny puts her face down between Susan's legs, tracing the same path I made, but with a tongue, lingering a bit over that rosy rosebud. Susan's response is an involuntary, *Oh!*

I push a finger into Susan's cunt with another finger grazing her clit. Jenny licks again. Susan is thrashing around a bit. Jenny and I maintain control of the region under attack. I work Susan's cunt with more active fingering of cunt and clit. Jenny pushes her tongue into Susan's rosebud. To put it crudely, Jenny is tongue fucking Susan's ass.

Susan blows a gasket, and I am hard as a rock. That ass looks mighty fine to me. Susan is pushing her ass up into Jenny's face. I push Jenny off, get behind Susan and push my cock into a butt that wants attention and is well lubricated around the ring.

I have never fucked a butt before and oh damn it is tight all the way. Hot and tight. Jenny is now fingering Susan's cunt and clit. I am pounding the girl's ass and Susan... well Susan is not making any sense, but sure making a bunch of noise. She must be cumming, a lot, as my cock is constantly being squeezed in ways that I can't quite explain. Plus my knees are soaked with her cunt's output.

I grab a tit and squeeze a nipple only to hear a verbal unintelligible explosion, and experience a tightening of her asshole that threatens the very survival of my cock and a new river between my legs. That is all my nuts can take and I dump my load into that damned ass.

I, now limp, am squeezed out. I roll over, off Susan and on to my back by her side.

Susan isn't saying anything. She isn't moving. Jenny starts massaging her shoulders. I drift off to sleep.

Get up Ronald! We have to change the sheets and maybe flip the mattress!

Huh?

Get up. You fall asleep.

I am groggy and a bit confused. I must have really been sleeping hard. It looks like the girls have taken another shower, and it is no longer the three of us. All four girls are in the room. Jenny and Elvie have me by the arms and are pulling on me to do as they asked.

I allow myself to be assisted to a standing position. All four then grab the mattress, flip it, and make it with new sheets. Following which, Jenny and Elvie leave, leaving me with the sisters. I grab Susan, pulling her in

tight and give her a kiss that is meant to last a bit. She kisses back with a passion I have not expected but find welcome.

Once it ends, I pull Karen to me and give her an equally passionate kiss. Her response is to not only kiss as powerfully as she can but push her entire body against me, leaving no space, nor pocket where air might pass. If I was expecting Karen to say something, it is Susan who speaks.

We are your real girls, di ba? OK this good. But you not marry because that is only one and you have us both. You want us both. I know this now. So no choosing. We yours. No question. You want, you have. We yours. We belong too. Not just Elvie and Jenny. Only difference we the ones you really want. That good to know. We know it. We protect you. No morality, we use good judgement. See I learn.

I would say the stars have aligned, but in reality, this was Karen's strategy from the beginning. Karen saw what I did not. She knew Susan would not put herself in front of her sister. As soon as Susan believed she might be preferred, she stepped in to stop any selection from occurring.

I know something valuable. Never underestimate Karen.

It takes a while to get back to sleep, and we are a little playful for a bit. Not sexually as much as physical stuff like attempts at tickling, gentle and playful punches. There is laughter and maybe, just maybe, the beginnings of love.

Morning comes and both girls claim their rights to the bathroom before I will get my turn. Luckily they are quick as my bladder is demanding attention.

It appears I am the last to use the facilities and breakfast is on the table long before I reach it. What I find is a huge sack of pandesal. I know what it is, because Karen tells me what I am about to eat. Once she says the name, I hear echoes again. Weird. I grab one and damn these little guys are good and probably addictive.

For a moment I consider emailing that writer and then think better of it. What if he is right and the emails are not safe. My email address will track directly back to me. I don't want to expose myself like that. Best to not email him at all anymore.

I look down at the bag. How many of those damned things have I just eaten? It seems like I have been shoveling them in without thinking. Huh.

You like?

Susan, what would give you the idea that I didn't? I don't even know how many I have eaten!

Good. I get them from our bakery this morning. My Tita ask me if I stay with you. She hear you have many women. I tell her I am yours. I tell her I love you. She says, you weird, but if I happy, then OK. I not tell her about k'Ren. She will get mad if she know. I tell her k'Ren happy here too. She say good. We have all bread we want now!

Yeh, I heard it. She told her aunt that she loves me. That might just be cover. I will leave it alone. On the other hand, having unfettered access to pandesal may become a problem. I like them way too much. If those choco rolls are as tasty as they look, I am in deep trouble.

The four girls want to go to the pawn shop and check out what I am now told is a videoke player, not just a karaoke. They are unable to explain the difference. I look it up and it seems like the videoke is what we really want. Videoke is the better option and it appears to be a Filipino improvement on the Japanese Karaoke. I tell them to get it, but no, they have to check out how many and what songs are included. It seems that all videokes are not created equal.

In case they want to purchase it, I give them enough cash to complete the transaction. While they are gone I catch up with friends on Facebook and catch up on news from the US. There are times I just don't understand my own country. Why is there so much hate? In all these years, have we not progressed beyond the hatred that started the civil war? You don't have to like the other side. But for the love of Pete, they ain't demons and

they ain't out to destroy the country. They just see things differently. Hell, I got two cousins who on any given day will see the sun shine as I say at the same moment, standing right by their side, *ain't that moon something?* Yeh, we see the world differently, but damn it, they are my cousins. They ain't the enemy. Same is true for all of us Americans. So anyway, the news today just makes me a bit sad. Well I guess I am an expat now. Not sure what that means to me or to those back there. Weird.

The girls are back. They left afoot. They arrive back in a [tricycle](#)¹⁷ with a machine strapped to the roof. The driver assists the girls getting it into the house before taking his leave of us. I am enlisted to make the connections to the TV. Before long the two microphones that are included are in use and warbling voices and happy hearts are filling the house.

Yeh, I am chewing on that. There is rice to eat, soft beds on which to sleep and videoke for the family. Is that all it takes? Really?

¹⁷ - A motorcycle with a metal cab enclosing it or attached to it, depending on the style. Ubiquitous Filipino inexpensive transportation.

Chapter 7: Stability is a blessing.

These ten days have been amazing. It is everything I had hoped to find and have. We have yet to find a place to move, though Susan's aunt told Susan about a place yesterday that is more than we need, at eight bedrooms, four CR's and two Salas, and more. It is supposedly in good shape, plus the rent is reasonable. It is a little out of town. That might be an issue.

It seems the place was built by a German for his wife. The guy has died and it is too much for the wife to keep up. She has moved in with relatives and wants the rental income. Susan's aunt says the woman is asking ₱11,000 but she thinks we can get it for ₱10,000.

We will look at it this afternoon. I need to leave by ferry tomorrow to travel to a Bureau of Immigration office. I will get an extended tourist visa. I can't get the application for a SRRV (retirement) visa there. That will happen in Manila.

In the last week I have retained the services of a local attorney. He may not be the best crack legal eagle but he is local and by reputation, he is honest. I called him late yesterday afternoon about the place we will look at this afternoon. He told me something interesting. He knows the property as he handled it following the death of the German. The title to the land is clean and in the widow's sole name. The house is owned by the widow alone as well. I have told him about my interest in leasing land and sinking money into an existing house on that land as my SRRV financial surety.

The attorney tells me that if I really like the house, I might be able to do the long term lease on the land with the lady and buy the house outright. That would reduce the time needed to resolve the process for me and get me settled quickly. Since I already have my girls, it is no longer wait and see. Veni, vidi, and I succeeded.

I ask the attorney how much he thought she might want for it. When he tells me I just about fall out of my chair. Hell I can afford to buy the thing outright, right now. If that is close to what she wants, and if it is what I want, this just might work.

Susan is at the bakery, covering for her Aunt.

Karen is back in school. She had been gone for a couple of days while we first got together but both Susan and I insisted she return to her classes. She was not really resistant as much as she didn't want to be away from me for some damned reason.

Now that Jenny is not taking care of the two boys, who seem to be just fine without her, she has started selling cosmetics door to hut. It's not a huge income, but it is hers and she is happy to be busy and not worrying about rice being on the table. She also helps Elvie at night.

So at the moment, only Elvie is here with me and she hums as she waxes the floor with a real bar of wax, not some concoction out of a can promising a better shine or whatever.

Earlier she did the washing in a large wash tub with a bar of Tide soap. I am just thinking of all the things you just don't see in the States. Somewhere on these islands is the guy who wrote those stories. He is seeing what I am seeing. It will never happen, but I wish I could just sit on the terrace with him, drink a cold beer and shoot the shit. Wouldn't that be cool? Ain't going to happen, but it sure would be sweet.

Anyway, Elvie has lunch ready. She says it is tanghon¹⁸. It's tasty and works for me. Susan returns and is offered some, but she says she is basug¹⁹. She has a bag of cheese rolls with her. I am close to really basug myself but try one. They are pretty damn good.

I am telling Elvie and Susan what the lawyer told me when Jenny walks in and wants me to start from the beginning. Susan cuts her off and I

¹⁸ - A noodle with chicken soup. Also called sotanghon.

¹⁹ - Full and not hungry any more. [Pronounced: bah-SOOG; the OO as in SOON]

gather gives her an abbreviated Ilonggo version. When they are all caught up, I finish what I am telling them and Jenny announces, *I need a brandy!*

Jenny? I have not seen you drink. Why now?

Remember I tell you I dream of living in a house like this but never think it will happen?

Yeh, OK.

I never even dream I will live like a wealthy woman in a mansion! I am a simple Filipina. We all are. You make us something else. I need a drink!

Not before we look at the house. Not before we make a decision. We have a saying in the US. 'Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.'

OK. Too soon. Sige, sige.

Half an hour later, I hire a van driver to take us to the property. It is normally accessed by [jeepney](#)²⁰ if personal transportation is not available. But I don't want to wait in both directions for hours for jeepneys. If we get this place we will need a car and maybe a motorcycle.

It takes only fifteen minutes to get there, but that may mean transporting Karen to and from school every day. The house itself is German modern design circa 1980's. Lots of glass, straight lines, and to my tastes, totally cool. The rooms are large by what I gather are Filipino standards. The countertops are a bit higher than my girls are comfortable with but they work for me. They can use stools I guess.

There is a swimming pool but it is empty and I have no idea if it is serviceable. There is a carport good for two cars. Water is by a pump which needs to be replaced from what I can tell. There is no generator and we want one being so far out of town.

²⁰ - The design looks like a bus with a Jeep from end. It is an open air affair with a roof. Two long benches behind the driver. Access is from the back.

Still, I am falling in love with the place. It sits on a hilly two thousand square meters which I gather is about half an acre.

I ask Susan to ask the woman about selling. The woman is thinking we are asking her to hold a mortgage and is refusing. Susan tells her it will be a cash purchase. OK, that gets her attention. Yes she will consider it. Susan gives her a number well below what the attorney thinks she will take for a direct sale. She wants to haggle, but Susan throws up her hands and tells the woman she is not interested in a higher price. Then Susan walks away. The woman seems to think about it for half a minute and walks up to Susan. They are talking.

Susan has broken out the property price from the price of the house. It is a smart strategy. The land cannot be farmed except for fruit trees. But there is really not enough land for that. So the value is less according to Susan. It seems the woman is acknowledging that. They agree the land is worth no more than ₱125 a square meter, or a total of ₱250,000 (approx. \$5,500.00).

And then Susan starts in on the house. It's too big. Who needs a house this big? It isn't a hotel! So what is the need? Who will pay for such a house? And the taxes will be too high. Yeh, I can see that Susan has hit another sore point. The woman is struggling with the taxes. The well, Susan complains, needs a new pump. Maybe the well is no good and a new one will have to be drilled! How can she rent a house with no well and no town water? Maybe this is OK with a [bahay kubo](#)²¹ but not a house like this! OK. Yes this is correct. She cannot afford to pay the taxes or fix the well. No one wants to purchase such a big house. Yes, she will be happy to take ₱3,000,000 (approx. \$65,300.00) for the house.

I call the lawyer on my cell phone there on the spot. First Susan outlines the agreement to the guy and then the lawyer talks with the seller... yes she agrees. We can have land and house for about \$70,800. There are governmental fees on the sale of the house, but none on the lease of the land. The purchase price of the buyout later is one peso. I will be long

²¹ - Simple bamboo, rattan and grass hut.

dead by then. The land title will be put in escrow but signed and notarized by the current owner in the next couple of days, when she gets my money from the lawyer.

I will have my bank in the USA wire the money for her, the lawyer's fees and more for the new well pump, and extra for a car and motorcycle, to the lawyer's bank account. My bank's hours start at night for me here, and so with any luck the money will be at the lawyer's office while I am with the folks at Immigration. I called my bank last night and so this will not be a surprise for them.

Once again, I take a deep breath, look at Susan, Elvie and Jenny, at the house, and wonder, can it be this easy? I have four loves, aged 14, 17, 20 and 35. I will have an eight bedroom house with a master bedroom and bathroom suite. Plus at the price I am paying, there is enough to easily buy both a car and a motorcycle, with money left over. What a country!

I tell the lawyer I need an affidavit of my investment in the form of a Ready For Occupancy (RFO) house at the price of greater than \$50,000. That is what I need so I can get the SRRV Visa when I travel to Manila later. Now I need to get the extended stay tourist visa until I get the SRRV process going.

The van driver returns us to the little home we have now, and bless those girls, they giggle. I ask why and Jenny says, *OK, now we know. This place is too small. You right, we bobo²². But Ronald there is a problem. The new one is too large for one maid, even if we help her. You need one or two more maids.*

Jenny why did you not tell me before I agree to buy it?

It is a nice place. We will be happy there. We think maybe you want more girls.

I told you last week, 'no more.'

²² - Stupid. [Pronounced: boh-BOH; the 'O's are hard]

Yes, but maybe you change your mind. We not know. It OK we find another maid.

No Jenny. You will not. We have been through this before. I will do it.

But...

No! Jenny, I said no. Do not argue with me.

Sorry, sorry. I wrong.

Yeh, you are wrong. Don't do this again.

Just as this is going down, Karen is standing in the doorway. How much she has heard I do not know. I look over to her and she gives me a confident smile.

Ron, I have the list from our walk before. You remember, maybe?

Yeh. I remember k'Ren.

You want to consider one or two of them to work as alalay for Elvie?

Aren't they still in school?

No, Sir. I not think they are. You like young. They are young. They not fight with Elvie, she will be Ate to them. They will 'belong' not girlfriends. This good for you?

Maybe, k'Ren. It's worth trying. We will consider it when I get back.

Ron, may I contact them before you get back and see which ones be good for you to consider? Maybe some not interested.

Yes OK. But be careful about what you say.

Sige.

The last night I spend in the house before the trip to Immigration is with Susan and Karen. We have slept together before but have not had sex with one when the other was there. Tonight is different. I tell Susan to

make sure Karen showers clean, outside and inside. I get a look that combines, surprise, understanding, compliance and a bit of concern. In return, I put a finger under her chin, tilt it up and give her a long kiss, which ends as my mouth goes to her ear. *I love you and your sister. Tonight I will take your sister completely, as I have taken you. You will help. But I will wear a condom, to stay clean. Once she is taken, I will enter you, love you and give you my seed. Do you understand?*

You love me? Sir Ron?

I do.

Sige, sige. I do as you say. Maybe tonight you get me with a baby. I hope.

I kiss her again and pat her bottom, sending her on her way. Susan knows what I want from her. She was the recipient last time. Now she is the enabler.

When I finally finish my shower and reenter my bedroom, Karen is lying face down and Susan is giving her the massage she knows is required as the beginning point. I find the condom I had placed under my pillow and roll it on. Karen does not see this.

Susan moves down to Karen's right leg and I take the left. Appreciative sounds emanate from our girl. We work from calf, up to lower thigh. From lower thigh to upper both of us with a hand on a buttock. I pull my hand off the thigh, wet a finger with my mouth and then slide the damp digit from the back edge of her cunt over the pink rosebud, pausing and circling a bit, with Karen shoving her ass in the air to get a bit more action, before continuing to the back of the crack. Karen pleads in delight for more. I return to the upper thigh, as Susan and I pull the girl's butt cheeks farther apart.

Susan moves into position still holding on to a cheek and a thigh, bows her head down and goes in for what will be an experience for her that I am quite sure she never considered ever doing, in this life. She licks up from her sister's cunt to the pucker point and shoves her tongue in as far as she can.

Karen is going nuts. She pushes her ass far into the air, shoving her sister's tongue farther in and allowing me unfettered access to clit and cunt.

I start finger fucking her and mashing her clit at the same time as Susan continues to rape her sister's ass with her face. Karen is gasping, shaking, and cumming. She drenches my arm with the bodily fluids of lubrication, intended to bathe a cock in the performance of its duties.

I pull Susan off Karen, mount the girl entering her ass, as Susan's hand takes my place in her cunt and on her clit.

Karen's ass is not clenched. It is open and seeking invasion. I push in easily, through the tight passage. She moans and shouts, *Oh, yes! Oh God Yes! I fuck YES!* Before cumming hard. But the cum does not seem to end for the longest time. I finally simply stop though I remain inside her and her body eventually relaxes. I pump again and Karen immediately starts cumming again, whimpering, *Oh, my God! No more I can't! Oh!*

I pull out, roll Karen over. As I go in for a kiss, her arms fly around me and she smashes her face against mine. Her tongue invades my mouth. She won't stop. She can't stop. Until she runs out of steam, releases me and lies there with the biggest shit eating grin and says, *I love you too!* I never told her I loved her. But she knows it anyway.

I smile back, kiss her forehead, pull off the rubber, push Susan on her back and mount Karen's Ate. Susan is dripping wet as I slide in. I lift her legs into the air as I try to fuck her as deep as I can. Karen decides, two can play this game and starts to finger Susan's ass. Susan is looking at me. *More, Ron, harder. Deeper k'Ren! More! Yes. Make me cuuuuummmmm. Aahhh.* And she is cumming, cunt muscles dancing on my cock. My balls get the message and deliver the answer.

I am done. Susan is done. Karen is happy.

It's time to flip a mattress, change the sheets and get to sleep, or so I think. Karen is on one side of me, Susan the other side. Karen props herself up to look directly at me, as if composing her thoughts. *We really*

are your girls. We know this, Ron. Ate and me, we more than girlfriends. True?

Yeh. True.

Good. We both love you. We talk. We give you everything you want. The girls I find for the maids, you will fuck them. So what you want? What age? What we need think about?

k'Ren, I am worried that the girls will try to blackmail us.

Why you not worried about us?

I was, and I asked your Ate a number of questions before I added the two of you. And remember I wanted your Ate. I love Susan as much as I love you. With these girls, I will not love their Ate or mother. Also, you didn't offer yourself to me. They did. I don't know what their intentions are if they get selected.

OK, I understand this. What age, Ron?

Susan, remember what I said when you went with Jenny to meet the other girl?

Yes. I remember.

Same instructions, plus she must be able to be a real maid and not just a girl I can fuck. Susan, I will pay each maid ₦2,500. These are real jobs.

OK, I understand. Sir if the mother can get maybe ₦1,000 of that and the girl keeps ₦1,500, then the mother not complain.

I don't like that. It is too close to paying for prostitution. If the girl wants to give her mother some of her earnings, that is her choice, but I will not.

Yes. You correct. I wrong. OK, we will see if any these girls be OK for us.

And Susan, virgins only. If they are selling their bodies now, I don't want them. Best to not get some disease.

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

Yes, Sir.

Chapter 8: Who are you?

Bureaucracy. What can I say about it that hasn't been said a million times before? Look, the processes in bureaucracy are designed as much to protect the government from the stupidity, or larceny of its own employees, as it is to guard against those who would abuse the options being offered via the laws and regulations.

So yeh, I get that the formalistic nature of it is baked into the cake. That is why as the applicant I have to supply everything including the manila folder in which my papers will reside in their filing cabinet, because otherwise the employees will steal the folders. Better to not provide them in the first place.

Getting a visa is a matter of establishing: who you are, why you are here, and finally, when are you leaving? In my case, as I make it clear that I am seeking a SRRV visa, my intention is not to leave, but to get an extended stay tourist visa I need a departure date.

I do have a purchased ticket to leave the country to fly to Malaysia. I don't intend to use it, but knew I needed to show a "return flight out" to be allowed to fly in. I am prepared to list that date. I never assumed I would be able to apply for the SRRV so soon.

I have all the paperwork I think I need for the tourist visa as I enter the BI office. The Immigration office does not issue the SRRV visa. For that I need to go to the [PRA](#)²³ office in Makati later.

BI wants a notarized copy of fingerprints taken, and two 2x2 photos of me are also submitted along with the documents and application for the extended stay tourist visa. With the waiting and the queues, it takes the better part of a day, but it is done.

²³ - Philippine Retirement Authority.

I got to Iloilo by ferry two days ago. Arriving in the afternoon. I stopped by the Immigration office but it was too late to do anything. Yesterday I spent the entire day there. Today my ferry leaves late morning to return.

Three nights ago I called my bank and authorized the charges out of my account to the attorney's bank account to pay for the land and the house as well as the extras I need. Two days ago I called the lawyer in the morning, before departing by boat and to fill him in on what is needed to be done. I instructed him to take the balance out after the two transactions are completed and give it to Susan for safe keeping.

I called Susan last night and updated her. She will get the money after lunch today and meet me at the port when I come back. With any luck, at a minimum, we will have a bike on which to ride back to the house, as I intend to go shopping for one once I arrive at the port. It won't be as much of a spur of the moment purchase. I was window shopping, if you will, last week, for a bike. I like the look of a red Kawasaki Avenger 220 I saw in a showroom. It costs less than ₱100K.

As luck has it, the boat is two hours late on my trip back. I am not sure I will get the bike today and I am going to keep Susan waiting at the wharf for hours. I call her, and tell her what's up. She giggles. No problem. She will go to the showroom and get the paperwork started. She will meet me at the dock with the bike and someone from the store. I can sign the paperwork there, as she already has the money. She tells me, once she controls the giggles, *See? No problem, Ron.*

The difference between bureaucracy and life as I am living it with these girls, could not be more of a contrast. I have been in a land of queues and I move back to a land of *'no problem.'*

When I arrive at the dock, there is Susan and a young fellow with a big smile and a manila folder. Beside them are two bikes. A 125cc puddle jumper and the Kawasaki. I gather the 125cc is his. Susan runs up and hugs me. PDA²⁴'s are frowned upon in public and so no kisses here. She

²⁴ - Public Displays of Affection.

pulls me along to meet this very proper and very young employee of the motorcycle shop, who has the paperwork I need to sign. The payment has already been made and Susan has the receipt with her. She also has a plastic sack in her hand. She holds it out to me. Inside are choco rolls. I am hungry and they look damned good.

Susan smiles. *My Tita says you are a good man for loving me!*

Oh, but if your Tita knew the complete truth!

She giggles and says, *Hala Ka!*²⁵ *Hehe.*

In short order he is gone and we hop on the bike. Doing so is nothing new for Susan. She has been on such bikes since she was an infant. I point it to our little house, only to be told, *Bobo where you think you live?*

What?

You buy a house? Di ba?

OK, sure. But we haven't moved yet.

Yes. It happen. We go there.

What?

*Bobo! Makulit ka!*²⁶ *Go the new house!*

O... KAY... Where is k'Ren?

School of course! She ride a jeepney home.

The girls have moved us, with the help of a rented jeepney. We don't have much of our own and the jeepney was a bit overkill. It was only one

²⁵ - 'You watch out!' or 'You will be in trouble' [Pronounced: hah-LaH KaH; the 'a' is soft in both cases.

²⁶ - You are being difficult. (Here if you read the entire line and translate the intent instead of the exact words, she is saying, 'Stupid, stop being difficult and go to the new house.')

trip with plenty of room to spare, but the German's house has furnishings that came with it. So we have beds and tables and chairs.

We arrive at the house to see activity all around. Elvie and Jenny are there, but they are less busy cleaning, than they are directing traffic. The traffic are five girls. I recognize three of them from our walk two weeks, or so, ago. I sure as hell don't want five more girls! What's going on?

Susan gets off and I set the kickstand before dismounting. I am confused and I guess it shows on my face. Susan sees it.

Ron, how we know if they good maids unless we see them clean and cook and do what needed. If not good, they go. If OK, they stay until you make choice. All safe for you. We sure this first.

Come closer Susan.

Bakit?²⁷

Because I want to kiss you.

OK, this good but you kiss me so they can see it. Then you kiss Elvie and Jenny. Make sure the new girls see this. Make sure they know we are all yours.

So from a desire for a little loving, we have morphed into performance art. I like the kisses, but the meaning is a little bit lost in the translation. Still I gather the five applicants take note. If they think I just hunger for young pussy, they are mistaken. Sure I want young pussy, but I also enjoy my older girls, though a 17 and 20 year old are not exactly 'old.'

For now I just ignore the five. They are not vetted yet as regards their ability to do the job. I gather Elvie and Jenny are watching them closely. We will pay all of them for their work. No one is being taken advantage of, and all will get a chance to do many things including cooking. They

²⁷ - Why?

may be with us for a week before the first cut is made. In the process, the huge fucking mansion gets a thorough cleaning.

I inquire about the TV and the Internet. It seems like we will be converted to satellite options and the contracts will continue, but at a higher price point. The installers are coming out tomorrow.

I have a sense that my girls, having decided that this is a real deal and that I am a long term keeper, have formed a cabal to smooth all the rubble from my path. I see no dissension. I see a level of cooperation that belies prior planning and collaboration.

I tell Karen that I want her Ate and her in my bed tonight. She balks. They will be there but I must have Elvie tonight. Susan and she will assist, but I should take Elvie like I took her last time.

Why k'Ren?

She loves you. You must love her back. She need to know me and Ate include her. Same Jenny. You wrong. All four of us, your girls. No difference now. Same, same.

Your Ate and you agree on this?

Yes, Ate and me talk. We think it not right what you do. We all same.

I see. And in fact I do see. The cabal is real but is in the formation stage. Karen needs me to formalize it by my actions. Until then it is only an ad hoc action between the girls. If I acknowledge the change in status, it will be permanent.

Once again I am getting echoes of the stories I have read. I have set things in motion, but they now have a life of their own. These girls have free will and they are evaluating, making their own decisions and affecting all those around them. I suspect that if I fight the flow of events, I will have problems. I see no problem with Elvie included. So long as she doesn't see herself as the 'one and only,' which she doesn't, no harm is being done. As to Jenny, two weeks ago, I would have said 'No!' but these last two weeks have shown her to be a good soul and considerate of

the others. I guess I need to allow this. By permitting decision making where no harm is done, I preserve the right to say no when I can defend the decision. I tell Karen, *OK, talk to your Ate and set it up.*

Elvie has stopped cleaning and is supervising one of the applicants as the girl attempts to make supper for us. I am not really hungry. The choco roll has assuaged any need for food. But there are nine girls here. They need to be fed.

That thought has just hit me... there are nine, count them, nine girls here. I could probably bed each and every one of them. That is so off the rails as to be impossible to fathom.

There is no way. Yes sure I read the stories. I took them as great tales. But while I got the point that some things were possible, I didn't really believe some of the wild shit. Nine girls, now that is wild shit. I won't bed nine. But holy mother of God.

If there was any question about what it takes to feed nine girls, all I can say is that an eight cup rice cooker sure as shit isn't large enough. We ran two batches through it. Sure we had some left over, but really? I mean we probably consumed twelve cups of rice as measured out uncooked. That's a lot of rice.

All five newbies are sitting with us as we eat. One asks Karen, if she might ask a question. Karen looks at Susan. Susan looks at me. I say, *OK, I guess.*

This sweet looking one, who has cooked our meal, wants to ask but is too shy to look at me. She is looking down at her plate, giggling and mumbling something about now being too scared. Karen is giggling and teasing the girl. I gather she is telling the girl, it's OK I don't bite. (Susan is whispering an ongoing translation of sorts.) The girl whispers back to Karen and loud enough for Susan to hear. *'But what if he hits?'* That gets another round of giggles from all around her. Karen answers, *'Do you see any bruises on me?'*

This has been funny but I cut it short. *k'Ren ask her what she wants to ask and repeat it to me.*

Now Karen gets stern with the girl and tells her to give her the question. *Ron, she wants to know how many may stay when the house cleaning is done.*

What have you told them up to now k'Ren?

We say maybe none. It depends on them.

OK k'Ren, do these girls know enough English, or do you need to translate for them.

You speak and I will translate so it is clear.

k'Ren is correct. Maybe none. But maybe one. Not more than two. First, it depends on how well you do. With cleaning, cooking and taking direction from Elvie. If any of you remain after that, there are other things that I will judge you on.

Another of the girls pipes up in English. This is one of the two I don't recognize from my walk before. *Sir, will you keep one and send her sister home?*

First, what is your name?

Jas.

I don't understand. Is your sister here?

Yes Sir. You meet her before. She is this one, pointing to a girl that I think Karen told me is named Nancy. She tell me what she do. I hit her hard. She is stupid. She should never do such a thing. Then two day ago, we get a text on the number she give k'Ren. It say if she wants she can come and maybe she can stay, have a good life. She say she will go, I can't stop her. So I say I come too and see. We meet k'Ren and Susan. Susan interview us. I think OK, maybe this not so bad, but I not sure. I not like the idea of my sister doing this. I say this to Susan. She say to me, you

want to come too? It possible for both of you. Probably just help clean a house for a week and go home, but you pay for this and we not need to pay for food or anything.

I see. Yes I can see why Susan did what she did. She is correct. Both of you will probably be told that you can go home when we are done. In any case, I will not separate you from your sister. I do not care if she is willing to leave you. It is a bad thing and I will not do it.

You mean that Sir?

Ask k'Ren.

Friend, Sir mean this truly?

Yes friend. If he say it, it true.

So Friend k'Ren, what if he wants both. This is possible?

Maybe. But I do not expect it. Maybe all go home at end of the week. Need to be truly special to be asked to stay.

How?

Secret.

Unfair!

Maybe, still I not tell.

Ate Susan, will you tell? Do you know?

Friend. k'Ren is correct. We may know something more but none know all. Only Sir Ron knows and he not tell us. k'Ren is correct. It is secret from all.

Sir Ron, (this is the other one I don't know,) k'Ren and Ate Susan not know. Will you tell us? Are we to be your bedmates tonight? Will you have all of us this week?

OK, let me make this very clear. I will not touch any of you while Elvie makes her decision. None of you will be in my bed. This is final. You are not here to be in my bed. You are here this week to help get this house so we can live in it. If one or two of you is so special that we are interested in having you stay longer, we will talk to you about that later.

Understand this, none of you is required to be in my bed at all to do what you have been hired to do. You are virgins now and you will be virgins when you are done with this job and leave. Does that make it clear?

Then Sir, (evidently I wasn't clear enough,) why did you select virgins only?

OK, so now I am going to throw some mud in her face. Because I do not want anyone saying I hire underage prostitutes. Is that clear enough?

Yes Sir. Sorry Sir. Yes, I see why that is important. If we leave virgins, then no one can accuse you of doing bad things. I am stupid. Sorry, sorry.

I gather Susan and Karen had not thought of that. They just think I like to pop cherries. They might love me, but there are still blind spots.

Sir please, I am stupid, but may I ask one more question?

Yeh, what is it?

Sir I too am the sister of another here. She say she will be your sex girl, if you will let her stay. I tell her no way. Will you tell her the same thing please?

First, what is your name?

Joydee, Sir.

Which one is your sister?

This one, Aimelyn.

Ah OK, I turn to the child, Aimelyn, do you understand me?

A little Sir.

OK, if you do not, you will ask Susan to explain, OK?

Yes, I will ask Susan if I not understand. Good Sir.

Aimelyn, I have sex with Susan, Jenny, Elvie and k'Ren. Why do you think I need or want to have sex with anyone else?

There is a panicked look on the child's face. I think she understood me but she is not sure. She turns to Susan, who without anything snarky tells her in Ilonggo. Two of the other girls gasp. Aimelyn looks mortified. Her Joydee, who was expecting something totally different from me, is now not sure what to think. Karen is Joydee's age. If I am having sex with Karen, what does that tell Joydee? From the look on her face she is wondering if I might be more interested in her than her sister.

I repeat, at the end of this job you will still be a virgin. That includes you, Joydee. You are not here for sex. You are here because Karen and I decided you might need the money and we need to clean the house.

Jas looks at Joydee. Both look at Susan and then Jas looks at me. *Sir, I know you will tell me I am stupid and difficult, but that is not the entire truth. This is a test. We are being tested. Maybe none pass and all leave like you say. But if some pass then maybe they stay. But if the one who passes has a sister and both stay, I wonder, do you have sex with both? I know you will have sex with the one who passes. I know this and Joydee knows this. We thought you wanted sex with our sisters, but maybe it is us you want. What happens to our sisters then?*

That is something you can think about next week when all of you are gone from here. This meeting is over.

Chapter 9: Promotions

All three of us sir? I don't understand why three? Why Jenny not here? This is confusing.

Elvie, be quiet and do as I say.

Her eyebrows go up and not another sound comes from her. I tell Susan and Karen to start the massage and I will be back after my shower. The shower is a quick one and I am back in the bedroom in under ten minutes. Susan and Karen are on either side of Elvie's legs, a finger traces Elvie's crack from cunt to coccyx. As I am getting undressed. Susan takes the position behind Elvie and licks up the same path, only stopping briefly at the rosebud.

Now on the bed, I push a hand under Elvie and find her clit as Susan resets and licks up again, this time stopping to circle Elvie's rosebud with her tongue. I move on Elvie's clit and the same time and Elvie pushes her ass in the air. Susan's tongue pushes through the rosebud, Elvie's ass raises higher. I push fingers into Elvie's cunt, mauling her clit at the same time as Karen grabs Elvie's left tit, and plays with a nipple. Elvie is flopping around. She is gasping for air, and trying to speak. The speaking part isn't working. I pull Susan off, pushing my cock into her asshole and Susan takes over the attack on the girl's cunt.

Karen has a hand on each breast and is torturing two nipples. Elvie doesn't know whether to shit or go blind. I am deep inside the girl and feel every movement of Susan's fingers inside Elvie's cunt. I find the stimulation far too great and I dump cum inside Elvie.

I have slipped out of her and the girls are just gently caressing her. Elvie continues to shake. Susan speaking softly asks, *Elvie, love, are you OK?*

The response is a quivering, *Yes. I think so. Why you do that to me? I lose control of my body. It never that way before.*

You are now part of us. You are no longer the maid. You still run the house, but you are same as k'Ren and me. Ron approve this. He love you like he love us.

Ronald? This true, you love me?

Yeh, Elvie it's true. You are mine for two reasons now. You belong to me and I love you. That is also true for k'Ren and Susan. I love them and they belong to me now.

Oh, Ronald, what about Jenny?

And Elvie hears giggles from the two girls. Friend, tomorrow night it is the three of us plus Ron on that girl. Hehe, she joins us too. We are all four equal now.

Jenny know this?

Not yet.

OK but I feel sorry for her. I worry she feels scared right now.

And I sense Elvie is right. It's time for an executive decision. Susan, Karen, go find Jenny and eat her out good, Kiss her and let her know you love her. Go now!

Elvie you are here with me tonight.

Sir may I tell you something I hiding?

OK, Elvie, what is it.

Sir I love you too. From the beginning I love you. I afraid to tell you. I know Jenny love you too. She afraid you tell her to go again.

I guess I am not surprised, but it does reset the table a bit. I do feel love for each of them. I didn't expect to do so, but I do. These four are now equals in a way I had not considered before. It is the completion of the cabal. But the young ones on the floor below just will not work out. In

truth they are just too young to be the maids, and even the older ones are too young without an even older sister or mother. They need to go.

So what are we to do with these five girls? I don't think we can keep them. Why bother testing? Use them this week and send them all back home.

Sir, they not have real home. I like Jas and Joydee. They are good and smart. They make good helpers.

If we pick them we have their two sisters. That is four out of the five. Elvie, it doesn't work.

Why. We have the room now.

Elvie, I do not want eight lovers and do I take four and send one away. That is not smart either. Plus I do not think Joydee and Jas want in my bed. Lastly their sisters are too young for me. I do not want them at all. We don't split up sisters. So no.

Don't decide yet. Wait a week.

Elvie, they can clean for the week, but I don't see any way they stay. Now it's time to sleep!

Elvie snuggles into me, a beautiful seventeen year old in love with a fifty-five year old man. Is this how all those stories were born?

Last night was my first night in our new house, but with all the excitement and confusion, I didn't appreciate it nearly as much as I might have. The house still needs a lot more cleaning and straightening, but it is an amazing place.

The master bedroom suite covers the entire third floor. Susan brings coffee and breakfast up to me this morning. There is an area with a table and chairs where I can have a private meal. There is a room that is nothing but a walk-in closet and dressing room, with built-in dresser, mirrors and chest of drawers. The bedroom is a bed, two night stands, end of the bed bench, couch, two easy chairs and that table and chairs.

The bathroom has a Jacuzzi, a very nice shower, two incredible sinks with tricked out faucets and an upscale quality toilet. There is a hot water heater so the sinks, bath and shower are not cold water affairs.

All in all, I fell into a sweet deal. As there is no internet connection yet, I am spending some time with my smart phone. It's almost noon and I haven't left the suite.

There is a knock on my door. *Come in.*

It's Jenny.

Sir, do I need to leave?

Why do you ask?

You bring Elvie to you last night and then you send Susan and Karen to me to keep me company. Why you do that unless you sad for me but need me to leave?

You may not leave. You may never leave. Is that clear enough?

Sir?

Do not ask me again, if you should leave. The answer is 'never.'

But you leave me out last night.

Last night was for Elvie. Do you not think she deserves a night with me?

Yes Sir she do.

Tonight is your night with me. Now stop being stupid.

*Oh! OMG! Oh! Shit! Sorry, sorry, sorry! Oo²⁸, I am bobo! I go now!
Sorry, sorry!*

And she all but runs out the door.

²⁸ Yes. [Pronounced: oh-OH]

The news from the USA is more of the same. Different names, same bullshit. Different fights, same reasons. There are times I just want to scream, ‘*Grow up!*’ But who the hell would listen and even if they did, I doubt they would think I am talking about them.

The world news, according to Reuters, isn’t any better. It occurs to me that laws are only the enforcement of rules against the powerless and meaningless to the powerful. ‘Law and order’ to some extent is a euphemism for ‘quiescence and control.’ If religion is the opiate of the masses, national governments are the Tasers. Nationalist movements might start as open to dissent, though most don’t, but over time, rights get whittled away in the name of security. And what is being secured? Not the simple folk, no, it’s the property owned by the wealthy. I don’t give a rat’s ass which country you are thinking about. It’s true for just about all of them. And if it isn’t, it’s because you live in a country that has confused opiates with power and good luck with that.

It’s one of the reasons I am afraid to use an email account to connect with the guy who wrote the damned stories that sort of set all this in motion. I am as paranoid of them now as he seems to be. I think he is right. What happens if what I have here becomes known to others? I’m fucked.

Yeh, I get it. He is actually pretty brave to post these stories. He says they are fictional. Yeh, change a few names, move some events around and sure, it’s fiction. Just as much as the nine girls downstairs, so long as I change a name and add or subtract a year becomes fiction. Holy shit. I wonder where that school he wrote about really is.

Reuters has a section under the Life topic called “Oddly Enough.” I think this life I have here qualifies.

There’s another knock on the door. I am wondering if it is Elvie or Jenny again. I suspect Susan would just walk in and Karen is in school.

Come in.

Jas enters. What the fuck? Why is she up here? This was the first place that was cleaned and it was done before I got back from Immigration.

What do you need?

What I need to do to be special?

Nothing Jas. At the end of the week, you and your sister go home.

Sir, there is no home.

I am sorry to hear that, but you can't stay. Jas, what do you think happens if you are 'special?'

I get to stay.

What happens if you stay?

I live here. I safe. Maybe I in your bed. Maybe I like that.

What happens to your sister?

Sir?

Well, is she special?

Maybe no.

So I would be sending her where when I take you?

No Sir she would stay with me.

But she is not special and only special girls can stay.

Oh! So if I need to stay with her, if she is not special, I need to leave too, even if I am special?

Yes.

What if she is also special? Oh! I see. Before I say I not want that, so that why I must go. Sir, if I say you can be with her, you want her?

Jas, I have plenty of girls now.

But Sir, would you want a girl her age?

How old is she, Jas?

Twelve, she is twelve.

Jas I only want to be with girls who understand the choices they are making. If they are too young, I don't want them.

Sir, that is wise. Sir, if she knows, you want her.

What about you, what about your mother and father, your uncles and aunts? Will they not be upset?

No one but me to complain. All gone. Sir if I say it is OK, you want her?

Jas, the likelihood than Elvie will find her special is not good. She is too young to know how to cook, clean, do the washing, and all else that needs to be done. It will never come to the point where I will have to answer that question. The two of you are leaving at the end of the week.

Yes, Sir. May I go now Sir?

Yeh, you may leave.

Oh Sir, I not mean leave the house, I mean leave this room.

Yeh, Jas, you may leave the room.

Thank you Sir.

I miss not having a TV. There is a hookup for one in this room, but no set. I need something to distract me. I am not doing much more than contemplating my navel when the door opens and Susan walks in. OK well that was one assumption that proved correct.

You caused quite a commotion downstairs.

How?

What did you say to Jas?

No, Susan, what was the commotion about?

That they are all, except maybe one, leaving but it is unlikely that the last one will stay because she isn't really any good at cleaning or cooking.

I told them they were leaving last night. What's the big deal?

It is because they know why now.

I thought I had made that clear last night as well.

Yes you did, but not in a way that they really understood. Last night they were trying to protect their younger sisters. Today they decide you really don't seem to want the younger sisters. So they are investigating what it takes for them to be special so they and their sister can stay.

And I tell them they can't because the sister will not be special and so they must go with their sister. I thought I make it clear that unless for some reason we found someone really special, they would be going.

You did.

So?

So then they realize, that they want to stay and be special, but you won't let them because the younger sister isn't special. So didn't Jas ask you if you want the younger sister?

Yes.

What you tell her?

I tell her that I don't think I would ever have to answer that question, because I don't think Elvie will find her special. Beyond that I don't want to be with anyone who doesn't really understand the meaning and consequences of what they are asking to happen. So, no their sister cannot stay and therefore Jas cannot stay. I told them they were going back home, last night. Nothing has changed.

Yes something has changed.

What?

Last night the older girls think you are maybe an evil monster.

OK and?

Now they find out that you may be evil but you aren't a monster. You don't even want them. That has them upset.

I see. But it is not my problem. If they aren't able to concentrate on the work, send them home now.

You don't mean... Oh, OK you are serious. OK I will talk to them. And Susan leaves.

Fifteen minutes later Elvie is at the door.

Ronald, they are too scared to work. They think you are sending them home now.

I am, unless they are working, I have no reason to keep them here.

But Jas and Joydee are so good for me that I not want to lose them.

Elvie, one way or the other, they are leaving. They leave now, or at the end of the week, but they are leaving. We will start over looking for someone else once they leave. Elvie, this is an order. I never want to hear about this matter again. I have made up my mind.

Yesterday you said you would wait until the end of the week.

I didn't. You asked and I did not agree. I just said that they could stay until the end of the week. Tell me Elvie, do you honestly think you will rate either Jas's younger daughter or Aimelyn as special?

But Sir!

Answer the question!

No I not think I can do that.

That is why they go. I am not splitting up the Ate's from the younger girls and I am not going to take on two girls who can't do what we need and

are too young for me as they don't have the judgment to understand what they are asking for me to do. So no more. It is done.

Elvie is crying. She is blubbering. I will teach them what they need to know. I will teach them how to cook. I will teach them to do laundry correctly.

Will you teach them how to take my cock in their ass as they lick their sister's cunt? For Christ sake, Elvie, there is a world of difference between twelve and fourteen.

Yes! Yes I will teach them that too! You will see. Give me two weeks and me and Jenny and Susan, we will teach them. You will have the best sexy, fuck crazy twelve year olds in the Philippines. You will see.

And you think their sisters will put up with this?

YES! YES! They want this now.

Why Elvie? Why?

You not know what life they have. I know. I tell them if they stay they belong to you. You own them. You wait, all will say yes.

All? There are five down there. Not even all the older ones are good.

They will all be good or I will get rid of a bad one myself.

Elvie I don't want or need nine bedmates.

Why you complain? You not man enough to be good to us?

Really? You are going to try that on me? I am not man enough to want to fuck nine girls, two of whom are twelve? Oh Elvie, nice try, but really, that isn't going to work.

I talk to Jenny and Susan and then we come back and talk. I am sorry I make you angry, but this not right Ronald. And she storms out of the door.

There is one person in the world I want to talk with and no way to do it. It is so frustrating!

I am pacing the floor, cussing at the wall, staring out a window. I don't want to walk out into a hornet's nest of self-righteous misplaced anger. I feel trapped in my own gilded castle.

The door opens and in comes Susan, Jenny, Elvie, Jas and Joydee. I look from one to another and then back to Susan. *Please explain this.*

Ron, there comes a time when we all have to be in the same room and talk honestly. I think I know what you told Elvie and quite honestly, if I understand correctly, I want to kiss you for what you said and how you feel. I feel my faith in you and your judgment is correct. I also understand what Elvie is saying she wants. But it is something that needs to be discussed with all your girls and if k'Ren was back from school, she would be here too. Because all of it requires that Jas and Joydee understand exactly what is going on, I decided that they must be part of the discussion. So since you have been kind enough to allow me to speak first, let me start by talking to Jas and Joydee.

Susan turns her body to face them directly, takes a second, maybe to collect her thoughts before speaking.

Girls, everyone who lives permanently in this house belongs by love and commitment for life to Ron. This is not a small thing. It is not a week, or a year or a few years. We are here for life. All four of us. Ron is committed to love and care for us for the rest of his life. Maybe he is a silly man to think he can do this for four women, but he has made that commitment. He will not permit others to stay here permanently who are not equally committed. Maybe, possibly, but unlikely, one or both of you could make that commitment, join him in love and in his bed. But your sisters, in his view, and in my view, are too young to make that commitment, even if you would permit it. Elvie told Ron, she wants you two to stay, that she would teach your sisters to do all that was needed to care for the house. She would also teach your sisters about having sex with him, while at the same time he was having sex with you. I don't think you really want this

and he doesn't want it either. He gets the final say and it really does not matter what Elvie and I want. Still I believe you need to hear from all of us. Before you get the final answer, and I suspect Jenny has something to say too, I allow you two to speak if Ron agrees that you should be allowed. Do you Ron?

Well I can't say you haven't been fair in what you just said, but before I agree, ... Elvie, other than the addition that you wanted an extra week to teach them, has Susan spoken correctly?

Yes, she speaks the truth.

OK then Joydee and Jas may speak.

The two look at each other, and via facial expressions of pursed lips, and eyebrows, the spokesgirl is chosen. It is Joydee.

Jas and me, we talk and we decide we want to stay. We argue with Susan and Elvie, we should be allowed to stay and we take care of our sisters. They stay here but not be a problem. We not understand why you say 'no' to us. First we think you an evil man who just wants to fuck young girls. Then you say we stay virgins and we think, maybe you like girls around but no interest in sex, like a monk. Then you say you fuck the ones who live here and we confused again. Then Jas and me think, OK we fuck you and you will leave our sisters alone. But you say we have to leave. We confused again. ... I right Jas? Jas raises eyebrows. OK so we go to Elvie. We know we do a really good job. We tell her we be good girls for her, just do whatever it takes to allow us to stay. No matter what, we do it. But now, I think we not sure. Right? She is looking at Jas. Jas is not answering in any fashion and we all see what she hasn't said or shown. Joydee is the one to note, Oh, maybe she still sure. I am not sure.

I look at Jas. I think you have better speak for yourself.

Jas is angry. You say I have to be in the room when you have sex with my sister?

Let me answer that by asking Susan a question. I suggest you listen closely. Susan have you, k'Ren and I had sex together?

Yes.

Remember, it is you who brought these two girls in here. Now, ... Have I had my cock up your sister's ass while your fingers were in her cunt?

Yes, Ron, I have had sex with my sister while you have sex with my sister.

Now Jas, do you have anything else to say or ask?

No Sir. I think Joydee and me need to talk.

OK but understand, I have to agree, and my girls have to agree. Right now the only one who is even tempted to agree with you is Elvie. So if you want you and your sister to stay, understanding what will happen, even if Elvie can teach them enough, you have to convince us. More importantly, I have to be convinced that your sisters have the maturity to understand what they commit to. I honestly, do not think that is possible. Lastly, I am not interested in anyone who is fucking for a job. If you can't show me some real desire to be with me, and I haven't seen anything close to that from either of you, no matter how good Elvie thinks you are, I will not consider you special.

Yes Sir. Thank you for telling the truth.

Elvie, please bring them downstairs.

Chapter 10: And verse.

Susan is crying. Is she angry with me? Is she ashamed? What's the cause? Jenny tries to comfort her but she will not be comforted. I wait.

She slumps into one of the chairs by the table. The sobbing is growing less intense. Finally she rights herself, looks at me, nods and offers, *All this, every bit, is my fault. I sorry for it, Ron. As soon as you say last night that they all will go, I should know why. Even before, I know the younger ones are too young. I know you not want any that young. You make it clear with Jenny. I should not include them at all. Instead of five, only should be one downstairs. But maybe she too young too. Maybe this my big big mistake. You 100% right. They all need to go. I sorry I stupid.*

We all make mistakes. I love you and love does not stop when there is a mistake. I love Elvie, even though she has been a problem today. I love you Jenny, and hope to be with you tonight, though right now things are stressful. What I can't do is love a twelve year old who doesn't have a clue about what love is and is too young by at least a couple of years to learn. Joydee and Jas are less motivated by loving me than they are to find a safe place for their sisters. I am not a safe place. Not for them. ... It is too late to convince Elvie of that, but Joydee and Jas may solve the problem for us. In the meantime, I want to look for a car. Jenny you want to come along?

I get eyebrows on that and a brief smile from both the girls. However before I can move, Elvie enters with Aimelyn. Each with a tray of food and each completely naked. They put the trays on the table and Elvie asks, *Is there anything else?*

Before I can even figure out what to say, Jenny has her phone out. She evidently has a number for Joydee's phone. She tells the girl to get her ass back up here now.

Elvie tries to hurry Aimelyn out the door, but Susan is blocking it. Thirty seconds later, someone is trying to get in to the room. Susan opens the door to admit Joydee who sees her naked sister and naked Elvie.

At this moment, I have had more than enough of this crap today. *Joydee, did you have anything to do with this?*

No!

Will you be surprised if I send both you and Aimelyn home immediately?

No Sir. I see why. You going to kick Elvie out too?

No. Elvie is very wrong. But she is mine. She cannot leave me and I will never make her leave. Like marriage, no choice. She is here forever. When I commit, it is like that. Even when I am angry, it makes no difference.

With one exception, there is quiet in the room. Elvie is crying. Joydee picks her head up to look at me. *Sir? That is why you say we can't stay? Because we cannot forever commit our love and bodies to you? Because Aimelyn too young, even if maybe I not?*

Yes. Even if Elvie can teach Aimelyn all she needs to know, and Aimelyn might happily do it, that does not make her special. Yes it would make her competent, but not special. To be special, you need to be both fully competent and the other. You need to deeply in your soul want to commit your body and love to me AND the other girls in this house. Maybe you can do that. I doubt it, but maybe you can. Aimelyn is not old enough to be able to do that. You need to take care of her more than you need to be separate from her so you can be with us.

Sir, it OK if I take Aimelyn downstairs, put clothes on her and get back to work. Sir we need the money.

OK, go. But Aimelyn, you are to never do anything like this again. Do you understand? But before Aimelyn can speak, Joydee interrupts. Sir if she tries, I will beat her to death myself. No worry.

OK go. And they do with Elvie attempting to leave with them. Jenny and Susan stop her.

I am fit to be tied. Elvie, what am I going to do with you?

Jenny is laughing. I look over at her. She stifles the laugh and tries to speak between chuckles. You need to spank her Sir. Spank her very hard. Use a belt. Use a hair brush. But she needs a spanking. I look at Susan. Spanking a seventeen year old doesn't seem like a particularly effective response. To my surprise she says, Well since you mean what you say, she can't leave and you won't kick her out, even though you should, so you should beat her bloody or spank her hard.

Susan do you have some lipstick you don't really like?

Yes.

Go get it right now.

Susan comes back with the lipstick. I tell Elvie to lean over the table. Susan, please write in Ilonggo, on Elvie's back the following. 'I am a stupid cunt who will not do as told.' Elvie you are to stay naked. You must not remove the words until you shower tonight and Susan you are to reapply the message tomorrow morning. Elvie you are to continue supervising and cooking. You may not hide or cover the message up. OK we are done here. Susan, Jenny and I will eat our lunch and then Jenny, you and I will leave on our errand.

I think Susan enjoys writing the message. She is smiling as she does it and laughs as Elvie finally walks out of the door naked. Jenny is laughing so hard there are tears on her cheeks.

Susan, tomorrow, pay the girls for the entire week and send them all home. If Elvie asks why, tell her it is because of what she did just now.

Ron, Elvie may leave.

Then we bring her back if we can. She was wrong, but she did what she did because she knew the desperate lives those girls live. She did it out of

a real desire to save them. I know why she did it. I just know, it is wrong for us and would have made a mess for the girls. It is possible to understand that her motivations were good, but that when I say no, she does not have the right to do that sort of shit.

Susan puts her spoon down, pushes her plate away and shakes her head. *I am going to talk to her. I really don't think she understands you. I know I am learning things about you too.*

Once Jenny and I finish our lunch, it is down the stairs, past girls who are seriously frightened by what they have seen on Elvie's back. Joydee comes up to us and interrupts our exit. *Sir, may I tell the girls why Elvie is in trouble?*

You can tell them that she brought your sister to me naked after I told her to not ever do anything like it. You can say I never touched your sister and never will. That you know this for a fact. That is all you can say, but I think that is enough. OK?

Yes Sir. Thank you Sir.

So far this has been a no good very bad day, and I am damned close to Australia.

Jenny and I ride off to the closest car dealer. I have been checking out a Mitsubishi Mirage. It is time to get serious about it. It will carry five of us and six if we squeeze. It's half the price of an SUV at a little higher than ₱600,000 (\$13,000) new and far more maneuverable. The roads here are narrow so that is definitely in its favor. Jenny is saying, *What if we get two maids?*

My answer is that at all times, someone needs to be home. Jenny thinks I am rushing into this and considering the turmoil at home, maybe it is a fair assessment. We stop half the way to the dealer, pull off the road and just talk for a while. She argues that it has been a fairly nonstop process since I got back from Immigration. We need a time out. Time before any major decisions. Jenny is right. OK but I do need a TV in my bedroom. That does not have to be a really major purchase. So we soldier on, this

time for the TV. If we get it, it will have to come back with Jenny via jeepney. That, I point out to Jenny, is because we are not buying a car today. I don't think she gets the sarcasm.

I get home at four in the afternoon. Jenny will arrive later with the purchase. When I arrive, Susan is paying off the five girls for the entire weeks wages even though they have only put in three days. There are tears from three of the girls, anger or maybe just frustration from Jas. One, Joydee is stoic. She knows why they are leaving and while there is regret, I suspect there is knowledge as to why it has to be. We will pay for the jeepney to carry them back, when it arrives.

I see Elvie lurking in the dirty kitchen, still naked. I sit in the sala and just cool my jets. It has not been the day I wanted. Of course, that is baked into the cake. There are going to be bad days. I wonder if Elvie is going to try to leave.

I hear the jeepney climbing the hill. Susan marshals the girls out to the road. I hear the jeepney stop, lots of voices and then nothing for a bit. The sound of the jeepney leaving breaks the silence until it crests a hill and the sound is gone. Then the sound of voices, Karen, Susan and Jenny in animated dialog out on the terrace. A door slams and Karen is screaming. I don't know why. Susan is trying to stop her, but Karen will have none of it. Ah, she's screaming at Elvie. I hear Elvie crying.

Jenny plops down on the couch next to me, exhausted and unwilling to engage in the fray.

I hear Karen screaming *Get out!* No, that will not do. I get up and move toward the sound. *Get Out! You ruin it!* This is not good.

Karen is in Elvie's face. *k'Ren stop it!*

Why? She ruins everything!

No! No she didn't. Stop yelling. Elvie, the punishment is over. You can clean up and get dressed. Tell Susan I said so, and have her help you. Go now! But you, k'Ren, stay here. What is your problem?

She ruined it.

What did she ruin?

The selection!

Go get Jenny and come right back here. No side trips.

No more than a minute later I have Karen and Jenny with me. OK k'Ren, again, what did Elvie ruin?

The selection!

Jenny, was there going to be any selection?

No. They were all going home at the end of the week.

What?

Do you need Jenny to repeat that?

Why?

Because they were wrong for us and I made the decision last night and confirmed it twice today. Do you need your sister here to confirm that too?

Really? She agree?

You can ask her when she is done with Elvie, but yes she agrees. Ask Jenny if she agrees.

*Karen looks over to the oldest female in the house. Jenny's glance is level and firm. She takes her time before pointing a finger at Karen and saying, *Ronald, Susan and me agree. No selection. Those girls a mistake. They wrong for Ronald. Wrong for us. Elvie make mistake to fight us. She try get them to stay. You wrong to scream at Elvie. You go tell her you sorry.**

I agree with Jenny. You owe Elvie an apology. The only thing she didn't do is to ruin the selection. The thing she did do is shorten their stay with

us by three or four days. At the end, I was sending them all home. I told her that. So go tell her you are sorry.

Karen leaves and Jenny frowns, looks at me, turns to a cupboard, grabs a glass, moves to the water cooler, pours a tall cool glass of water and hands it to me. *Bad day Ronald. Very bad day but you do right.*

I hope so. It just feels like a mess right now.

Big question is what you do about Elvie.

I know. She disobeyed not once, not twice but, three times. Each time it was worse. I am not sure how I can trust her any more. I love her and will not send her away, but there is the problem of trust.

You right, she do it out of good intentions. She just want to help the girls.

I know it and it just doesn't help me know what to do. My head is aching. Susan wanders in and grabs a glass of water with Karen following a minute later. We are all quiet. No one has anything to say. Finally it seems to me we all just need to sit down and make peace with each other. *Jenny, please ask Elvie to join us. We need to get OK with each other and start fresh. The anger and hurt has to end. We are all still together. Nothing bad has happened to us that we can't fix. We just had a bad day.*

Five minutes later Jenny runs and asks me to get on the motorcycle. Elvie has left, leaving a note saying she doesn't belong here. I ask Jenny to come with me. We follow the road toward town. Just a short ways in that direction, we find Elvie, waiting for a jeepney in a spot it is hard to see at a distance.

Why you come?

Because I love you. Now get on the bike.

I no want.

I understand. Get on the bike. If we agree you need to go, I will take you to town myself later. No need for the jeepney.

Promise?

Yes.

She gets behind Jenny and we three ride back to the house. Susan and Karen hear us coming and meet us in the Sala. I sit down which I guess is a clue for the rest to do the same.

Susan turns to Elvie. *Why did you leave?*

You all hate me.

What? That is Jenny. What does Ronald say to you when we stop?

He say he love me.

Then why do you say he hate you?

Because he send the girls away. If he love me, he not do that.

If Ronald disagrees with you, it means he not love you?

Well... Elvie seems to understand, maybe that's a pretty flimsy position. It important to me!

Susan takes a softer tone. *And it is important to all of us. Jenny and I listened to Ron. He explained why these girls were wrong for this house. He is right and we agree with him. Keeping them would have been a horrible mistake for them and for us. Ron didn't make this decision to hurt you. He did it to protect all of us and to protect those girls.*

No! You hurt me and you hurt those girls.

Elvie, who has the final say here? Is it you, or is it Ron?

Ronald, of course.

If he makes a decision you disagree with, is it time to run away?

I not run away when it not important.

When it isn't important, is not the test of loyalty. Not running away when you disagree, and it is important, is the test of loyalty. If you love Ron, and you told him you do, you need to be loyal. If you belong to him and you do, you need to be loyal. Today you were not loyal. That need to change, and leaving is not right.

Elvie is crying. I sorry, I do love Ronald. But I must help those girls. I will go to where they stay and care for them. No one do that for them now. I must. I sorry but I must. Maybe this not right place for them. OK I not fight that. Maybe Ronald is correct. I need to go to them.

I can tell this is important to Elvie. I know she is being honest now. Elvie, how long will you be gone from me?

Ronald I not come back. This will be years.

Ron? This is Karen. Is there any way we could select those girls?

In unison, Susan and Jenny say. No. I am sad about this, but it is the way it must be.

I tell Karen, They are correct. There just isn't any way. Joydee and Jas figured that out this afternoon. They agree with us. It is not possible in their eyes, just as it is not in ours.

Oh, I not know this. Elvie, you know and I know, there are thousands of girls just like those five. We can't take them all anyway. You can't save them all either by leaving. We are a family here. Don't leave.

I go. I must.

OK Elvie. I will take you into town in the morning. It is too late to go tonight. It is not safe. However if you change your mind, please come back. I am not kicking you out. I am not shutting you out. I am telling you to stay, but I will not tie you up to force you. I promised to take you to town if you insisted on leaving. I am keeping that promise, but am not happy I am doing it.

We all gather around Elvie and hug her. I have no idea what triggered the insanity that took hold of her earlier. I do not understand what she thinks she can do for those girls, but there are times you just have to let go.

Elvie breaks free of the last hug and says she needs to get busy. I ask,
With what?

Your supper. I need to cook.

Yeh, I know, it's nuts.

Chapter 11: A hole to fill

Elvie's imminent departure in the morning weighs on me. I pull Jenny aside and ask her if we might put off the big welcome to my love celebration until tomorrow. She agrees. Then I ask her to join me alone tonight and that gets a big smile and a kiss.

Jenny is mature. She is a woman, and in no way a girl, though she and the others refer to each other that way. Certainly Jenny has taken care of herself and looks young and beautiful at 35, but there is a worldly knowledge about her that I need tonight. I need to sense a connectedness that cannot be taught, or inherited. It comes with living.

I am lying in bed as Jenny sashays around the room and eventually next to me. Her hands glide over me, her lips tease my skin and almost don't touch me.

As much as I was convinced I didn't want her and didn't need her. I both want and need her now. Does she know it? Clearly the person she had set her sights on displacing has voluntarily chosen to leave. But things are different now.

Her fingers move over my chest. She uses her hair to play hide and seek between our faces. Her feet are tracing my calves. She moves down on me and I feel her lips surround my cock. I feel her whole mouth on it now. And now I seem to be moving down her throat. Her hand holding my ball sack, her chin resting on the heel of her hand. She starts humming and the vibrations move from my cock to my balls and down my thighs. She lifts her head a bit, grabs some air and smashes down again.

This is not mutual. This is a one woman band orchestrating a masterpiece on her instrument, my body. Maybe later there will be time to be a duet as an encore, but this time, it is what it is. I will not fill her tonight. Jenny has me tuned up. I am pulsing to her movement of a baton, which is part and parcel of me.

She keeps the music going, slowing down and then speeding up, to a false hint of a crescendo which fades at the last moment. Taking me close to the top, only to slow me down, time and time again. Changing the time signatures. At times it feels like a march into oblivion only to turn into a waltz of caringly slow loving, which moves into a quick two-step of an expectation of bliss, and into a dirge bringing us back to earth.

My strings are fraying. The reeds are getting soggy. The valves need blowing clear. The drum beat intensifies and she brings me to the finish, with a loss of breath, a sense of immense relief coupled with an exhaustion that is beyond my understanding.

She moves up on me, bites my earlobe, and whispers, *I love you and that Ronald is something I never expected to do. I needed you from the beginning and I resented that fact. I don't any more. All I feel is love. You can give me my gift tomorrow. Today I gave my gift, to you.*

I pull her tight to me. I doubt we will have an encore, but it is not needed, expected or wanted. We sleep.

Morning brings the trip to town with Elvie. I take her on the back of the bike with Karen who needs to get dropped off at school. A plastic bag filled with Elvie's things is sandwiched between us. In fifteen minutes I drop her at the bus and jeepney terminal. I put ₱10,000 (approx. \$215) in her pocket. I tell her to please come back.

I take Karen to school and then ride back to the house.

It seems to me the ride home takes longer and it is certainly lonelier. I feel empty inside. Still there are two females waiting for me when I return. Two of them with expectant faces. Clearly something is going to change. I know it, and they know it. As much as I have asked Elvie to return, I doubt she will.

OK, what have the two of you been talking about?

You silly! Susan brightly informs me.

And?

You said you want two sisters or a mother and daughter. Correct?

So, and? I don't see where we are going. I have you and k'Ren.

But you don't have a mother and daughter.

It's not like I am collecting china dolls. In my mind it was either this or that. I have you and k'Ren, I am in love with you and that is that.

You love Jenny. I know it, Jenny knows it and you know it. It is clear that you like adult women. You don't want very little girls. We have plenty of proof of that. There is something about two females who are somehow tied with each other – like me and k'Ren that excites you.

OK. That's true. The older woman can't be too old, but 35 is clearly not too old. So what's your point?

With Elvie gone, we need to add not just one but at least two more. This place needs more.

I don't need more.

Maybe, but the place does. So who we add?

At this moment, it is the last thing I want to think about and I say so.

Who will make your lunch?

I will. And yes, I will make my supper too. I will make my bed in the morning. I will buy a washing machine in town so that will not be a problem. I don't need to squat in front of a tub and wash by hand as Elvie was doing. I am able to take care of myself.

I get two silent but unhappy faces. Susan announces that she needs to go into town to help her aunt later today. She suggests that, maybe I can take her in and pick Karen up from school. Karen has a recital at 3:15PM that Susan wanted to attend, but cannot, due to work. Would I mind attending the recital? I agree.

Jenny announces that she is making bihon²⁹ for lunch, would I like some? I do and the lunch issue is resolved for today, at least.

I spend the morning hooking up the TV to one of the two digital cable boxes that the guy who installed the satellite dish left. I now have TV in my bedroom.

The Internet via satellite was also installed yesterday during the mess we were experiencing. The installer said he would be back, off the clock today, if we wanted WiFi throughout the house. Susan said we do and so the guy is here with two WiFi things. The basic install gives us WiFi access on one floor but it is not reaching the other floors. This fixes the problem. We pay the guy directly. His employer has no clue about the installer's side business.

By the end of the day, I can be anywhere in the house and I will have access. Nice.

Susan and I leave for town at 1:30 after lunch. I drop her off at the bakery where I am pretty much required to make nice with her aunt for a few minutes. I am going to look again at some vehicles. Then it is off to Karen's school.

Karen is in eighth grade and her class has a speech recital of dramatic readings. I am not quite sure what this is all about, but I am here. The school is a large campus surrounded by a high wall and you enter the school under an arch which hangs over a steel gate manned by an armed security guard. I walk up to the guard and am about to explain who I am but evidently there is no need.

You are Sir Ron? You here for k'Ren?

Yes Sir.

Please come in Po. Nice you are here.

²⁹ - A dish using soft mung bean starch noodles, which is very similar to cellophane noodles of rice starch or siphon noodles.

Where do I go for the recital?

Follow this walk Sir. It is over there. And he is pointing beyond a small grove of trees to where I see a large roof. I thank him and he just smiles back.

There are signs that say, *English spoken here.* As children pass me they smile, giggle and some brave ones say, *Good Afternoon, Sir!* I answer back the response, *Good afternoon to you!*, and walk on.

There must be a hundred chairs set up under an open air thing which is simply a roof overhead and a concrete floor. There are no walls. A few chairs are taken but most are empty. I sit on a chair in the middle of a sea of empty ones and wait. Someone walks up to me and introduces herself as the school social worker. She says she is impressed by the change in Karen's attitude since she came to live in my home. I am a good influence on her. I thank her but am not sure what else to say. She is equally awkward and finds a reason to move on. A few people are taking their seats, but they are not sitting close to me. It is both a relief and a bit embarrassing.

I get a tap on my shoulder and look back to see a smiling Karen. She is with three other girls. *Thanks for coming Ron! These are my friends Joriz, Jonalyn and Pearl. We are in the same class. Joriz and Jonalyn are twins. Aren't they all pretty?*

OK, it's not what you think. She is trying to embarrass her friends. Yes they are cute, but that is not what the comment is about. The concept of pretty and ugly is a constant refrain. Sisters will kid sisters, *Pangit!*³⁰ Or they might say, *Gwapa!*³¹

Yes k'Ren they are even prettier than you! Ha! I got her and her friends are embarrassed and pleased at the same time. I know what Karen is doing and she knows I am playing. *Can I trade you in for them?*

³⁰ - Ugly.

³¹ - Pretty! [Pronounced: gwah-PaH; soft 'a' on both]

No! Bastos ka³². But you can have all of us! And she sticks her tongue out at me.

Ah but what will their mothers say! I bet they would not approve. We are now having two conversations at the same time. Karen knows it but the other will not have a clue.

You can ask them. Maybe you like them too. Bye! And then all four girls scoot off.

The room continues to fill up and I remain in a sea of empty chairs. There are people all around me and then a hole, in which I am the center. The recital starts fifteen minutes late, which by Filipino time, might actually be early.

First a speech by the School Social Worker. Then one by the Principal. Then one by the teacher. It has been another 20 minutes and not one kid has done shit.

Finally the first kid takes the podium and begins. A second kid follows. They are speaking English though the syllabic accentuation makes me strain a bit to follow. At some point I notice that there are people sitting on either side of me.

It is Karen's turn and she isn't perfect, but she does fine. I clap with real enthusiasm when she is done. A woman next to me on the left says, *k'Ren is very special and very lucky to live with you.*

I turn and look right into the eyes of a beautiful woman who is dressed neatly but is clearly poor. I say something like, *Thank you*, only to hear from my other side, *Yes, and I think she is more beautiful and confident since she come to you.* I turn to look at her and Jeez Mareez, she is another beauty in old but clean clothing.

³² - You are rude [Pronounced: bass-TOESS KaH]

I look back and forth at both of them and figure I have been setup. There is no one else even close to us. *Ladies, I am lost. You know me but I do not know you.*

The beauty to my left introduces herself as Emelyn, mother of Joriz and Jonalyn. To my right is Ros, mother of Pearl.

Well if you are trying to tease with me with your beauty, you two could not get any more beautiful than you are right now. I think the same is true for your daughters. I met them before this started. They will break some boy's heart, they are so pretty.

Maybe we are allowed to live with you?

Maybe I said it wrong. I meant to say that there is nothing that would make you any lovelier than you are right now. You two are very beautiful.

But we can live with you? Yes? Our girls, they are the closest of friends. We are good friends with Susan.

I see. You spoke with Susan?

We speak with her all the time, Sir Ron.

You speak with her this morning?

Both giggle and raise their eyebrows. *Ladies, how much do you know about Susan and me?*

It is Ros who answers. *We know about you and Susan and k'Ren and Jenny.*

Both of you?

Raised eyebrows.

You know about k'Ren? What do you think you know?

We know you take her. Do we need to know more?

You are wanting me to take you and your girls to live with me?

Raised eyebrows.

OK, why?

Best choice for us. Simple. Best choice.

Why is it best choice for your daughters?

You send them to college?

That's it? Education?

I see two confused looks. OK maybe this is not smart, but I want to kill this in the bud, just like I killed off the likes of Joydee and Jas.

Let's play a game. OK? I get two smiles. It's a game of what if you get what you are asking for. What might happen to your child and things that may happen to you. You decide if it is OK for you. Ready?

Raised eyebrows.

First I take the virginity of all three of your kids this week. This OK Emelyn?

Raised eyebrows.

Ros?

Raised eyebrows.

OK next, I teach them to have sex with the other females in the house.

I get two *Hala's*.

This OK Emelyn?

Raised eyebrows.

Ros?

Raised eyebrows.

Third for them and first for you. I get them and you pregnant and keep you all pregnant from the time you get there and they are 18. No chance to complete college.

This OK Emelyn?

Raised eyebrows.

Ros?

Raised eyebrows.

Really? I thought education was the goal?

Emelyn answers, *If you give them babies, that is even better.*

Fourth for the girls, and the second for you. You and I together with your daughters. You will have sex with your daughter.

I can see worry creep into their faces. This is beyond the pale and they never considered that such a thing might exist.

Ros, after a prolonged pause, asks, *What are the other things?*

Fifth for the daughters and third for you. You must ask me to join me knowing that all this may happen.

And the last Sir?

If you and your daughters join me, you are all mine for life. There is no leaving. Susan and k'Ren are with me for life. Ask them.

Ros smiles and says, *Yes this we know. Why you say this about sex with our daughters and us?*

You will have sex with everyone in the house. It is that simple. Your daughters will have sex with everyone as well. ... You will be giving me the hands of your three girls as brides without marriage at age 14. And you will watch them learn about lesbian love and be active in it long before they turn 15. Your tongue will be inside your daughters' vagina in

two weeks. She will have her tongue inside yours too. Is this what you really want for you and your daughters? Really? I don't think this is OK with you. Keep your daughters virgins for the next six years and stay out of my home.

If we say we agree? This is Emelyn.

If after you talk to your daughters, and they agree, then you and your daughters tell me the things that you are agreeing will happen. You and each daughter tells me that this is what you AND they want. If it happens, you and your daughters will come home to my house tonight or the night following when you tell me, and it will begin.

What if our daughters already know?

You still need to talk with them.

Ros smiles. Sir Ron, my daughter tell me you will shock me, and that true, but this what she want. I ask her, What is this shocking thing? She just say, trust me mom, this is something you not know about ever. She say, k'Ren and Susan say it OK so we should too. She say call Susan. That when I do it. I say to Susan, this is what my Pearl tell me. It true? Susan say it true. Then I ask, What she not telling me? Susan say, She not tell me either. She say if you ask Sir Ron to join, he will say no. He will tell you things that make you want to say no. He not lying, but it really OK. I ask, Why he say no then? She say, Because he only wants if you really want to join and never say, but this you didn't tell me. He is very strict to join. It not easy. He say no to the last six who try. ... My daughter will say yes and I will too. We go with you?

No! You and your daughter must stand in front of me and tell me that she is ready to have sex with all in my house including you. She must tell me she understands I will get her pregnant. She understands she is mine for life. There will never be boyfriends or marriage. She must tell me this and you must tell me the same in front of her. Only then may you join me. Emelyn, are you ready to agree with me, this is not for you?

No. I talk to the girls after this. Sir one question, I will have sex with Susan?

Yes.

Susan and you?

Yes?

With Ros here too?

Yes.

OMG. OK. Sige. Thank you for your honesty. Susan right. If I say yes, I never say you not warn me.

And now I understand what the conversation was about this morning at the house. Those stories come to mind again. The women scheme. They all scheme! I was so busy thinking about the guys and who they were going to fuck next that I missed the scheming. I thought it was cute when it happened. It isn't cute.

I've got three wonderful girls/women at home. I really don't need any more. But how do you have two classes of women in the same house without a train wreck? How do I fuck Karen and have the other girls stay virgins? The others just become hangers-on, freeloaders who have no real connection to the rest of us. They have no investment in our privacy and safety. They are a liability. It doesn't work.

There are five of them. I just got rid of five girls and lost Elvie. Am I to go from four to eight? Who in the name of the Great Pumpkin needs eight girls? Hell, the calendar only has seven days in the week.

Yes sure all the girls are fourteen. And sure the concept of fucking identical twins is a fantasy all in its own way. And yes the moms are to die for, but really? I am about to have twins gang fuck their mother? In what porn film did that happen?

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

If they all say yes, I have five more cunts to fuck. What happens if Elvie returns?

Chapter 12: A trip to Bountiful

I sit through the rest of the recital, which includes, Joriz, Jonalyn and Pearl. Following which there are forty-five minutes where Nikon and Canon cameras compete with cellphone selfies for photo prominence. I have my cellphone camera and get a few snaps of Karen, both alone and with her pals. And then for ten minutes I can't find her. I am not worried. I will be her ride home.

I am wandering around. The social worker seeks me out again. *Did you enjoy the recital Sir?*

I found it very interesting. I am glad I came.

You have a nice conversation with Ma'am Ros and Ma'am Emelyn?

I smile, she has some agenda. I have no idea what it is, but it is time to play cards very close to the vest. *Yeh, their daughters are best friends with k'Ren and I understand the mothers are close friends with Karen's sister Susan.*

It is nice they kept you company.

Yeh. How well do you know the families?

Very well Sir. I am Ma'am Ros's niece. Ma'am Ros have a hard time after Pearl's father left them.

When did that happen?

Three years ago Sir. She take Pearl and move in with her cousin. That is Ma'am Emelyn. I not really related to her. Other side of my Tita's family. It has been hard on all of them. I am glad you make friends with them. I know they appreciate someone like you being kindly to them.

Well I am sure you and your husband invite them over for family occasions. I am glad they are not completely alone.

Oh Sir I am not married, so no husband. I live in a dormitory, so no way to entertain. Yes I think it may be very lonely for all of us.

I see. But surely, you are simply too shy to admit you have a boyfriend.

Haha Sir. You are funny. True I am shy, but no boyfriend.

Ah, so maybe you prefer girls to boys then?

Hala! Why you say that Sir! No, I prefer men, not boys.

Well each of us is different.

This is true. How are you different Sir?

If this one is fishing, I am going to toss a catfish in her net and see what she does with it. I prefer women who like men and women and girls equally. It makes life so much more interesting.

She does pause a beat before asking. Do you find many women who are like this?

More than you think. Many more.

I think such a thing is very odd. I do not think most women are like this. I do not believe this is true. I do not think you are telling the truth.

I am not trying to convince you of anything. You asked a question and I answered it. If you don't want to hear answers, don't ask questions.

I am sorry if I angered you Sir.

You didn't anger me. Look you are a beautiful young woman. I am sure if you allowed it, many men would like a chance to call you their mate. I am not one of those men. I have many women around me, and we are happy, but none will be my wife. You asked me a question and I told you something you don't believe. That is fine. You can believe anything you want.

I am confused. Why you tell me such a thing?

Many women come to me and are single. It is a problem. When I tell them what I told you, they leave me alone, which is good for me. I suspect we will see each other in the future. I expect you will be a guest at my house, though I may not be the one to invite you. I will always treat you as a friend and with respect. I hope you will do the same for me.

Why you say that? I have no reason to visit your home.

Patience, patience. All things in due time. I see Karen waving at me. Ah there is k'Ren, I must go. It has been nice speaking with you. I walk across the concrete pad, from one corner of this large roofed place to the opposite corner, to where Karen is waving.

Ron! There are some people you need to speak with and they are shy! So don't be mean! Come with me.

We walk over to a quiet grassy spot that is shaded and behind some of the buildings. There stand five females. We approach. I greet the girls again and nod at the moms. Karen announces, *They agree. So we can all go home now.*

No.

What? Karen is taken aback.

No, k'Ren. No way. And don't tell me I am being mean or you will be wearing what Elvie wore on her back yesterday. Now Emelyn and Ros know why I said no. Ask them.

They tell me but I say it not needed.

Do I start calling you Elvie and not k'Ren? You are already almost there. Who gave you the right to over-rule me?

Sorry. You are right.

Maybe it is best they see this now. In my home, who has the final say?

You do Ron.

If these five join me, will that change?

No.

OK so I am going to walk away and so are you. You go and wait by my motorcycle. I will allow them time to talk and they can then send a spokesperson to say, they want to talk, or don't want to talk, or talk at another time. The rules I gave the mothers are the rules that exist now. So go.

*Karen is somber but she leaves. It seems like I am just bawling out females left and right these days. It is getting old fast. I am clearly frustrated. Emelyn smiles and offers, *Sir, our girls are excited and that gets k'Ren excited. k'Ren wants to impress her friends and she made a poor choice. You understand this?**

Yes, but what you do not know is that we have been through a very ugly thing, just like this, yesterday. k'Ren was not the one to do it, but she made a big mistake anyway. Excited or not, she knows better. Still... yes I know she is excited to live in a new way with these girls who are already friends. But that does not tell me what I need to know.

*Emelyn smiles again before turning to her girls. *Joriz, tell the man who will give you your children all he needs to hear.**

*Joriz's head is pointed down. She starts mumbling. I stop her. *Joriz, I cannot hear you and I cannot see your eyes. Look straight at me. Speak clearly and loudly enough that I have no doubt about what you are saying. This is an important thing for you and for me. If we agree, your life and my life will be entwined for many years to come. You will be the mother of children that come from my seed and your eggs. Let me see and believe you. When you come to me, you do it as a woman and not as a child. I don't love children, I love young women. Which are you?**

That last part seems to have surprised Ros, as she looks at me and then slowly nods. Joriz begins to speak.

Sir Ron, I will give you children when I turn eighteen. You will take my virginity now. I will have sex with you, with the other girls and women in your home, with my sister and even with Ros and with my own mother. If I join with you, it is forever. If you accept me, should I be bad, you will not kick me out. You didn't kick Elvie out even though she was very bad. You say to her, when you tell her forever, it is forever. k'Ren tell us this. We know what you want and we do it.

Thank you. Now Jonalyn?

I agree with everything my sister say. We know we will have sex like she say. Even with our mother and with our friends. I have nothing more to say, maybe except I will be a good girl and love you.

Emelyn? What do you say?

You will have to teach me to do some things. There will be much I do not know. But I do what you want. All of it.

OK you and your family are accepted.

Ros, are you and Pearl asking to join me too?

Yes Sir.

Pearl, what do you have to say?

Sir Ron, will you be with me the first time I have sex with Mom?

If you want it, yes.

Good. Can I practice with Susan and Emelyn first? Damn I am smiling.

Yes Pearl.

Good. I have wanted to love girls for a long time, but I want you too! It confuses me. This is perfect!

OK, so Ros? What do you say?

I say I am in too.

Damn. OK. I only have a motorcycle so the five of you need to take a jeepney. Here is a ₱200 note. Let the driver give you the change. Take k'Ren with you. She knows the driver and where to stop. Pearl you come with me on the motorcycle.

As we are walking through the campus to the entrance, Ros pulls me aside. No problem, but why you ask Pearl?

Ros, Pearl has been dreaming of having sex with Susan and Emelyn. That works for me, heck it makes me happy, but don't you find that a little surprising? I want to learn more about Pearl. ... Ros, what do you know about your niece the Social Worker here?

Judith? She is a nice girl, but I always think she is like a Nun.

A Nun? Very religious?

No. Hehe. Maybe only Jesus good enough to have her. No other man that good.

I see.

I have Pearl behind me on the 220 as I leave the rest to wait for a jeepney. A kilometer down the road I pull over. Turning to Pearl, You are going to be mine, no matter what you answer now. OK?

OK.

Maybe you only really want to be with girls?

No! No Sir! Truly, I want both. I want to feel your strong arms. I want to feel a girl's soft body. Both!

Who have you been dreaming of before today?

Truly?

Of course!

OK... It Susan. I dream of Susan.

OK. Good. And I get back on the road.

Susan and Jenny are expecting company and my appearance is not a surprise. The cellphones have been busy and still active as we ride up to the house. Susan is smirking. Jenny has an *'I told you so,'* look on her face.

OK Susan, you have the mothers and daughters you had set up for me. Is this what you really want? Five more girls in this house?

Yes, it will be fun and good for us!

I pull Pearl in front of me. *You know Pearl, correct?*

Of course, yes.

But you do not know that she has been dreaming of having sex with you. If you grab her and take her to a bedroom right now, you will make her the happiest girl in the Philippines.

Pearl is blushing. Susan's mouth hangs open for a bit before lunging forward, grabbing Pearl's arms and pulling her, (I do mean pulling her,) into the house. I hear footsteps running and fading away. Jenny's look has changed to amazement. *Jenny, you never know what is in someone's heart until you pull the walls down. Now, about the selection of a vehicle... OK we get a van. You and I go tomorrow.*

Good. You are right about never knowing. But there is something else that you do not know.

And what is it?

'It' in the house.

I walk in and see nothing out of place. Jenny says, *Not here. In there.* Pointing to the dirty kitchen. I still don't see anything except food on the counter that is being prepared. And then from around a corner I hear movement and a voice. *You are right. I am bobo. Very bobo.*

Elvie is back.

I am happy to see you, Elvie.

Really? I bad and leave you. I break your requirement. I not stay.

Yes, but I have a requirement too. To always want you. What happened?

I go to them and say I stay and help them. They say I am stupid girl who make things bad for them. I am reason they not with Ronald. I say, but you get paid for the week. No difference. They say, but they not selected. I look at Joydee and say, you know! No one will be selected. That Ronald's decision. They say maybe then but maybe things change. I am the reason they kicked out. I not wanted. Why they so stupid. When you say something, that is it! I tell them that. They say I wrong and stupid. They mean to me. So yes, I am stupid. I leave you. That is wrong. I go to help them, they no want. That is wrong. Why I so wrong? I must be very stupid.

Elvie, are you ever going to leave again?

No!

Even if you disagree?

No, if I disagree, I remember I am stupid. I stay.

Good. Welcome home. We have five new family members. You will have much help.

Yes, Jenny tell me they coming. I think they replace me. You tell me to go! Jenny says, I stupid again. She right. You do what she say you do. How she know?

She believes me. It is what I said I would do. Remember, I told you to come back? I mean what I say.

So there ten of us now. We need bigger rice cooker. This one wrong for us.

Elvie, we need to have the special time with Jenny tonight. Will you join Susan, k'Ren and Me to welcome her into our circle?

You not do that yet?

No. I was too sad and it was just not the right time. We will do it tonight. OK?

Yes, very much, yes.

From an emptiness to overflowing in twenty-four short hours. How does this happen? I am thinking about that writer again. He has a comment section on his 'letters' page. If I use a Tor browser, can I leave a comment that can't be traced? I will try tomorrow, maybe.

I take Elvie in my arms, kiss and hold her. She is wiggling, and giggling... *Food Sir. No time!*

I wander through the sala and out to the terrace. There is a pleasant breeze and the sun has set. We wait for the jeepney which will arrive in just a few minutes now. Jenny is sweeping dust off the tile floor of the terrace. Susan and Pearl are not in evidence.

You like your surprise, Sir?

You know the answer Jenny.

Yes, Sir. I know. She not know, but I know. It good na³³!

Yes, it is good.

The jeepney's diesel engine lugs a bit as it climbs the last of the rise before it will come to a halt to let my assembly exit from its back. Giggling can be heard as the vehicle comes to a stop. Someone says, *Wow*. And a few moments later we see the outlines of figures as they approach the house.

In the front are the school girls, still in their uniforms, holding hands, laughing, giggling, pushing and pulling each other in adolescent exuberance. Behind them are Ros and Emelyn. They stop at the gate. I can see their forms by the light that is shed by the gate's fixtures. They

³³ - Now. [Pronounced: nah]

are standing, holding hands, talking, and I guess just taking it all in. It is a big house. I don't think they understood how big it is until this moment.

The school girls have entered the house and Karen is giving them a tour. Ros and Emelyn now move forward toward me. They climb the three steps up to the terrace where Jenny and I are standing. They greet Jenny and introductions are made before they turn to me.

Emelyn is just looking at me as if I am a creature she has never seen before. *Sir, we talk with Susan when we wait for the jeepney. She say you will want us as much or more than you want our daughters. That true?*

Yeh, it's true.

I not understand. Our Priest say that pedophiles only want girls and not women.

I guess either your Priest is wrong or I am not a pedophile.

Then why you want our daughters?

I can only answer part of this. I do not want very young girls. If they are younger than fourteen, I do not want them at all. They have to be at least fourteen. Second I only want them if I am also with their mother or older sister. Just to be with a fourteen year old is of no desire for me. If you ask me why, I do not know. It is just who I am.

So you really want us? Ros and me as lovers?

Yes. Is that OK with you?

Yes! Very much yes!

Ros interjects, *Where Pearl? I not see her.*

Now a smile crosses my face and a look of startlement crosses Ros's.

Do you remember what I said to you about Pearl when you ask me why I take her with me?

Oo.

We stopped on the way here. I ask her some questions. Ros, she has been dreaming about having sex with Susan for some time. I gave her that present when we got here. Susan took her to bed.

OMG! Hala. It already happening! I think on the way here, you just trying to scare us. I know now. Yes, I know now. It true. It all true. Hala Emelyn, I will have sex with you friend! OMG!

Ros spies a chair and sits down, grabbing Emelyn's hand. Emelyn looks at her friend and shakes her head. *What you think? Susan tell you it all true. k'Ren say it true. Sir warn you that it will happen. He say, be sure, because later you will never say, 'You not tell us.' What you think? Of course this is what happening. You hear your Pearl tell Sir she wants girls. You think a girl say that for no reason. Manol³⁴.*

³⁴ - Ignorant! [Pronounced man-NOL; with hard 'O'.]

Chapter 13: Bleeders and Breeders.

Elvie calls all to eat. That causes surprised looks on the faces of Emelyn and Ros. *A voice you do not recognize?*

I get eyebrows.

That is Elvie.

Ros is confused. *k'Ren say she is gone.*

She has returned. She is here forever. She just left for a day. But she returns and is here.

You love her Sir?

Yes.

How old she Sir?

Seventeen.

Hala. She is the cook?

She runs the house. She is the boss of the house.

All?

Yes.

Not Jenny?

Jenny is startled by the question and sputters, *No! I not. I help Ronald. Elvie is the one to care for the house. You will help her. No one replaces Elvie. I try, once! When I first meet Ronald, I try this. He answer by saying, 'Leave!' No one replaces Elvie! You will learn about Ronald. He not replace. He may add, but never replace. And with that, Jenny looks at me for assurance.*

Jenny is exactly correct. I think that you can know, if Jenny tells you this is something I want, she tells you exactly the truth. Do not doubt Jenny. She is smart and she knows me.

Ros looks at me. A question forms. I can see it. She is wondering if she should ask. *And Susan? She know you too?*

Yes, and I love her as much as I love Elvie and Jenny, but she has other things that distract her. If she says something you doubt, and I am not here, check with Jenny.

Ros smiles, *And Jenny is older. I think that part of it. You like us older girls. You just want our children too. I not understand why, but this must be true. Still, Elvie runs the house. You are confusing, Sir.*

I choose to ignore this and ask Jenny to show the two women a room that will be theirs for tonight as soon as supper is over. Tomorrow we will sort all this out. But now it is time to eat.

Supper is a little weird. There is a large dining table. And this is not the first time we have had a crowd filling it up. The other girls were here. But these are now all my girls, not temp workers. They are flirting with me, playing off each other, laughing and gossiping. To say that the table is a raucous affair is only to state the obvious.

I retire to my rooms on the top floor while everything is put away, cleaned up, and sorted out. Tonight Karen, Susan, Elvie and Jenny join me. It has never happened before. And tonight it is not about me, it is about Jenny.

Still I have time before they come upstairs. The Internet is working and I startup my netbook, load the Tor browser and log into the ASSTR website via a link that takes me to the pages I want to access.

I find the link to the letters page, scroll down and post the following:

Sir, I decided to see if your words are true. I have come to the Philippines and settled in. I have been here for under a month. I have nine women living with me. Five of them are under the age of eighteen. This is crazy, and I must say a few things.

You need to make a point of how much the scheming of the females, even if it is not intended to be harmful, can cause real problems. I know it is noted in your stories, but more of a warning might be helpful.

I don't understand that even though they say they want a one woman man, if they can't get you that way, they help scheme to get more! Why? I don't understand why my girls have done this.

Anyway, best regards and now I know why you want to be anonymous. I do too!

Please do not answer me by email, but you can post it here along with any reply.

A transplant

I complete the security thing on the bottom and it is sent.

I take a shower before turning on the TV to find the BBC news. It's better than CNN. I refuse to watch Fox News. Al Jazeera News may be good for someone but not for me.

I have been watching for about an hour when a party of five explodes through the door. I am expecting four, but Pearl is with them.

OK, so I know why four of you are here. Why are you here Pearl?

I ask Ate Susan if I can come too.

OK, do you know what we are doing tonight?

Yes but isn't it a secret?

Jenny laughs. *No, it's no secret. They are all going to do me until I don't remember who I am. You going to help them do that to me?*

I hope so Ate.

I look around, *Any objections?... There being none, let us continue. Do you girls need showers? None do. Jenny, why do you have your clothing on? For that matter, why are any of you dressed?*

There is no rush. We are a family and all (save Pearl) have a pretty good idea of what is about to occur. Jenny knows it is her turn to lie face down

and get what will start out as a massage. She knows she may be butt fucked, if past is prologue. There are five females in the room and my presence, at the beginning anyway is simply not needed. I move out of the way. Susan is directing the traffic in pantomime so that Jenny who is face down can't know exactly what is about to occur. Elvie is directed to the right arm and shoulder. Pearl gets the left. Karen the left leg and buttock. Susan takes the right. A squeeze bottle of oil is passed from hand to hand. Susan then dribbles some down Jenny's backbone and down to and a little bit over Jenny's butt crack.

Susan nods and all four start in unison giving a real massage to Jenny. This is going to go on for a good fifteen minutes. Jenny needs to reorient her head from the coming events to the massage itself. As the girls work, that process can be seen by many small tells as muscles get worked, pulled and stretched. Susan can feel it in how Jenny's body is responding.

I get a small head nod from Susan. I move Karen out of the way sliding down to continue working the leg. My left hand is pulling the left butt cheek exposing the crack while Susan does the same on the right. Karen gets in position between Jenny's legs and gives Jenny the first 'lick.'

Jenny might have known it was coming, but she didn't know it was coming at this moment. Her body involuntarily pushes her ass up. I slide my right hand under her and find her cunt. The clit is easy to find and I press on it pushing her ass up further and Karen's tongue deeper. Elvie and Pearl have not been snoozing. Each is now playing with a tit. Elvie is licking an ear. Pearl is kissing the nape of Jenny's neck. I shove my thumb up Jenny's cunt, trapping the G-spot beneath it. My fingers continue to work her clit. Karen's tongue is tired. She has applied oil to her fingers and now has three fingers deep in Jenny's butthole.

Jenny is bouncing around. She cums two or three times. There is too much activity to really know. I pull Karen off and get behind Jenny. I am not sure she notices with all that is happening. Susan's hand has replaced mine in her cunt and on her clit. Karen squeezes some oil inside Jenny's gaping butthole and I plunge in, running my cock as deep as it can go.

Jenny is groaning and cussing and cumming. There is no stopping any of it.

I see Pearl put her mouth by Jenny's ear. She is telling Jenny something. Jenny starts screaming for me to take her and never ever let her go. I am more than happy to comply as I send her my cum.

She screams, 'Yessssss!' as an act of completion, as I do the same, and it is over.

Four girls are now a cleanup crew. Jenny is part of what they are cleaning up.

They change the sheets. They roll her over to one side of the bed remove a sheet. Put a new one on and roll her over it to finish the work on the other side of the bed. When they are done, Jenny has been cleaned and the bedsheets are new. I lie down next to her and stroke her hair.

You are loved. You are mine. No one will come between us.

I know. I see what happen with Elvie. You get very very angry with her, but never, not once, you ever tell her she not loved or she must go. You tell all, she yours forever. You mean it, even we are bad. I see that. I know Ronald. I know you love me. I love you. .. Ronald, you know what that new one say to me?

No.

She tell me I am to hold her when you take her virginity. Then I to drink her blood. Her blood be in me and she be my girl lover. That one sexy, dangerous and maybe I learn to love her too. Who you sleep with tonight?

You silly.

Two night in row?

Yes.

Others will wonder why I am special.

Ha, Jenny the others will not notice. Susan had sex with Pearl before supper. She will be with Ros and Emelyn tonight. Elvie is going to take Pearl. k'Ren is with her friends. No one will even think about us.

Maybe you right. But it also true, I like it, us alone. I like it. You my man now. You a blessing. You give me God's bounty. It true. I never have this my life before. I am very lucky now.

Morning comes, and Elvie is in high cotton, though she would not have a clue what that means. She has two adult helpers to assist in the cleaning of the place, with three junior helpers, when they aren't in school, which they are today, who are pretty damned good at it, according to their mothers. Things are in motion throughout the house. Susan needs to go to assist her aunt again, which works out fine, as Jenny and I are going to town to look at vans.

Jenny knows how to operate a motorcycle. She wants to teach Susan. While it is a good idea in general, this is not the day and there is no way I want her trying to come back on it tonight, alone. We will ride three on the seat, into town. If I get a van, I will drive it back and Jenny can ride the 220 back alone. Susan will take a jeepney back tonight.

We look at a Nissan NV350 Urvan 15 seater van for ₱1,200,000, a Hyundai Grand Starex ten seater for ₱1,340,000 and a Toyota HIACE Commuter 15 seater for ₱1,300,000. All are new. I don't trust the used market here. They beat the vans to death. We only need the ten seater but Jenny is pushing hard for one of the two 15 seaters. I ask her why and she shrugs and says something like, cost less and more room. I have the cash with me.

We settle on the Nissan only to learn it is going to take better than two days to prep it for us. I need to pick out the tint and type of film for the windows. In must be installed and there are other issues that pop up such as recommended seat covers. Anyway if you buy and pay on a Thursday, forget getting it until Monday. So much for driving it home. But even when it is ready, their service manager has to 'train' me on the warranty that comes with the damned thing. Really? Yeh, they won't let me take it

without that. I say, OK do it now as I am already here. That causes a shit storm as their method is to wait until the car is prepped. Of course that is normally not an issue, as, if you get a bank loan, even after the bank says ‘yes’ it takes one to two weeks to generate the paperwork, so the normal prep time goes by unnoticed. But I have paid cash (and got a nice discount for doing so).

They really don’t want to do the warranty thing now, but I own the damned van, not the bank. This time I win and I get a 45 minute lecture with the manual as the visual aid. We all sign off on the completion of my class. The manager tells me they will speed up the prep work and I can pick it up tomorrow night.

Jenny and I decide to hang out in town a bit longer. We can then stop at the school and see if Karen or the girls need anything before they take the jeepney back. We have already blown most of the day and school gets out soon. Susan will be coming back later and there is nothing to be done about that. We ride over to the school and who do we see, but Judith, the Social Worker wannabe Nun. She is looking pretty weirded out. I walk up to her and ask, quite innocently, *Is everything OK?*

How can you ask that? How?

Excuse me? Did I say something wrong?

Why are my Tita and cousin living with you? Why my cousin say she and her cousins are your girls now?

OK this is not good on a number of levels. *Well I guess they are just being playful as they are now living in my house. We have eight bedrooms in the house and it is too big for one person to keep clean. Susan is still working at the bakery. She is there right now. So the only maid we had is Elvie and it is too much for her. Susan is friends with Ros and Emelyn, so she asked them if they would become maids for us. We will pay them the normal amount. They will stay at the house with their kids, rent free. We provide all the food. It is a good deal for them and a good deal for us. Have I done something wrong?*

That it? They cleaning the house?

Come out now and check it out as the Social Worker. You can hop on with us. The girls will take the jeepney.

I have a motorcycle. I will follow you.

Fine.

Judith says she will be back in five minutes and the girls are not out yet. Jenny and I don't say a word for fear of being overheard and I don't want to text the girls for a similar reason. However I text Elvie and Susan as to what is happening. Elvie and the two mothers are ready for Judith.

Luckily the girls as a group appear before Judith. Before I can say anything Jenny rips into them for being stupid. It doesn't take much to get them to understand the mess they may have created. We agree on the cover story I proposed to Judith and are just being silly when Judith appears. We don't try to 'explain' anything. We just act like it is a non-event but Judith announces that she needs to speak with Jonalyn about a class and peels the girl off to talk privately.

The talk starts simply but becomes animated and loud in short order with Jonalyn screaming at Judith that the woman has a filthy mind. Judith stomps back and says she is ready to follow us.

I am careful to ride back at a reasonable speed, making sure that I am not causing a problem for Judith. When we arrive, no one is waiting for us. I put the bike up and escort Judith in to the house. She makes a barely audible comment about a mansion. The house is quiet. I call out to Elvie. A call comes, they are in the far back bedroom on the second floor. I take Judith up the stairs and down the hallway to the bedroom I think Elvie means, but I am wrong. This one has not been cleaned yet and it really is a mess. Elvie shouts that they are right across the hall.

When we walk in, all three females are hard at work and are clearly sort of filthy themselves from having been at it for some time. Elvie gives me

a big smile and announces, *This one is almost ready! The girls won't have to all sleep together in k'Ren's room tonight!*

Ros and Emelyn get up, dust themselves up and plead their sweatiness as an excuse for declining to give Judith a hug. Judith says she understands. Ros wipes her face with a rag and asks Judith how much of the house she has seen. I interrupt and say she really hasn't seen any of it yet. Emelyn offers to give Judith a tour and Judith accepts.

Via the tour, Emelyn, without being obvious places every one of my girls in a bedroom on this floor. *Where, Judith asks, does Sir Ron sleep?*

Oh! Upstairs! The third floor is for him alone. Come I will show you. And she does. There is no sign of anything belonging to a female in sight.

She has just rejoined us on the ground floor when the four girls walk in. Jonalyn walks right up to Judith and asks, *Satisfied?* Before exclaiming, *You have a sick mind.* And ascending the stairs to 'her room.'

But Judith, the martinet, is not satisfied. *Sir Ron, you live with all these women and girls, and yet you expect me to believe you have no interest in any of them?*

No, I never said that I have no interest in any of them. I told you what the current status is of this household and why your cousin and aunt are here. If you are now asking for my romantic interest, while it is absolutely none of your business, I will tell you. I love k'Ren, but will not touch her or ask for her hand until she turns 18. I believe she loves me, but it is too soon, as she is too young. ... Her sister is here to assure she lives a pure and blameless life. They live with me because their living conditions were unacceptable to me. I purchased this house with sufficient rooms to provide comfort and safety for the girl I love and her sister whom I respect. Love at a distance, without sexual contact and without any expectation of commitment, is not illegal, nor immoral. Now as you have been nosy far beyond reasonable expectation, I think it is time for you to leave. However as you will probably want to call me a liar, ask k'Ren if what I said is incorrect. Ask Susan, who is still at the

bakery, if it is incorrect. Ask Elvie the maid, if there isn't someone here in this house whenever I am here and k'Ren is here. ... And one more thing. I agree with Jonalyn, you have a filthy mind.

I turn around and ask Elvie what we are having for supper before climbing the stairs to my rooms. I have not reached the first landing when Emelyn starts screaming at Judith. She is saying that Jonalyn told her what Judith is accusing of us of doing. She, Judith, should get the hell out of the house and never bother them again. Judith shouts that she is doing her job. Emelyn accuses her of being a sexually repressed deviant who has a sick mind. I gather at that point Judith takes her leave.

At the supper table with all present, minus Susan, I ask, *Have we all learned a lesson today?* I get eyebrows up from all assembled. Ros however does have something to say.

You told the truth about k'Ren. Not about her being pure and untouched, but the part about the reason Susan is here, yes that is the truth. You love k'Ren and maybe you will marry her. You were very smart to tell the truth like that. You surprised Judith and showed her to have an ugly mind. You surprised me. But when you say that, I say, Yes! That is why this happen. That is how it start. ... Turning to Karen, Bata³⁵ maybe you know this?

Ate, I know Ron loves me. I know from the beginning. But he fall in love with my Ate too after this and we agree there must not be a marriage. One not better than the other. We not want to fight over him. Then we decide that he must include Elvie and Jenny because they love him too. So it start the way you say, but not now. This is what I think. Elvie you agree?

Eyebrows on Elvie go up.

Jenny? You agree?

³⁵ - Child or kid. [Pronounced: bah-TaH; soft 'a']

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

You tell the truth, but in the beginning it was only you and Susan. Not Elvie and not me. He tells me to leave. Elvie hear this. So yes you are correct about now, but it is also true at first it was only the two of you and maybe only you. I agree with Ros, Ronald very smart in saying that. Of course when we start having his babies, hala!

Chapter 14: Nine is enough

Who tonight? Well there's nothing like clarity I guess and Elvie is all about that.

Ros, will you please join me tonight?

Me alone? I hear there were many more last night!

That was a very special night. Tonight you and I will start our life together.

Yes Sir Ron, I do it.

Susan has a smile on her face. This was her plan. I don't understand exactly why, other than the first plan was a disaster, and this one fixes the deficiencies of the first one. Is that all there is to it? Is it that simple? Are these five females here because there were five the first time I sent some packing? Is the fact that they are friends of hers and of Karen's simply a convenient thing that allowed her to find a Plan B more quickly?

For what it is worth, Karen is ecstatic that her friends are here. The fact that they will all lose their virginity to me is, it would seem, a mere quibble to her. It either doesn't matter or it does and she likes it. So OK, it might theoretically work for me, but why does it work for her? I don't get it. This is not something I can put into letter form. It is too complicated for me. I wish I could sit down with the damned guy over a few beers and talk this out. Maybe his "Joy" or "Rose" could explain it to me. I don't think I have one of these here with me.

I could ask Karen, but she really is fourteen. I don't think her thinking is that subtle that she can even understand all her own motivations. Which gets me to the next speed bump on this mental rollercoaster. If she doesn't have the mental facilities yet, why am I plowing her pussy? Why do I want her?

I know twelve year olds are far too young. I don't think a fourteen year old can answer, 'why.' So, why do I think they are old enough to fuck? I guess I don't really have to resolve that tonight. Tonight I am with a real honest to god adult. Probably tomorrow will put Emelyn in my bed, but I better have some answers in my noggin after that. There are five flowers here that I have said I will pick. I don't want these questions bouncing around up there while I attempt to pick the bouquet.

Supper is over. Susan tells me that Ros will come to me at nine tonight, as they have evidently discussed this. I nod and start up the stairs to the third floor. By the time I reach the second, Karen has caught up with me. She gives me a kiss and looks right into my eyes before delivering a second one. I am curious. *Thank you sweetheart, but was that for something special?*

Ron! Of course! First, you really love me and you tell Miss Judith this. I am so proud! Second, you take Ros tonight. This is good. It shows respect for Ros and Emelyn. I know you will be with Emelyn tomorrow, di ba?

Yeh.

See? I know! And then you will take Jonalyn, because she was the one to tell Miss Judith she has a bad mind. It will be her reward. She will be the first. Then you take Joriz, because not fair to take one sister and not the other one next, hehe. Last you take Pearl. But you take her with Jenny? I think she wants that. Then next it is Ate and me! See I know this is what you do.

I can't say I thought that far ahead, but yes, except that I need to spend some time with Elvie.

Oh! Yes I forget that. You right.

Since you are so smart, tell me this my sexy smart k'Ren, why do you want me to fuck, love and live with five more females?

You are bobo sometimes, Ron. How I have friends here? How Susan not be bored? How we be with others in this house, the way we live? This be

a secret. So we alone and we not used to being alone. You know Filipinos are like sardines. We need to be many and close. We need noise. We need laughter. You not like that. We know this. We lonely. Now we happy and we make other lives better too! See this is God's plan for us. We not worry about the sex stuff. It not normal, but we all better this way than to be alone and poor.

OK. I get it. Thank you for being as great as you are. And we kiss a third time, before she runs off and I climb the stairs. When I get to my bedroom, there sitting on my bed is Elvie. I can't help but smile at seeing her. She smiles back.

Are you wondering when you get to be with me? Or maybe there is a problem?

No problem Ronald. You will find time for me. I know this. You tell everyone here you love me and I run the house! Yes I know this. They tell me you think I very special. I want to say, I know I am stupid sometime. I sorry for that. I know this my home forever. I not make mistake like that again. I glad you find the others. This is very good for us. Better than the other girls. You right about that. ... Ronald, when you give me a child? I want this.

When you turn eighteen.

That not for a while.

Elvie it has been far less than a year. Not even two months. And even when August comes, there is no guaranty when you will actually get pregnant.

OK, but I want this.

I understand. I do too.

Really?

Really. Elvie collects a serious tongue invading kiss and evacuates the premises.

In one hour I, sort of, have the answer to the questions that were rolling around it my head. At least at fourteen, Karen does have a clue. She is actually very perceptive regarding the family dynamics and why they wanted more females here. My question about Elvie and her feeling neglected has been resolved.

I fire up the netbook and look at the letters page on my favorite website. There is my post and there is a response.

Hi Transplant!

Welcome to the Philippines.

I am not sure I can be any clearer about how the females tend to take control. Howard of course is the outlier. Even Lawrence has his Imee, who is a serious conniver, though later he does kick a ham-handed conniver out.

As to why they add more girls, if you haven't figured this out by the time you read this reply, here's the reason. They are isolated in a meaningful way. Filipinas live to gossip. They will tell you that they don't like this person or that person because such a person is a tsismosa. Ha! They are all engaged in tsismis. The fact that they are with you limits what they can say, and who they can say it to! They need to build a 'community,' inside your world, so they don't feel isolated. Does that help?

Best regards,

WVA

Well that adds to and does not contradict Karen's explanation. I notice that he is writing as if he is referring to real people and not fictional things. For him, I am no different than Howard and Jake and the others. And to the extent that I am experiencing these things as they did in the stories is a little,... what? How can I understand it? It is a, '*this is the way the world works, didn't you know it?*'

No I didn't. I didn't have a fucking clue.

Ros walks in a little after nine. She is in Susan's robe.

Ros, there is one thing I just don't understand about you.

A smile disappears and a look of concern creeps onto her face. *Sir, what wrong?*

How can a woman as beautiful and as smart as you, be without a good man up to now. I have watched you. I have listened to you. I have paid attention to how you think. I see no reason why I should be so lucky tonight.

Her face clears just a bit but she is still wearing a serious expression. *Sir Ron, it is true that maybe I be pleasing to look at. Maybe I be smart. But Filipino men don't want the children of other men unless they cannot have children. Then they will adopt a child. They not marry to get a child they not father. You foreigners, maybe it OK with you, but you not take Jenny's boys. Correct?*

Yes.

So maybe that why. You take me for one reason. That reason is Pearl. I know this. It is mother and daughter you want. You only want me for Pearl.

No, that is not right!

Oh? Why?

I not want Pearl without you.

I not understand.

It is both, together I want. Not you alone. Not Pearl alone. Together it is both sexy for me and far more stable. Together you will stay. Apart? Maybe, but probably not. Plus if I love your daughter, and I love you, then we will be sealed in a way that no man can come between.

I not consider what you say, but maybe you are correct. So Sir, you want to love me, not only fuck me?

That is the hope Ros. Is it a stupid hope?

No, it is a good hope. We start now Sir?

Yes, come here and teach me about what makes your body happy.

Excuse me? I not understand.

Each of us is different. What feels special to one person is just OK to another. I want to learn what makes you the most happy.

You care about this?

Yes.

Wow, OK. Now I learn something about you. OK, yes, let us start. Ros drops the robe. She is naked beneath it. Her breasts are a good B cup and even at age 35, they look damned good. Her belly is flat. Her cunt is shaved and smooth. There is no fat on her. She just looks incredible at her 5 feet of height. She gets on the bed and lies down on her belly. Sir, I know this will sound weird, but you say you want to know what we want. I ask you to lick me from here, and she points to the top of the crack on her ass, and then up her backbone to the nape of her neck, to here. And then maybe from here, and she point to the inside of her ankle, drawing a line up through the inside of her thigh, to here?

I smile and say, *my pleasure*. I get on the bed and position myself to accomplish the first task. I start a little lower, actually invading her crack just a bit before sliding up and ending not at her nape but on the left earlobe. I kiss her cheek and then get low on her to start on the left leg at the ankle. I wet my tongue and work my way up slowly over her calve, her thigh and stopping at her labia. I start over now working on the right ankle. Up from then until I push the labia major apart and tongue her cunt.

Ros squirms. *Nice*.

Turn over Ros. She does and I repeat from the left ankle on up but do not stop at her cunt. My lips do slice through the Labia before moving up the belly and coming to rest on a nipple which I suck into my mouth. Ros is a very happy woman. Having given one nipple my full attention for a bit, I move over to the other and move a hand against her cunt for good

measure. I think I have Ros's number. She is bucking and whimpering. I don't let up and a damn breaks lose between her legs. Ros is cumming.

I mount Ros in missionary position but pull her legs up for better penetration. Ros is mewling as I push in. She looks at me, maybe stares a bit, and speaks. *Long time Ron. Now yours.*

I start fucking her as hard as I can. Ros's cunt has little ripples inside the walls. I go bump, bump, bump, all the way in and back out again. She is wet and there is no problem with friction. Her body is light. To keep her legs up and ass in the air is effortless.

Ros just looks at me, smiling. Then she freezes, arches her back, bucks hard, grunts and says, *Again!*

She is not using perfume, but the aroma of her body excites me.

We do it again and then again before I can wait no longer and she gets my cum.

I roll off and onto my back. She rolls over me and between kisses, playfully bites my nose, lips, and earlobes. *OK Ron, we good together. You not crazy in bed. Nothing dangerous. When you do Pearl?*

Not for a few days.

Who next?

And this matters? Why?

Because I want to understand you.

Emelyn next.

Oh!

And then Jonalyn, followed by Joriz and then Pearl.

I with Pearl then?

No, Jenny will be with her.

Oh! Really?

Yeh.

Huh I not expect you to say that.

It is not my plan. It is Pearl and Jenny's plan. They requested it.

Like me? I request and you do. They request?

Yes.

So you the boss but listen to our needs?

I try. I can't always agree.

Of course this must be true. Not always. But good! Why you think she ask that?

She first asked for Susan. And Susan had sex with her, but Pearl needed something that Susan cannot do I think. My best guess is that Susan told Pearl that she wants Jenny.

But you take Emelyn before the girls?

Yes.

Huh. OK. Not what I expect. You want me to leave now?

No. I want you to stay the night with me, unless you prefer to sleep alone.

Really, I can stay?

Yeh. Is that OK with you?

OK if we talk?

Sure. I'd like that.

Good! Tell me where you from. All I hear is USA...

We talk for the better part of two hours before we turn off the lights. I know a great deal more about Ros and she, some more about me.

In the morning she shakes me awake, and kisses me before telling me that it will take ten sticks of dynamite to make her leave me. And then she puts on the robe and is out the door. I get up and take a shower.

Reentering the bedroom, I find breakfast sitting on the table waiting for me and Elvie sitting there too.

Good morning, Ronald. You make Ros very happy. Now everyone is happy. Ros tell Emelyn, they marry a good man. Ronald, you know they will all call you husband now?

No I did not. What do you think of that?

I like it. I think, yes, you are the husband. Pearl sit with her mother and ask, why her mother so happy? Ros say, 'Your husband's goal is to make you happy. I think he knows a happy wife will make her husband happy! Pearl, I talk with our husband. He cares about you and what will make you happy. You are a weird girl, but you find maybe the only man who is OK with that.' Ronald how you make her so happy?

I listened to her.

That it?

Yeh, that's about it.

We look at each other. Elvie and me. Nothing is more improbable than this seventeen year old, master of the house. There are two breakfasts on the table mine and hers. Mangos, Nescafe coffees, and sweet rolls that Susan brought home last night from the bakery. We look out the windows, we look at each other, we eat our food, and we relax over the coffees.

I am done wanting anything more, (other than the van I need to pick up this afternoon). I have plenty. I have not only more sexual partners than I could ever imagine, but I also have real partners in life. These women

and girls mean far more to me than anyone I left behind. In truth those left back in the States are folks I learned to like and get along with but they weren't tightly woven into my world. They stood outside the circle. These here, are inside the circle. I wouldn't trade them for the world.

Granted there are five here I barely know. But if they are like the four I do, well, they will be keepers.

Breakfast is complete. Elvie stacks the plates, stands, and announces, *OK I go now. More to clean.*

I turn on the TV and see what nonsense is grabbing the headlines on the BBC world service news. I decide to flip over to CNN and see how the news compares, but CNN isn't showing any news. It's just crap programming. I flip over to the AXN network and they are playing a rerun of *The Blacklist*. The "Fox Crime" channel is showing reruns of *Law and Order: Criminal Intent*. There are five HBO channels but there is nothing on I want to see.

I log into the website of my favorite author, but he hasn't posted any new stories in a while. The last one posted is *Gimme Shelter*. Nothing since then. There are no new letters posted.

My personal email is just a ton of spam and junk. I think I need a hobby beyond fucking girls. It's not that I am stuck here and 'what do I do now.' No, I would have faced the same issue if I had stayed in the States. I never was into hobbies. I worked, I came home, watched a little TV, ate my meals and slept. That was my life. OK so I am not working now. I got the house, I will have the van. I have all the women I will ever want. What now?

Chapter 15: Driving lessons

I will have to think about my future another time. There appears to be a commotion downstairs. I am not spry enough the run down the steps to the first floor, so it takes me a bit to find out what the hubbub is about.

When I do get a peek at the issue, it is both a relief and a concern. No one is at the house threatening us. But Jenny is attempting to teach Susan how to operate the 220 and it isn't going well.

I watch for a bit to see exactly where we are in this debacle along with Ros and Emelyn, who are terrified just watching this. Eventually I think I understand the sticking points. I walk out and announce the lesson is over. Jenny wants to know why and Susan looks a little bit relieved.

I give Jenny a look that tells her to back off and ask her to secure the 220. I go over and hug Susan who is shaking. *Hey, good-looking, I have a question for you.*

Susan looks up at me, and waits.

Sweetheart, have you ever ridden a bicycle?

No.

OK well, it isn't required to know that to know how to ride a motorcycle, but it sure helps. Today while I am in town, we will find a bicycle. You can learn to ride that first. Once you have that down, I will teach you how to ride the 220. It will be far less frightening that way. OK?

Oo. Thank you, Ron.

It's OK, go on in and clean up.

As she walks through the door and out of sight, I see a newly humble Jenny. *I not know she not ride bicycles.*

It was obvious from just watching her. Jenny, you can't assume things are already known. You have to start at the beginning and work up. Ask Ros and Emelyn if they know how to ride a motorcycle. If they don't, ask them if they have ridden a bicycle. If they have, you ask them what type of brake their bicycle had. One thing at a time Jenny. Because if their bike's brake was on the pedal, they may have never used a hand brake and when they go to stop, they will have a wreck. One thing at a time.

I wrong.

We are all wrong sometimes. It is how we learn.

Yes. This is correct. Question, Ron. When you going to get a Filipino driver's license? You are OK now, but you need one soon.

Where do I go to get one?

We go to town. You want to go now?

No, I need to get my ACR-I card³⁶ first. And thinking of that, I need to call them and make sure all is OK.

Like I said, thinking about getting a hobby will have to wait. It takes me well over an hour to learn that the card has not arrived from Manila. I should call back next week. I spend the rest of the morning cleaning the 220 from this morning's antics. I sit down for a lunch of a broth type soup with chunks of pork, saba banana³⁷, and cabbage in it served over rice. It ain't pretty, but it tastes good.

At 2PM Jenny and I ride to town. First stop is to purchase the most simple bicycle we can find with hand brakes. That actually takes a good while. We do find one and Jenny rides it to the Nissan dealer and I ride the 220 to the same destination. I think Jenny finds the experience undignified. I think it's sort of cute.

³⁶ - Alien certificate of registration. This one will say Tourist on it.

³⁷ - A variant of plantain. It is far shorter but just as wide.

We get to the dealer and what do you know, the van isn't ready yet, but they promise to have it to me by close of business today. Jenny takes off on the 220, headed back to the house. I hang out in the service waiting room and watch La Salle University girls play University of the Philippines (UP) in volleyball.

Finally the van is ready. I put the bicycle inside it and leave, driving a far larger vehicle than I wanted to have. Of course, I'm the bastard with nine girls. So shame on me. Rather than drive home, I go over to the school and pick up the girls. We can fit all four in along with the bike. But before I can leave with the girls, Miss Judith decides to visit with us.

She says that she hopes I understand that she is just doing her job and that she is relieved to know I have only the best of intentions for the girls. Hopefully we can establish a more pleasant relationship considering that her Tita and cousin are living with me.

I don't need a war and even though I am sure the bitch is lying through her teeth, I thank her for her concern and also hope for a more friendly future. The girls hear all of this and once we get underway, they express ire that I didn't tell the bitch to fuck off. I tell them I wanted to do that, but ask them how that would help us stay out of surveillance?

That does not end it, it just alters the topic a bit. What, they wonder, makes Judith the way she seems to be? Their prevailing theory is that she hates men and hates sex and ought to just off herself as a useless human. This concept makes them indignant that they have to put up with such a person.

Pearl says she isn't so sure her cousin. *Ron, why do you think Judith acts this way?*

I guess, I am thinking about something written about four hundred years ago. 'She protests too much.' I think she wants that sex and it frightens her. She wants it so bad that she strikes out at anyone she thinks is having it.

Wow. So you think she is super horny?

I think she 'represses' the horniness because she is afraid of what she will do if she ever lets go.

That's so sad! So you think she is sad and sort of in pain inside all the time?

Maybe. I can't know. I am only guessing.

How can we find out? I mean how we know she wants to get a guy but is afraid to?

Pearl, I don't think she's afraid of a desire to be with boys. She could have done that and not repressed. I think she likes girls. You girls.

OMG, but she will be fired if anyone finds out!

Yeh, that's part of it. She wants girls and can't stay away from girls, but can't have them. That would explain her behavior. Of course, it's just a guess.

No it's more than a guess. She used to come over a lot, but as I got older, every time I would try to hug her she would pull away. When she used to come over, she would stay the night and we always slept in the same bed. But in the last two years, she refuses to do that. I think you are right!

Karen asks Pearl, So why can't we trick her?

What you mean, friend?

She wants but is afraid, right?

OK, so?

So friend, we start touching her. There is no law against that right? And us touching her doesn't get Ron into trouble. Worst that happens is that she stays far away from all of us. Best case, we seduce her and then she can't do anything bad to us. Ron? Will that work?

It might. You either drive her off the cliff and you have her death on your hands, or it drives her crazy for you, or she runs away and we never see

her again. But it was just a guess. Pearl may be right, but it is still a guess. If it is something else, I don't know how she will react.

The girls don't think she will off herself. Jonalyn wants to try it. So does Pearl. Karen thinks it is worth a try. Joriz asks the operative question. *How we do it? I mean you can't just say, 'hey, you want to have sex?' Ron, how?*

Touch her. Innocently, touch her arm. Touch her sleeve. Move a stray hair of hers out of the way. Do nothing that is 'wrong' should anyone else see it. If she is the way we think she might be, it will have an impact. You can't just do it once. It has to be constant. She has to be too close to you girls over and over. After a while she will either, run away, and freak out, or she will start welcoming the touches and touch back. If she does start touching back, you take it to the next level.

What is that?

Firmer touches, caresses, pecks on the cheeks. If she is OK with that, she will start doing the same in return. If you ever get to that point, we can talk about it some more, but for now we are home!

As we get out of the van, Pearl asks, *Who are you with tonight?*

Emelyn. You OK with that?

Completely. Good choice!

I can't get over how a fourteen year old is telling me it's a good choice to be plowing the mother of two of her cousins, but, hey, it is what it is.

I am in the bedroom when Emelyn knocks on the door. I guess I could say, 'come in' but that seems wrong. I get up and open the door. Emelyn has Susan's robe on. She's a little afraid. I can see it in her eyes.

Sweet Emelyn. Are you afraid I will not be as good as Ros promised you? Are you afraid I am going to disappoint you?

Oh! No Sir. I think no such thing! I am afraid I not good enough for you.

Maybe it is that I am not good enough for you! You are a very good woman. You raise two very good and lovely daughters. You survive and hold things together in a very hard world. You deserve a good man. I can't be a good man. I have too many girls to be good!

That is silly talk! I know you are good. You want me tonight. You have not touched my daughters yet. It is me and Ros you take. Yes, I am happy to share you with Ros!

I will take Jonalyn tomorrow night.

Yes, I know, but she not the one you take first. I think that is important. You are telling the girls that their mothers matter and are loved here. This way, they not get out of control. We can be parents to them. See you are good.

How long has it been since you were with a man?

Ha! It be fourteen years! Long time for me.

Can you remember what you liked when you did have sex?

I never have a good time. He just throw me down, stick it in and then get off.

Well then I am a lucky man!

How?

Anything I do that isn't that bad will seem good to you!

Hehe. Yes! This is true! For you, it will be easy to make me happy.

Shall we start, sweet Emelyn?

Yes Sir Ron.

I will undress, will you do the same?

Emelyn removes the robe to reveal bra and panties. I look at her and make a face that the garments need to come off. Emelyn is a bit shy but the garments do come off.

I take her hand, bring her close to me and kiss her gently. Her body presses against mine and she kisses back. I kiss her eyelids, her forehead, her neck. She answers with kisses of her own. My hands roam only in safe places, on her face, her neck, her shoulders and her back. She holds on tight. We kiss again. This kiss is more affirmative. More assertive. My tongue enters her mouth and her tongue plays with mine. She pushes her tongue into my mouth. I am happy to accept it. I am in no hurry. I am not moving her to the bed. Instead I lean her against the wall and continue the assault of mouth on mouth.

Her hands are in my hair, holding my head, biting my ear. She pushes her body into me, arms pulling me into her. I feel a fire burning in her heart. It is she who pulls me to the bed and pushes me down on it. She climbs over me and pins me down as her lips seek out mine again. She nips at my lips with hers. She nibbles on my ears. She kisses my forehead and my neck. She bites my neck and tells me she will leave her mark on me. It seems to me at that moment, women have been biting and leaving their marks on their men for millennia. This is as basic a behavior as is breathing.

I reach up and grab a tit, she loves it. She growls and bites hard. She is making sure her daughter knows who was here first. I push her over and stick my fingers into a wet cunt. I flick her clit. She elevates off the mattress. I flick it again and she bites down hard on my neck.

I push three fingers into her cunt, my pinky into her ass and my thumb over her clit. She goes just about catatonic and then screams, *Shit! Of shit! What you do to me? I bite her lower lip and wiggle all my five digits inside and around her. She bellows, Aaaaaaaa!*

Juices are flowing from her. I mount her from the top and start fucking her in earnest. I push my index finger up her ass and pound the fuck out of her cunt. This cunt is smooth inside and out. Over and over, time and

again. We burn through the minutes in the joining. She is staring up at me. I look down and smile. *You are mine now Emelyn.* Her eyes are open wide. She ekes out an, *uh-huh.* She goes catatonic again as the second cum she experiences takes its toll. I dump my cum into her at that very moment, causing a third cum and a scream.

I move off her and lay to her side, my arm around her, holding her to me. We do not talk. Not a word is spoken as we just lie there and hold each other.

Finally she whispers, *pee,* and goes to the bathroom.

She returns, sits up next to me and says in all earnestness. *We do OK together. I don't think I disappoint you.*

I laugh. She punches me in the arm. *Why you laugh?*

Emelyn that was great sex. It was great loving. No, it was better than great. It was fantastic. Why are you being so serious about the joy we feel? It simply could not have been better for me. I hope you are as happy about this as I am.

Emelyn giggles. *Best I ever have! But you know... what I know anyway?*

I reach up and pull her down to me. I am feeling ornery. I take a tit in my mouth and suck while flicking a nipple with my tongue. I push her down and attack her cunt with my fingers while continuing to suck. I have her grunting and hunching her cunt against my fingers. My pinky enters her ass again at the same time my thumb finds her clit and I bite down on her nipple. Emelyn launches into orbit again.

My mouth finds the other tit and I start on the breast. Emelyn is close to hyperventilating. I push her hard. My pinky is fully inserted and my fingers mash her G-spot as the clit gets pushed into the bone and I bite a nipple. Emelyn cums and cums and cums. And then in what can only be an act of self-preservation, she grabs my hair and pulls me off her.

Oh my God! I almost shit the bed! How you do that to me? No more! No more tonight. You are a devil you so good.

We lie still again for a while before deciding we both need a shower and some rest.

There are mornings, and then there are mornings when you have to assess the damage done to your body. This is one of the second type. I have bite marks all over me. Emelyn is admiring her handiwork, oohing and aaah-ing as she makes the assessment of last night's activities.

OK Ron. Now I am yours. Enjoy my girls. Maybe now I think this is a good thing. My girls and me, we always be together and no need for another man. You do them good. We all yours now. She puts the robe around her, panties and bra in her hand, and leaves the bedroom.

Once again I am out of the shower and who do I see at the table, but Elvie with our breakfasts.

OMG Ronald. What she do to you?

She bites. A lot.

Elvie does not think this is funny at all. She inspects me and makes comments such as I need to see a doctor.

No I am not going to see a doctor. Emelyn is not a rabid dog. Relax.

But Elvie is not relaxed. I think she is a bit horny and jealous. It just so happens that I have enough fight in me at the moment that I drag her to the bed. Pull down her shorts, bend her over, ass out to me and fuck her cunt standing behind her as I finger her clit.

I was right. She is horny and she is irrigating the tile floor with her cunt juice. I am in a position which is not tiring in the least. I keep it up as I push Elvie onto ecstasy before making my deposit.

Elvie being Elvie, once the sex is over, she gets busy cleaning the floor as I eat my breakfast. She says she will eat hers while we talk in a bit. She gets things cleaned up quickly and sits down again.

We need to talk about Judith, Ronald!

OK, what about?

She is dangerous.

I agree.

Then why you allow the girls to do what they will do?

Well because I think it is exactly what Judith is not expecting and will not know how to handle. It's the one thing we can do that will not hurt us. Who knows about this?

Just the girls and me.

You sure?

Yes.

OK. Keep it that way for now.

Why you want to hide it from the mothers.

Because if there is blow back, no one would expect the mothers to know. If they act like they do know, it will look suspicious.

Oh. But I know.

You are not a mother and you will not likely be questioned.

OK.

We hear laughter outside. I must look surprised.

They teaching Susan to ride the bicycle.

I've gotta see this!

Chapter 16: Plug me in, turn me on

Susan is not the most coordinated of us. She is terrified of falling off the bicycle. I tell the rest, who are all here assembled and watching, to get their asses inside the house. Their presence isn't making it any easier for Susan as she tries to conquer her fear.

That includes you Jenny! Scoot. And I follow her inside.

Half an hour later, Susan enters, all smiles. *It's easy! I stopped being afraid and then it was easy!*

Uh-huh. That's the secret. It's the fear that is the problem, not the bicycle. Practice tomorrow morning and each morning for five more days and we will start with the 220. In two weeks, you will be able to ride to the bakery on your own.

I get eyebrows from Susan and a kiss on the cheek. *Thank you for sending them inside.*

Jenny looks at me. *Why five more days?*

Tomorrow she will have to conquer her fear all over again. And the same for the next day or two. Give it a week.

This is a school day and so our younger contingent are long gone. Elvie gets Ros and Emelyn going on the last of the rooms that need a really good deep cleaning. Elvie is starting a vegetable garden out back and she is busy there in the cooler morning weather. It is too hot in the afternoon to work in it later.

The van sits empty at the moment. Jenny is asking why we don't use it to shuttle the kids to and from school. It is a fine idea, but I don't want to be out there driving it in the early morning, every morning. I am the only one with anything resembling a driver's license. Jenny knows motorcycles but has no license. The others don't even know as much as Jenny.

For now we compromise. The kids will take the jeepney in the morning, and I will get them in the afternoon. The other part of the compromise is that I have to teach two of them how to drive. Elvie is a year too young as she is not a student. Susan doesn't want to learn as she is busy enough with the bicycle and then the motorcycle. Jenny says she will take a pass on it for now.

Elvie has brought me a list of electrical outlets that don't seem to work. The list indicates the room and the number of outlets. Inside the rooms, the bad outlets are tagged with a piece of paper taped over the outlet. I have rigged up a pigtail tester with a plastic version of a simple ceramic light socket, two wires and a CFL bulb. It's the poor man's test kit.

There are eighteen outlets on her list. This is hardly good news. My testing shows that there is electric at the outlets on fourteen of them, but in each case the outlet unit itself has sloppy spade receptors. Replacing those is clearly on the list.

On the four where I do not find power, I pull the outlet out of the wall, and discover that the stranded THHN wire they use here has come off the posts on three of these cheap ass pieces of Chinese made crap. I know we used to use stranded wire in the past in the US, but it has been a while since I have seen any except for lamp cord. The outlets have only two spades. They look like outlets in the US prior to the mid 1950's. The spades are small, short and identical. There isn't the wide spade we see on two wire US plugs. The two wires that run in the wall for the – and + side of the sockets are covered with the same color insulation. As is obvious, there is no ground as there is no way to differentiate load from neutral.

The last outlet's wires carry no power at all. I take that outlet and attach it to an outlet that needed replacing and it works fine. I go back and look at the wires. They come out of and are buried in the concrete. Allow me to cuss silently at this point. My best guess (one which I confirm later) is that this is how things are done here.

OK I can't easily see where the wire goes, but maybe I can figure it out another way. Let's start with the breaker panel. Nothing is labeled. That seems to me like the best place to start. Using the five females that are here, I spread them out and turn on everything we can find. I will flip a breaker off and see what dies. In less than an hour the panel is documented and I have a clue as to which breaker is responsible for the area where we have no current on the wire.

I am stumped for a good hour before I notice that an air conditioner on the second floor appears to have been added later. I disconnect it from its socket, pull the socket out of the wall and whad'ya know... someone has clipped wires to add the unit here. The aircon is a .75HP unit and pulls about 560Watts. Assuming 230V service³⁸, it is pulling about 2.5A on a 30A breaker. I don't see a problem. I splice the wires together and guess what? The wires in the other room are live. I use one of the defective outlets in the utility box where wires finally emerge, until I can get the replacement outlets. All just in time for lunch.

This afternoon I have a list of faucets that need attention. Electrician in the morning, plumber in the afternoon. ... At night? Huh, best not go there.

By mid-afternoon I have come to the conclusion that we just need to start replacing faucets. The ones here aren't worth saving. I guess it comes with buying an older home. I need a new pump for the well, just as we suspected. I decide it is time to go to town. I can get the outlets, maybe a few faucets and see about a guy to pull the old pump and tell me what we have down there.

³⁸ - If you ask what the power here is, they will tell you 220V. In the USA they will say 120/240V service. In some ways it is really the same thing. The international standard on 60Hz service includes the ranges 110-120 and 220-240. The US attitude is show'em the max! Yeh, we're the supersize crowd and we are proud of it. Sleeping alone? You still want a king size mattress, right? In the Philippines, shyness seems to be baked into the culture. 220-240 means 220 to them. They don't want to hog all the space. They just want enough to get by. Bless them for their humble ways. But we have a transformer on this property. There are Volt and Amp meters by the electronics for the pump motor. We are actually getting 235V service.

Theoretically I can do this alone, but in reality, I need Jenny with me. I need an Ilonggo speaker on my side. There is a large store, modeled after Lowes or Home Depot in the USA, but about a third the size. I will be able to get the outlets and maybe the faucets there. They also sell water well pumps, but I need to pull the one I have now to know what I can put back down the hole.

The outlets cost me ₱95 (\$2.08) each. I need fourteen of them. It is ₱1,330 (or under \$30 as I see it). The faucets are a different story. I settle on units that cost about ₱440 each (under \$10). I need five of them. Plus I need two that are a bit more expensive. However I get out of the store for less than \$120.

I ask, while in the store, for a reference to a guy to pull the pump. It comes as no surprise that the guy I ask has a cousin who does that. I not only get a cellphone number, but the guy meets me just outside the store. Yeh, so I am not trusting how good this guy is. He wasn't working today. So he's not exactly in demand. However Jenny points out that there isn't much construction happening here and so all the drillers might be sitting on their collective asses.

The guy will be there in the morning with three helpers. It is ₱1250 per day labor for all four of them, (a little over \$27/day). The driller is making ₱500/day and the helpers get ₱250/day. The driller says, if all goes OK, they will have it fixed in two days.

We are done with the social chit chat with the guy just in time to pick up our school girls. As Jenny is in the van, when the girls take their seats, not a word is said of the Social Worker, Judith. It has just been another average day.

They are being very good and there is not one slip of the tongue through dinner. For the second time in two days, Pearl asks, *Who are you with tonight?*

I turn to Jonalyn. *Will you join me tonight?*

There is a chorus of, ‘*Hala!*’ from the others at the table. Jonalyn puts down her spoon, straightens her back squares her shoulders towards me and says clearly as you please. *Thank you, Sir. Yes. Please.*

Good. Get your homework done first. If you will be later than 9PM please just advise me of that.

Yes, of course. Sir I have no homework tonight, and if I did, Joriz would do it for me. I will be in your room at 9PM.

There is a concept called Filipino time. It is not different from the ethnic and cultural variations of the thing that exist all over the world. When making an appointment out of the house, it is essentially the rule. You are not late unless you are more than one or two hours late, depending on how far you have to travel to get to the destination.

But when the girls are asked to be in my room by 9PM, there is no Filipino time. They arrive as requested. Tonight Jonalyn arrives with what is becoming the official robe of the acolytes. It makes me smile.

Ah Jonalyn. Nothing in the world means more to me tonight, than being with you. Come just sit on the bed and let’s talk for a bit.

Jonalyn smiles. *My mother told me that you would make me feel good, special and beautiful. She said that you would mean it. She right. I walk in. I am scared. You take my fear and toss it out the window. It does not belong here, between me and you. You say this simple thing and I know, Ha! I am safe.*

Yes both of us are safe here.

I think this is true. I not know why, but yes, it is true. You will give my mother a baby?

I will try.

Good. I want that. Sir, k’Ren says Joriz and me will have sex with you together. That true?

Yeh. It scare you? Or it excite you?

Both? I think maybe both. I not know enough yet.

Yeh, that makes sense. ... Jonalyn, please take my shirt off. And she does as I have asked her. Run your hand over my shoulders, my neck and my chest. I am patient as she does as asked. Her hands glide over me.

Sweet Jonalyn, now honestly ask yourself. Think 'Am I sure that this is the man who I want to be mine? Is this the man I want to spend my days with? Is he too old for me? Is he too ugly?' Think hard Jonalyn, Think, 'Is this the man I want to take my virginity? I can only give it once and then it belongs forever to the man who takes it. Am I sure?'

Sir, are you trying to get rid of me?

No, Jonalyn. I want you for ever and ever. But if this is a mistake in your heart, it will only bring pain to both of us. I want you. I want you to give me your precious gift of your virginity tonight. I want to know you are truly mine. ... You and your sister are special. Twins are special in this world. They share within their bodies their other body. The body of their twin. For you and your sister to be my loves will make my heart happy. But Jonalyn, more important to me is that you be sure.

Sir, I am sure.

Show me what is under your robe. She nods, stands straight once more and sheds the robe as if it were water cascading off her back. It lies at her feet as if an adornment of gay colored flowers around a child bride standing in a meadow.

Exquisite. She is simply exquisite. Please remove my slacks and boxers.

She steps forward, with a grace beyond her years, lowers herself in front of me so that my belt is at forehead level and completes the task assigned. I extend a hand, and she takes it, arising, putting her arms around me, as I put mine, around her.

Our lips are close but not touching. I can feel her breath on me. I tilt my head to her and she completes the act. We kiss. I am happy. And silly as it surely sounds, I am incredulous that she wants this, seemingly as much as I do.

The kiss ends briefly and then after what might be a moment of reflection resumes with an intensity that without comment announces that this is the right thing to be doing. Her body cleaves to mine. She is on the balls of her feet and her toes as we hold and possess each other. Sex has little to do with this, though sex is most assuredly on the way. This is a bonding. This is heart not libido. If there was no sex following it, for me right now that would be fine. I am not ‘being patient’ until I can ravish her. I am drinking her in. Absorbing her through the pours of my skin.

This crazy loving lasts so long that Jonalyn starts to giggle. *Sir, I think maybe you love me more than want to have sex with me! It's OK I love you. You not worry about that. OK? It OK we have sex now. I know you love me. But Sir, you do what we do, with Joriz, she will be very confused. She want the sex first and then the love. That is the way she is.*

Holding hands we move onto the bed. I fondle her breasts, gently suck a nipple. Her hand goes to my cock and strokes it with more curiosity than with conviction. My fingers glide up over her clit, gently separating her labia and looking for evidence of moisture. There is some, but not enough. I get my head between her thighs and go about eating her cunt out.

She is quietly giving me encouragement. This slow impact lovemaking gets her ready but not crazy with desire, initially. I start to finger her ass and suck her clit into my mouth and the slow impact ends as her nails dig into the back of my neck and she bucks for the ceiling.

I don't stop. There is no reason to stop. She is getting off and that is a very good thing. But finally my jaw has taken all the abuse it can stand. I had planned to put her on top and let her break her own cherry. But the plan changes. I keep her where she is, move up on her and, as she is coming down from the last cum, I push in, hard.

The pain and the pleasure mix with the memory of ecstasy of the last cum to drive her into another cum, the pain of the shattering of her hymen lost in the sensations washing over her.

She is going nuts and I have just started. I take her to the top again and again, feeling her cunt muscles dance on my cock. Over and again.

She is fucked ragged now, unable to control her muscles. I feel my cum pushing out and bathing her cunt. In the future they will need birth control, but this time, I want her to feel everything and to feel what being a vulnerable woman means; loving, being loved, and knowing that your lover's seed can plant a child inside you.

Jonalyn's eyes are open but her view of the world is indistinct. All she knows is that a desire and hunger has been awakened inside her she had never known and will now never forget.

We lie together for ten minutes, breathing, sweating, calming down.

Ron, every girl is different, di ba?

Yeh. That's really true.

Do you do the same thing with every girl?

No, that doesn't work.

So it like a dance? And each dance partner dances a different way?

Exactly.

So if you pay attention to your partner, it becomes special, no matter how many partners there are?

That is a very smart observation. You are right.

So no one makes love like we do?

No one.

Good. Now I know why I want to be with you when you are with Joriz and others.

Why?

To see the differences. Yes, that will be good. I want to see how you make love with my mother, with Jenny, with Elvie, with k'Ren, and with Pearl! That one will be very interesting I think. ... Oh, I forgot! We didn't tell you about Miss Judith!

Yeh, I forgot about that too. What happened?

Ron, it just like you say yesterday. We not know if we will have her or run away, but you are right about her. And you know what Pearl say and do?

No but I gather I am about to hear.

Yes! She – oh I have to explain first. We be touching her this morning like you say. Each of us a little. First time she pull away. Next time, not as much. Third time she not do that anymore. We keep on doing that all morning. Normally we not see her much. But she keeps on being around and so we keep on touching. Then she starts touching back! Just a little at first. But more in the afternoon. That when Pearl say to her, 'I dream of you and me together.' And Pearl kisses her on the lips! Then Pearl run away before Miss Judith can do anything. We not see her again for the rest of the day!

Jesus, it was supposed to go slowly over many days.

I know but she wants it too much. Maybe she there tomorrow. Maybe she runs away.

Or maybe she kills herself! Jonalyn, what Pearl did was a very dangerous thing.

Chapter 17: Cell division and other divides

Judith's desires and proclivities are not of my making. I have nothing to do with who she is or why she feels the way she feels. And I sure don't care so long as it doesn't put me in danger.

The directions I gave the girls would not have put us in any danger. What happened, may have done just that.

Still it is hardly Jonalyn's fault and I gather my wits about me, I make sure Jonalyn hears me, that she has done nothing wrong. She had no control over Pearl's actions. Additionally, I don't think Pearl said what she said out of the role play that was today's game. I suspect she meant it and has felt that way for years now. It just happened to have come out at a very inopportune time.

Two females may have crossed a Rubicon today. Pearl as she unburdened herself to the female she has been longing for, for years. Judith who has been sublimating her deep seated needs and found it all bursting forth quite uncontrollably.

For Pearl, the feeling must be liberating. Knowing that, I can hardly be angry with her. I set a ball in motion and the ball rolled over land mines. Boom. So long as Judith doesn't kill herself right away, I don't see how it will damage Pearl.

For Judith the danger is real. She may suicide tonight or next year if she cannot accept who and what she is. If she does accept it, well that is an entirely different matter that has so many potential outcomes that it is useless to spend time contemplating the matter.

Right now however, Jonalyn is here with me and we are probably needing a shower.

Some women just want to soap themselves and be out of the shower. Other's want your hands on them. Jonalyn is in the second group. She doesn't giggle or make a fuss. She just wants to be touched and cared for.

I get it and like it. She also wants to do that for me. While it is not my normal mode, I can accommodate it and am happy to do so. She is spending lots of time learning my body now, more so than she did before. It is sort of, 'OK he is mine, I better learn all I can about him.'

She is also a talker. She informs me that she knows she is spending the night with me because both Emelyn and Ros did so.

We towel each other dry and get into bed, if not completely ready for sleep, ready to relax in each other's arms.

Ron, you taking Joriz next?

Yeh.

Good. She will be angry if you not do that.

You do something special for Pearl?

Why do you ask?

Pearl is different. She will be yours. No problem. She need you very much, but she needs to have power over a girl. I know her a long time. She not do that with me and Joriz, but she do that to others. Not with sex, but power I think. Who she pick here?

Jenny.

No! Really?

Yeh, Jenny.

So you have Jenny with you when you take Pearl?

Remind me to never underestimate you.

Huh?

Yeh, Pearl's night is with me and Jenny.

Good. You are a very smart man. Mother right about you.

Sleep brings morning and this is not a school day. Jonalyn can sleep in. It does mean that we might have to wait days before we get news of Judith.

I get up, take a shower and have just dressed, while Jonalyn continues to sleep. In the bedroom is breakfast for three with Elvie sitting at the table.

Good morning Elvie.

Good AM, Ronald. What you do her? She still sleeping.

Nothing bad. It is not a school day and she is enjoying the freedom to sleep in though I am sure she didn't expect that there would be three of us in the bedroom and breakfast for her if she ever gets up.

OK, OK I hear you. I am up! Really, Elvie? Do you do this every morning with all the others?

Ha! No. They have the good sense to shower and leave in the morning before I get here, silly. Come eat, girl. Join us.

Jonalyn, Elvie is the only one other than you girls who knows what you were planning with Judith. Why don't you tell her what has happened while I enjoy my breakfast.

The conversation is all in Ilonggo and quite animated. As I don't understand a word they are saying, I do enjoy my meal uninterrupted.

When the tale is complete Elvie has some questions for me. But most of these I have hashed out with Jonalyn and ask my current bedmate to explain my thinking on the matter. It works out pretty well. Elvie has yet to ask a question to which Jonalyn doesn't know the answer.

Eventually Elvie has other questions, such as what is my schedule today?

I explain that the well driller is coming soon. Elvie had better store as much water as she can because we might be without it for the better part of two days. Also I am going to be installing new faucets. I don't think I will get to all of them today, but following that I need to install the electrical outlets.

When you going to start the driving lessons?

Maybe some time tomorrow.

It OK she know who is tonight?

Ha! He told me. It's Joriz.

OK good. Ronald, you need to spend some time with Susan.

OK, anything special?

I think it needed.

OK I understand.

No you don't but you will.

OMG! Elvie! Is she? Ron not know?

Child, you have a big mouth, a fast mind, and no manners!

Elvie I feel stupid. How did Jonalyn figure it out and I miss it?

Because you are stupid! Ha! OK, I go now before you spank me or write something on my back!

Jonalyn is nibbling on a Pandesal roll she is making last a very long time. She looks at me with a bemused expression. When Jenny tell mother that Elvie run the house, mother say to me, how that? She too young. Why not Susan or Jenny. Mother not believe it. I think she not see what I see this morning. Then she know. It true. Elvie run this house. You meet with her every morning like this?

It is becoming a regular thing. Yeh.

I go now. You have a very busy day. You better start with Susan. Hehe!

I do have a busy day. But it doesn't start with Susan. The driller is waiting downstairs.

Sir I know what pump you have.

How?

Sir, I look the casing. It four inch pipe. The service pipe inside the casing, it two inch! Not one and one-fourth. I look at breaker you have for the motor. I look at amp draw when motor switch on. You have two horsepower Gould submersible down there. But sir you are only pumping 3 gallon a minute. That is fraction of what you should get! You should get 35! Normal depth for wells here is 100 to 120 feet. Maybe you are a little deeper. Maybe 140. But no one here any deeper than that. These Gould pumps, they have plastic impellers. They wear out, Sir. This is your problem. We see this many times. I call my cousin. He has your new pump and motor ready now. If you get it this morning, maybe we be done today!

I accept reality and tell Elvie the change in plans. I jump in the van, wishing it was a small car only to have Jenny get in the passenger side and Susan get in behind us. Ladies, this is going to be a fast trip to town and back. Both announce that they know it and off we go.

We barely get off the property when Susan says, *Ron we need to talk and I know this is a busy day.*

Susan, I could not be happier. When did you find out?

You know?

I think I do. Are we going to have a child sweetheart?

How you know? I missed my second red days³⁹ this week!

You think I don't notice that you are not having periods?

Oh! And you are happy? Truly?

Of course! I want our baby.

³⁹ Period or menses.

Good, OMG, good! Ha I not need to come I guess. Why you not talk to me about this?

I was going to talk with you right after I was done with the driller, but my plans changed.

OK I know why I come with you. Jenny why you here?

Make sure Ronald not spend too much for the pump! I always go with him when we get big things.

See what I not know? I know Elvie runs the house. I know I and k'Ren are the reason for all this and the new additions. I not know Jenny watches the finances. Ron do we have time to stop by the bakery and pick up tinapay for merienda?

We get the pump and motor and 35 cheese-bread rolls before returning home. The old pump is hanging on the last pipe to come out of the hole and it is exactly what the driller said it would be. The pump we just purchased is a newer version but at the same time an exact replacement.

With the pump out of service, this is the perfect time to replace faucets, but I only get three faucets replaced before it is close to the end of the day, and the driller is ready to start the new pump.

Oh what a difference a new pump makes. We are getting the 35 GpM that he said we would get. I happily pay him for the labor.

I don't need a hobby just yet. There are two more days of labor getting the faucets installed and then all the electrical work. And it is clear, my evenings are fully booked.

It is a fascinating matter. Their DNA should be identical. Once, these two girls started life as one cell. One fertilized egg. Then early on the cells divided and rather than multiplication giving the growth to one child, the division gave us two identical beauties. Two identical beauties with radically different temperaments. According to Emelyn, she noticed the difference from day one, as feeding time displayed radically different behaviors.

Jonalyn thinks, she studies, and she turns things around in her mind. Joriz acts. She has little patience for the contemplative, she wants to know what needs doing and then she wants to do it. And yet the DNA is identical. How can you claim it is nurture, when it was that way from the first moments at their mother's tit?

It has me baffled but being baffled is not an obstacle related to my evening's agenda. Joriz knocks firmly on the door and before I can say a word, cracks the door open a bit and peers through.

She catches both my eye and my smile. *Come in!*

OK first hurdle crossed. She is wearing the robe of deliverance. *So, how long are you going to keep that robe on? I don't think it is going to be useful for the rest of the evening.* I get eyebrows and a smile as she chucks the robe onto a chair. She is naked underneath and there is not a hint of shyness or modesty. *Are you going to stand there, or do we get on the bed?*

The bed, Sir!

Good answer. OK Joriz, what do you want to learn to do first?

My sister tell me you are very good at pleasing her. I am happy to know this Sir, but I want to learn how to please you first.

OK, I will teach you some techniques, and then I will please you, and then we will end the evening, both pleasing each other at the same time. You agree with the plan?

Yes, very good Sir.

So get my clothing off. That is the first task. There is no coyness about how she goes about the task. It is a 'matter of fact' approach and she is done with it quickly.

I am standing, and tell her, *Grab a pillow, and kneel on it right in front of me. First you will learn how to do something called giving head or sucking a guy off. In this case you are going to suck me off. Some folks*

call it a blow job, but that is a stupid term because you do not blow. You suck.

She is now kneeling, having retrieved a firm pillow from an easy chair in the room. You know how when you get a buko shake⁴⁰ at the mall, you must suck hard on the straw? I get eyebrows. That is how you are going to suck on my cock. But you are also going to move your head up and down on my cock as you do it. Understand so far? I get eyebrows. Good. Now you must keep your teeth away from my cock. You should take me as far in to your mouth, and down your throat as you are able. ... Joriz, do you understand what I mean when I talk about my cum? I get eyebrows. Any time I cum in your mouth, you should swallow the cum immediately. Got it? I get eyebrows. OK let's try and see how much you understood.

Sir, what can I touch?

Anything you want.

I get eyebrows, and then Joriz leans in. As a first timer for whom this is OJT, she is doing more than fine. She has all the primary points covered and is developing her technique. She is experiencing a gag reflex and adjusting. She is learning that I respond better once there is saliva coating the areas she is touching. The suction is perfect. The bobbing of her head is real good. I am enjoying this and have no reason to complain. I sure as hell have received far worse from those who claim to know what they are doing.

But that's the thing with Joriz. She is not filled with self-doubt. She doesn't need to be put at ease. She knows why she is where she is and why you are there. She just wants to get on with it please. It's not that I don't matter to her. I do. She just doesn't need to hear it. She knows it, so, 'what's the problem?'

As much as I am enjoying this, I want to eat Joriz out and then fuck her. I pull her up, lead her to the bed and put her on her back. I get my head

⁴⁰ - A coconut shake made with fresh buko juice, condensed milk and ice.

between her legs and without explanation I start eating her out with tongue, and lips. My fingers are assisting.

Joriz grabs hold of my head with two hands and as if she were controlling an orbital sander on a block of wood, she starts pushing my head around to get the maximum results. But she is totally surprised when I run a finger up her ass. The result is her first orgasm, and for me, a very wet face. I suck her clit into my mouth for her second cum. It feels like she will tear hair off my head. I decide it is time to take her cherry before she leaves me with a bloody bald head.

Joriz may not be a study in patience, but when it comes to waiting a second to reposition a body, it matters not at all, need to move a little to 'get it right', well then damn 'it move! And so my moving up on her after her second cum is not a matter for complaint. Her only question is, what's next?

My cock plunging into her very wet cunt is next and when it happens there is no complaint. Only a grunt. I ask, *You OK?* Her response is, *Sige.*

I start pumping into her cunt and Joriz moves her body to get the best penetration. She is no passive partner taking what I give her. She wants to be a real partner. She feels as responsible for the result as I will be. In her heart she knows we are doing this together. It is not something I am doing 'to her.'

I find her hands active, grabbing me, moving us this way and that. She wants to try a different position. I flip her on top of me, and she tries it for a while, but no, that is not what she wants. She tells me she wants to feel my power. I have none that way. I take her from the back and she feels my power, but she has no control.

She is looking at the table where I have breakfast. And then she is dragging me to it. She jumps up on it, spreads her legs and pulls me in towards her. I am standing and she is sitting, lying back a little. I push into her. She puts her arms out to me and asks that I pull her up. I do and she wraps her arms around me. I am pumping and she is grabbing me and

kissing me while bouncing on my cock. A giggle emerges, an expression of amazement follows, and then she cums hard squirting on the floor. We stop for a moment, but she urges me on, *Again!*

She has her tongue deep in my mouth. Her arms surround me. I am deep in her very hot and very wet cunt. And again she cums hard with me following suit.

A smile radiates from her. She looks at me raises those eyebrows. She knows we have mated and I suspect she knows that no one else will ever mate this way. This is ours alone.

We clean up the mess on the table and the floor before showering and getting back into bed. She rolls onto her side, her head propped up by a hand, her elbow against the pillow. *We are good together.* And she just smiles before rolling over and going to sleep.

It is Sunday morning and by all rights Joriz should be sleeping in, but she is walking out the door in her robe as I awaken.

Chapter 18: The Oyster Chronicle

As is becoming a ritual, Elvie has my breakfast on the table and is waiting for me.

Joriz told Jonalyn that you are more her kind of guy than Jonalyn's. You didn't waste time on meaningless talk. You knew what to do and you did it. She laughed at her sister and told Jonalyn that 'Ron must have been bored with all your talk!' Ha! Jonalyn laugh at her sister and say, 'Ask Mother! She will explain to you! You are so difficult.' I am confused how twins can be like that!

It is confusing. I agree.

Sir I think maybe you still need to spend some time with Susan today. And you need to start the driving lessons. The other faucets can wait a day and the electric outlets can wait longer too.

I agree. Elvie, I am going to wait on Pearl until we understand what has happened with Judith. Besides, Jenny told me she still has her period. Please explain that last part to Pearl and let her know I am happy with her and look forward to our night together. Tonight I want Susan and Karen with me. I will tell Susan that myself in a little bit. As to driving lessons. I will have Emelyn this morning at ten and Ros this afternoon at two.

Sige. You like the melon shake?

Yeh, I do. What is it? It tastes like cantaloupe.

Oo it is.

Nice way to start the day.

Fifteen minutes later I find Susan in a bedroom, ironing and folding clothing.

I am sorry I didn't spend more time with you yesterday. Do you forgive me?

You sure you want this child Ron?

Yeh, I am very sure. And I am very glad it will be ours. Yours and mine. Susan, you are the reason all this is happening. If you are not here, then none of this is here. You are very important to me.

Good. Very good. What we name him?

You already know the sex? I am smiling and teasing her.

Of course. My mother say if you have bad morning sickness then it a girl. I not have any, so it a boy⁴¹.

I see. What names have you considered?

I like Ronald of course! It a nice name.

I see, any others?

Charles? Maybe that. I hear of a prince with that name. What your father's name?

Leroy.

Ha no! Not that.

So Jethro isn't any good either?

No! ... Maybe Jack. You like Jack?

Jack is good.

OK, but I think we call him Ronald. Maybe his nickname be Ron-Ron.

⁴¹ - Her mother is right to the extent that really bad morning sickness does make it far more likely that it is a girl. However the converse is not 'proven.' [See this link to a New York Times piece.](#)

Ha, maybe I will call him da-doo-Ron-Ron.

Why you call him that?

Just a joke, Susan, Never mind. Susan are you wanting to get married?

What? No! NO! No good. What we do with k'Ren then. Bad idea!

OK. Speaking of the two of you together, will you and k'Ren be with me tonight? I miss you both very much.

Yes. Very much, yes. ... Ron, will you teach me the motorcycle? I not sure Jenny teach me right.

Sure, but you have a few more days on the bicycle first. I want you to completely overcome your fear of falling over on that before we start with the motorcycle. You need to trust your ability to balance. You also need to learn that moving faster makes balance easier. It is one thing to say it. It is another to feel it and believe it.

She changes the subject and wants to know when I am due back to Immigration. I am not sure. My application for the SRRV requires a trip to Manila.

I ask her if she has ever been to Manila, she hasn't and would love to go. She wants to see the Mall of Asia. She wants to see a musical performance at the Araneta Center. Can we get tickets to Showtime, the noontime TV show on ABS-CBN? Have I seen the Skyway, the elevated highway? She sees it in the TV evening news, but would like to ride on it. Have I ridden on the MRT? She has never ridden on a train. What is it like? Is the MRT and the LRT the same? Why the different names. Aren't they both the same type of train? Maybe we can attend a college volleyball game? Oh and she would really like to see a PBA basketball game. She likes to root for *Talk N Text*. *Maybe we can see them play?* Yeh, she really wants to see Manila.

Susan and I spend another hour together just passing the time and gossiping while she irons and folds clothing. This is Sunday, but she is needed at the bakery before noon. Jenny will take her on the 220. That's

all well and good, but Jenny needs a license. I don't say a word to Susan about it, but I need to fix this with Jenny.

Susan is out the door by nine-thirty. Driving lessons start in 30 minutes.

The thing about giving driving lessons is to remember that less is more. Teach just a little each time. Time and repetition is your friend. Try to do too much and the results are very sad. I start with the basics. The controls. What are they and what do they do. Plus how to start the van and how to turn the engine off. It is amazing how much time you can spend on that alone.

Think I am excessive? Maybe. But I have taught five people in my life how to drive. All are good drivers and I never had to raise my voice once when I was teaching. That has to count for something.

Anyway the lessons go fine today. No one is unhappy or frightened or angry. That is a major win in my book.

It is a little after four and we expect Susan home in an hour. The house is clean other than for the normal matters of sweeping and dusting, but the entire house needs to be painted. This is a fact that has been mentioned three times today. Once by Elvie, once by Ros and once by Emelyn. You would think that they could just all stand together and say it in unison. I get the message.

The sun is low in the sky but still plenty hot. We need to hang some new curtains on a few windows where the sun has over the years done damage from radiation alone. There are two fans going, and no one is in a hurry. I hear a motorcycle in the distance. It isn't the 220 which is currently parked under the carport along with the van.

The sound is getting louder. We don't get much traffic up here and the sound is typical of a little 125cc scooter. No one up on this road has one of those, as far as I know. We are not expecting company and so it is only a curiosity that keeps me listening to the vehicle's engine.

Just as the vehicle is very near us does the engine quit entirely. Someone is here. A woman's voice calls out from behind the gate, what amounts to the Filipino version of 'Hello, inside the house!' My girls respond with muted calls of '*Hala!*' Jenny goes out to see who is there.

Presently we hear Jenny opening the gate. Whoever it is, is coming in.

Jenny walks in the door followed by Judith. But not the prim and starched Judith we know. This Judith is in clothing she looks like she slept in and she smells of brandy. She's a mess.

What brings you out here Judith?

Sir, with your permission, I need to speak with Pearl.

Not like this. No. Ros, please take your niece upstairs, get her into a shower, and clean her up. Elvie, get her some strong coffee to drink. ... Judith once you are cleaned up and a little more sober, you can speak with Pearl. And I walk out of the room, leaving no way to argue with me.

My girls are not going to cross me on this and so I know what I have said will be done. I find Pearl in Karen's room and tell her what is occurring. *Do you need a security guard with you when you speak with her? If you do, one of us will be with you. It's up to you.*

No Sir I don't need anyone. It will be OK. Sir? Are you going to tell me what I can and cannot do?

No. Pearl. You do what seems the right thing to do, as far as you can tell. I trust you.

Even after I do what I do at the school?

Maybe because of it. Pearl, you have wanted, no... you have desired to be with Judith for years. That is clear to me. You told her the truth on Friday. You know it and she knows it. If you change from being truthful to something else, she will know it and it will feel wrong to you.

This is true, but how you know this?

We all tell the truth at times when we think no one is listening or will not believe. We just need to say it because it hurts too much to keep it hidden. I am pretty sure that explains Friday entirely. I love you Pearl. I trust you and I do not want to see you hurt. This is something you need to do.

Salamat, Sir. Salamat. And I take my leave.

Susan is home via jeepney, and we have yet to see a cleaned up and even partially sober Judith. We also have not seen Jenny, in whose charge we placed Judith. Elvie says that when she brought the coffee to them, Judith was still a mess and crying. I have sent Ros out to bring the 125 inside the gate. We don't need that to go missing.

Supper is on the table but still no Judith and Jenny. I ask Elvie to bring them a tray of food before we sit to eat. Pearl and the other girls are at the table. Judith's presence dominates the attention of all. There is no talk of what we are risking. We are not concerned with that. There is nothing to see.

Karen wants to know if my plans for the night have changed. I don't think they have, but indicate that we will reevaluate later if needs be.

At eight, still having neither seen nor heard anything of Judith I decide it is time to find out what the fuck is happening. I knock on Jenny's door, before entering to find Judith in Jenny's arms. All quite prim and proper, mind you. There is nothing sexual about this.

Jenny, is Judith sober?

Yes.

She appears to have showered and changed clothes. Why is she here with you?

Once she sober up, she not sure she should see Pearl.

I see. And while I understand her reticence at this time, she is going to do that right now. Pearl knows she is here. She knows Judith came to see

her and it is very unfair to Pearl to keep her waiting now or avoid seeing her entirely. Either you bring her to Pearl or I will, right now.

OK. Get up! You are going to see her anyway. No choice! Get up!

*But what I tell her? Judith is wailing at Jenny. Jenny looks at me and I take the girl's chin between my fingers, lift her head up towards mine and tell her, *You tell her the truth for once in your life. Stop lying. Stop hiding. You know how you really feel. Tell her the damned truth. You owe it to her. You owe it to yourself. You are a coward and are afraid of who you are and what you feel. I am not impressed with cowards. Be honest and tell the truth. We all know it anyway. Pearl is just waiting for you to face up to it.**

How you know? What you know?

Jenny take her now. No more stalling.

Five minutes later Jenny is back with me and Judith is in Pearl's room. The two are alone in there, as per Pearl's instructions.

I decide that Karen and Susan will join me as previously planned. I suspect we will not see Judith until the morning. She can't barge into my rooms on the third floor as the doors are always locked at night. Elvie has a key, which is how she gets in, but I am in no risk of Judith walking in on us. Plus there are a number of females on the second floor who will run interference for me if needed.

I am about to call it a night. Susan and Karen have yet to join me and I haven't taken my evening shower. I am alone in my rooms. There is a knock on the door and then Pearl walks in. She is pulling Judith behind her.

Sir, I am asking permission for Judith to spend the night here, ... with me.

I need more information. Why are you asking? She has her own bed and a motorcycle that can take her there. Please explain why I should allow this.

Sir I think Judith needs to tell you why. I can, but that is too easy for me. She needs to be the one to say it or maybe she should not stay. And if she lies to you, I will send her home.

OK. Pearl that makes sense to me. So Judith tell me why I should allow you to stay.

Judith is looking down at the floor and saying nothing. Pearl literally kicks Judith, slaps her and tells her in a voice I have not heard from Pearl before, to *'tell Ron!'*

Sir Ron, I have need to be with a girl.

What sort of need Judith?

Su...su...sexual Sir. Sexual need. I sorry Sir. You will call the police now! I sorry! I sorry! And she starts bawling.

Shut up! And she does! What do you know! OK, Judith, is the need for Pearl alone or is it more general a need for girls?

Sir Pearl for now, but you are right, it not only Pearl.

You want to lick Pearl's cunt?

Her head is hanging down and I can't tell if she is saying, 'yes.'

Look at me and answer. Do you want to lick her cunt?

She screams, *Yes!* and the sobbing starts.

Well do it! She is right next to you. Get down on your knees and do it.

Pearl pushes her to the floor, opens and drops the shorts she is wearing, spreads her own legs, and pushes Judith's face into her cunt. *Eat me, bitch!*

Judith does as told. Pearl is grinding her pelvis into Judith's mouth and I ask my girl, *Pearl, you are a virgin now, correct?*

Yes Sir. Pearl's hands are on the back of Judith's head.

Don't let her take that from you. Do you understand me?

Yes, Sir!

Pull her up and take her to your room. Make her beg for mercy. Have Judith call in sick tomorrow. You are out sick tomorrow too. And Pearl, I am sending Jenny to you, two hours from now. You understand? You have two days to teach this one how to act.

Pearl smiles. She knows exactly why I am doing this. Judith is panicking. Judith, you will obey Pearl. If I hear you have failed, you will be punished. Take her away from me Pearl... and Pearl?

Yes?

Take her virginity. I am sure she still has it.

No Sir, that is for you to take. And she pulls Judith out of the bedroom. I locate Jenny and fill her in. All done, now... I need my time with Karen and Susan.

*They are waiting on the bed when I exit the shower. Sisters and my lovers. Karen is smiling in a silly way. She cocks her head to one side and asks, *Weird day today?**

Yeh, you can say that.

Jenny tell us what is happening with Judith. What we do with her? She not for us, right?

I am not sure what we do. But I don't see her staying here.

Ron, we needed more than just the four of us, but maybe we do wrong. This seems out of control.

Judith is a complication and I never needed five new females in my life. But regret doesn't get us anywhere. We are ten including me. I don't need or want Judith. Judith fantasized about Pearl. She needs to get that out of her system. Pearl needs to get it out of her system too. But Judith's

desires are more generalized than Pearl. That is good news for us. She needs to pursue her desires, away from us.

Judith want us girls too?

Maybe, but we will push to find out who she wants at the school of those who are not here. I suspect that we can redirect her away from us. So k'Ren, your sister tells me you are about to become an aunt.

Yes, a little boy! We will call him Ron-Ren!

Not Ron-Ron?

No! Ron for you and Ren for me!

That has me laughing. It feels good. It feels good to laugh. It feels good to be here with these two. If we don't have any sex I just don't care. I just want to be with them. Just like my breakfasts with Elvie, these two have my heart and that is not a sexual thing. It is a love thing.

But soon enough, I am lying back with my head on a pillow. My lips are dancing to Susan's tongue. My cock is deep inside Karen's hot and juicy cunt. I pull my head back and ask Susan to please get a condom from the nightstand and get it on me.

Susan is saying, *No, we both want to be pregnant at the same time.* That is simply not smart. I say as much. Susan whispers, *k'Ren will leave school, it's OK, it's safe. No problem.*

No problem? Oh bullshit. I don't care what I have read. There will be complications. I am still inside Karen and Susan's lips and tongue have me going, but not going enough that I will cum. My fear of a pregnant Karen is enough to keep a damper on all of it for now.

I reach up behind Susan and find Karen's right tit. I roll the nipple in my finger. Her cunt spasms. Oh Jesus. What did I just do? Karen slams her cunt down on my cock and spasms again. Her cunt muscles are doing a line dance up and down my cock. And then, shit, I cum inside her very unprotected cunt.

*Chapter 19: Be careful what you wish for,
you might get it.*

Spending the night physically between Susan and Karen, is something I could do every night of my life. Sure I love the others, but the others are really here only because I am with these two. Jenny and Elvie may be the palace guard but these are the jewels of the palace.

On a floor below are eight other females with other needs. One of them is experiencing things tonight that have been rattling around in her head for a few years. This is not my issue. I do not want it to become my issue. How it resolves, is beyond me. What is clear is that I am not part of it. Pearl may want me to take Judith's cherry. I do not.

Susan cuddles tightly. She whispers over and over, *We are having a baby! We are having a baby!* And then I must have drifted off because it is half-light outside and Karen is sucking me off. I think she is trying to get me hard. If that is her intention, she is achieving her goal. She pulls her mouth off me and gives me a hand job as I get ready to unload. She has me close to cumming. Too close because she has swiftly mounted me just in time to receive the package via unprotected sex. Is there no stopping a girl who wants to get pregnant?

She gives me a peck on the cheek and gets out of bed, throws on a robe and giggles saying, *Got to go. School today!* To which I respond, *Who cares if it is your plan to get pregnant and leave school?*

That actually stops her. She looks at me and nods. *OK we talk about that tonight. Maybe it is time to quit school.* And then she is gone.

You heard that, right?

Yes.

Well, do you really want your sister to quit school?

I think yes. But OK I think more later. Now I want to sleep more.

An hour later Susan is up and gone and I am exiting the shower. Breakfast is on the table and my breakfast companion is sitting, sipping on her coffee.

Good morning Elvie. Any news from Pearl's room?

None except for the screaming that go on all night. What they do in there?

I have no idea. Please ask Ros to call the school and tell them that Pearl has some cramping and won't be there today.

OK. More driving lessons today?

Yes and at the same times. I will try to install a faucet before ten this morning. Elvie, k'Ren wants to get pregnant and Susan is taking her side. I would like your help in stopping this. k'Ren needs to stay in school and I don't want her pregnant this soon.

Nothing I can do about this. But maybe I have an idea. We will see. I will talk to Emelyn and Ros. Maybe they will help.

Who tonight? I think not Pearl, di ba?

You are correct. You tonight.

Good choice!

Uh-huh.

Ron we need to hire a painter.

I heard you yesterday. I know.

Jenny has a cousin who can do this. We call him?

We call him and get a price. No promises.

Good. Also we need to go to town. We have no food!

Well if we do, then we have to change the driving lessons. One hour each. Ten and eleven. We will go to town after lunch. Do we have enough food for lunch?

Yes. That work.

There is knocking on the door but no one is coming in. Elvie gets up and opens it. Judith is standing there, quite unaccompanied.

Ros said Elvie brings you breakfast and talks over the tasks of the day each morning and that is where you both would be. Is it acceptable if I enter?

Yeh, come in Judith. What do you need?

Sir I need many things. I know I am interrupting and am sorry. But might I have a few moments of your time when you are finished with the morning business?

I look at Elvie. *I think we are done Sir. I will take my meal and go.*

No Elvie, please stay and eat with me. Anything Judith has to say to me can be heard by you. Take a seat Judith. I am at your disposal.

Sir you up here alone. I can see that. The women all sleep below. Elvie is truly your person in charge of the house. I can see that now. I also know and believe from what everyone say, you deeply love k'Ren and Susan. But it also clear they have a bedroom downstairs. I just now see Susan come out of her bedroom dressed. So this is true. You not have sex with them but you not complain that I have sex with Pearl or with Jenny. You not concerned that girls have sex with women here. This confuses me. Why this Sir?

We all know you want sex with girls. We know this for days. I know that Pearl wants sex with you, because the other girls told me what Pearl said to you on Friday. I spoke with Pearl after that. She wanted to know if I was angry with her. I was not. If this was in her heart, then to repress it is dangerous. You should know this better than anyone here. I also know that Jenny likes sex with girls and women. Jenny is here for many

reasons. Not one of them is because I fell in love with her and wanted her as a wife. She is an important part of this house, and I do not care that she wants sex with women. As to the rest of the girls, you didn't have sex with them and you may not try. Do I make that clear?

Yes, sorry I should not have assumed it was sex between all the girls.

But it is true that you want sex with other girls, is it not?

Yes. Sir you know my secret, but you are not calling the police. So am I safe with you?

Yeh, you are safe so long as you do as I say and always tell me the real truth.

Yes Sir. I will do this.

Are you desiring only young girls, or women too?

Sir?

Come on. You understood the question.

Young girls, Sir.

How young?

Thirteen, fourteen.

Are you still a virgin?

Yes, are you going to take that?

No. I am not.

You not like girls, Sir? Damn it, Elvie laughs and almost chokes on her spoonful.

I like girls, women. But I am not going to fuck you for two reasons. First is, I do not love you. The second is that you don't want sex with men. So I do not see the point in taking your virginity. So you want other young

teens, and you are around them all day long, but cannot really touch them for fear of the police. Is that correct?

Yes, Sir.

You are a licensed Social Worker?

Yes, are you going to report me?

No. I will not. Now stop the fear crap and just answer the questions, or leave if you wish, or ask me another question if you have one.

No I have no other questions. Please ask yours. I didn't think she had any questions, as I have taken the other girls off the table.

Is the Social Worker license, a general one, or just for the school?

It is a general one.

Are you permitted to operate an orphanage?

Sir?

I have seen two orphanages around here. Is a Social Worker allowed to run one, or is that a different license?

I am permitted.

So why don't you do that Judith? It would give you the type of access to girls that you want and there are no parents for the girls to confide in at night. You can conduct deep psychological exams of the girls to determine which ones you can have and leave the others alone.

Sir how I afford such a thing?

Find a church here that needs to be saving girls' souls. Offer to run the place for room and board, until you can get the place up and running. They can collect the funds for the orphanage and take the credit. You just want to help kids. The orphanage will specialize in girls only as then you don't have to build duplicate facilities and you don't need any male staff

members. You start small and turn one or two of your first group of girls into your assistants who know all and will tell no one. It is perfect for you and most of the kids in the orphanage get exactly what they should. A good, safe and caring place to grow up.

How I find such a church?

Look for the ones that are just starting to build a real building and are still holding services in a nipa hut. They have no formal mission yet. Give them one.

Sir, how you know so much?

I read books. Sometimes you get ideas from reading.

May I come back if I have more questions?

Yes.

Thank you. Thank you for everything. Sir I know you not having sex with the girls here. But I think they want you to have sex with them. If you did, I would understand it, just like you understand me.

Thank you for your words, but I am happy with how things are here now. Good luck with your future efforts.

Thank you so much! May I go now?

Yes, that is fine. You may go.

Elvie wants to say something in the worst way but I signal her to keep her mouth shut until I hear the 125 start up. ... OK, speak.

OMG! OMG! OMG! What you do! You convince her that you not have any sex? How you do that? OMG! And then you explain to her how she can have all the young girls she want for life and never come back to us for sex? OMG! How you think of that?

You see that orphanage on the other side of town? The one with the sign, Tree of Life Orphanage?

Yes. So?

Well I look; all those kids are girls. The counselors I see are all men, with one exception. I start thinking about how that is. And then it comes to me. That is the perfect way to develop a sex home. If that is what you want, and if you are a Filipino, it can be done. So here we have a licensed Social Worker who is known to be very prim and proper. No sex at all in her life. If they gave her a physical – and I doubt they would – she is still a virgin. She's the perfect person the authorities are looking for. It's a great fit.

Sir, you know she thinks you have 'saved' all the girls here. And she is still working at the school.

OK and?

She owes 'Ron the Saint' her trust but she is also still concerned with protecting families in need. She might see you as a very safe resource. See?

Oh. Shit. I had not thought of that. Well we can always hope that doesn't happen. OK anything else?

No. I'll tell Ros and Emelyn about the lessons and get the shopping list ready. You install a faucet. And I get a kiss before she loads the tray with the empty dishes and departs.

I am wet, dirty and have a wrench in my hands when Pearl squats down by my side as I lie on my back, looking up at plumbing.

She will not come back to me for sex. You know that?

Yeh, I figured it was a one-time only. You OK with that?

Yes. She is too – how you say it – she needs too much?

Too needy?

Yes! Too needy.

She wants committed love, but we know each other too well. She knows I will not give her that. I was, I think you say, something she needed to do once?

You were an itch she needed to scratch. Now no more.

Yes, exactly. And Jenny teach her a lot she not know. She know Jenny is my lover, I do not need her.

So she was an itch you needed to scratch too.

Hehe, yes. This true.

You don't need it any more.

Correct.

Good.

Ron, thank you.

You are my girl... or does that bother you?

No. It what I want. I want to be yours. I have Jenny when I need that too, but I yours. Mom is yours too. She tell me that.

How does that make you feel?

Safe. Good. Home. This now our real home. We are very lucky we yours.

You will be luckier if this faucet doesn't leak or spray when I turn the water on. Here we go! It holds. Now that the faucet is fixed I need another shower before the driving lessons.

The lessons go OK and lunch is a nice plate of a scrambled egg with a vegetable over rice with lots of garlic. It works for me.

Jenny, Elvie and I drive into town for the shopping trip. We are at the supermarket close to three hours before we are through the checkout aisle and have the bags in the van. We drive over to the school and pick up three girls before driving home.

Because there is no time for Elvie to cook once we get home, we stop for some pork and chicken barbeque at a stall on the road. We also purchase three plastic bags filled with a broth type of soup from another stall. That plus the rice which is being prepared now, back at the house by Ros, will be the supper. The BBQ will be dipped in a sauce of soy sauce and calamansi. That writer spells it with a 'k' but around here you see it spelled with a 'c'.

The BBQ pork are little pieces of marinated pork that are on a bamboo skewer and cooked over a low flame. The meat cooks but the skewers do not burn. The chicken pieces are marinated legs and thighs in one large hunk, skewered and grilled as one piece. It will also be dunked in the sauce we will put on the table.

Karen is unusually quiet as we drive on, and Joriz, who simply doesn't go for discretion asks her, what's the deal, why so quiet?

I was just trying to see if I can understand how Ron thinks.

What that mean? I am listening to all this, as is Jenny and Elvie. Karen knows we are listening of course, even though it is Joriz who is doing the interrogation.

Mom and me with him last night, instead of Pearl because of Judith. But with what happened last night, I don't think he be with her tonight either. So who he with? I am trying to see if I can figure out how his mind works. I don't think it Jenny for the same reason that it not Pearl. Maybe Mom and me, but I do not think this correct. So I guess it you Elvie. Elvie, he told you yet? He tell you at breakfast when you ask him? Yes he must have! Right?

Elvie looks at me and smiles. *She knows you too well, Ronald. There no hiding from this one.*

There isn't any hiding, but she does not know Elvie as well. And today Elvie has been engineering a pushback on Karen's desire, with Susan's support, for early pregnancy. It is a cabal between Ros and Emelyn, with the active support that Jenny offers. If Karen gets pregnant, there will be

pressure on the other three fourteen year olds. The moms are opposed to that. They want their girls in school and it risks bringing us too much attention. Susan has been getting hammered all day on the matter and other girls will get the message from their respective mothers to push Karen, to knock it off.

In truth, I have nothing to do with this other than to mention the problem to Elvie. I was busy with faucets and driving lessons. Karen needs to remember that Elvie is a real power in the house. I gave her the power with good cause. Her real need is to make sure we are stable. That is the only way she is safe. She knows it and while Karen may have her dreams, if Elvie needs it quashed, it will be quashed.

That writer I have been mentioning doesn't seem to get that sometimes you need a balance of power and opposing forces among the girls, but it seems to me, without it, things go off the rails too quickly.

The quiet in the van is now broken by Joriz. *Ron, Judith come back to work today. I see her this afternoon. She nice to me but no touching. She say that you told her to do that. She correct?*

Huh, maybe she thinks that. I told her no sex with you girls. Maybe she doesn't know the difference between sex and touching.

So the plan for her is over now?

Yes, just ignore her unless it is a school matter.

OK.

When we get to the house, the plates are set and small relatively flat plates (like saucers for coffee cups or small cake plates) holding the sauce are strategically placed on the table. Empty glasses are also set out. The rice is still in the cooker but is ready to be ladled out into two large serving bowls. All those who were with me are carrying in bags from the van and putting things that need refrigeration away. The rest will wait until after the meal.

The talk at the table is easy and filled with laughter and loud voices. The doings of Pearl and Jenny with Judith are of prime interest. Joriz mentions what Judith said and what I said later about it to Pearl. Pearl seems to think about this for a bit. She takes a bite of her chicken, looks at Jenny, takes another bite, and then a drink of water, before concluding that, yes, for Judith, all touch is sexual. She is both afraid of touch and needing it all the time. Pearl thinks that it is what has Judith so confused and frightened. For Judith, there is no such thing as safe touch.

I had not considered that. My comment to Joriz was an offhand, ‘Judith is confused about touch,’ sort of thing. But Pearl may be right. All touch may mean sex to Judith. Wow. That is potentially mind blowing. If she is in an orphanage with children who really need safe hugs, how is that going to work?

Chapter 20: The Calm.

After supper I retire to my rooms upstairs. I say rooms because there is the big bedroom with not only a bed and end tables, plus the small table with four chairs, plus two easy chairs, plus the bench at the end of the bed, but there is a walk-in closet that doubles as a dressing room with its own mirror that provides access to a full European/American bathroom. On top of that there is a sliding glass door that opens to a wrap-around balcony. I haven't made much use of the balcony, but maybe I should. There is a nice breeze tonight.

Still the easy chair looks inviting and I settle down with my netbook to read some news sites. Karen has told me that I can download movies and watch them on this thing. I'm not sure how to do it, but she has promised to show me.

I am not expecting to see Elvie for at least another hour or maybe two. It's only seven now. The sun has been down for an hour and though it is pitch dark outside, the evening is young. For Elvie, that means washing the kitchen completely clean. Nothing, and I do mean nothing, is allowed to be missed. An army sergeant is not as strict as is Elvie.

With all the activity of the day, a few hours catching up on events seems like just the thing to end the day. However, nothing, it would seem, is going to be easy this week. There is a very firm knock on the door and then it opens to admit one very pissed off pair of sisters.

They aren't saying a damned word. They are just standing there and staring at me.

What?

What you mean 'what?' You know what!

No Susan, I do not. So tell me.

Why you tell the others to fight with us?

Who told you I did that?

You did!

No I didn't. Now who told you that I did?

Silence. I wait. Nothing.

Once again, Susan, who told you I did that?

They not say you do it. But you must because you the only one who know!

Knows what?

That k'Ren try to get pregnant!

Oh. Actually I told Elvie this morning. It was bothering me. I asked her opinion. We agreed that it was out of my control. There was nothing I could do to convince you to not do it. So, no, I am not the only one who knows. Maybe Elvie shared my unhappiness about this with the others. I don't know. However I didn't. I certainly didn't ask that anyone fight with you. What are they fighting about? It's your decision. It doesn't affect them.

OK, I know I am lying about not knowing what Elvie has done, but there are times... However I put her in the position of telling me I am correct, and lying herself, or telling me how it does affect them which shoots down her argument completely. She damn well knows it will affect everyone in the house. That she hadn't considered that before is a testament to the fact that she is twenty and not thirty-five. Now, she knows I know how it will affect them all. No words pass, but the understanding is there.

Susan plops down on the other easy chair, leaving Karen standing. *How you think I can tell my sister she can't do this? She hate me if I say 'no.'*

It is part of being the Ate that you have to say that sort of thing from time to time. Is this one of those times? Do you understand why others are upset?

Karen has tears cascading down her cheeks. Susan's head is hanging low. Very quietly, Susan answers, *Yes*, gets up takes Karen's hand and exits the bedroom.

I have not made Elvie the heavy. I have made it clear that there was a way that all found out. I have not set anyone up for a reprisal. I have, hopefully – so long as I didn't already plant a seed – stopped something bad from happening.

I just sit and think about what has happened to my life this last couple of months. Three full months ago I was in the States. I could kick back in my Barcalounger, with a Bud and watch The Ohio State Buckeyes play the Fighting Illini. I could run down to the Home Depot and pick up a tube of white bath and tub silicone sealant. Hell I could pick up a small packet of molly bolts from the hardware aisle, and a nice T-bone from the meat case in my local Kroger supermarket. That was my life before. All that is gone now.

I tried to find tub and tile white sealant here. They have clear but not white! OK so I guess the San Miguel is better than Bud. But lady college volleyball? Really? There just isn't a damn piece of good beef to be found in this country. Nowhere, no how. And molly bolts, they don't know from Adam. Yeh, they've got potatoes, but not the big ass Idaho spuds I like. There ain't no sour cream here and there ain't no buttermilk. Even the butter tastes different.

So what I had is gone, but I lived alone. Girlfriends were, well, not easy to find, and not what I wanted when I found one. All I knew was work and that was ending. I was damned tired of shoveling snow, and the icy roads with salt were no better. And the T-bone? Well how much longer did I think I would be able to afford them? The prices on beef were going sky high and my income was going to be headed downward.

Now I am living in a fucking mansion, like a fucking king. I have more damned beautiful fuckable females here, than there were those mostly ugly checkers at the Kroger's, at any one time. The weather is warm but good. The roads are shit, but there is no ice or snow. The fruits and

vegetables are great, the pork is good, the chicken actually tastes better, the bakeries are great, and so, hell, sure as hell my life has been turned upside down, but it ain't as much complaining as it is reality shock. It's how the fuck did this happen this fast?

I pick up the netbook again and return to the so called news of the day. It is boring. I check my email. There are three from folks in the States wanting to know how I am. Elvie helped me learn to get the photos off my phone and onto the netbook. I have a few snaps of the house. I email back, showing them where I am living now. I send a snap of all the girls to an old buddy. Let the fucker cream his pants.

There is an email from one of my kids. I assure her that all is well. I am sure as hell not going to tell her I am plowing girls as young as her daughter. I do send her a snap of the house. Much of my life here, she just doesn't need to know about. It is eight in the evening here now. It is seven in the morning where she is living outside Rochester, NY. She must be up and on her computer because I get a new email from her a few minutes later with a current snap of her family.

Elvie has walked in and we chat a bit. She wants to know who that is in the photo, so I explain about my daughter, Sarah, her husband, Frank, and their three kids, the two girls, Melissa and Aubrey, and the boy Steven. She is studying them. I decide I will go to the can and take my shower.

Elvie is in bed when I reenter the bedroom, but wearing panties. It's a clear message that there is a panty-liner underneath and that she is having her period. That she didn't warn me off is a token of how much she just wants to be with me. I don't need to fuck every day. She knows it and I do too.

I get in with her and remember how I told her she was not what I was looking to have and hold here, but that she could stay as long as she 'belonged to me.' Well she does belong to me and she will never leave, just as we agreed. But now I find I love her. More than anyone else here on a daily basis, she is the glue that makes my life work.

I decide I want to suck on her tits for a while, but Elvie wants to give me head, telling me I need to relax. This is her day to take care of me. Elvie is not an accomplished master in the art of fellatio. She is OK, but no one has ever taught her any technique. Still it is enjoyable and if I am not climbing the walls with passion, I am enjoying the experience.

She is aware that I am not getting off and starts combining a hand job with the oral administrations. That is having an effect on me. She increases the pace and I am beginning to feel the pressure build. She starts humming cock and she strokes me and I do lose it in her mouth.

Elvie is smiling. *Too bad your daughter can't see you now!*

Ha, you are evil! What daughter wants to see her dad having sex with a girl who is as young as her daughter?

She would be proud that you are so macho⁴²!

I don't think so!

It is still early but Elvie's breasts are sore. She says they get that way during her period. We spend the next hour just talking about the house and what needs to be done. She wants to start some landscaping. Ros wants to do this too and they are making plans.

She tells me Emelyn thinks that the kitchen is old style and needs to get re-imagined. Exactly what that means I have no idea, but it has something to do with something she saw on a TV program called Rated-K about a celebrity's kitchen.

Elvie is convinced that Susan is ready for lessons on the 220. Would I please move up the schedule on that?

We talk about the painting of the house. Jenny's cousin is coming tomorrow to discuss it. What colors would I like inside the house? When I tell her white paint she thinks I am kidding. No, I tell her I like white

⁴² - From the Spanish and does still mean 'manly'.

walls. Ok, it's my house she announces, but I am weird. What about the outside? White? Really? Now she is convinced that I am beyond weird.

Eventually the talking ends and sleep between two who have become friends comes gently, quietly and with the assurance of safety.

The morning brings a surprise. Elvie is sleeping in and I am up first. When I return to the bedroom, showered and dressed, Elvie is still in bed, but breakfast for three is on the table and there sits Ros.

Good morning!

Good morning, Ron.

I sit down at the table and Elvie goes into the bathroom. *Your Elvie makes sure you are cared for correctly.* That is being said as a tumbler is filled with fresh buko juice. There are scrambled eggs, hotdogs on a plate plus a bowl of rice for breakfast. There is also a thermal pot containing hot water as there are Nescafe packets on the tray. *Ron, Susan better now?*

I think so.

Good. What she and k'Ren going to do, that dangerous. We tell her not do it.

Yes she told me. You did the right thing.

Thank you. We tell our girls, not be stupid like that.

Good.

We do more driving today? Yes?

Yeh, more today.

Good. What color we paint the house. Maybe yellow?

No, it will be white.

What? White? Why that? Why just white? You not like yellow?

Yellow is a nice color but I like white.

Bahala ka!⁴³ This white, it is for inside or outside? Which.

Both!

Buang ka⁴⁴!

And that means?

Nothing.

No Ros, what does it mean.

Nothing, ignore.

I finish my breakfast in quiet. I have obviously ticked Ros off. Either that or she doesn't know what to say.

I am sitting there, but Ros can't clear the table, as Elvie has yet to eat. Elvie does emerge with a towel around her head, a robe on and a smile on her face.

Elvie, what does buang ka mean?

Who say that!?

Never mind, what does it mean?

It means you crazy. Buang is crazy. Ka is you.

I gather that Ros is terrified now. I start laughing. Elvie has no clue. I look at Ros, *Yeh, I may be crazy, but I want it white. OK?*

Yes. Yes, OK. And I swear, she runs out of the room as if she is snake bit.

⁴³ - Whatever you want! (Said in exasperation as in, 'there is not accounting for your stupid taste.')

⁴⁴ - You are crazy.

Elvie has now figured it out and is laughing too. *I will tell her it is OK that she say that. You not mad at her. You are buang about this but it OK. Better to be buang about color and not about other things.*

Elvie finishes her breakfast and cleans up, leaving me two packets for coffee, the thermal carafe and a coffee mug.

My netbook is still open from last night. There are five new emails waiting for me. The first I open is from the guy I sent a snap of me and the girls. We got all of us in it, because I set the timer of the Canon and ran back to get in the shot. Anyway the guy is claiming that this must be a set up. I am full of bullshit that these are my girls.

I email back,

Think what you wish. They all live with me and I am the only swinging dick on this property. Here's a second photo. Maybe you will like this one better. Don't ask about their ages, cause it ain't any part of your business.

This photo is one that has Karen and Pearl kissing my cheeks and the girls all showing some skin! I send it without anything else to say.

The guys I sent the snap of the house to, also can't believe it. One tells me there is no way I could afford a place like this. All three tell me I am full of shit. Each one gets the same answer.

Here's the address. Come visit and see for yourself. But leave your wife at home 'cause she ain't goin'a want to see the number of girls I got here. And by the way here's a snap of my girls. Don't ask about their ages, cause it ain't any part of your business.

Fuck'em. I send them the same wild photo.

The next two are from my daughter. I didn't answer her last email last night. I open the one sent first.

Dad, who is Elvie? Why does she have access to your computer? Who are all these people in the photo with you?

Shit Elvie emailed Sarah! What the fuck did she send? I open up the second email.

Dad,

I am really confused. I saw the email on my iPhone and really couldn't see the photo very well. I also didn't see the rest of the message. Dad, this Elvie says you are a very special man and these women and girls are very lucky to be yours now. What does this mean?

Please Dad, I am worried. Are you OK?

I had better answer before Sarah calls out the Marines.

Sarah,

Yes, Elvie lives here and is my housekeeper. She was in my room last night to remove my dinner tray while I was in another room taking a shower before bed. I am very sorry she emailed you. She certainly should not have done that, even if she is happy to be here. I guess she just wanted to tell you that I am being well taken care of and that you don't have to worry.

One of the women in the photo is my girlfriend. I am sure you would like her, but I am too old to marry, so don't worry about that.

Three other women here also assist her. These women have children and they live with their mothers.

All is OK and they really do treat me like a king. My food is well prepared, the house is spotless, and my laundry is taken care of. I am really OK.

Don't worry.

And I send it. It is six in the afternoon there. I check my sent box and sure as shit there is the email Elvie sent. I open it up. It doesn't have the photo that I sent to the first guy the first time. That one was pretty tame. She sent the one that isn't tame.

Chapter 21: The Storm seen from a distance

Maybe I was pissed off. It sure wasn't smart what I did, sending the photos to those guys. Shit. Well I hope I survive this.

Five minutes later my email comes alive. The guys are emailing. One after another.

Ron,

Look man. I don't know what to say. Hey good for you if you can afford a place like that and all those damned girls. If they are really there, and if you say they are, then OK, they are, well there is no way I am going to say to my wife, Hey babe I'm going to fly half way around the globe to see Ron and you are not invited.

So best wishes to you.

Bill.

I open up the next.

Ron,

You fucking pedophile! You have better never set foot in my house or I'll cut your nuts off and feed them to the dog.

Well that one was succinct. I open up the next.

Ron,

I am not sure I know how to say this without seeming creepy. But Jesus H. Christ, if this is on the level you are the luckiest asshole I know and I am the most envious friend you have. How young are they? Damn!

*Your very best friend,
Harvey*

OK that was better. The last one reads,

OK, I give. You are one lucky bastard.

Good, it could have been far worse. But another email from Sarah has just arrived.

Dad,

Did you see the photo I received? It doesn't match what you are saying. With what I am seeing I am not inclined to pack up the entire family and come visit you. First it would be far too expensive and second I am not sure what I am going to find. Frank can't get away in any case. Steve is tied up and can't just leave mid semester as a college freshman. But Aubrey, Melissa and I are coming. I called the guidance counselor at their high school and explained we have a family emergency on the other side of the world.

I have just booked a flight and we will see you in a couple of days. I gather there is no airport where you are living. I have booked airfare to the nearest island and the lady I spoke with at Philippine Airlines tells me there is a ferry to your island. Here is my itinerary. Please pick us up at the ferry.

Sarah

P.S. I haven't told the rest of the family because I don't know the truth and don't want to cause a problem for everyone if there is no problem. I haven't even told Frank. I am just saying I want to visit you.

P.P.S. I just had a morbid thought. Imagine if Mom had seen the photo instead of me! Damn. We thought the divorce was bad! This would be nuclear bad.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Sarah, at thirty-six is a year older than my oldest girl here. Steven is 18. Aubrey is sixteen and Melissa is fourteen. This is so not good. She will be here tomorrow night. OK I think it is time to come clean. Maybe I can get her to come without her daughters.

Sarah,

Come if you must but leave your girls home. I am going to tell you the complete truth now. I ask you to not share this with anyone. I ask due to the matter of my legal position, as well as shielding your daughters.

Here is the truth. All of it.

Every female from the oldest to the youngest in the photo is my lover and has spent time in my bed. If you want their names and cell numbers, I will give

them to you. However, four of them are Melissa's age, and one is a year older than Aubrey. Another is twenty, and the rest are all thirty-five.

The one who emailed you is also the head housekeeper. She is the seventeen year old and I certainly wish she had not done what she has so obviously done.

The things I said about how I am treated are all true. The fact is they do take care of me and the house. However, it doesn't obscure the fact that they are also my lovers.

They will all be here when you get here. Even the youngest ones, as the older ones are the mothers of the youngest. I simply cannot and will not send them away. I am obligated to them as they are to me. You will meet each and every one of them. But I really don't think your girls should come.

I only ask that you leave your inclination to prejudge at home. Assess my situation only after you meet all of them and understand what is happening here. Life here is not like it is in the States.

Dad

And I send it.

Only two minutes later I get email back.

Poppop,

Mom is downstairs and I will not show this to her until we are on the plane. Aubrey and I are coming and you can't stop us. We are leaving as soon as I send this. I have Mom's cell phone and will turn it off now.

What you wrote is so weird. You have lovers that are my age and if I read this right, their mothers are your lovers too! Poppop. Like this is so weird!

I have to see this! I want to meet these girls.

Melissa.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit!

I want to throw the damned netbook out the window but it will do me no good at this point. I just close it, and walk out the bedroom door. There is some 'splaining to do and getting ready as well.

I guess I should be super angry with Elvie, but for some reason, I am not. She loves me so much and is so proud of me, that she wanted my daughter to know what a great guy I am. In that seventeen year old mind, that was all that was going on.

We live with the choices we make. I chose Elvie and so I own this one.

I get downstairs long after the school girls have left. But that still means there are five here. I see Susan first. She gets a kiss and then a request to gather the others up right away. We need to talk.

Problem?

Yeh, you could say that.

Shit. OK I get them.

Five minutes later they are standing and waiting as Elvie is finally able to stop what she was doing, and she joins us. She has a look on her face like... *oh-oh maybe I screwed up.* I look at her and make a face that pretty much says, *Yeh, you really screwed up.*

I look at these wonderful women and hope that this is not the beginning of the end.

Last night, Elvie sent my daughter Sarah a photo of all of us. It was not a thing she should have done, but she did it out of her love for me and her pride in all of you. ... My daughter did not like what she saw. She is coming here right now. She is already traveling and will be here tomorrow afternoon. She will have been traveling for a day and half to get here. And she is bringing her two daughters, my granddaughters with her. ... I have no idea what to do. But I told her in an email that when she comes, she will meet each of you and your daughters. ... Everyone stays and no one hides. ... At this point lying will not work. However, we don't have to be bad and make her uncomfortable. I am happy to listen to anything that you think will help. Please talk to your daughters. My granddaughters are aged, sixteen and fourteen.

Jenny is staring at Elvie and at the same time asks me, *What she going to do when she get here?*

I don't know.

Ros is thinking out loud. *She know what life like here?*

No.

Why she bringing her daughters?

I don't think she wanted to come alone.

Why her husband not come?

She says he can't because of work.

Elvie stands straight. She is angry. With who exactly it is not clear, but she is stamping her foot and exclaiming, *We show her this right for us! That all! She not right to come here and change this.* And now the tears come. Jenny grabs hold of her and comforts Elvie. The other three approach me. We just hold each other. This sucks. Unfortunately at this moment I see the painter getting off a motorcycle and walking to the gate.

Ros sees him and says, *I go.*

There is a bunch of palavering going on outside. The guy is shaking his head. I ask Susan to find out what's happening. Maybe that helps, maybe not because now it is a three way palaver and it doesn't seem to be getting better plus I still don't know what's going on.

Finally Susan pulls away and returns with the basics. *The guy asks, what colors we want. Ros tells him white. He say, not white, what real final color. Ros tells him white is the final color. The guy is saying who ever decides that must be crazy. White is the primer but not a top coat. Ros is telling him it is white. Then he asks, OK what are the inside wall colors? What are the trim colors? Ros says, everything is white. Now the guy is really angry. He calls Ros stupid, as it is clear she simply does not know.*

She should go back and ask the owner what he wants. She tells him, my owner may be crazy, but he says it is white. So maybe he is crazy, but he is paying, and I do not care what you think. Paint it all white or leave. He says this to Ros alone and then the same he tells me when I come out. He wants to talk to you. He refuses to paint it white.

I go out the front door. He can hear me and see me, but I am a good 15 yards from him. *Go away. I will not hire you.*

I turn around and go back inside. Ros follows. He texts Jenny who is holding Elvie. Elvie texts back. *He wants white. You are stupid to argue. Go.*

He texts back, *OK White.* And Jenny tells me what he is saying. *What you want me tell him?*

Tell him I don't hire stupid people. I don't hire rude people. Give me one good reason why I should consider him now.

Because you are upset about your sister and maybe you make a bad decision?

OK, that one is fair. *OK get a price, but if I have one more problem with him, he is gone. No further payment.*

I get eyebrows. The guy comes in and walks around, taking measurements. There are some questions. Textured ceiling? Flat, semi-gloss or gloss? Those resolved, he will return tomorrow with an estimate.

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Mom, when will we get there?

We arrive Tuesday night I think.

We are going to be traveling for two and a half days? Mom! That's too long! Are we flying the entire time?

Sweetie, the flight time with the layover is only 21 hours. But we are crossing the date line. You learned about that, right?

Nah-uh. What's that?

Huh, OK so it is Sunday night here and it is Monday mid-day where we are going right now. So, between here and there, there is a place where tomorrow begins. The date changes. It's an invisible line that runs from north-pole to the south-pole. If you stand on one side of the line it is say Sunday night and if you step across, it is Monday night. When you fly west and cross the date line you lose a day. When you fly back over the date line the other way you gain a day. So if we fly home on a Sunday at say 10AM, we arrive on Sunday at 8PM. The trip may have taken twenty hours but it is still Sunday when we land.

OK, I'm like totally confused. So we land twenty-one hours after we leave Rochester but you said a day and a half. Why?

Your Poppop lives on an island without an airport. We have to travel from the airport and take a ferry to get to the island where he lives. I have asked him to pick us up there.

What if Poppop doesn't want to see me or Aubrey?

Why wouldn't he want that? He loves the two of you. I am sure he wants to see you.

'Cause he said so.

What do you mean?

He emailed when you were packing downstairs.

Melissa hands me my iPhone. I put it immediately in airplane mode. The message is saved in my inbox. I read and then read Melissa's reply.

I am filled with a basket of emotions. I love my dad. The divorce was ugly but it was more a fact of two people who had grown apart. Both Mom and Dad mean a great deal to me. Dad has always been my rock. He was the solid one I could always depend on to stand up and do the right thing, even when it was hard. He didn't care what anyone else thought. If he thought his girl needed something from him, I got it. OK

maybe he wasn't the most socially enlightened guy, but he never told me to stay home and have babies. He paid for my education right through the Master's Degree even though he barely made it far enough to get a B.A.

Dad never touched me in a way that was wrong. Never went out on Mom. There was no cheating. He had no girlfriends during the marriage. And afterward, though I am sure he dated, I never heard of any problems. But in the letter he is saying he is having sex with four fourteen year old girls, a seventeen year one and a twenty year old, plus three women just a year younger than I am now. What am I to make of that? What has Dad become?

I guess it would be one thing to wrap my head around it if he had one girlfriend my age. But nine? And fourteen years old. That is statutory rape times five if you count the seventeen year old and you should.

He was right to tell me to leave the girls home, but it is too late now. Too late to turn around.

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I haven't seen Sarah since two Christmases ago. The kids were fifteen and thirteen then. A little more than fourteen months have passed and fourteen months mean a great deal to girls such as Melissa. I am sure she has changed a great deal. The mental development, the body changes... you name it. They transform into women from the girls they were. And just like my Karen, they can be headstrong but brilliant at times, and headstrong and incredibly stupid in other ways. For my girls, if the Moms, or the older sister, were not with them, I would not go near them. It would be like juggling glass flasks filled with strong acid.

I have no idea what Melissa is like now. I have a little better idea what Aubrey is like, though no clue as to how she will react to all this.

There is nothing to do about it now. But there are faucets to install and some electrical outlets. Maybe I just need to keep busy. I decide to call off the lessons for the day and probably until Sarah and the kids leave. I am too distracted to do a good job. I also think we need to delay the

painting of the house for now. This is not the time for additional disruptions.

Tonight, however I need Pearl and Jenny with me. If I don't have them now, it will be a long time before I can again. Better to take care of this.

Everyone is somber, tiptoeing for fear of an explosion that might come from me. I don't think one is coming, at least not now and not from me. But they are scared and that I understand.

I have installed the faucets and the outlets. I have informed them of the matters involving the lessons. I will leave to pick up the girls in a few minutes. Susan and Jenny will come with me.

We approach the school and find parking. It is always congested with tricycles, motorcycles and autos. We are waiting for our girls to emerge. Someone taps on my side window. It is Judith. I roll the window down.

Good afternoon.

And to you Sir Ron. Sir I have a very big favor to ask. I understand that you may say no, but please try to say yes. Sir you know I am still a virgin, di ba?

Yeh. And?

I am scared of men and what they do. I hope that I not offend you when I say that.

OK, and what is this favor?

Sir, I want you to remove it.

Say again? You want what?

I want you to make me not a virgin any more.

If you don't want sex, use the back of a hairbrush. From the back Jenny says, Use eggplant, Judith. It like a penis.

Evidently I missed something because the answer is not accepted. *No Sir, I want sex with you. I need to know how it feel. I be safe with you.*

Well I guess I should be flattered. But I am not safe, and this is not a good time. My daughter is coming to visit tomorrow and I am busy tonight. So even if I were to be willing to say yes, I can't.

You have time tomorrow morning? I could come out then.

Judith, do you have any idea how crazy this sounds?

Yes, I think I do.

Why don't you just find a nice boy? I am sure there are many who would be happy to assist.

But Sir, then they would want me to be their girlfriend. I not want that.

I see. Why do you think I am safe?

It obvious. All your girls are safe.

I am amazed that Susan and Jenny haven't broken out in fits of laughter. *OK, come out at ten in the morning.*

Yes Sir, thank you Sir.

As I roll up the window all I can say is, *Jesus! What the fuck was that about?* And now the laughter starts.

Chapter 22: The Storm

Pearl is a special girl. It's a simple thing to say because it is simply true. There is nothing wrong in observing it. Pearl knows it. We all know it. She is different. It is not that she is wrapped wrong. It's just that she is wrapped in a different way.

She likes to play at being a dominatrix with other girls, even though she doesn't know what a dominatrix is. She likes sex with girls probably as much if not more than sex with me, but, she wants sex with me too. She isn't faking it. I have given her a chance to opt out of being with me and staying here if it is really only about girls for her. It isn't. Based on everything she has told me she is bisexual. She likes sex and really doesn't care about the sex of her partner with the exception that she only plays the dominatrix with girls.

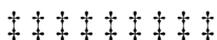
So if you are a little confused by that, join the group. Pearl is a lot like Joriz to the extent that there is little filtering between what she is thinking and saying. What you hear from her is what she really means.

She is taller than the others. I would say she is lanky but not awkward. She knows she will be with me tonight. She teases Jenny all through supper to be careful and not eat too much. She doesn't want to feel bloated at the wrong time!

Pearl has the entire table rolling in laughter, even with the somber crap hanging over our heads.

After dinner, Pearl requests to spend time with me – alone – in my rooms. She informs me she would like to talk.

We walk up the stairs and into the bedroom. It is already almost eight. Jenny will join us at nine.



We flew first to Toronto and then got on a plane direct to the Philippines. I gather we will go through Immigration in Manila and board another plane to Iloilo. It has been ten hours already and we are not half way there yet. I am feeling stressed out.

When we got to Toronto I sent Dad an email but didn't get an answer before the next flight boarded. I guess I am not surprised. There are times he doesn't check his email for days. He is definitely old school. I think he still writes letters, and uses stamps.

I wish to God I knew what has happened.

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Pearl folds herself into one of the two easy chairs. She looks both comfortable and determined. I am intrigued and curious about what is coming when she opens her mouth.

We are all different, right? I mean, there no absolute right way and absolute wrong way? Correct?

Depends I guess. If you have a need to kill people to relax and sleep at night, well then, that would probably be absolutely wrong.

OK, OK, sure. I not mean that. I mean about love and sex and belonging and needing and I not sure really.

Sure, there is no right or wrong. It is more a matter of fit. It is a matter of does what one wants, fit with what the other wants or needs.

Good, that is what I think. So I know I am not like the others here. They love you and want your love. They like sex and will do it any way you want. No problem. Maybe some need more than want, I not know. But it pretty simple for them I think.

And for you?

You see a dog follow a person, right? That dog loves that person. Maybe the person not loves the dog, but is just happy it follows, OK?

Yeh, OK.

Well maybe I am your dog. I am going to follow you. You know it, I know it. And it is good and right in my head. I just need to belong to you to be happy in that way.

But?

OK, yes, but, I also need a dog. Weird I know, but I need a lady who is my dog. She just want to be close to me. That make sense? You understand?

I think I do. So your dog. Do I know the dog is there?

Right, that is the problem. You have to know, but you maybe shouldn't know because it is my dog, not yours. You see?

Huh, I think so. Maybe we are confusing two things.

I not understand what you mean.

Maybe I see the person but not the things that make her your dog. Maybe that is hidden from me. She could seem normal for me and your dog in a hidden way. In a way you exhibit control on her that I never see. She's your dog.

Would that be cheating on you?

No, I don't think so. You are my dog and you want to protect me, right?

Yes!

So you would never allow your dog to hurt me, right!

Yes! Exactly! Wow, Yes. You OK with this?

I think so.

You not think I am unloyal?

It's 'disloyal,' the word I mean, and no I do not. ... Pearl you may have someone in mind. I do not want to know who it is. I do want to warn you about two things. It may be hard to find a girl in our group who is willing to be your dog and I am not going to expand our group. That may cause a problem for you. I can't fix it.

I understand, but at least you know the truth about me. Can we talk about Judith now?

OK, what about her?

Well, of course she is coming tomorrow to lose her virginity. So we should talk about that!

OK, why?

She will fall in love with you. That why. She never let a guy touch her because she is afraid that guys will be bad and do bad things. You are not interested in her in that way, so she is not afraid, right?

OK, and?

I am not sure but maybe I know better when you take my virginity tonight. But the others tell me it changes you. If that true, you are the safe guy who change her. But boom ... I think she will fall in love.

She prefers girls, Pearl.

No! She is not afraid of the power of girls and she needs sex and closeness. I think she will love you.

Why are you so sure of this?

When Jenny and me do her, I think we both learn this about her.

Your recommendation?

None that work. I not know.

Do you mind if I hope you are wrong?

Hehe. I hope this too. Judith is a problem.

Here's a question for you. What if the only way to be near me was to be your dog?

Wait, what?

What if someone wanted to be close to me and I didn't want it. But they could in a small way if they were your dog?

You think?

Maybe.

Huh. I will think about it! But I don't think I want her as my dog!

Pearl is my dog. Now that's a concept I had never considered before tonight. I am not sure the use of 'dog' is one I like all that much, but I understand her intent. It tells me that although we have not consummated anything between us, she is mine in some meaningful way. I don't know why, but the feeling surely is there. It seems to have fallen into place tonight. I will not treat her like a dog. I will love her like the precious girl she is. I hope that works.

Jenny has joined us. Clothing has been removed and we have moved to the bed. This will be a different 'taking' tonight. Jenny and I will cooperate in getting Pearl going and bringing her off at least once before I take her cherry. Pearl wants Jenny to drink the blood, but I don't want to pull out before completion. I ask Pearl about it. I will stop but not fully withdraw when blood appears and if Jenny can lick some off me, she will do it. Following that I will push for completion. Pearl agrees that there will still be blood at that point and so Jenny can suck her out then. So we have an agreed upon plan.

Jenny and Pearl have been together twice before. The first time occurred when she joined us for the taking of Jenny ceremony, and the second this week when the two took Judith. While Jenny will never be Pearl's dog, they really like each other. We are comfortable as a threesome.

Jenny and I decide to start as we have often done recently, with a massage. Pearl knows that, while there may be ass play tonight, it is not where I will end up.

You can tell a lot about your partner during a massage. Pearl doesn't have a tight muscle in her body. She is loose and relaxed as our hands move from muscle group to group. No matter where I touch, I am welcomed.

We anoint Pearl's back and legs with oil and work it in. Her smooth mocha skin glistens. I anoint more oil to her ass and work it into her butthole. Her body is so relaxed that her sphincter does not tighten a bit as I finger fuck her ass.

We roll her on her back and add oil to her breasts. Sweet small peaches that lie molded in perfection. We play with them and with her ass, eliciting moans and sighs. Jenny kisses her on the lips and Pearl bites Jenny's lower lip in response, shaking it before telling Jenny, *Make him fuck me. I want to be fucked tonight, not loved.*

Jenny gives me a look that tells me to get with the program. We put Pearl on her knees. That will give Jenny her best access to licking my cock of the blood after just a few strokes.

Positioning my cock to where I can push through the membrane, I slide my glans up and down over her oily labia. It gets Pearl worked up, and me lubed up.

I don't ask Pearl if she is ready. I just spear her with a swift and efficient ramming of cock into cunt. She grunts as I do the deed. Nothing more. I stay in deep for a bit. If she is going to bleed let it accumulate on one part of my cock.

Now I pull out but not entirely. Jenny says she sees it and goes after the remains. I feel the tongue and Pearl does too, based on how she is moving beneath me.

Jenny backs away and I start fucking Pearl in earnest as Jenny moves partially underneath and works on Pearl's tits and clit. And Pearl? Well this is everything she has hoped for. She cums and cums again. While I continue fucking her I run a finger up her ass and that produces another cum.

There's no turning back now Pearl. You are mine! And I cum deep into an unprotected hole.

A minute later Jenny has taken position behind Pearl replacing me and she eats the child out as thoroughly as possible eliciting more cums.

We pull the bed sheets off, take a shower and remake the bed. I have one on either side of me. Thirty-five year old Jenny and fourteen year old Pearl. We sleep.

My cellphone chimes. It's 4AM. *Hello?*

Hi Dad. We are in Iloilo. Is it always this hot here?

No sometimes it's hotter.

Oh so very funny. Is it as hot where you are?

No. And Sarah, there are hotels, with air conditioning, you can rent by the hour. Some are close to the port. Ask a taxi driver to take you to one of them. The ferry will not leave for hours and you clearly will be able to use the rest.

OK, good advice. You will meet us at the ferry?

Yeh. We will all meet you.

Dad, isn't this a bit too soon?

No, I need to pick up the youngest from school just before the ferry arrives. So they will be in our van anyway and the moms don't want that to happen with you three in there, unless they are there.

How many can this van carry?

Fifteen legally, but here that is a quibble. It can carry twenty.

God! What has happened? No, never mind that is for a later conversation. Now I will find a hotel. See you soon.

Yeh, see you soon. And the connection ends.

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That is so weird. They are worried about us? The mothers have to be there to protect their children from me and my daughters? What in the name of blue blazes is this about?

My girls are so tired. They are sleeping standing up. I am not much better. Damn this is a hard trip. And it isn't over. We are not there yet. One of two more taxi rides, a ferry, and then the van to his house.

I am so scared. Scared for those girls. Scared for Dad. Scared for my girls. And, scared for me.

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Morning. A very scary morning. One island away my daughter and granddaughters are possibly sleeping and soon to be on a ferry. Next to me are two females whom I truly love. How this is possible is beyond my ability to explain but it is real as it gets.

I remember when I read those stories, I so wanted them to be true. I so wanted to believe. But, in the stories, things seemed to fall into place too easily. The women were too easy to find, to have, and to make as they would be made by the guy. It was fantasy. It couldn't be reality. The places, food, and the errata seemed authentic, but really? That easy? Still I wanted to believe and I emailed.

So what do I make of my life now? How do I square the circle? Things have fallen into place because people, my girls and lawyers and such, around me have been clearing the path.

So it has all come about as I had dreamed. And now will it come crashing down because of an email? I do not want to lose these two or any of them. They are precious and I have made promises to them. Will I be able to keep those promises?

Jenny stirs, reaches over me, pinches Pearl, *School na!*⁴⁵

Pearl stretches, kisses my neck and jumps out of bed running out the door.

You OK Ronald? I hear the call.

They are in Iloilo. I am scared.

It will be OK, maybe. We girls have a plan. We will see.

I ought to be panicking now. What plan? But I have no plan, so maybe they can do some magic. I don't think I can.

In a little bit Judith will arrive. This is fucking nuts. I take my shower. When I come out showered and dressed, Elvie is there as usual with my breakfast.

You OK Ronald?

Huh, you are the second person to ask me that this morning and I haven't had my coffee yet.

I don't have anything for the day to discuss with you. You know about Judith and the lessons are canceled. We will make the house spotless. If you need a hug, let me know. OK?

OK.

Elvie gets up, and leaves.

I putter around the room. I watch the TV and look at my netbook. Other than an email from Sarah which is now of no importance, there is only

⁴⁵ - now [Pronounced: nah]

one other piece of email. It is another email from Harvey. He wants to know if I have any more photos of the girls I can send him. I like the guy, but Jesus, is he jacking off to the photo? I tell him there are no more pics. There is nothing else in my email. Still I manage to waste the time until Judith arrives.

Judith I do not want to take your virginity. You should do that with the person you love.

There is no person and if I am going to have sex with those girls, it is time I learn all about sex. You are a decent man. You will not hurt me. I need you to do this.

You want this without love?

Yes I need it that way.

OK Judith, take off your clothing.

What?

You heard me. This may not be romantic, but do you think we are going to fuck fully dressed?

No I guess not.

So off with your clothing.

All?

All or leave now.

OK. OK.

Judith actually looks damned fine. I undress.

Now get on the bed. And she does.

I get on with her and reach over, to take a tit in my hand.

Why you doing this?

If you want sex, your body must be made excited. Now no talking, no arguing, no questions and no stalling. Do as I need you to do, or leave.

She acquiesces. So it is basic, ‘get her body going.’ I am sucking her breasts, playing with her clit and her ass. I am kissing her neck, nibbling on her ears. Simply anything to get her cunt a little juicy.

I think it’s going to take a while. Nothing doing. She is sopping wet in five minutes and ready to pull the hair off my head unless I get her fucked fast.

I put her on her back, grab her ankles and lift them high. Spreading her legs. My cock is in perfect position and I push in, hard. She swallows hard and then she bucks her cunt into me and screams, *fuck me!*

So that is what I do, fucking her hard for a good ten minutes through at least one orgasm and then as I am feeling her second build I offer my cum into her cunt. Her body jerks up into my loins again. And then she is crying. Not bad crying. She is weeping and saying, *thank you, Oh my God! Thank you.* Over and over again.

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If this is an indication of the quality of all accommodations in the Philippines, I am sure that it is a place I do not want to visit again. If we weren’t so tired, I would have walked out as soon as I saw the place. But we have gotten six hours of sleep and that is welcome.

There is no food in this place and I don’t see anything outside I recognize. The hotel clerk I met when we came had precious little English. Maybe this one is a little better.

Well it is a little better. We get directions one block down to a bakery. I am not sure why we want a bakery, but I take the girls with me and we walk in this very hot and humid weather to our destination. I see it and I guess it’s a bakery of sorts, but it has tables and chairs on the sidewalk in front of the store. I purchase some sweet rolls and plastic bottles of an orange mango juice. There is an awning over the table we take. The rolls

are good, the ‘juice’ is really a ‘juice drink’ with lots of sugar added, but the girls seem to like it. I purchase a few more rolls and take them in a plastic sack. We walk back to the hotel, grab our bags and take a taxi to the ferry.

Please God may this ferry ride be safe.

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Are you excited? I mean Ron’s granddaughter is our age! How cool is that?

Jonalyn, you have a mental problem. What if she is freaked out that he wants to fuck her? There are times when I just don’t understand how we can be twins.

Why would she think that?

Well sister, is he fucking you?

Oh, she think it is an age thing? She thinks he wants to fuck all girls our age?

Sure, why she not think that?

Oh. I don’t know.

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Mom, did Poppop say we will meet all of them at the ferry?

Yes, that is what he said.

But in the picture there are nine of them plus Poppop. How we all get back to the house?

He has a big van.

Chapter 23: Machetes

I see it!

Where. I not!

Elvie, you are looking at the wrong place. Look, see that little thing wiggling? That's it.

How you sure, Jenny?

I been here before. My father, he would come back from Dubai every two years. He come on the ferry. I sit and wait for him, right here. I so miss him. He come back and stay for two weeks then he leave again. I remember last time he come like it yesterday. He has a big smile. He hug me tight.

He died over there?

Yes. They say an accident. His body sent back but I not see when he arrive, only at the funeral parlor. That when we become very poor. ... But see, it is getting bigger now. Exciting and scary!

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k'Ren! Stop pulling your hair like that!

Oh, Ate, what if they hate us? What if they mean? This is not good. What if they make Ron leave us?

If they don't like us, I not care. If they mean, we be mean too. I don't think they can make Ron do anything. She is the daughter. She must respect her father. Why a daughter not respect the father? I think she will behave. No child wants to dishonor a parent.

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You are sure about the plan? You willing to do this?

Ros, maybe it our only way to make the daughter understand. She not know how life like here. Ron say she filled with ideas from her culture that makes what we do, very criminal. He say, in his culture, daughters put their parents in places to live when they get old so the children not care for their parents. They not treat parents properly. He not know what she will do. He is scared. If Ron scared, I scared.

Friend Emelyn gud⁴⁶, I worry, maybe she is hurt when you do this. Maybe she not able to live this way.

I be careful. I only do this if no choice. But no tell others.

Jenny know. She not tell. She know, if Elvie know, Elvie will tell Ron. It must not happen, di ba?

Yes.

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Pearl and I see the ferry at the same time. The sky and ocean are beautiful in the fading light and reflections of a sunset. There are a myriad of colors and hues that change as you watch them. It would be the most tranquil of settings if it were not for what all this portends.

We are all standing in little groups stretched out and in conversations. I suspect each girl is both curious and worried. It is hard not to be.

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Mom! I see Poppop and maybe the others too. But there are so many waiting for our ferry! It's hard to tell.

I see him too. He is standing there, tall, tanned, and in each hand there is the hand of a girl who can't possibly be as old as Melissa. But if there are three women who are thirty-five with him, I don't see any. Maybe some in the twenties. Oh, Jesus, yes, they are all gathering around him. They

⁴⁶ - Good friend, Emelyn. Gud is Taglish (A Tagalog/English fusion) The 'U' has a more guttural sound than the 'oo' in good. When you hear it, you know it!

are his Pretorian Guard! This is one hell of a greeting! They are not here to welcome us! They are here to protect him!

Mom, they look so young. Some look much younger than Melissa. Isn't there one supposed to be a year older than I am? I don't see her.

I don't either, Aubrey.

Mom, they look like they really like Poppop.

Yes, so it would seem.

Aubrey is right. Regardless of any concern I have, these women and girls want to protect Dad. They seem to really care. You can see it in their faces. We are not that far away now as the ferry is being secured in its moorings.

I can see that Dad must have shaved this morning, but needs another shave now. I can see the flip-flops on the feet of some. The school girls are wearing a type of uniform and have black leather shoes. Dad is wearing leather sandals. All Dad's other companions have leggings and long sleeved shirts on or a long sleeved cover over their blouses. Five are holding umbrellas and they are all hovering under the umbrellas to keep out of the sun.

One woman is holding her umbrella high enough to shield Dad. She is young, but not as young as the really young. She is also one with a determined look on her face. It is a 'Do not cross me or my man' face. That is a face you can see anywhere in the world and it always means a really pissed off woman who will do anything and everything to keep you away from her man. What is it with these women?

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The ferry is disgorging its passengers. Sarah and her girls are being assisted by three young and strong Filipinos who are smiling broadly and more than happy to make a favorable impression on pretty foreign women. Their expression changes slightly when they spy me and note

that this is the destination of those they are assisting. But I give them a big smile and offer each ₱20 which they accept with equally big smiles.

Welcome to my small part of the Philippines, Sarah. And you two! It is so good to see you two. It has been too long. Well allow me to do the first set of introductions. We will need to repeat some of them a few times, before you get them all. I look at my girls. This, pointing to my daughter, is Sarah. And these two sweet girls are my grandkids, Aubrey and Melissa. And now, you three, let me introduce you to my household. First please meet Susan and k'Ren. They are sisters. No one is more protective of me and of her housemates than is k'Ren. And Sarah, you need to know that Susan carries either your brother or your sister. We do not know which yet.

Dad, excuse me, but Susan you look very young. If you are to be my new step mother, just how old are you?

I am twenty, Ma'am, but I not be Ron's wife. No, maybe we are all his wives, but no we not married. Still I have your family inside me.

Sarah is confused and it shows. She stands mute.

Next meet she, whose errant act precipitated your arrival. This is Elvie, my chief of the house.

Poppop, Elvie is seventeen?

Aubrey, Elvie speaks English. Ask her.

Elvie? You are really seventeen? You look so young.

Me? Really, I look young? No! It is you who look young to me! Truly. Yes I am seventeen. I be eighteen in August.

OK, now for my official scrounger and fixer, this is Jenny.

Sarah finds a voice. *Dad tells me that three of you are thirty-five. Jenny you don't look more than 25 to me.*

I am thirty-five ma'am. You want to see my ID? I need to prove it?

No, no that is not needed. You just look great for thirty-five! I wish I looked so good!

You silly. You are very pretty. I am happy about that. If Ronald gives me a child, maybe it will be pretty like you!

And once again, Sarah is flummoxed.

OK now we come to the most recent additions to the house. These two women are the good friends of Susan. It was Susan who was able to get them to join us. They are Ros and Emelyn.

And both of you are also thirty-five?

There are eyebrows but that is meaningless to Sarah. Still she needs to understand that. *Sarah, sweetheart. Did you notice that after you asked your question, both of them raised their eyebrows?*

I guess.

That means 'yes' in Filipino.

Really?

Eyebrows go up on nine females!

Oh!

See, so you did get an answer. Yes, they are both thirty-five. These two identical twins who, by temperament and personality are anything but, are, pensive, respectful, and thoughtful, Jonalyn and her assertive, assured and brutally honest sister, Joriz. The last of them all but not in order of how I feel about her, is Ros's daughter Pearl. Pearl is a unique young woman of extraordinary capacity to see the needs she has, and the needs that others carry within them. She is respectful of all, while asserting her needs when she can.

Sarah looks back at Elvie, *Did you quit school?*

No Ma'am. I graduate. School ends at grade ten⁴⁷ Ma'am.

Oh!

Yes Ma'am there is much you not know about our country and our culture.

I see. I hear you, Elvie, but there are things in this world that are simply wrong always.

Really Ma'am. I not sure that it true. The Bible say, 'Thou shall not kill,' but the Mayor of Davao in the south, he kill many. Make his city safer. People like that and always elect him. Why that?

Dad, is what Elvie said true?

More true than you can imagine. Let's get you to the house.

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My girls and I are afforded the bench right behind Dad. Jenny is in the passenger seat up front, not Susan. Elvie is sitting with Susan, and the two mothers. I don't remember their names, behind them are the four young girls all on a bench, and behind them are our bags. I have never seen a van like this in the US. Dad was right that it was designed for fifteen but can carry twenty Filipinos. If you just put four on each bench you get sixteen plus the driver and front passenger. And at four abreast, as small as they are, they aren't really squeezing.

We are driving out of town into countryside. It is clear we are on a tropical island. The coconut trees attest to that. The roads are impossibly narrow, and the behavior of the drivers is appalling. How Dad is driving here is beyond me.

Back at the wharf, I think the women laid down the battle line. They are all wives and I have no business telling them how to live in their own

⁴⁷ - This is changing a few years later to twelfth grade but even as I write this, it is not fully implemented.

country. Maybe if it were just all, but the fourteen year olds, I would accept that and take a pass on the matter. After all, if Dad wants to be an idiot in his later years, it isn't hurting me. I don't think it would really hurt my girls. But the four young children? How can he justify raping them? I don't care what he says, it is just wrong.

I have to do something about it. I will call the embassy tomorrow and ask how it should be handled? After all he is an American citizen!

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I have no idea how this is going. She is being too nice and yet I know my daughter. She is royally pissed. I am in uncharted waters. That damned author never mentions connections with anyone in the States that cares or gives a shit.

The conversations which my gals normally try to do in English when I am around are now all in Ilonggo. I feel isolated and in the damned dark.

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How could Dad have afforded this place? It's a mansion! He says he owns it and has the deed to prove it. I ask him about how he got a mortgage here and he says there is no mortgage. It is his, free and clear.

As we get out of the van his household is scattering. One of the young girls is asking my two to come with them. I don't like it, but I say OK but only until supper. Dad is walking towards me but Elvie stops him, seems to ask a question, kisses Dad on the cheek and runs off. Our bags have been removed from the van and I gather must be in the house although for the life of me, I don't see how that got done without my notice.

Dad comes over and offers a 'cook's tour' of the place. If it looked big from the outside, it is huge when you are in it. I suspect my girls are jealous at the size of the bedrooms here. But I note half of them are empty. When I ask him, Dad shrugs. He says Filipinos are like sardines in the can. They like small places and want to be close to one another. No

one is making them use the arrangements they have chosen. It has been entirely their choices.

I guess to a real extent, I do not know them. But I do know what they are doing is wrong.

Dad's floor, and he says it is his alone, is incredible. When he says he lives like a king, well he sort of does. I looked at his closet. There are no women's things in there at all. Nothing in his bathroom. Only his things. It is not clear how all this works and I really don't think I want to know.

Dad gets a text and then announces, we are requested to come to dinner. OK so that's weird. Using text between floors.

The table is huge. It sits twelve and a thirteenth has been added to one end. I am asked to sit next to Dad and am surrounded by the older women. The young ones are at the other end. It's pretty equally divided. Elvie and Pearl are taking orders for drinks from my girls and me. All others are already accommodated. I am offered Sprite, Coke, water, beer or wine. My girls are offered the soft drinks or water. I take a glass of wine. I note Dad is drinking water.

Is the choice of water because I am here?

But Dad does not answer. Jenny does that. *He not drink except maybe once a week he have a beer. He drink water with his meals. This is normal.*

Dad doesn't take Jenny's response to be a problem. He just smiles and continues eating.

One of the young girls, I think he said it was the one who is 'brutally honest' asks as if it is a normal part of life, *Who tonight?*

Dad puts his spoon down, why is he eating with a spoon?, thinks a bit and answers, *Ros, will you join me?*

And Ros, I guess that's her, answers, *Yes. Thank you. This is good.*

I think I just witnessed the nightly selection process of who the King gets in his bed. Tonight it is one of the older ones. One that is legal even if it is morally reprehensible. On other nights I am sure it also includes the younger ones. This just has to stop. It has to stop now! I have the 800 number for the embassy. I leave the table retrieve my phone and dial the number.

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What did you do to my phone? It won't go through.

I look at Sarah and something is clearly wrong. Why is she shouting that I messed with her phone? *I haven't done anything. Who are you trying to dial?*

I don't have to tell you who I want to talk with!

Susan, what's the problem? What number is it?

It is an 800 number.

Oh, well US 800 numbers do not work in the Philippines.

But this one must.

Why do you say that? No US 800 numbers work here.

But this is the Embassy. The Philippines Embassy! It is their 800 number.

OK, I guess I need to know why you need to call the embassy tonight, but the short answer is that you can only use that number for the Embassy from the USA. There are other numbers for the Embassy if you are calling from here.

What are they?

Why do you want to call them?

This! This has to stop!

And you think calling the Embassy is the way to get that done?

Yes! I have to. They have to get you back home!

First. I am home. I have no home in the USA. Second they would not send me back, they would call the PNP, the Philippine National Police, and have me arrested. The PNP would probably arrest Ros and Emelyn and Susan. The other girls would be out on the street. There is no real program for girls their age here. So is that what you want to happen?

I don't believe you. You may be my father, but this must stop! ... Aubrey, look up the number for the local police on your phone!

At this point all hell breaks loose. Elvie rips Aubrey's phone from my granddaughter's hands. Joriz does the same to Melissa and her phone. Jenny and Ros who had slipped into the dirty kitchen⁴⁸ return with four machetes. Jenny tosses one to Susan. Ros tosses one to Emelyn.

Jenny grabs Aubrey putting the machete to my granddaughter's throat. Susan does the same to Melissa. Ros and Emelyn approach Sarah brandishing the blades.

Ros holds out the other hand. *The phone. Give it me. NOW!* Sarah pulls back and Ros swipes close to Sarah's face. *Give it now. Next time I will not miss.*

Dad?

Give her the phone Sarah. We can talk about this but I suggest that to avoid this ending very badly that you give her the phone.

Sarah hands the phone to Ros. Ros flips it over to Emelyn. Ros is in control here. She gives me a look that says she will cut me if I interfere. I believe her.

Ros looks directly at Sarah. *Now I want you to walk over to my daughter. That one, Pearl! You tell her that you want her to sell her body on the*

⁴⁸ - Outside cooking area.

street, because you want her mother in jail and there is no way she can survive otherwise. You go and tell her that!

I won't. It is not what I want!

It is what will happen if you do what you want. So you tell her you are a stupid fool and that this is what will happen because you are stupid. Tell her what will happen. NOW!

NO! It will NOT happen!

Yes it will. You are an idiot. Ron how you give birth to a fool like this?

I have to do something. This is a fucking mess. Sarah, what do you think will happen?

The girls will be put in foster care and the mothers will lose parental rights but not go to jail. You will be deported back to the US.

Sarah, this isn't the USA. There is no severance of parental rights here. It is not possible. All there is, is jail. Hopefully they will live if sent to jail. Not all do. There is no foster care. The girls will be sent to the province where their closest relatives lived. But they were not born there and they know no one there. They will live on the street. To have money for rice, prostitution is the only real option they will have. And me? Under the law, the Embassy has no option other than to make the call to the police. There may be a trial, there may not. I will likely die in jail years before there ever is a trial. That is what you were about to do to all of us in this room. What can you expect will happen when you threaten to destroy ten lives because your moral compass is set to a different star and you don't have a fucking clue about what will happen when you do it?

Dad, this is wrong!

Killing some of us and destroying the other lives is less wrong?

No one is going to die!

Bullshit! You don't have a fucking clue. You are stupid and witless! You know nothing of the world in which I live and these others live. You act like you are the one who knows best! You may be my daughter, but Sarah, fuck you. You don't know shit. I had nothing to do with what has happened tonight. The knives are not something I have anything to do with. However, considering what you were about to do, I wish they had given me one too.

Are you going to kill us?

I hadn't planned on it. I have no idea what they had planned. Do we need to?

Jesus Dad. Are you really going to kill me?

You are doing your best to kill me. What's the difference?

But I am not!

You don't think you are, but that is what your actions will produce. So once again, what is the difference?

But I don't want to hurt you!

Sarah you don't control the actions of others. Once you pull the lever you can't unpull it. And once you pull, you set me on a lethal course. I will be dead.

So what can I do? It has to stop!

First it doesn't have to stop. If k'Ren, Pearl, Joriz and Jonalyn want to leave at any time they can. I will do nothing to stop them. If they stay, in under four years they are eighteen. No one else is allowed to enter this house. No one. Hell I tried to convince three of the four of those girls, and their two mothers to stay far away from me. Ask them! I told Jenny to leave when she first came, that very thing, a dozen times. I did throw five out of here without ever touching them. Ask Elvie who was royally pissed that I didn't allow them to stay. I don't know what you can do, but this is not going to stop. Every one of my household is a wife to me, without

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exception. I will never ask one of them to leave. I will never send a single one of them away. I cannot force them to stay. Elvie can attest to that too. I may not be a good man by your standards anymore, but to those in this house, I am fair, honest, and I keep my promises. ... As to what you can do, I don't have a clue. I don't know that I can trust your word anymore.

Chapter 24: A trip back in time

I sure wish you had left the girls at home.

I thought the three of us could sweeten you up and end this. Now what happens to us? Dad?

I don't know. You have made it clear that by your actions, if allowed to proceed, you will cause the death of some of us and ruin the others. You tell me, how this ends without anyone dying. I really don't know.

From the back of the room Karen calls out. *Ron! You need to show her!*

I look at Karen, not understanding. *Show her what?*

These, show her these. Here, Joriz help me get this connected to the TV.

I don't have a clue. But Karen seems to think she does and that counts for something. It takes a few minutes, but Karen has links to Philippine news sites, YouTube videos and some on-line news magazines. She must have more than twenty of them. One after another they play out. Some display what prison is like here. She has a few links to prisoners who die before ever coming to trial after being in the jail for a few years. She has a news article about how the Embassy gave the PNP what they needed to arrest someone. She is showing kids, beggars on the streets and an explanation that there is no way for the government to help. We watch item after item for close to an hour. Sarah is crying. Her kids are crying.

I think we have seen enough. *Thank you k'Ren. OK Susan, maybe now you have a concept of why they want to kill you.*

I didn't know. I didn't have any idea. Dad I promise not to go to the authorities.

Good. Ros, girls put the knives away.

Jenny and Ros are not moving. *We don't trust her.*

I do and so you need to trust me. Put the knives away.

And they do. Melissa is bawling and Aubrey is just shaking and quietly weeping. Sarah is just staring at me. *They trust you with their lives?*

I think we trust each other. I would trust them if the situation was reversed. I think they know that.

Elvie speaks for all as the others raise their eyebrows. *In this house, we take care each other. No exceptions. No one outside this house ever matter same as us inside. Ronald say no more and there are no more. That final. You think he wants all young girls? Ha! Me and k'Ren bring him five girls age fourteen and twelve. He throw them out! They maybe die. He know that. Yes he do. But he say, if we keep them, maybe we die. They all pretty. He not care. He not touch them. I here when he tell Jenny to leave and again he say leave, and again! She refuse to leave. You not know your father. You not respect him. You not honor him. You disgrace him.*

Sarah looks at those assembled. *Does Elvie speak for all of you?*

Jenny says loudly, *Yes.*

Susan, who has been quiet, says, *Yes. We all say yes. I speak for all.* No one is going to argue. They all agree.

Dad, you have to leave and come back with me.

No I don't daughter. That is final.

Then return them to where they were before you entered into their world.

Stop! That is Emelyn and evidently, Sarah crossed a tripwire. *Your daughter needs more education. I will provide it. Ros, get her packed. Jenny! I need you to take Sarah and me somewhere on the 220.*

Packed? Where am I going?

To where you want me to go, woman.

For how long?

Emelyn turns to me, Ron, when she return home?

A week from now. Next Tuesday.

OK I have her back by that morning.

Wait! Sarah is panicking. My medicine, I need it!

We not get medicine. You get none. You want to send us to where we come from before we be with Ron, OK, you live it first.

Dad! I need it.

Yeh, or you might die, or go blind? Welcome to their world, the world that is no problem for you. Emelyn, you have your knife?

I do. Sarah is freaking out. Quiet. It is for cooking and birth control.

Sarah looks at her stunned.

Stupid woman, why you think I not raped? I kill him first.

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This has not been a good day. I don't think tomorrow or the few that follow it are going to be any better. I am getting an object lesson on what it means to be a stupid, arrogant first world woman in a third world country.

We are in a hut. It is dark. I am sleeping on nothing more than an old cloth on the ground. There is no clean water. She has some native charcoal, some filthy water from a public pump and little else. I am sure I will die of amoebic dysentery in a few days, if I am not raped or something worse.

This can't be where Emelyn was living. This has to be a setup. But then someone comes to the door. It seems to be a friend. Emelyn tells me she

is asking where she has been. They think maybe she die. The woman asks after Ros and I hear her mention the girls by name.

Then the woman leaves. Yes all five of them were living here. The school the girls attended is close by and no matter what else, she and Ros made sure the girls got there.

I tell Emelyn I need to use the bathroom. She tells me there is a squat toilet in the back. I find this hole in the ground. With some rudimentary walls. There is no paper. I go back and ask her for paper. She laughs. She tells me to take the bucket and wash myself.

The same bucket you will use for drinking water and cooking?

Emelyn smiles and hands me the bucket.



My girls spend time with Sarah's girls. Melissa and Aubrey had no idea the damage their mom was about to inflict on us until they saw that video that Karen put together.

Now they are freaked out but not with those who held the knives. So Karen, et al, surround Melissa and get her to relax, no one is angry with her. They just had to stop her mother. Melissa gets that and accepts the offers of friendship. They want her to go to school with them in the morning and Melissa agrees.

Aubrey gets cornered by Elvie and Susan. There is no school for her, but Elvie tells her that it would be nice if Aubrey would shadow Elvie around for a day and see how things work here. Aubrey agrees and a pact between the two begins to form.

I am very worried about Sarah and Emelyn, but Ros tells me what is happening. Granted it makes sense until you try to implement it and then all the problems that are inherent with the plan appear. I doubt they will last three days.

Speaking of Ros, she is with me tonight. Machete wielding Ros, is naked, sticking out her rear and asking for a butt fuck. I don't think the world can get any weirder. Just a few hours ago my lover, offeror of a butt to fuck, was wanting to kill my daughter.

There is not much to say about it tonight. I think I am on automatic somehow. Sure I cum and I think Ros did too. But I am in a daze. It has been too much adrenaline and too much high stakes shit. I just need to sleep. I think Ros knows it. At least I hope she does. Otherwise I was a big disappointment tonight.

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I hold a knife at his daughter's throat just hours ago. I think another man will throw me out. No, this one loves me. I am with him, but I don't feel sexy. I don't feel romantic. I feel scared and empty. But he still wants to be with me. I give him my ass. He should fuck that. I am his. Let him take me. I need that.

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He proved it tonight. He says we will always be his. Tonight he proved it. My child has a good and strong father. He will kill a bad daughter to protect his unborn son. I am proud his child is in me. I am lucky.

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A lucky dog is one with a good master. I am a lucky dog.

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Oh God! What is crawling on me? How will I ever sleep?

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Morning arrives, and with it the worry and concern. It is primarily towards Sarah and Emelyn. I have hopes my grandkids will survive this. Ros has left the bedroom and Elvie is here, with Aubrey, when I appear from the shower, dressed.

I wish them a good morning. *OK Elvie, what's on your list?*

I need a grocery run today. Afternoon before we get the girls?

OK.

Also, you have time today. Please give Ros a two hour lesson.

OK, at ten.

Good. ... Can we get some of the paint and tell the painter to start tomorrow?

No, not till next week.

Jonalyn tonight?

Elvie? Too soon?

Why? She, pointing with pursed lips to Aubrey, know you have us all.

Yeh, theoretically. Just like theoretically I might remind you, it is really your time with me tonight.

This is true Ronald, but Aubrey is shadowing me and so I can't be with you tonight unless you have plans for your granddaughter. And Elvie sticks her tongue out at me.

I laugh. OK Jonalyn tonight and Joriz tomorrow.

Of course.

Anything else?

We want to start some landscaping. May I order some topsoil?

What size load and cost?

Four cubic meter per load. The cost is ₱1,400.

OK.

We need two loads.

OK get it.

Good!

Are we done Elvie?

One more thing. This one is a little difficult.

I don't need difficult.

Yes Sir, but the School Social Worker wants to see you.

I can see Aubrey begin to freak out. Elvie, you just scared Aubrey to death. She will think Sarah did something. Just speak straight, not in code.

Judith wants you to fuck her again, just to make sure she is no longer a virgin. And Aubrey, Judith is the School Social Worker. She is also Ros's niece and Pearl's cousin. Ronald doesn't want to have anything to do with her. I think she loves your Grandfather. She is becoming a problem for us.

Poppop, why all these girls and women want to be with you? I mean, no offense, but you are not Justin Bieber.

Aubrey, your point is taken. There are many reasons why some females, even younger girls, find me someone they want to be with. Those reasons do not connect in your world back home. Mr. Bieber is famous, young, cute, and popular. That works in your world. In this world, being stable, decent, honest, and having a US passport, counts for a lot more. ... Elvie, when does Judith want to see me?

Whenever your schedule will allow.

Tell her I am truly very busy today. However if she needs someone to check and see if her cherry has been removed, she can contact Pearl. I am sure Pearl can perform that task. Also let Pearl know exactly what we have told Judith.

Elvie looks at me. *Is there something I don't know?*

Pearl and I spoke. Pearl needs a puppy.

Ah, OK I see.

Well I don't and if I am shadowing you I want to know.

Pearl loves your Grandfather very much. As much as the rest of us. But she is also a girl who wants other girls and she wants that girl to obey her. That girl would be a puppy. Your Grandfather is saying if Judith wants to be close to him, she may need to be Pearl's puppy. If he has to accept Judith at least Pearl can get what she needs.

So Poppop, there is a lady who wants you to have sex with her and you send her to one of the girls here? Is this lady ugly?

No, she is very pretty. But I have all the girls and women that I want now. That has got to be that. OK Elvie we done now?

Yes!

Good, give me a kiss before you go. Your shadow doesn't need to copy everything you do.

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OK time to make some money if we can.

I'm a bit hungry.

Me too. Maybe we get to eat today. We will see. Now we try to make some money.

Why are you smiling?

Frowning make money? No! But you smile then maybe, yes!

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Elvie and Aubrey depart leaving me with a little time to look at my news sites, and check the email. The email contains nothing of interest. The news has some juicy bits but not enough to keep me with it for too long.

The driving lesson is OK and so is Ros. I think we were both a little off last night. Damn I am lucky to know these gals.

Aubrey has been following Elvie around all morning and she announces to Elvie that she is going to have lunch with her Poppop. I like that a lot and sit down with her for a lunch of Ampalaya and egg over rice. She isn't sure as she looks at it, but as I am clearly enjoying it, she takes a forkful and smiles.

Try using your spoon. This is a rice culture and the main implement here is the tablespoon.

She nods and switches to use it.

Poppop, when you said Elvie ran the house, well I sort didn't think so. I mean she is just about my age and I can't run a house. I can't run my own room! But she does it. Ros and Jenny consult with her but she makes the decisions. And she works so hard! It is hard to keep going, she is so fast. She says she needs me because Emelyn is not here and she does a lot too. I ask her, 'Are you the maid with benefits?' I don't think she understands that. So I ask her, 'Maid, Mistress, Lover, Wife, Slave? Which are you?' You know what she said?

Hummm, let me guess. Ah, I got it. She said, 'All.'

How did you know that?

I know Elvie. Aubrey, I don't just know her, I love her. She started as just a maid. And she whipped my house that I had then into order so fast your head would spin. She also got in my face and told me the things she needed for the house, and not just sort of, I mean the exact things and how much each would cost and where to get them at that price. She was like a drill sergeant for the house. And so has she been ever since. She

has also become my second in command for activities here. Jenny does that for things outside the home.

OK, so now explain Susan and Karen, but you don't call her that.

Her nickname is k'Ren. I could explain why that is to you but for now, we'll skip it. Have you noticed how Susan is the older version of k'Ren?

Uh-huh I did.

Well I fell in love with the two of them on sight. I can't explain it but I did and I pitched it to them as a pair, to come with me, be mine and love me. I knew it was crazy and assumed I would be turned down cold. They accepted and have been with me ever since. I asked each if she wanted me to marry her. But each said it would be unfair to her sister. No marriage, just commitment. That's what they have from me. My commitment.

And Jenny? I don't get why she is here.

Jenny was the first one I met. I told her she wasn't what I was looking for. She refused to give up. She basically said, I will do anything, be anything you want. I will get you your women, if that is what gets me in the door. In truth the things she did to get in the door are not for your ears, but she convinced me that she should stay. Looking back on it, I made the right choice.

So you only wanted Susan and k'Ren?

In the beginning, yeh, that's right.

And all the others just sort of barged their way in?

Well Elvie is the exception, but yeh.

And still, you will go to any length to protect them?

Aubrey, these people have given me their bodies, their hearts and their trust. I owe them the same in return.

That includes Pearl and Joriz and Jonalyn?

Yeh, absolutely. When a young girl gives up her most precious thing she has, then for me to walk away from that girl would be unforgivable.

Poppop, these are your family now. I see that. They are bed partners, but they are much more than that. k'Ren told me she wants to get pregnant and you said, no. She said all the other mothers and all her friends backed you up and said, no. She says she is required to stay in school, they all are.

Yeh, what's so weird about that? They need an education.

But if you were a real pedophile, that wouldn't matter to you. I checked on line. You don't fit the profile it listed. ... Is Elvie going to get pregnant?

Maybe when she turns eighteen. Not now.

Is Mom going to be OK?

Probably. Hard to say. Emelyn's life before she came here was not good. If that is what is happening right now, I'd say your Mom is really struggling.

So you are never leaving here? Not now, not ever?

That's right.

And all Mom has done is make problems?

Yeh.

Damn. OK, well I have to get back to work. Elvie will have my hide.

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How much did she pay you?

Twenty pesos.

So you earned forty pesos today. That's slave labor. If you did that every day for a month you wouldn't have made thirty dollars for the whole month.

Sometimes I do make fifty pesos in a day. Those are the good days. On a day like today I have enough for rice for three days, but no vegetable, no dry fish. It take two or three days of work before there is enough to really buy some food. If my girls help on the weekends, maybe we make eighty pesos in a day. That a very special day.

So no money for food today? Emelyn I am so hungry.

Some days you not eat. That is life. Time for sleep na.

I am sweaty and dirty. I need to wash.

Bucket there. Refill from the pump when you done.

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We go shopping, Jenny, Elvie, Aubrey and me, before picking up the girls from school. While we are waiting for the kids, Judith comes up to the van. I roll down the window.

Good evening, Sir Ron.

Good evening, Judith.

Sir, Po, I promise I be good. No more trouble.

I am happy to hear that.

Po, you make room for me in your life?

Judith I have nine already. That is too many for any man. I do not want a tenth.

Sir you are good and respectful to them. You don't have to be that way with me. I respect Ma'am Jenny and friend Elvie and the others. I be good. Promise.

Judith I thought you like young girls. What has happened?

Sir, I am confused too. Maybe we can find time to discuss it?

Judith, discuss it with Pearl. I will talk with Pearl.

Yes Po. OK Po.

Jenny is indignant. *Ronald, how you do that in front of Aubrey.*

Relax, Jenny she already knows about Judith.

Jenny turns to Aubrey. *That true?*

Yes! It is sort of funny. It is exactly what Elvie said she would be like. And the bit about Pearl, they discussed that this morning too. Poppop, you are amazing.

The girls arrive and we start toward the house. Joriz asks, *Who tonight?*

Aubrey answers, *Your sister.* Which gets laughter and lots of happy faces. It also tells Melissa that it is OK. But Melissa has been spending a good part of the day with Jonalyn. She now looks at Jonalyn in a different light. Melissa turns to her new but good friend and asks, *This is good for you? You love him for real? You not feel it is required?*

Jonalyn puts her lips close to Melissa's ears and says, *I want him inside me. I want to feel his cum fill me. I love him. I want it maybe more than he wants it.*

That is news which Melissa is trying to absorb. It's a hard thing for her to fathom. But if her friend wants it, then it must be OK.

Chapter 25: *If not clarity then consideration.*

There are ants and they bite. I have huge welts on me. I itch. But I am not the only one. Emelyn does to, though she tells me, you just get used to it after a while. How? Oh God, this is a miserable existence.

Emelyn finds something she calls kangkung on the side of a field. She spied a tree that she says is called malunggay. She hacked off a branch and drags it back to our hut.

She spends two pesos for a little salt and four peso for a flavoring packet of some type. She buys half a kilo of rice, I guess that's about a pound. With the charcoal fire she is making soup and then she will make the rice. We will finally eat. It won't be much. But for the first time in a whole day, there will be something to eat!

The soup is a thin broth with greens. Emelyn puts the rice in a bowl and we pour the broth and greens over the rice. It is a protein-free meal with damned little vegetable, but it is food and I don't care what it tastes like. I eat it.

I am filthy. I feel like shit. I look across the three or four feet of space between us. She is getting ready to lie down and rest. I ask her if this is life at its worst. Does it get better? She just looks at me.

She is quiet for a long time. And then, *Sarah, this is life every day. It can get far worse. It never really gets better for long. Maybe for a few days we have more food. Maybe we get lucky with work and can have some chicken. But most, if we have a good day, we eat the dry fish. We like it, the dry fish. And it not cost too much. But this is our life before Ronald. This is what you want to send me back to. Maybe if I don't love him and take care of him, maybe he should do it. But how I not love the man who love me and take care of my daughters and me? How I do that? How I not care for him? How I not do anything and everything he want? I do. He knows this and he loves me too. He say to me, 'Ok now you are safe.'*

He not lie to me. I not lie to him. Why you want to make him leave me? Why you make him leave my girls? Why? They love him too. They always be good to him. He good to them. They in school today, not on their backs for pesos. Why you want to make that happen? Why?

I want to say that he is exploiting them, but if he doesn't what is the option? None? Is it really an option to live in misery, or to be exploited, and live well and be happy? Is that really what I am fighting them about? Is that why Dad, said, 'keep an open mind' in the email? Is he right? Am I trying to impose first world rules and values in a place where it has no real relevance?

Have I made a horrible mistake?

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Melissa not understand why I love you. She say she love you as her Lolo⁴⁹ but not understand how I be your girlfriend. She hug me tonight like I am going to be patay⁵⁰. She nice. I like her. But she not understand us.

Yeh, that sums it up nicely. So, Jonalyn, you get the IUD?

Oo. Mother take us and Pearl to the doctor. She a kwak-kwak, but does this and no questions.

Good.

I have not been feeling very horny today. I do feel the desire of loving closeness for Jonalyn at the present. I want to touch her. To make her happy. To give her body wings of happiness. But I don't need anything else for myself. I am just happy to bring her off tonight.

I checked about the IUD only because it takes one concern off the table, not because it is a guaranty that it will be needed.

⁴⁹ - Grandfather. [Pronounced: low-LOW]

⁵⁰ - Dead. [Pronounced: pah-TIE]

Jonalyn (and Joriz's) eyes just look right through you. There is this perceiving clarity that you feel moving from their gaze deep into you. I touch Jonalyn's cheek, her jawline. My fingers move over lips that part, to lick, nibble, suck.

We kiss. It is such a simple thing to do. A kiss can be a meaningless gesture. Your aged aunt placing a dry press of withered lips on your cheek. Or, like now, something that seems to defy time and barriers of membranes of bodies, creating one living creature, as we are bound together by breath, by heartbeat and my entangled limbs. I am lost in Jonalyn's young arms, legs, lips and hair, as it surrounds us.

We roll around on the mattress in this loving and confused state, breathing and being... being, existing for the other. Needing the other, being the other. How can I sever myself from myself? She is part of me now and I, I am part of her.

There has been no foreplay. But she finds my cock hard and though we have not untangled once, I find my way inside her, inside us.

Oh the miracle of that connection. Her body heating mine in the most intimate of ways. The wetness that both lubricates and seals us, connects us, pushing away any vestige of air or space between us.

We move in a rocking motion, entwined, still kissing, hands still searching. This is a place that exists outside the realm of the everyday world. This is a place of unity. But it is being thrown into turmoil by a rising need inside me to drive into Jonalyn and plant the seed that most assuredly will not grow.

What my mind knows, is meaningless to my body's desires. I start ramming into her. Her soft responses turn in an instant to an understanding, and demand completion. I am rock hard. My body insensitive to the quietness of just moments ago, only wants to complete, to dominate, to cum.

It takes not much time. We were primed, and now as her body is wracked in a bliss, a cum, that sends powerful signals to my gonads, my cum spurts into her. Hot cum in a hot cunt.

Mummm good tonight! I think you are happy Ronald.

I am happy to be with you tonight.

Good. Can we just sleep now? I not need a shower.

Yeh, sounds good to me.

She kisses me before leaving the room this morning. She calls me her asawa. It means her husband. It feels like that to me too. Good! I feel good, and then in a flash I don't as my mind smacks into worry about my daughter. Damn. I get up to shower and dress.

There, as usual, Elvie sits, with Aubrey, coffee in hand. My coffee waiting for me. A breakfast to consume. *How do you know every day when I will be coming out of the shower?*

I wait for the sound of the water pipe. On school days, you shower after the girls leave. No one else showers in the morning like you do.

Well OK. That is simple enough.

I have news for you about Emelyn and your daughter. Jenny leave to get them on the 220 now.

Oh? Everything OK?

Don't know. Text message say, 'com na.'

Anything else?

Hehe, yes. Joriz stop me before she leave today. She say, 'Tell Ron, I ready tonight!' I tell her she rude, but I tell you anyway. Also Pearl say she get text from Judith. Judith want to come and see her. Pearl asks for permission from you. I tell her it OK with you.

Good. Next?

The top soil come this morning. May I hire labor to move it where I want?

Cost?

Two hundred pesos a day for labor. I want two laborers for one day.

OK.

Poppop? Is that under five dollars a day for each?

Yes.

How do they live on that?

Poorly, but ask your mother how many pesos a day she was living on these last two days. I bet it was far less.

Oh!

Poppop, do you really love Jonalyn?

Ah Aubrey! You think I am abusing her? Or maybe using her in an underage prostitution sort of way and that she is deluded in thinking I love her? Maybe I will never convince you of this until I die. But at my funeral, I expect there to be nine adult women. And the children there will be my kids, siblings to your mother, your aunts and uncles. And in that group of nine, will be Jonalyn and Elvie. And so as I am buried, if you come to see my body laid into the ground, you will finally answer that question you have now. Child these women and girls are my loves. It is improbable. But it is not impossible and it is the truth. ... Anything else Elvie?

Wala pa.⁵¹ Wait until the two return.

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⁵¹ - Nothing yet. [Pronounced: wa-LAH PAH; all 'a's are soft.]

I am so confused. All my life I am told that women and men are equal in all regards, but that men have been repressing women for centuries. They do it through law, through bureaucracy, through custom and religion, through messaging like advertising and other mass messaging, and through sex. The news at home is filled with news about how older men prey on young women and girls, whose lives are ruined in the process and how a few are saved by law enforcement and the caring of selfless individuals. I mean that is what we all believe to be true. I believe it to be true!

And here I stand next to Elvie who counts herself to be one of the luckiest girls in the Philippines. She and Jonalyn and the others are poster girls for all that is wrong and fucked up and they need to be saved... but what would I be saving them from? I mean, take a step back from the messaging that I believe is true and ... is it? Is it true? Or is it propaganda no less than the propaganda that it complains about?

I know a little family history. Poppop's grandmother married her husband when she was fifteen. I asked Mom about that. Wasn't that evil? She shrugged and said it was normal then, common. So why was it OK then, and not evil based on values at the time, and evil now, wherever it exists? It isn't making sense!

It really doesn't make sense standing next to Elvie. She is two years older than great-great grandmom was when she got married. Jonalyn is only one year younger. Is everything I have been told and taught a lie? Is it all political propaganda of a Woman's movement that exists, and has taken power, in the first world and is being forced onto the third world?

I mean, is this like some SciFi crazy thing where everything we think is true is a lie? I don't think I can ask Mom. She is a true believer.

I don't think I can ask Poppop. I sort of know what he thinks, but he is biased. Is there anyone who isn't biased? I can't think of a single person who isn't brainwashed like I think I have been and who isn't like Poppop.

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Motorcycles, dogs, roosters, loud music, loud voices. They surround us and never seem to stop. It is loud twenty-four hours a day. It is a din of noise that invades even the most private moments. You may be alone, but solitude evades you. You share moments with all around you. Emelyn seems to not notice or if she does, and maybe that's more the case, she accepts it as simply part of life. A connected, if miserable, existence where all participate together and struggle alone.

The sun has been up for close to four hours and so have we. Emelyn is trying to eke out a few pesos for us. She does not allow me to do this as it would cause a furor if they see a white woman working in such a manner. It would upset the perceived order of the universe, from what Emelyn has told me.

I ask her how she met Susan. It turns out Susan lived here too before her aunt took her in. They remained friends. Susan talked to her about Dad and worked to get her and Ros nice dresses so that they might not be embarrassed to meet him at the school. Ros's and her meeting Dad was a setup from the get go. She knew just what would happen if they were successful. Dad didn't go looking for them, they wanted him. It matches what he told me the other night. Maybe I understand how truthful he was about that now.

Whatever I think of Dad, he isn't a predator. He is the prey. It is a concept I am having some problems integrating into my understanding of human relations. But I don't see them as gold diggers. It's not evil. They don't want to hurt him or bleed him dry. They want to get on the boat with him. They are survivors, maybe?

I hear a motor stop outside.

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The laborers are here and are moving dirt by a wheelbarrow we found in a shed. Elvie is directing the operation. Susan went to the bakery early this morning, before the girls went to school. Ros is cooking a lunch

meal. Aubrey is just standing back and watching all the action. She sees me and walks over. *They work so hard!*

Hey for these guys this is good money.

No I mean all the women here. It isn't that none are lazy. It is more than that. They work really hard.

Aubrey, this is their home and they are taking care of it. They are proud that it is theirs.

But it isn't. It is yours.

And what is mine is theirs. I can't legally marry all, so I marry none and each understands that. They also understand that they are equal in all I have and will leave behind. This is theirs.

So they are here with you to profit?

No more than when a person gets married in the US they will inherit too. What makes that any different?

But if they are equals when they are married, Poppop, then it isn't for profit.

And so now you have turned love and marriage into an economic contract where only those of equal worth may become a couple? That sounds like a horrible idea and a mean spirited way to live. And what do you do with Cinderella? Do you burn the book as un-PC? Aubrey my economic value is a freak result of the chance that I was born in a certain place and is not an indication of my worth as a person. The same is true for these gals. Are we to build a wall between us and say, don't cross? Economic disparity is a fact of life. The need to find love is another. You can make all the arguments you like about how it seems wrong in either direction, but it is simply the way life is. It is the way we all survive in the world.

I see it. I feel it here very strongly. It's just that all my life I have been told it is wrong.

Yeh and at one time people believed in witches, burning them at the stake for all their wickedness. Always beware of the arbiters of existential right and wrong. They always have an agenda.

Aubrey looks at me, smiles a wan smile. She shakes her head and looks at me, her head cocked a little. I think I am learning that. Poppop do you understand how scary it is to start to believe that? I mean, can I trust anything I have been taught? What is real and what is a slogan, a campaign? How can I know?

It is probably too soon for you to sort it out, but my best guess is to ask yourself 'cui bono.' That's Latin for who benefits. If all parties benefit, then it is easier to trust. If only one side benefits then you should at the very least cast a queer glance at the proposition.

Poppop, no one uses the word queer like that anymore!

Ah and I gather you want to rename the Gay Nineties to something else too? Aubrey, don't let the fashion police run your life.

So this cui bono thing. Does it always work?

No. Of course not. For instance, women should always have the right to vote and should not be treated as chattel. That means property, dear. So the woman's rights movement was designed to benefit women more than men and anyone who argues that it is good to keep women as chattel, in my opinion, is a loon. But the movement tied up early on with the temperance movement, think Carrie Nation, which was an evil thing and it infused into the woman's movement early on a powerful, aggressive, anti-normative male, ethic that went to ground for a bit during the great depression and WWII, and then emerged and morphed into the women's movement of the 1960s. The strident movement to tie normative sexual behavior between consenting individuals to ages where the women could not marry until older in life, or even engage in sex, changes the entire social fabric of a nation and has nothing to do with emancipation. It has far more to do with control. And yes maybe it is good for those women in that culture. I am not going to argue that. But it doesn't have a place as a

sane policy in much of the world. In the wake of the movement, we have what we have now. And honey, it's a mess.

Oh Poppop, my head hurts!

Yeh, like I said, it's a mess.

Poppop! It's Mom!

And through the gate comes Jenny, Emelyn and Sarah. The latter two look like they need a good hosing down. Jenny and Emelyn pull Sarah into the washroom. I hear squeals and I can only assume that Emelyn stripped everything off herself while Jenny did the same to Sarah, following which a hose was turned on the two. A cold water fire hose shower as it were.

Following which I see flashes of flesh as they run into the house proper and most likely up the stairs.

Well she is back. What happens next is the question.

Ros tugs on my arm. It's time for a driving lesson.

Chapter 26: Peace talks

Lunch is simple but good. Canned corned tuna and rice. Nothing fancy, but I like it. The driving lesson lasted two hours and lunch is done. We have not seen Sarah. Emelyn joined us for lunch and shares what she knows. I am not sure I learn anything. But the retelling of their experience at least provides a few laughs.

The ants really messed with Sarah far more than with Emelyn. Emelyn doubts that Sarah got much sleep. For that reason alone, she suspects we won't see her until dinner, but Sarah has got to be so hungry that we will see her then.

Emelyn asks for a driving lesson and so after lunch we spend two hours together. We don't talk about the last couple of days. I don't think there is a need. All I tell her is that I missed her. She smiles and says she missed me. That's it. But we do talk about her girls.

You have Jonalyn last night?

Yeh. And Joriz tonight.

Good. I text Jonalyn. She is very happy.

That makes me happy.

Yes, I think it is true. Ron, what we going to do about Judith?

I sent her to Pearl.

I know this. Jenny tell me. But what we do about her? She is not like us.

Well she is Ros's niece. What do you mean?

She has a sex problem.

OK, is it a problem or something that will go away?

Problem I think.

I see. So no fixing it?

True. What we do with her. She not belong.

I agree, Emelyn, but I do not have an answer.

She dangerous to us. Same as Sarah.

Could be.

You fix it.

OK.

When the lesson is over it is time to go pick up a little bit from the grocery and get the girls. Jenny and I leave together.

Emelyn is worried about Judith. What did you tell her on the ride home?

I tell her what is happening.

Well she knows Judith a lot better than we do. If she says it is a problem, I think we better pay attention to her.

You have a plan?

No, but if possible we need to have a plan to move her attention to someone else.

Elvie doesn't think you can.

I will see what Ros and Pearl say about it.

Food purchased, we pick up the girls and start the return trip. Melissa asks, Poppop, *why isn't anyone asking who is tonight?*

Because they already know.

You do this when I am not here? Not fair!

No silly. Joriz please explain it to our little miss pouty face.

Hey!

Well?... Go ahead, Joriz

It is me. Jonalyn go yesterday so today is for me.

Oh. OK, I see. So no one had to ask. It was understood.

Yes.

Why do you want him, if he already has your sister? Don't you want someone of your own?

He is my own. He is our own. No one else gets him. He say that!

Easy! Sorry! I didn't mean to get you angry! Poppop! Please I am sorry I've made Joriz angry.

Melissa, you live in a world where you are the center of your universe. When everything is all about what you want and what you get. It is not that way here. This is not a 'me' culture. It is an 'us' culture. Joriz isn't angry with you as a person, she is frustrated. She doesn't get why you and Aubrey can't fathom why it is part of life to think of the group as a unit and not a collection of parts. ... Look, in a US school the best get pushed ahead, the middle stay on track and the slow get left behind. Here, the best help the slow so that all can advance together. It may not be something that you are comfortable with, but that is the culture of the Filipino. It is something they have pride in and think is the right way to live. They think your way is selfish and rude. ... Joriz, did I say it right?

Yes. That is correct for us. I not know about the US, Sir Ron.

Do you understand a little better Melissa?

Poppop! Yes, now I understand what I have been seeing these last two days here. I didn't understand why the teachers were calling on the kids who couldn't get it and why the other kids would then form a sort of team if needed to get the kid up with them. I must have seen it two or three

times. It was weird to me and I couldn't figure it out. So it is the same way with, what do I call of you, a family?

Sure, we are a family.

OK, so you function the same way? No one is left out and no one is left behind?

Yes.

But it is a closed group.

Yes and so are the classes. A member of one class is not responsible for a student in another class. All are closed groups. Some here call the other members of their group, their batchmates.

OK, I think I understand. Joriz I am sorry I asked a stupid question.

OK. It is OK. Ron we get text Mother is back. Sarah will know I am with you tonight?

Yeh, probably. Aubrey knows and Melissa here knows. I suspect that somewhere along the way their mother will find out.

You still want me?

Joriz I always want you. Do you mean do I want you tonight? I do. You and your sister are like Yin and Yang⁵². If one of you is with me and then if I am not with the other, there is no balance. It's bad Feng Shui⁵³!

Hala! comes from Pearl. He figured you two out. It took me far longer to understand.

I was just joking but maybe it is also true, they are really compliments of each other. Rather than blend, each represents a pure essence. Go figure, the unconscious mind works when the conscious fails to grasp. The fact that Pearl got it is news and welcome at that. It means to me she has an

⁵² - How opposite forces are complementary. Chinese.

⁵³ - Finding harmony between everyone and the environment. Chinese.

organic sense of the nature of what people are about. That may be helpful right now.

Pearl, I had a conversation with Emelyn and she thinks our plan with Judith is dangerous. Is there any reason why I should be concerned?

Sir, I too think about this. Emelyn is right. Judith is a problem.

If true, the only way I see it is to find someone else in whom she might be interested. Is there another way?

No Sir. I think you are right.

Yeh, well it is a nice thought but I don't have any idea how to do it.

And then a voice who hasn't spoken, speaks now. *I think I do.*

You have a plan or an idea k'Ren?

Maybe. I know a girl who has a crush on Judith but is afraid to act on it.

You friends with her?

Not really, but I know who she is. She knows we are friendly with Judith. Maybe I can convince her to make a move on Judith. I don't think Judith will be mean to her and maybe it will work.

Immediately Jonalyn is seemingly concerned. *k'Ren, you thinking of Czaren or EuNice?*

Czaren.

Her uncle is a captain in the PNP⁵⁴ You think that's a good idea?

EuNice is in love with Reyman. You have a better one?

I think you better find someone else, not us, to push her to Judith.

⁵⁴ - Philippine National Police

How about me? I leave in a few days and then you can all claim that you had no idea. So says my granddaughter. I can't think of a more stupid suggestion.

No, it tracks right back to me. Sorry Melissa, but that one won't work.

But Melissa isn't done. Do any of you know enough to copy Judith's hand writing?

Pearl says that her mother can.

OK we slip a note to the Czaren in a way she doesn't know who gave it to her, and the note is from Judith. It tells her that Judith understands Crazen is interested in being good friends with her. If this is true she should come to Judith's office, tell Judith she wants to be special friends and touch Judith's cheek. No one will track anything back to us and if it works, Judith is no longer a problem for us.

I can only hope.

We are assembling for a big dinner. I hope it is one without machetes. Word is it that Sarah will join us. Aubrey and Melissa have been with her for the better part of an hour. I gather it is a sort of a congress of America Females. No one else is invited to attend.

Aubrey and Melissa know that even though dinner is supposed to be at six thirty tonight, it means little. We operate here on Filipino time, which means when everyone shows up or everyone else gives up and starts. Still Sarah and her two still function on American time. As it is currently six twenty-five, I suspect we will see them very soon.

At six twenty-eight the three appear in dresses. Sarah comes to me and says, *Let's start over. It's good to see you, Dad.*

It's good to see you, Sarah.

Dad, I admit, I am still having a hard time with all this, but I am now convinced that no one here, no single person, is being abused or taken advantage of. I understand that you all really do love each other and

want to stay together. I will do nothing to interfere with that. Not now and not ever. You have my promise. I want a promise from you too.

What is it?

I want my girls to know their grandfather and their aunts and uncles as they come along. And so I want your assurance that my girls will always be safe in this house.

Safe from me? Sarah!

No, Dad, safe from the other females in this house who might try to seduce them... Joriz ... and safe from their own inappropriate inclinations in the future.

Sarah, I can promise you that Joriz will not attempt anything again. I can assure you that if I am apprised of something untoward, I will stop it. However your daughters are getting of an age when neither you nor I will have any control of their choices. As such that part I cannot promise.

I know as much. OK. Let's eat. I'm starved. Susan, where are you sitting? I will be next to you.

The meal starts well enough. The food is good and the talk is cheerful. The girls get into a giggling fit when Jonalyn tells Joriz that she is a serial sex offender. As that quiets down, Sarah asks, *Who is with you tonight, Dad?*

MOM! Aubrey is totally pissed and furious with her mother.

Sarah looks at her and asks, *What is the problem? Isn't that the normal thing that is done here?*

Mom we don't need any more problems!

Aubrey there is no problem. Dad?

It's me, Ma'am. I am with your father tonight. The rest of us already know this. Your father was with Jonalyn last night and so I am allowed to be with him tonight. It's good Feng Shui!

Excuse me? Feng Shui?

Yes. If I am not with your Father tonight then the universe is not in balance.

Sarah closes her eyes, breathes deeply, her hands resting on the table. Dad would you please explain?

Do you see much difference between Jonalyn and Joriz?

No, of course not, there are twins.

Yes they are physically, certainly. And each of us has a personality that is in parts extrovert and introvert, athletic and observer. With twins we expect the mixes to be similar between each. But with these two, it is if there is pure decisive and cock-sure in one and pure considerate and empathic in the other. It is like the pure essences were separated at birth and the only way to have a balance of it is to put the two of them back together so to speak. They are the yin and yang. Separate but inseparable. To be with one and leave the other wanting is a bad business. Since Jonalyn was with me last night, it is essential that Joriz join me tonight. I don't think anyone of them at this table thought differently.

OK, you are not putting me on?

Ask your daughters.

Aubrey?

Mom, I don't know about the Feng Shui stuff, but everyone here knew that if Jonalyn was last night, Joriz has to be tonight.

Melissa do you have anything to add, child?

What Poppop says about them is really true. They look identical but they do not think identical. But they do seem to complement each other. It is weird. Pearl knows about this.

Pearl can you add anything?

No. Your father is correct about they be opposites. And he is correct. It is a mistake if he not with Joriz tonight. No one here want to see what happen if it not occur.

Dad, you certainly have put the whole thing squarely in my face. But you are right. I can't accept it and not accept it. It is all or it doesn't really work. So no problems from me.

Mom? Melissa is tugging on Sarah's arm?

Mom, I don't think you get it yet. They want to be in Poppop's bed even more than him. I don't mean he doesn't love them. I really think he does. I believe that now. But the sex part? It's them. Jonalyn wanted him desperately last night. She told me. And Joriz just about tore my head off when I said why don't you want a guy of your own? He is hers, Mom. He is. He is all theirs. Mom, they love him as much as you love him. And Mom, being fourteen here is different from being fourteen in Rochester. This world is different.

Dad, I don't know how you convinced both my girls in the time I was gone, but you have. I was willing to hold my nose and just get through this. They spent an hour telling me I have been brainwashed by a propaganda machine. Turning to Joriz, In four years you will be giving me a sister or brother. It is best we be friends. So let's start with you not calling me Ma'am. My name is Sarah.

Chapter 27: Confusion

So are you the yin or the yang?

That's silly. I am the yin to her yang and the yang to her yin. I am both!

See? That's pure Joriz. There is no ambiguity even with ambiguous questions. If there is an Occam's razor, Joriz epitomizes the expression of it. She doesn't mind that there is gray. Note it and move the hell on.

Any special requests for tonight?

I read about 'deep throat' techniques. We try?

OK, sure. Anything else?

If I get you off that way, you do me with your mouth?

OK, sure.

Cool. So I read how to do this. There is this gag reflex. I have been using an eggplant to stop gagging. I think I have it. Let's see if it works.

With her lips and her hand, it doesn't take long to get me hard. Joriz is not a vixen. Her style is workman like, but the intent and desire she feels for me is there too. I am not a mannequin for her. She never does much without returning her gaze to mine and checking in with me.

She has me as hard as she thinks is needed and just slides in over me like there is nothing to it. She backs out and does it again. She does it and hums. Oh Jesus! She backs out and takes me all the way down again humming all the way. I am about ready to blow and it hasn't been thirty seconds. She backs out, takes a big gulp of air and takes me down and stays down as she keeps on humming. I lose it and cum down her throat.

She backs out and smiles. *See, you like it.*

Of course I like it. Fool! ... Now it is time for me to do you.

Good! Ron, do you want me to call you Dad or Poppop?

No. Why do you ask?

Melissa wondered if you wanted to fuck her too.

My granddaughter? Why would she think that?

Because we are the same age, silly.

Ah, no, the answer is no.

It is OK if I call you husband or asawa?

That is OK.

See I knew it. She just doesn't get you yet. OK husband. Eat my cunt.

It may look like Jonalyn's cunt, and smell like it, but the owner of this cunt has attitude. I flip her on to her back, slide down between her legs, open her cunt up with my fingers and go tongue diving into her cunt before retreating to find and suck her clit in to my mouth, flicking it with my tongue. I finger her ass and keep up the assault as she floods my face with her fluids. I don't care what she is babbling. I want to eat cunt.

Her thighs squeeze my head and I can't move as she cums and cums again before collapsing.

Technique wise there wasn't much to it. It didn't take long, but Joriz doesn't care. The sexual fulfillment matter is resolved and now we can just hold each other. She wants that tonight. She is sure now that she is a competent lover. Now she wants to make sure she has my heart. She snuggles, strokes and kisses me. And then as a coda, *See Ron, I know who you are and what you want. I always will. You are mine.*

Morning and Joriz has gone. It is a school day. I am out of my shower and joined by Elvie, Aubrey and Sarah for my breakfast.

Good morning all. I kiss each, Sarah and Aubrey getting it on the cheek and Elvie on the lips. Elvie is in a wicked mode and inserts a tongue. I

smile following the kiss and tell her she is wicked. Her response is, *Good*. And she sticks out her tongue.

To what do I owe your presence Sarah?

Aubrey tells me that if I wish to understand this house, I must shadow Elvie at least for the first two hours. You are evidently part of this. I had no idea.

Well it isn't a problem. OK Elvie, what do you have?

We need to make a trip to pick up some things to plant. There are three I have checked on. We can go at eight before it gets too hot.

OK. Next?

Driving lessons. Emelyn in the morning and Ros in the afternoon.

OK. Anything else?

When we start on the painting?

I thought we agreed next Wednesday. Is there a reason to change?

No. Just checking. I want to take Susan to see a doctor for a checkup. When can we do it?

Can Jenny take her on the 220?

Sure.

If they can go today, do it.

Can Jenny see the doctor too?

Sure. Is it a checkup or something else?

Checkup. Breast exam. Sarah interrupts and tells Elvie that they need to do a pap smear on both. Elvie has never heard of a pap smear, but agrees to make it part of the requests.

Next?

We need to deal with the Judith matter. When we do this?

Sarah interrupts, *Who's Judith?*

Mom, I'll fill you in on this later OK? Sarah nods.

Best we deal with this at supper.

Anything else?

No. We are good.

It is hard to overstate how relieved I am at how things are with Sarah at the moment. She has decided to join my gals as they care for the house, landscape and purchase what is needed for the house. She is also giving driving lessons and Ros tells me she prefers Sarah to me! That is fine with me. At the dinner that evening, after our breakfast, Sarah and Susan talk a lot. Susan takes Sarah with her to the bakery the next morning.

Aubrey has become fast friends with Elvie. You see one and you see the other. Melissa has decided that it is impossible to be friends with Jonalyn and not friends with Joriz, so now there is a troika.

The Judith matter is getting a full airing in the house. No one is really happy with the plan but no one has a better one. Ros is afraid that her hand will be identified as the scrivener. Sarah asks if they have a sample of Judith's handwriting. As it happens, Pearl does. It's not a large sample but it may be adequate.

The actual text of what is to be put on the paper is debated and debated again. Karen swipes some school office notepaper. The day before Sarah and kids are to leave there is only one detail. How to slip it into the girl's papers.

Nothing is as easy as it seems. We have yet to finalize a choice from the crappy options before us when it is time to take the three visitors back to the ferry.

I am very grateful that the goodbyes are sweet and heartfelt all around. Sarah ends up spending time with the young ones. I doubt they bonded, but they are all OK with each other. Melissa and her four age fourteen compatriots are a Facebook group. I doubt that anything going on, on either side of the Pacific will go unnoted. So much for privacy.

Susan and Sarah have a special bond. They also friended each other on Facebook.

Elvie and Aubrey have decided to stay on Skype and this new thing called Viber. Aubrey told me that Elvie has taught her a great deal about personal responsibility. I do not doubt that. Sarah did note to me that she thinks Aubrey has changed in dramatic ways. Sarah is not sure she likes all of them, but such is life.

Aubrey also told me one more thing. She and Melissa are hip to the propaganda now. They have been looking at US websites and each time another propaganda piece runs, they talk about it and how this or that is total bullshit. She makes it clear that her world does not include other females with her guy, but she has no problem with those that do. She thinks she might like a relationship with an older man, but not as old as me, and she's not sure in the USA that it will work. She is going to think about it.

As Melissa hugs me at the wharf, she whispers, *Tell Joriz I am sorry. We should have tried it.* I don't know exactly what that means but I do have a guess.

We watch the ferry carry them away for a bit. It is a school day and so four of them go to their classes.

The rest of us stop by a paint supply to purchase primer, reducer, top coat, brushes and rollers. That is an expensive purchase. The painter starts tomorrow morning.

We get back in time for lunch, and then a driving lesson, plus a lesson for Susan on the 220.

After so much time on a bicycle, the 220 is not scary any more. I go over how to start and change gears. That is it. She takes off riding around with a big smile on her face. Jenny stands there watching and then says, *OK you were right. It is better this way.*

I say nothing. Susan needs a student driver's license. Maybe tomorrow.

I hurry back and pick up the girls for the trip back to the house. I tell Joriz what Melissa told me. She just nods. But that's Joriz.

Karen informs me that in spite of the fact that we hadn't decided how to get the note to Czaren, it was done today. There was an opportunity to slip it in without anyone seeing it occur and Karen made use of it with dispatch. No one saw a damned thing, but they did see that Czaren noticed the note, blushed, looked around to see if anyone was watching her and slipped the note into a pocket.

Now we need to see if nature takes its hoped for course.

At dinner Joriz asks, *Who tonight?*

You, your sister and your mother.

There is silence at the table. And then Emelyn says in a very quiet voice, *Very good. Thank you.*

I am not needing to say anything else but Ros asks, *Pearl and me tomorrow?*

Yeh, Ros.

I told them in the beginning that this would happen, did they think I was kidding? Sarah's presence interrupted events. It was one thing I didn't want to pursue while she was here. These women fought to be here. I was clear about what they needed to accept and commit to. I am not sure this is going to go well.

Up in my rooms after supper, I am reading some news sites. My favorite author appears to be in revolt and there is nothing from him. And so the

news will have to do. I am getting increasingly frustrated with the paywalls on sites where I can only read five or ten articles from them and otherwise I have to purchase a subscription. I am creating a basket of sites. As one locks me out for the month, I go to the next. There is no way I want to pay a monthly fee for a site half way around the world I will only look at once every few days. Maybe it works if it's your hometown paper and you live in that home town. It doesn't work for me.

Anyway, I am cruising the news as well as I can when Susan knocks and comes in.

Ron? I am sorry.

OK. Sorry about what?

How they act tonight. They know this will happen. I tell them. You tell them. My k'Ren tell them. So no excuse.

Why are you apologizing for them? You did nothing wrong. Are they not going to be here tonight? Is that it?

They will come. We talk after you leave. Emelyn she is scared. I say, then why you say yes? She not answer. Joriz she with me. She yell at her mother to stop being makulit. They agree to do this thing. Jonalyn she say Joriz is correct and Emelyn should honor you and do as you ask. She say OK. But she is scared.

This is not good. Tell them to not come. Ask Ros and Pearl to come. Emelyn and the girls need to leave tomorrow.

Ron!

No, Susan. I will not force anyone to do anything they are not comfortable and willing to do. There are no exceptions.

But she is willing, just scared.

Willing but scared equals coercion. I will not coerce anyone. It is done.

Please do not do this! Please!

Tell Ros and Pearl to come tonight, Susan.

No! They say they will not do this. Emelyn ask them the switch. They say no. They say this is Emelyn family night. It for Emelyn to go. They not swap. Ros say she will be with you happily tomorrow. No problem with her. No problem with Pearl.

OK ask Elvie to join me tonight. Ros and Pearl tomorrow.

What about Emelyn? She go after?

She leaves tomorrow.

NO! Please, please no.

There is yet another knock on the door before it opens to admit Elvie, Jonalyn, then Joriz and finally Emelyn.

I sit quietly and wait.

It is Elvie who speaks and gives proof to why she runs the house. *Ronald, I told these three to pack. They will leave in the morning. They say I have no right to tell them this. They insist on you to tell them.*

OK, and why do they think they can stay Elvie?

I do not know. You said they can only come and stay here if they are very willing to do some things. You tell them they even have to say these things back to you, not just say OK. They must say it and mean it. If they do not want to and they do it anyway for fear of leaving, this is no good. It is like prostitution I think. I think this is what you think. So I tell them to go.

Susan, what did I just get done telling you?

The same thing that Elvie say. The same thing, exactly. Elvie know you. You even say they leave in the morning. Same as Elvie.

Emelyn is weeping. *Do not punish my girls for what I do wrong!*

Joriz, what did I say when we first discussed coming here?

You say you will not allow us to come without our mother. You will not allow your mother to come without us. You say all must agree that these things will happen and we will do these things willingly. That is what we agree to with no argument.

Did I say you could be here without your mother?

No.

Jonalyn do you agree with this?

Yes Sir. It is what we agreed to. I understood when it was said.

So Emelyn, why did you request to see me?

Sir please, I am foolish. Please forgive me. There will be no problems and I will do as you wish. There will never be a problem again. I swear it.

Elvie, did she tell you this before you came up here?

No. She say why she need to do this. She say she not want it. She say you have her. You have her two daughters. That is enough.

Emelyn, who runs this house?

Oh my God! No! Sir! No!

Joriz, who runs this house?

Elvie.

Emelyn, I am not going to change the rules to suit your needs. Elvie makes the decision based on what she is told. You can't tell her one thing, find out that it didn't work and tell me something else. If I allow you to do it, I remove Elvie's power. I will not do that. Elvie escort them out. The decision is yours.

Yes sir, but may I ask Emelyn something?

Of course.

Emelyn would you like to speak to me now?

Elvie, sorry, sorry, I wrong! I not argue with you and I do what Sir Ron want. No problem ever. This never happen again. If you say it is what Sir want, I believe you. I not demand to see Sir again to change your decision. I am very wrong.

Elvie turns to me and we both don't like this. That much I can see in Elvie's face and I sure as hell don't like it.

Ronald, I will never know about this now. We have forced her. I think we need time to consider what to do.

I agree. They pack. If Ros and Pearl do not come tonight, they can pack too. I don't need anyone here tonight if Ros says no. If she says yes, I will decide tomorrow about Emelyn's family.

Susan is in tears. She gets on her knees, bows her head and begins to plead. *Ron, I help bring them to you. I know you not want any more. I know this and I tell them, Sir Ron will make it hard on you to stay. You must do what he say or you can't come. So I know this. But Sir, please. We have just been through a great difficulty. Emelyn did a very special thing for you with your daughter. Sir please, I know there must be rules. Rules are important. But Sir, this once, please do this for me. Emelyn acts bad. She know this. We all know this. We all will act bad. Elvie acted bad, but you not kick her out. Please don't to this to Emelyn.*

Susan, I had already accepted Elvie into my heart as equal to you and k'Ren. This you know. Emelyn needed to do these things to be the same. If she had, then she would never be kicked out. She didn't. Elvie never, ever denied me anything. What she did has nothing to do with denying me. This is not the same. However, it is true. Emelyn did do important things for us, and for that I am grateful. I will take that into my consideration tomorrow morning. Still, the things I expect here are things she really does not want to do and that is causing both Elvie and me to say, there is a problem. She may be willing now because there is no choice, but she really doesn't want to do these things. I don't see how that ever changes.

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

As the one who carries your child I ask you to trust me. I promise you that Emelyn will change her heart and mind. She will not fail you. I am sure of it.

I am not. I should never have allowed those five to come. But no one will leave tomorrow. I will think about all this for two days. No one is to join me for that time. Now please all leave.

Chapter 28: Troubled minds

I am alone. It is what I want. I need space to sort this out. Elvie and Jenny are here because they want to be here. I didn't make them do anything. They are volunteers. Well sort of. I guess I forced Jenny, but she never once said no. I really didn't want her here and she fought her way in. These gals also wanted in but one at least has tried to renegotiate the deal.

It has been too long between taking them here and completing the details. There have been too many of them at once. It is a huge fucking mistake.

Sure they are all great gals in many ways, but I am not going to carve out exceptions for this one or that one. It just doesn't work. I can't have anyone going around Elvie. That doesn't work either.

I slept OK last night, considering that I am mildly pissed off. I just need some distance from them and time to think. The shower feels good and I get dressed though I don't think I need to. I could hang out in my boxers all day and no one would be the wiser, except that Elvie might be at the table with breakfast. Well that's OK, I need to eat and I can explain how I want things to work for the next couple of days.

Sure enough, there she is. *Good morning Elvie.*

Gook morning, Ronald. It OK that I am here?

Yeh, it is OK. Look, run the house as it needs to be run. Have someone bring me meals and leave them on a tray outside the door. From now on for maybe a couple of days, I am not joining anything or anyone. The girls will have to take a jeepney home both nights.

Do you want to know what is going on downstairs?

No. I really don't care Elvie. I made a huge mistake bringing five here at one time. I am sure they are upset. I don't need to hear it.

Ronald, Sir, you show me great loyalty last night. More that I deserve maybe. But everyone in this house know I have great power, because you

give it to me. I try to use the power you give me carefully. I only do what I think you want. Sir now I ask a favor. May I speak Sir, please?

OK, Elvie, you have that right.

I think you would not make Emelyn do something if maybe it were just her and her kids here and you think, OK these are the ones I want. But they are not the only ones. And you can't have a special rule for this one and another rule for that one. This house not work if you do that. Di ba?

That is very true.

Yes, so, last night I explain that to all. I do this because I call a meeting of all. Better no misunderstanding. So I explain, all have to live in same way with you. There cannot be 'her, but not her.' That is what you were really doing, I think. Me and Jenny and Susan and k'Ren we live that way with you and we happy with that. You say to them, they will have to live that way too, or it not work. I know you tell them that before. They not believe you I think. Not before. They believe now. They understand how it must be. ... But problem, now it seem forced, not voluntary. Correct?

You have it exactly right.

Sir Ronald, husband Ronald, Emelyn, she will kill herself if others forced to leave. I know it is true. She love you Sir and she know she fail the man she love. She say, she finally found man gud and she do wrong. Wala na⁵⁵. As the person you really trust, I am telling you, this time you need to permit. I ask it as Elvie, the one who runs your house. If you permit this, I tell them it is because of me you allow this. Your honor is preserved Sir. My honor is preserved and the house will work.

OK Elvie. I still don't want to see anyone today. Bring my meals on a tray outside the door. I will see Emelyn and the girls tonight. But Elvie, if there is even a hint of a problem, the agreement ends and they go. Clear?

Clear.

⁵⁵ - Nothing now. [Pronounced: wa-LaH Nah; all 'a's are soft.]

If it is OK tonight, Ros and Pearl tomorrow. If that is OK, then Emelyn and Pearl the next day. Then on Friday, Emelyn and Ros and Jonalyn and k'Ren. Elvie, in the next seven days, Emelyn will be in bed and have sex with everyone in this house. If there is ANY issue, she is gone.

I understand. Sir the girls did not go to school today. They too scared.

Send them now! Immediately.

Yes. OK I go now Sir.

Elvie's solution, if it works is probably the only reasonable one and it makes her the undisputed power. Susan carries my child and k'Ren has my heart as well, but Elvie runs things. Jenny has always known that. I think Susan and Karen do to a lesser extent. But the other five really have not gotten the message as fully until now. Elvie is not a hand servant. She is not the maid, not anymore.

I really don't want to socialize while this process continues. I am going to pull Emelyn into where I need her, or she has to go. The day is a bit boring, but I do get a chance to relax.

At nine this evening there is a knock on the door and Emelyn enters with the twins. All are wearing new robes. Jonalyn is removing her robe as Joriz grabs her mother's robe and pulls it off the woman. Joriz is simply not going to give her mother an inch of room to show any hesitation. I know Joriz and understand her intent, but it might only delay the inevitable. We will have to see.

Jonalyn lie on your back please. Joriz put your cunt over your sister's face so she can eat you out. Emelyn, you eat Jonalyn's cunt and make her cum. Joriz looks at me with panic in her eyes. She knows what I know. Her mother is simply not prepared for this. Emelyn closes her eyes, and breathes deep. I am about to stop the proceedings when Emelyn moves down on her daughter, spreads Jonalyn's labia with her fingers and inserts her tongue where I never thought she would put it. Relief flows over Joriz's face. Jonalyn pushes her cunt up toward the intruder.

I am an observer. Emelyn starts to take control of Jonalyn's hips and ass. It is an awesome sight as this thirty-five year old beauty takes her own daughter so completely. The cord is unbroken, or is re-established between the two as mother takes daughter in the most intimate of ways. She keeps on the girl, working in the cunt and on the clit. Jonalyn can't remember to eat Joriz, as she is too engaged with her mother's attack on her sex. I watch as Jonalyn bucks and gasps her way to a real orgasm, drenching her mother's face. God this is a cum shot that you have never seen and never will. Daughter's juices running down mother's cheeks and chin. Emelyn is in a trance.

I pull Emelyn off the girl and instruct Jonalyn to do her mother. Jonalyn is not stopping to think. She attaches her mouth to Emelyn's cunt as fast as she can make it happen.

I pull Joriz to me and I pull the girl in for a kiss. I get more than a kiss in return. I get her whole body wrapped around me. Her lips push past my lips to my ear and she whispers, *Make her fuck everyone here. Make her do the other ones during the day and us girls at night. Teach her to do what you tell her. Make her learn. Make her, Ron. Make her.*

I finger fuck Joriz while we watch Emelyn get eaten out by her daughter. Joriz is enjoying my attention but is more interested to see what her mother will do. I wonder if Emelyn can cum under this attack. I think Joriz is wondering the same thing.

But Emelyn does. And she does so convincingly.

The night is not over. I instruct Emelyn to assist shoving my cock into each of her daughters. First she pushes me into Joriz who is more than ready but knows tonight is not about her. As I fuck her daughter I pull Emelyn to me and get a wet sloppy kiss. She is giving me all she's got. She whispers in my ear, *my God! I liked it. I am bad, but I like it!* A few minutes later she assists me pushing my cock into Jonalyn. We kiss again as Jonalyn is reamed. *Yes, fuck her. Make my girl cum. Yes, OK, now I see. We are for you. No problem. Fuck her gud.*

I am too hard and too much has gone on, for me to hold the cum back for too long. I pound Jonalyn's hot tight cunt for as long as I can, but the hot juice flowing from the girl's cunt, and her cunt muscle massages, are getting to me and I send my cum into the girl.

Emelyn, suck my cum out of her cunt and make her cum again.

Not a flinch, not a blink. Emelyn gets to it and Jonalyn gets another reward. Joriz snuggles back into me and says again exactly what I am thinking. *I not think she be this way. Maybe we are OK now.*

The sheets are a mess and so are we. A trip to the shower plus new bedsheets ends the night, sleep being the next order of business.

The twins are gone in the morning but Emelyn is next to me when I awaken. She is propped up, an elbow on a pillow, just looking at me.

Good morning, Emelyn.

Yes, good morning to you. I embarrassed.

Why.

I like it. I like it very much. This not right, but I like it too much I think. I think we have no more problems. I am bobo.

You need to thank Elvie. She is the reason you are here.

Yes I know this. I not make that mistake again. When I have you again? Now, maybe? And she strokes the morning wood, a sweet smile on her face.

Maybe after we shower, Emelyn.

Oh, OK. Not now?

No, after the shower. And I pull her into the bathroom. I am well aware that Elvie will be there when we emerge.

Good morning Elvie! This lovely woman is going to eat your cunt right now, so put your coffee down, remove your leggings and get your ass on the bed, sweetheart.

Elvie tilts her head, raises her eyebrows, smiles a fairly wicked smile and does as requested. Emelyn is recalibrating and complying. She is at this moment completely naked. As she gets her face between Elvie's thighs, I reach down on her and start finger fucking her. In no time at all I have her juices flowing. I start moving her natural lubricant from her cunt up to her exposed bung hole, and then I plunge a finger into her ass. It surprises her. I push another in, frigging her ass good with one hand, while frigging her cunt with the other. When her butt-hole is large and relaxed enough, I pull my fingers out and insert the main event. It is an eye opening experience to Emelyn. She grunts. She cusses. She cums, hard.

Elvie knows what's happening. She pulls out from under Emelyn swings around to get face the face with the woman and pulls her in for a tonsil touching contest, and nipple squeezing session, all while her companion is being vigorously butt fucked.

But Emelyn is about to blow a gasket and pulls her head back to scream loud and hard as she cums good and long, while I dump cum in her ass.

Five minutes later it is time for another shower.

This time I dress when done with the shower and the gals do too.
Emelyn asks, *I go?*

No, Elvie brought you breakfast, so stay through this and leave with Elvie.

OK Elvie, what do we have today?

Driving lessons? Ronald, when you take them for the license?

Maybe next week. Soon anyway.

Jenny and Susan go yesterday for licenses for the motorcycle. Susan good to take the 220 to the bakery now. You want another motorcycle here?

Don't know. I'll think about it. Next?

Painter started yesterday. He will be here today. I want to get more plants. Can you take me in the van?

Sure, when?

Half an hour?

OK. Next?

We are good to continue as you say yesterday?

We are. OK I tell Ros.

Yeh. Anything else?

I think there may be news about Judith. Jonalyn see Czaren go into Judith's office at two and not leave until four-thirty. Both look like do something. Act weird but not upset when they leave. That all Jonalyn know. Will you pick the girls up tonight?

Yeh.

OK I text them. That it.

Emelyn has been quiet and eating her breakfast. But she speaks now. Sir you and Elvie do this each morning?

Yeh, why?

Not Susan?

No.

Yesterday I truly believe Elvie has great power here. I not know how, but I know she does. Now I see it. But I am confused. Susan told me it was

her and k'Ren you wanted and Elvie was here as a maid in the beginning. Is this true?

I signal for Elvie to speak. Yes that is exactly correct, with one exception. He made me head of the house before Susan come to us. He make it clear that he wanted Susan and k'Ren. I was not the one he was looking for, they were, and they still are. I never forget that. But I run the house.

Yes I see that clearly now.

Half an hour later, Elvie and I are on our way to some nurseries. One specializes in orchids. Elvie has an idea for an area that is loaded up with them. She wants mini gardens. Each with a theme or consistent vision rather than flowers just scattered about. She also asks if we can put in a water feature that works through the gardens, narrows and widens in spots and is stocked with what she calls goldfish. I think she means koi. But no, she shows me one and I'll be damned, they are goldfish.

As we wrap up the shopping, and climb back into the van the subject changes to Emelyn.

It OK with Emelyn then?

Yeh, go figure. She is fine. I don't see any further problems.

We are driving back. It will take a good half an hour. A little bit into the drive, Elvie's cellphone chimes. I gather it is a text.

Ronald, we have a problem.

What now?

Judith. She says she needs you to take the hymen of a girl she has fallen for. This is what she writes to me, 'I do not want the girl to lose the important experience of giving her virginity to just anyone or a girl.'

SHIT! SHIT! You tell her NO! No way am I taking anyone else's virginity. And if this girl is really a girl and therefore underage, I will

skin Judith alive, if she even mentions my name to the girl or anyone else. You tell her that!

OK. Slow down and repeat please. I cannot do this so fast. And what does skin alive mean?

I will remove the skin from her body with her still alive.

Oh my God! Really?

It is an expression, but in her case, I will consider it.

OK I tell her that.

We drive along for a few miles and her phone chimes again.

Ronald, she asking for you to sit down with her and talk about it.

You know damned well, if I show up that girl will be there too. No. Tell her I will not consider her request and if she persists, I will make sure she regrets it.

Sir it is not smart to threaten her, I think. Not in text.

OK leave out the last part.

A few more miles, oh, hell I should be saying kilometers, old habits I guess. We have been driving a bit and the cellphone chimes yet again. *She says this is very important. To please meet her.*

Shit. Tell her we will meet surrounded by you and Susan and Jenny at a restaurant. She must not bring this girl. Tell her we can meet tomorrow night at that nice place down by the wharf at six.

OK.

Judith has accepted. Now what?

Elvie, why do I feel that I am running around putting out fires?

Reality?

Yeh, I guess.

We get back late for the driving lesson, but give it a good ninety minutes before we stop for lunch. Ros is really ready for the license now anyway. This is just a matter of logging in hours.

The afternoon proceeds without a bump. I stay out of the way of the painter. The women won't let me near the garden.

I pick up the girls and they sit quietly for a piece before k'Ren asks if I have heard about Judith.

No, what about her?

She is resigning. She say she is appointed as the new head person of an orphanage for girls. Her last day of work is at the end of next week. I think maybe that is the end of Czaren. ... I sit next to Czaren today when we eat lunch. I mention what I hear about Judith. Czaren is very happy. She says something I don't understand. She say, 'Yes, it is very good for us. Makes things easier.' I am confused, truly, so I ask her what she means and she says, 'Oh it nothing really.'

Chapter 29: I need stability

OK Ros, your first goal tonight is to make Pearl cum twice using your lips and your fingers. You must in the process touch her cunt and her ass. You must kiss her using your tongue. You must have your tongue on, or in, her cunt or her ass, one of the times she cums.

'Nay⁵⁶ see how fast you can do me!

Bata⁵⁷ you are buang!

True but I am your buang babae⁵⁸

Korek⁵⁹, korek!

Mother and daughter are a hoot. They are treating this as the playtime it becomes. Pearl seems to have her head on straight when it comes to sex and Ros isn't far behind. I am not involved with this at the moment and am just watching them find a common thread to weave with this new part of their lives together. Pearl is correcting Ros's first attempts and Ros is making the adjustments.

Now Ros has figured out the map on Pearl's cunt. She knows what is working and what works against her. The result is that Pearl is no longer directing traffic, she is sailing without a rudder. Just drifting with the currents on her mother's tongue.

Ros, tries to see what Pearl will accept rectally and is pleasantly surprised with Pearl's response. It is Pearl's first cum.

Ros takes that as positive encouragement, invading her daughter's ass more aggressively while sucking her on the girl's clit. That pushes the

⁵⁶- Short for Nanay meaning mother. [In this case Pronounced: NIE]

⁵⁷- Kid or child or youngster. [Pronounced: bah-TaH; 'a's are soft]

⁵⁸- Girl. [Pronounced: ba-BaH-ee;'a's are soft, the ee is a hard E but not the accented syllable.]

⁵⁹- True. [slang]

girl over the edge. Ros gets to the second cum. I get a big wet and sloppy smile from Ros.

Good girl! OK now swap positions. Pearl do your mother.

That's all I have to say and Pearl is in action. With these two, I have nothing to test, there is nothing to prove. They are enjoying this and I am happy with them. Ros is now the one who is directing traffic as Pearl must learn the ins and outs of her mother's cunt.

I move in on Ros, sucking a tit, and rolling the other nipple between fingers. I can feel her excitement build as Pearl finds her way.

Ros's hands are around my head, moving me around as she needs it. She wants, and needs, and takes all she can get. She is no passive player. She wants all of this and then it explodes through her body as it tightens and jerks and then releases in a powerful cum.

But that is just the first one and we want two from her. Pearl never stops and I don't either. The result is a follow along cum that is icing on the cake.

I move up a bit and kiss Ros, swapping spit.

OK, Ros, you stay where you are. Pearl get on your back and lie down putting the back of your head between your mother's breasts... yes just like that. Ros, you play with her tits while I fuck your daughter.

I swear, all I get are smiles and eyebrows. I move into missionary position over Pearl and slide in to a very tight and wet cunt. Ros is kissing the top of Pearl's face and torturing her daughter's tits as I give the girl a good fucking. All I hear is 'Nay, 'Nay, 'Nay, as I saw in and out of her. Finally I get the orgasm I am looking for and pull out.

I have the two swap positions. If I am going to cum tonight, it will be in Ros. Pearl is playing with her mother's tits and I am inside the woman, doing a serviceable job of things. Ros is clearly happy with the program. And then Pearl leans her head over her mother's ear and says, *See 'Nay,*

he wants you. He is going to cum in you. He is going to give me a baby brother. See 'Nay? See?

And Ros groans out, oo, before we both cum hard.

The evening's festivities are concluded. It is time for showers, bedsheets, and sleep.

The morning arrives and I find both my companions have moved on for other activities. The morning shower comes and Elvie with breakfast following it.

Good morning beautiful.

Ha. I am not! But gud you think it.

What do we have for today?

Jenny want to take Emelyn and Ros to get license today? OK with you?

Yes I guess so. Maybe I am dragging this on too long.

OK. I will text them now, they can go. What about the extra motorcycle? When Jenny use it, Susan not able to go to Bakery without Jeepney.

OK but I think a scooter will do. Not another 220. This afternoon?

Yes. Gud. But remember meeting tonight at the restaurant.

Huh, maybe I will go this morning. Susan can come with me. Does she have her license?

Yes, she get it. No problem with Ros and Pearl?

None.

That what I think. OK. The painter is here. Haha, he say, 'OK the white look nice!'

Yeh, go figure. Anything else,

*Wala pa*⁶⁰.

‘Yet’ is the operative word. I have no idea what the meeting tonight is about.

Susan and I take the van. It is crazy to drive a fifteen person people carrier for just the two of us, but that is what I am doing. We find a new Yamaha Mio with 113cc engine for under ₱40,000. I could get a used one for less but opt for the new.

Susan gets to ride it to the bakery. She takes off with a huge smile on her face.

I now drive over to the LTO where the driver’s licenses come from. They aren’t done and are told to come back at two this afternoon. I take them out to lunch at a [Mang Inasal](#)⁶¹ before going home. If I wait for them I might as well wait for the school girls and then I will have been waiting all day. And besides, they have the 220!

Susan arrives back at the house at three-thirty. She wants time to dress for the meeting. Jenny and the two new drivers return to the house after I leave to pick up our school girls. I get the four and make a quick trip back to the house. We need to leave no later than six-ten to get there on time.

Telling any female you need to leave at a specific time is bad enough, but when you are telling four, it is far worse, so I tell them I have something to do in town first and we need to leave at five-twenty.

At six-oh-five they are finally assembled. I inform them that I have to forego the stop in town because they are so slow. We get into the van and roll out of the gate at... six-ten on the nose.

This is a nice place and it is not crowded. We are on time, but Judith and three others with her are waiting for us. We see a PNP officer and two women of indeterminate age, but well dressed. Judith handles all the introductions. The guy from the PNP is Czaren’s uncle. One of the

⁶⁰ - Nothing yet.

⁶¹ - Filipino restaurant chain.

women, Delia Cortez, is from the DSWD (Department of Social Welfare and Development) and the other woman is with the DepEd (Department of Education). OK, I am thinking, shit my goose is cooked. Still they are being very nice and greetings are very pleasant.

Ron, thank you and your family of sorts for joining us tonight. This is the perfect place to have this conversation instead of an office!

You are welcome, but I have to say Judith, we are at a loss to know what this is all about!

But it is not Judith who answers me. It is the gal from the DSWD. *Sir Ron, I received a call from my colleague Capt. Mahinay. His niece told him about his niece's school's Social Worker with whom the child has made a friendship. She said that Miss Judith is the hardest most dedicated person she has ever met. Miss Judith has asked his niece what she wanted to be when she grew up. His niece told him that she told Miss Judith, she wanted to be just like Miss Judith! ... Well! Our dear Captain decided he needed to meet Miss Judith. He discovered that she is a very dedicated young woman. He also discovered that it is her dream to run an orphanage. Further he learn that it is you who first tell Miss Judith she is perfectly suited for such a thing. ... So my friend call me to inquire, what I might think of this Miss Judith. If I would agree with this foreigner's assessment!*

Man, is this gal on a roll. She has used up more air than a pipe organ on Sunday and I have no idea yet why we are here. But sure as hell, she is not done.

So I first, I call my friend here at DepEd and ask her if she has a file on Miss Judith that I might see. She does and I admit, I am impressed. Next I visit with the individual herself. Sir Ron, I must admit, we don't normally select in a way that would have put Miss Judith's name in front of us for such a position, but I can only concur. She is highly qualified and well suited temperamentally as well. She is a perfect candidate for such a position. But Sir, when I asked her if she would accept placement in an orphanage, she told me that she would only do it, if you could be her

advisor. I told her that such a request is highly unusual and I did not see how it could occur. ... She told me how you live and care for all those in your life with dignity and honor. She told me how you refuse to even meet with her if there was a minor present for fear of someone misconstruing your intentions. Such behavior is to be admired! I know that my friend the Captain, who saw the text from your housekeeper, where you refuse such a meeting, is very much an admirer of you because of this type of response. He tell me that you are the type of foreigner we are happy to have live with us.

She's not done yet and I am still in the dark. Sure I know what Judith requested, but as the gal said, there is no way in hell they are going to offer that and I won't take it anyway. She is still not done!

My friend the Captain and Miss Judith ask that I at least meet with you. I am so happy to hear that you will bring those of your household with you. I am pleased to meet all of you. I will not ask you why you found our candidate to be a good selection. That is obvious. But Sir, what can you offer as supervisor to Miss Judith that we cannot?

I really? Maybe she just wants to show Judith that, whatever I say, will not be good enough. I will make it easy for her. *Honestly Ma'am, while I am flattered to be asked such a question, the answer is that I have nothing to offer her that your department is not better equipped to provide as to guidance and support. I see no reason to interject myself in what most certainly is none of my business. Miss Judith will be very successful in such a position. I am sure that some girls she meets, will find a safe future under her wing. The others will be well cared for and safe under her care. I wish her and the children under the care of the DSWD only the best possible of futures.*

The gal looks at Jenny and asks, *Is this man always so respectful?*

No, Madam, he can be stubborn. He can insist on his way. But when he does, I think it is for a good reason.

Sir Ron, this one says you can be stubborn. Is this true?

Yeh, it is. All those who live with me will tell you the same thing.

Why do you think that Miss Judith asks for your guidance?

Most likely because I am good to her Tita Ros, and cousin Pearl. She thinks I am a good person. I am no better than many others. Worse than some. What the fuck am I going to say... because in her head I am the only man who doesn't want to fuck her and control her? Jesus!

The gal looks at Susan and asks. Miss Susan? Ah yes, Miss Susan, in your opinion why do you think Miss Judith feels as she does?

It is because Sir Ron, he is the only one to see her true calling, to understand her heart and guide her in the direction that is best for her and has nothing to do with him, or his needs.

Yes, yes, that is very perceptive of you. I can see that clearly. It is not for him he acts but for Miss Judith only. Even now, he only points to her and says do not look at me.

Oh good fucking God. This is a load of one hundred percent USDA certified horseshit. I am only lucky that there is no way I can be sucked into this.

Capt. Mahinay decides he needs to speak. Sir Ron, my niece tells me that every girl who lives in your home has better clothing, better food for lunch and is doing better in school than before you took them in. Do you deny this?

Captain, I have no way to even know. I do not see them in school. I only pick them up after school.

Yes, you buy a van when you could make them ride a jeepney! Sir, you do not take girls in trouble and make them sex workers. No! You take care of them and help them stay in school. I think the DSWD needs to make an exception. You have the type of conscience that needs to be guiding our Miss Judith. Not some bureaucrat.

Oh if he only knew the truth I'd be in such deep shit right now. But what I don't need, is what he is selling, and now I think I understand why we are here. He has been pushing DSWD and has been backing Judith's intent to suck me in.

Well sometimes you have to step in a little shit to keep the rest of you from falling into the septic tank. Here goes.

Capt. Mahinay, I appreciate your very kind words, but did Miss Judith tell you why Miss Susan lives in my house? If she did, I think you would not see me in a favorable light.

Sir, as you referring to the fact that you love little Miss k'Ren?

Yes I am, and she is only fourteen years of age.

But you keep her safe. You insist she share a room with her older sister and that you refuse to be in the house without an adult female present. Is that not true? Are you not waiting for Miss Karen to turn 18?

Yeh, that's true. But do you not think such behavior is odd? Would it not cause some to question my morals? Sir I do not wish for such scrutiny even though I have done nothing wrong. So you see, my wish to stand back is not just a matter of saintly intent, but a matter of personal protection.

Sir, you took two very poor people and lifted them up out of love, honor and respect. I can tell you with assurance that your behavior is beyond reproach. I tell that to all who ask. Sir I am a board member and advisor to the orphanage in question. I can tell you that I speak for all those on the board. We would welcome you as an advisor and counselor to the residents of the orphanage. Ma'am Delia, this needs to happen.

Captain, it is clear that Sir Ron does not want the position and is asking to not be considered. Why it is that you hear him differently than I do?

He is too modest. It is his way. We must appoint him. I have confidence that once appointed, he will not disappoint!

How do I stop this train? *Captain, is it possible that my current visa status will interfere with such an appointment?*

May I inquire as to that now?

Good, maybe I have found an out. I explain the entire visa status issue. I don't know if it helps me or not, but at least it slows things down. It makes the DSWD gal happy. I get a smile from her. She may not want me, but she knows I am not fighting her. I am not her problem.

May I say something in front of all of you, to Miss Judith? I see eyebrows. Judith, do not reject this because of me. You are perfect for this and I am sure you will make girls under your wing sing with happiness and all there as successful as you can make them. Take the job and leave the stuff about me to the side. Involving me into these matters will not be easy to resolve and for very good reasons. Please accept that as much as Ma'am Cortez might want to agree with the Captain, she may be unable to comply based on the rules. You do not need me. That is the simple truth.

I hardly remember ordering. I don't recall how any of it tasted. We ride home initially in silence, until... *You would be a very good advisor.*

Elvie, all I can say is thank God you didn't say that during the meeting!

Elvie's right, Ron. You would be good at it.

Susan, what makes you think that I am the person you want to put into a building with female orphans and a sex starved/challenged/obsessed director of the orphanage?

Because you are the only one who knows it and can talk to her honestly.

Can I get any help from you Jenny?

They right. You are perfect for it.

Oh good grief.

Chapter 30: Status

There is something weird about being made a saint when you sure as shit are far, far from it. So OK, the logical question is, granting that I am small fish in a small pond, is this the sort of thing that happens to real honest to Betsy guys and gals who get deified? If I weren't so horrified at the prospect that it might happen, it would be hilarious.

And looking back at it, how the fuck can anyone say the girls' grades are improving because of me? They have been with me less than a month. I am being railroaded I say! Railroaded!

Anyway, it will probably just blow over.

We get back a little after nine. When I get upstairs, Emelyn and Pearl are not exactly waiting for me. Nah-uh, they have this sixty-nine thing going on. It looks like they have been at it for a while by the wreck they have made of the sheets.

I put the clothing in the hamper. I am in no rush. Why should a saint rush? They are doing just fine without me. Pearl is sort of on the bottom and Emelyn is on top. Her knees are pulled up with her cunt hanging over Pearl's mouth. OK, so Pearl has her cunt. With my fingers I steal the wetness I find and start applying it to Emelyn's buttocks. When I have enough there, I apply some to my cock. Pearl knows what I am about to do and looks at me with eyes I cannot decipher.

Wetting my fingers again, I slide one and then two fingers into Emelyn's ass. Her response causes Pearl's jaw to take a beating and Pearl's cunt to take something of which I do not know. All I do know is that Pearl from below, sort of jumps.

I stick in a third finger and Emelyn only moans. I have her stretched out nicely now and push my cock deep into that shithole. Emelyn groans. She is tight, hot and completely willing.

I work to keep all my weight off Emelyn as it would transfer to Pearl's face. Pearl is sucking hard on Emelyn's clit and I ream Emelyn's ass.

Emelyn's head pulls up from Pearl, wailing and then gasping, her body spasms, and she melts down onto the fourteen year old.

Pearl pops up, runs to the bathroom and comes back with a wet warm hand towel and a bar of soap, which she uses to clean my cock with the greatest of detail. She inspects it carefully, tosses the towel on the tile floor, before getting on her knees, wiggling her ass and looking back at me with a big smile.

I am still hard as I haven't cum. I mount Pearl and fuck her tight, wet fourteen year old cunt for all I have. Emelyn slides under Pearl and sucks on a tit. Emelyn puts a hand on Pearl's clit as I continue to move methodically in and out of the girl. Pearl grunts with each thrust. Emelyn bites a nipple. Pearl cums hard, signaling my balls that it is time, and Pearl gets the reward she missed last night.

Breakfast with Elvie is now something I more than enjoy. I need it.

I walk into the room dressed, my two nighttime companions have left. I walk up to Elvie and take her in my arms. She comes to me and in a simple moment, we kiss. It is a long thing. There is no clock on us. It is not a moment before that, which is to come. It is a kiss. It is love. It is me being ever so grateful that she is in my life.

Good morning Elvie.

Good morning my husband.

There's truth in that!

It go OK with Emelyn?

Yes, I don't think there is any more concern. I think her status in our family is secure.

Good. Same with Ros? Right?

Yes.

And no problems with the girls?

None that I am aware of, and I don't think there could be at this point.

Good. So can we skip the rest of the test of Emelyn and move to joining them into the family as the last formal step?

Yes, Emelyn first, then Ros and then the girls.

OK. Ronald, Pearl got a text this morning from Czaren.

What?

Judith is sending the child the way you told Judith to go...through Pearl.

Damn, OK. What does this girl want?

What do you think? To meet with you.

Tell her I will do so only if her uncle is with her.

Good. That is what I told Pearl to say.

You...? Really. You know me that well?

I think I do. You don't want anything to do with the girl. But she has been talking to her uncle, so you can't say 'no.' That might cause a problem. So the answer is to make it safe. And safe is to do what the Captain would expect you to do.

Yeh, that's it. OK. Interesting. Next?

Ros wants to know if she can pick up the girls tonight. Emelyn wants to do it on Monday, if you don't need to go into town.

Yeh, OK.

Susan needs some time with you.

Yeh, she has been getting ignored lately. OK is she here today?

Yes.

OK, this day is blocked off until supper for time with Susan.

Perfect. That's all I have.

I find Susan working in the garden. She is creating a beautiful area with some flowers I have never seen before in my life. One type has tiny petals, which are sort of doubles but separated and of two different colors. The other a shimmering thing with so many little flowers, it is, with the gentle breeze, impossible to count.

Is it ok with you if we spend the day together? There has been so much going on that I have lost sight of you, who I love dearly.

I think maybe you not want me anymore! That not true?

It is not true. The new ones have been a trial for me, and Susan, in truth, we should not have tried to take on five.

I know. It is my fault. I think you not love me because of this.

Yes it is your fault as much as mine, but I do love you. Is it OK if we just spend the day together?

Yes, if you will help me plant! Later I want to take the Mio to the bakery. Not to work, but to get some tinapay for the house. Will you come with me? You get to sit behind me!

That sounds great.

And that is what we do. We just spend the day together. It's not a big deal. It is a lot of small deals. A plant here. A rock there. Then a small lunch feeding each other and being playful. A trip to the bakery. Her Tita brings me into the bakery instead of standing out in front by the street. Tita, and others in the bakery make a big deal about me. That I bought the scooter for Susan is seen as a big deal. We are almost forced to sit and drink a soft drink and eat some rolls just out of the oven a few minutes earlier. Susan beams with pride.

Before we get back on the scooter Susan turns to me. *I know why you did what you do with Emelyn. You were right. I am sorry I interfere.*

Susan, it was your intervention that kept me from sending them home in the morning. What you did to help them, it created the breathing room for a different outcome. You did right by asking and I tried to honor your request as best I could.

She is crying and hugging me. Hey, Filipinos are not supposed to like PDA's!

Supper is a noisy affair. In the middle of it Joriz asks, *Who tonight?*

I look at Elvie and nod. Elvie takes it from there.

Tonight is the joining of Emelyn into the tight and unbreakable circle of this house. The following will assist. Ronald, Susan, k'Ren, Jenny and I will be the last. We are the ones who belong to the circle. We are the ones who are his wives now. We are equal in that. Emelyn will enter tonight. Tomorrow night Ros joins. The following night will be a little different. The twins join at the same time. It is good Feng Shei. The last night of the four nights, the last in order but not in our hearts, Pearl joins. Each night those who belong to the circle will be part of the joining. ... In four nights there will be a new rule. No one may leave. Not one can be asked to leave and Ronald will never require you to leave. You are all to be with us forever, you will all be this man's wives. There was silence at the table. Emelyn begins to weep.

Susan and Jenny comfort her and the weeping ceases. The silence is broken by k'Ren. *It is true that we are equal as wives to Ron, but never forget, Elvie runs this house. Ron gave her that responsibility and she has it. That does not change. I love my husband. I love Elvie, but I also respect the power she has. It is best that no one forgets it.*

Jenny, who has been quiet through this, simply adds, *thank you k'Ren. That needed to be said. Elvie stands apart in that way. In another way, you and your sister is the reason we are all here. You two stand apart for*

that reason. The rest of us are add-ons. We are loved and are lucky to be here.

I have had it. Enough of this talk. This is sounding more like a funeral than a celebration! After dinner start the videoke. I get giggles and a couple of 'Yes husband' comments. In the middle of all that Pearl's cellphone chimes. She knows I don't like cellphones at the supper table. She is squirming. Go ahead. And she retrieves it to look at the text.

Sir, it is Czaren. She say her Uncle is coming here now. She is with him.

Twenty minutes later, we see their lights coming and we open the gate. A black Pajero drives through. The Captain is still in uniform, but Czaren is out of her school uniform and in very short shorts and a flattering top. She really is a cute girl.

We welcome them into the house. The gals are singing in the sala and so I move us to a small 'library' in back of the sala where I can close the door and limit the noise both in and out.

We all sit and the Captain, who is quite accustomed to being in control speaks. *Sir you exercised proper caution in your instructions that you would only speak with my niece if I was present. When Czaren came to me after school, and told me about this, I was surprised both by why she wanted to meet with you and by your response. I fear my daughter will leave here disappointed, but I promised her she could make her request. I should tell you that Czaren's parents were OFW's⁶² before their deaths. Czaren lives in my home and has done so for most of her life. I am a bachelor. I have a yaya⁶³ to care for my niece. She asked that she be allowed to stay with Miss Judith, but if Miss Judith will take the assignment at the orphanage, that might not be the best place for her. OK I have said enough. Czaren, make your request.*

Po, may I stay here with the other girls? I promise to be good. I will not make any trouble for you. I promise. Miss Judith says you are a very

⁶²- Overseas foreign workers.

⁶³- Nanny. [Pronounced: yah-YaH; 'a's are soft]

good man and I will be safe here. She says you will help me grow up and be confident about my own abilities, just like you did for her. May I Po? Please?

Czaren, who is Pearl's mother?

Sir, it is Ma'am Ros.

Where does Ma'am Ros live?

Here?

Yes here. And who is the mother to Joriz and Jonalyn?

Ma'am Emelyn, I think Sir.

And where does Ma'am Emelyn live?

Here too?

Yes. She is here. And k'Ren... she doesn't have a mother, but she has an older sister. Do you know who she is?

No Sir.

It is Miss Susan. Do you know where Miss Susan lives?

Here also?

Yes Czaren, she lives here. I do not allow any female who is underage to live here without her guardian also living here. It protects the girl. It allows the parent or guardian to keep the girl safe and it protects me from claims that I am abusing any underage girls. Your guardian is your uncle. I am sure he has a good home. All the girls here did not have safe places to live. You do. Czaren, this is not the place for you. You cannot live here. However, I must say that I disagree with your Uncle. I think if you want to live with Miss Judith, as long as Miss Judith wants you, it is fine.

But Po, no one will say you are abusing me!

Captain, you and I know a little how the world works. Are you able to do a better job explaining this matter to your niece? I clearly am failing.

Sir you didn't fail for me. You made it clear once again, why I find you an honorable man. But my niece has never seen the ugly side of people. I have shielded her far too much I am afraid. I will do as you suggest and revisit the option of Czaren living with Miss Judith. Thank you for your time. ... By the way, have you heard from the Bureau of Immigration?

No, why? I am applying for an SRRV through the PRA office.

You will. You are getting a different visa, so that you can work here as a volunteer for the safety and welfare of the children. My boss in Manila pushed it through today. I gather you will be getting some funds refunded too! That is always nice. Is it not?

Yes the refund will be appreciated. But do I understand that I am being appointed to a position?

Yes, yes you are. As soon as the visa is provided, DSWD has agreed to make you an unpaid employee, for the purpose of advising Miss Judith and counseling of the residents of the facility.

I see. You do understand that I honestly and truly doubt I have anything to offer?

Yes, yes, we heard all that yesterday and your behavior proves such a statement untrue! Well Goodnight Sir!

Goodnight Captain.

Can you see the headline in international websites... 'Foreign national uses girl's orphanage as his private underage sex harem!' Uh-uh that isn't going to happen. I can't risk what I have for something like that, which, by the by, is sure to blow up and land me in jail or dead or both.

Damn. ... On Monday I need to check my visa status. I wonder if I can undo all this mischief by insisting on the SRRV visa for which I am applying.

OK, I have to get my head clear because there is a serious matter to attend to here!

Tonight it is about changing the status of Emelyn.

The bedroom is crowded but will get ever more so in the coming days. There are five females in the room. Four on one. I have told my four that I am going to stand back for a long time. They may do anything they wish, including stuffing her with eggplant fore and aft.

I tell them, *She is joining you every much as she is joining me. Make sure she understands that.*

Susan looks over to me and sees it a little differently. *We will do our part but you sit on the bed so that she can suck you while we do the rest.*

I see her point and get in position. As usual it starts with a massage. My cock is resting under Emelyn's right cheek. This is a real massage and Emelyn's body is put through the paces for a good twenty minutes before she turns over for the front half. The gals are using an oil on Emelyn as they pull her this way and that.

Fifteen minutes in to this side, and a damp cloth wipes down her breasts, cunt and inner thighs. Mouths descend on breasts, mouth and cunt. All of them female. I am sitting up. My back resting on the headboard, my cock under Emelyn's noggin.

This is just the warm up, but you can't tell it from Emelyn's response. Her body is a high tension wire and it vibrates and shakes as the various lingual stimuli are applied at each point of connection. Waves ripple through her muscles and crash into waves emanating from other points of origin. Her body is an egg in sizzling hot fat. It moves uncontrollably. Emelyn has her first cum of the evening.

The gals roll her over. Her lips millimeters from my glans. Two eggplants appear, though Emelyn cannot see them. The gals slick them up with oil. They slick up Emelyn's buttohole. If Emelyn is expecting a small finger, she is in for a surprise, as Jenny presses a good sized

eggplant past the sphincter, in a smooth and determined motion. Susan takes the other eggplant and pushes it her to Emelyn's cunt. Elvie slides a hand under Emelyn's torso and finds the clit with one hand while squeezing a tit, with the other. Not to be left out, Karen pushed Emelyn's face the final distance to my cock and Emelyn takes the hint. Sweet k'Ren has two hands on Emelyn's head and is working Emelyn's face as it takes my cock. Emelyn is being fucked in the cunt, ass and head. I grab the free tit and mess with that.

She isn't doing much for me, but then she is a little preoccupied. It's a damn good thing she doesn't bite down when she cums because cum she does. And then again just moments later.

I switch with Jenny, who pulls the eggplant out of the ass. My cock is an ass seeking missile, and Jenny will start tongue wrestling, with Emelyn. I oil myself up a little and move into Emelyn's ass without complications. But as I do so, Emelyn cums hard a fourth time. The fifth follows a few seconds later.

I drive deep into Emelyn repeatedly and the cumming just seems to not end on her side. She is drenching the bed, Susan's arm, and my legs.

Her ass may not have been a problem entering, but it is tight and each orgasm squeezes it more. As she starts what seems like a nonstop cum, the pressure on my cock and balls becomes intense. My cum launches from my cock into her ass. That produces a scream from Emelyn.

I pull out, spent, and the girls back off her, but Emelyn is still quivering, and crying, *Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, oh Jesus*, over and over again. Emelyn has a new status. She is now officially ours.

Chapter 31: Membership has its privileges; Visa

Saturday morning I awaken with just one person in my bed next to me. Our newest real and permanent member of the family.

Good morning beautiful.

Good morning handsome! We shower na?

Sure.

Then breakfast with Elvie?

Yeh.

Good. I here tonight? Help with Ros? Di ba?

Yeh.

And here again next nights?

Yeh.

Good. This is very good! Come na. Shower! Come, come!

And that is what happens with this very excited and happy woman. She is in a robe and I am dressed when we walk back into the bedroom. Elvie awaits us with breakfast.

Elvie stands as Emelyn enters and the two embrace. Emelyn thanking Elvie, repeatedly. Eventually they both sit and the morning's activities can proceed. Elvie is edgy. This is not normal.

What is it, Elvie?

What you do last night with Czaren and the Captain? There text messages today from Czaren and Pearl. They are not good.

What do they say?

You tell the Captain to send the girl to Judith! You are going to get a special visa? You are now hired by the DSWD? What going on?

I don't know. Czaren requested to live here and with the Captain sitting with me I refused. The Captain said Czaren had first asked to move in with Judith but he, who happens to be her guardian, refused. I said that it sounded like an idea he might want to reconsider. He said I was going to get a different visa, but I can't find any visa type that would fit any situation that he wants and would work for me, so I am confused about that. He claims that once I get the new visa, I will be hired as a support, guidance person for the orphanage. I have not heard anything from Immigration or DSWD and can't contact anyone until Monday. I don't have to accept the position and I am going to insist on the SRRV visa.

This can be a big problem.

Yes and I am very much aware of it. But they can't make me do this!

I not know. Maybe they can. Also, she say that if she stay with Judith and you the guidance counselor, Judith will make sure she is taught right. Ronald, I do not like that!

Once again, she can't make me do that. I am not going to pop that girl's cherry. Are we done with this for now? Is there anything for me?

Jonalyn and Joriz want you to move Ros up to right after lunch, and them tonight.

No. Just no.

Ha they think you will say that. They say, if he say no, then tomorrow they in the afternoon and Pearl at night. All three with you once it is over tomorrow night? What you say to that?

Sure. OK.

Ha! OK. I tell them you will agree to that!

Elvie, you are enjoying this way too much!

No! This is good. This way I am sure I know your mind.

The question is do you know those girl's minds.

What you mean?

Did you know they needed me to say 'no' to the first?

What you mean?

If they asked for what they wanted first, the second plan, I might have said no, but if I have already said no to another plan first, a better and more acceptable second plan is more likely to be accepted. That is pure Joriz. Jonalyn had nothing to do with it.

How you know that?

Emelyn is laughing. Because he knows my daughters. Yes, Joriz does that to me sometimes.

I will fix them! I will tell them that their plan backfired. Their plan is rejected and they go last. They need to know they not play these games!

OK, that's fine with me and I do understand your feelings. Anything else?

Painter not come today. Susan is needed at the bakery. She be gone most of the day. I want more plants!

OK, we can leave in an hour. Ask k'Ren if she would like to come along.

Good! I go get ready.

This is a large property and the plants we have already purchased have just been gobbled up visually by the expanse of the lot. Purchasing plants here is not an expensive proposition, and I can see these trips going on for months.

As Elvie is walking out the door I get a text from the Captain. *Sorry I wrong, no visa change possible. We working on alternative hiring plan.*

Elvie has turned and is waiting at the door. I read the text to her, she smiles, flips a quick eyebrow at me, meaning I suspect, ‘*OK I got it,*’ and leaves.

Emelyn is drinking her coffee and chuckling. I look at her and ask, *OK, what has you laughing?*

You! You can have all those girls, but you don’t want! You get us but you really not want us when we ask. You are the weirdest evil man! You do incorrect things but you say not more? I love you and I am lucky, but I not understand you!

I leave it there. The explanation is way beyond my ability to make work with the language abilities we have working here. That I wanted more than one; I wanted a young girl as part of the package; that was the driving force.

But I didn’t want or need a huge harem and I didn’t want to raise the attention of others. That I have raised the attention of others already does not make me happy. I don’t need to push my luck. I just want a quiet life with my loves. Having access to an orphanage full of girls makes for a good fantasy, but the reality would be more like a horror flick.

I decide to text the Captain back. *Thank you for notifying me about the visa issue. As to the school, please allow me to repeat, I honestly do not think I have anything in me that would help anyone here. I am just a retired factory worker. I have no special skills or knowledge.*

The response comes back a few minutes later. *You are a good and humble man. Our girls need to see that men can be humble and good. All they have known is men who die or leave or hurt others. I have good men, like you, who work for me, but their duties are too great for them to help an orphanage.*

Clearly there is no way to deter this man. I can only hope that DSWD can stop any plan he hatches.

The trip to collect flowers turns into three trips and we load up the van, bring the flowers back to the house and start over again. By the time we get back from the third trip it is only forty-five minutes until supper. The van is unloaded, and cleaned, just in time for us to wash up a bit and sit at the table.

At the dinner table less than two hours later, Ros is on the receiving end of some pretty raunchy humor. Toward the end of the meal, I announce that there is a change in tomorrow's plan. Pearl will be the one tomorrow night and the twins get the last night. That sends Pearl literally falling out of her chair with laughter.

Emelyn wagging her finger at Joriz and telling her daughter, *You think my husband does not know your games? Ha, he hears it and I not say a word, and still he knows right away what you do, with this double request. You learn something Joriz?*

Yes 'Nay, I learn he smarter than you! It always work on you!

The entire table is laughing and what could have been a problem becomes no problem at all.

Ros is first to my bedroom and immediately disrobes. She climbs up onto the bed which is quite a bit higher than the normal Filipino bed, but is probably what the German was used to. She sits up, pulling her knees up and surrounding her legs with her arms, her chin resting on her knees. Ros is no old hag. She is a stunning thirty-five year old woman who can hold her own anywhere when it comes to looks. Poor doesn't mean ugly. While she was most certainly poor, the lack of funds had not yet drained away what God has given her.

She is pensive, studying me. She looks like she wants to say something or ask something, but either can't or doesn't know how. And then slowly I hear it. *I think you only needed two more women. You not need the girls too. That why you say before that you made a mistake taking five. You not need more young ones.*

Interesting theory, but it doesn't explain what you had to agree to do before I accepted you.

But you do that because you not allow us to leave our girls behind. If me and Emelyn are the ones then it has to be five. If women without kids, then no problem. It Susan who decide you need mother-daughter. You need two more women and so you get five. Di ba?

Very smart.

Yes you need two more Jenny's but you get Emelyn and me. Ha, Emelyn and me think we here so you can have young girls! No! The girls here because, you not allow us to leave them. It is me and Emelyn you wanted.

Well, Ros that is almost right. This house is too big for Elvie. She needed help and I agreed to get her one or two others who would join us. You are right that the only young one I wanted was k'Ren.

OK, Ron, now I know you want me, not a child, I like you even more. Yes sure, Pearl she is yours. No choice. But you like me, my age. True?

True.

Good. So make me a wife. I be a very good one.

I take her in my arms and kiss her. Why not? It seems like a good way to start. She is a good woman and she will always be mine.

The others arrive a few minutes later. Jenny asks for instructions. Emelyn volunteers, Same as yesterday?

Well Emelyn, you make an additional person so yesterday must be modified, but OK, start with yesterday's rules and improvise as you need to.

I get to the head of the bed, taking my position. Ros spies my cock and sucks it in. Emelyn notices and says to me, I see. I need to do better. I say nothing back.

The massage goes along and Ros is getting a good workout for her muscles. She doesn't appear to be tense. We flip her over, and I am no longer getting head. Once again for the next quarter of an hour is it pretty much a straight massage. But at the fifteen mark, it all changes. Emelyn lowers her cunt on Ros's face. Susan starts to eat out Ros's cunt. Jenny has an oiled up finger in Ros's ass. Elvie and k'Ren each have a tit in a mouth. I have no idea about who is feeling what. No idea what techniques unseen are in play. Right now for me it is a tangle of female bodies. I can see that Ros is getting ramped up but I don't really have a sense of how much, until she squirts a significant amount all over Susan.

Susan needs a break to clean up. The rest don't. Ros is moved on to her belly. Susan has gone to the bathroom and we carry on. Ros immediately takes possession of my cock. Eggplants are oiled and inserted and we are off to the races. Everyone grabs a piece of Ros, and brings her to two major orgasms before I pull my cock from her mouth and enter her ass. This is just not a romantic thing. This is all of us laying hands on a woman who joins us as an equal. She gives us her body and we take it. Once taken she is here to stay. This is less a gang bang than it is a loving initiation. Ros knows this. No one will be harmed.

Ros gives all of us her body.

I run my cock in her ass, over and over, I can feel the floating spasms as her body moves from one orgasm to the next. Finally I cum, ending the session and all back off. Susan and Emelyn roll Ros over and kiss her. A few minutes later we get up and clean up both the bed and our bodies. Tonight I sleep with Ros.

It is a Sunday morning and Ros is sacked out next to me. I just look at this sexy, beautiful woman. My morning wood is arguing for an encore. Why not? I get on top of her as she slowly comes to wakefulness. Just as she does, I push into her and start fucking her good and hard. Her legs wrap around me and she pushes her pelvis up to meet me. She is just staring at me. Her lower lip between her teeth. She is getting wetter by the second. One moment she was damp, the next I am awash in her juices.

We continue to fuck, not saying a word, not a syllable. Then she grunts, and cums. I follow her lead sending my soldiers on their way.

Thank you.

Why are you thanking me? I took you without asking.

Yes, I want that. Don't ask me. Just take. Then I know you want me.

Ten minutes later we are in the shower.

Good morning Elvie.

Good morning you two.

It being Sunday, please tell me that there is nothing to discuss.

Please check your cell phone.

What do you know?

Not sure, but I think there is a text.

There is a text from Ma'am Cortez of the DSWD. It seems that her office in Manila has informed her that a retiree can volunteer to assist and so long as there are no other things that raise red flags, she should make use of such resources.

This is not good news. *How did you know I would have this text?*

I wasn't sure, but Judith texts this morning saying you are approved by DSWD and she will take the job. She also say that Czaren is living with her because of you. She calls you a saint! Ha!

Yeh, ha. Anything else?

Aubrey and me Skype this morning. She wants to come back for a while.

Why? It hasn't even been a week since they returned!

She say, things there not making sense any more. It all seems wrong. She say no one there understands what the world is really like. She say they

all live in a fantasy world. A world that isn't real. She say she see people get together. All wrong reason. She say there is no one to talk to who isn't completely stuck in this fantasy world. She feels very alone. She misses us. She needs reality. ... Ronald why that?

Elvie if I told you I know, I'd be lying. But I do guess that for those of Aubrey's age, everything she sees, hears, and is told to believe is a manufactured, artificially constructed image of how some want the young to see the world. It is not the real world they are seeing. That has been filtered out. What they get is something different. It is a synthetic version of what reality might look like, but really doesn't.

Sorry I not understand.

Yeh, I am not surprised. Has she spoken to Sarah about this?

I don't know. But she say that Melissa want to come back too. She say she make a mistake when she here.

I love those girls, but I am not sure this is a good idea. Well it can't happen without Sarah and I am sure that if it comes to that point I will hear from my daughter.

Have you checked your email?

Huh, no. OK, just a second. I grab my netbook and log into my mail. There is a lot of spam. A few messages from friends and just today, an email from Sarah.

Dad,

I know this is going to sound nuts. We just got back a few days ago. I am not sure why the girls and I are feeling the way we are, but I think all three of us are having problems adjusting back to this life.

We look around and see how structured and fake it all is. And how all the experts make statements that are ideological and not based on reality. But they claim it is reality. And everyone then gets upset, how do people outside our country allows X to happen! I see exactly what you said was happening is really true. Everything I touch now, here seems wrong. Nothing is grounded in the truth of the world. Our news, our lives are manufactured. We all want to go

back, but I can't. I can't uproot Frank, and if he came with me, I am afraid I would lose him to at least one young beautiful Filipina there, if not more like you have! But the girls want to return. What do you think?

Sarah

Damn, this doesn't sound good. Yeh, their world back there is pretty screwed up. I mean it didn't affect me all that much. The messaging wasn't directed at guys like me. But come here? What the fuck will the girls do? They don't speak Ilonggo or Tagalog. At home here they could get away with it, but outside the world we have constructed, it will be a problem. What will they do about school? I am not going to have sex with my grandkids, but does Sarah think that they might not engage in sex with the other girls here? In Melissa's case, I suspect that is what she regrets not doing.

Elvie, when you chat with Aubrey again, tell her the truth. Tell her that her mother and I are discussing the matter.

Sarah email you there?

Yes.

Wow, OK. I Skype with her still today.

Anything else?

Wala Na.

OK.

Elvie leaves, but Ros is still here. She kisses my cheek and asks, *May I read her letter?*

I push the netbook over to her. She read, and sits and thinks. She isn't saying anything.

What?

You do this with us, and another for yourself. It not the same rules.

Explain.

You take us and our daughters, but you not take Sarah and her daughters. Yes I know Sarah is your daughter. Pearl is mine. You say I have to take my daughter. Why you not take yours?

Because she is not asking to be accepted to live with me. Plus you do not make Pearl to have sex with you to live with you. It is because you both want to live with me. As Pearl was to you before me, Sarah is to me now.

That confusing but OK I see. So what you going to tell her?

I will write something and you can read it before I send.

Gud.

I put down much of what I was thinking before.

Dear Sarah,

What would the girls do? They don't speak Ilonggo or Tagalog. What will they do about school?

Sarah there is a lot of sexual activity in this house. It occurs between the girls. I suspect that Melissa is already wishing she had engaged in that while she was here. I can't shield them from that.

I have no idea about Frank, I gather you guys have done OK with your investments. Life here is less expensive. If he finds a younger girl, just make sure she will love you too. Make that the rule for his interests.

If that doesn't work, Ros thinks you should come and be one of my girls! You can tell her she is a crazy loon on your own. I am not going to get involved. But you should know she read this letter.

*Love,
Dad*

OK read it.

Yes this letter gud. Send it.

Chapter 32: The Captain and Tamal

Ros scoots and I sit back and let my mind rest a bit. There is more fucked up shit happening this morning than I want and not one damn bit of it has to do with my gals.

I am just sitting and I guess daydreaming when I realize I never responded to Ma'am Cortez's text.

Ma'am Cortez, I appreciate that you are doing what you must do, due to political and powerful winds. Once again let me state, I do not feel qualified for any position regardless of absence or existence of salary. No matter what, there is no reason in the world why I should be guiding young impressionable Filipinas. Surely there is a better answer than my services.

A few seconds later I get a text back.

If all were as smart and honest as you are Sir Ron, my job would be very much easier. Yes there are powerful forces pushing this. I do not know why, but I do know you are not involved. Let us make a pact. We will both do what we must but we will be open with each other. I see you as an ally and not an enemy.

Ma'am Cortez, I am in love with a fourteen year old girl. I told you this. Why would anyone want me with other fourteen year olds? Regardless of the fact that I protect Karen, it seems so crazy to place me anywhere near such an orphanage.

Sir Ron, once again, I do appreciate your honesty. Let us just proceed and hope for the best for both of us. God Bless.

This is nuts.

Elvie walks in with her smart phone held up. She is Skyping with Aubrey. *Ronald do you have Skype on that thing?*

Yeh.

OK what is your contact name?

I give it to her and open up Skype.

Elvie has closed her connection on her phone and a request comes in on my screen. I accept. There are Aubrey and Sarah.

That was quite a letter Dad!

Yeh, well I figured I'd shock you to your senses.

Didn't work.

Why?

School classes there are taught in English. The girls will need to learn Ilonggo, but they already speak Spanish pretty well and I spoke to someone who told me once a person can speak two languages, the third will come.

And the sex part?

Well, what can I tell you? I have been fighting to keep them virgins as it is here. The average thirteen year old here is having sex and the number of girls in middle school alone that are pregnant would blow your mind. So sex with other girls? I am not going to worry about that.

Let me ask Aubrey a question, OK?

Sure.

Aubrey, if you come here, to stay with us, I can almost guaranty that you will have sex with every female in this house. Are you sure you want to come?

Dad, how graphic do you want me to make my answer?

As graphic as you possibly can as that will be the closest to honest.

True. I have eaten Elvie's pussy and Susan' and k'Ren's. I had group sex with Joriz and Pearl. They taught me how to use an eggplant on them. I did not put it in me. That graphic enough?

Yeh, Sarah, I gather you already knew this?

Yes she told me two days ago. She is in love, or so she thinks with Susan. Her best friend is Elvie.

Has Melissa had sex here?

I gather there was kissing and fondling. But it seems to have stopped there.

So your plan is to send the girls over? Make me guardian?

Not sure that is the way it will happen.

Explain.

We didn't talk about me, Dad.

Explain, Sarah.

Just a second, ... Aubrey this is between your Poppop and me alone. ... Yes, out of the room. Thank you sweetheart. ... Dad do you mind? Will you ask Elvie to leave? I am sorry Elvie but this is too personal.

Elvie smiles, picks up her phone, kisses me on the cheek and leaves.

Dad, Frank and I have not been doing too well in this marriage for a couple of years. Last night, after I sent you the email, Frank and I had a fight that, well, maybe I would have just soldiered on before, but now I am not so sure. Maybe I will come out too.

Sarah, did you read what I told you Ros said?

Sarah isn't saying a word. Sarah, you need to answer, did you read it?

Yes.

Ros makes the argument that I required her and Emelyn and in a way Susan to give their daughters to me and themselves and require the mothers and the daughters to engage in sex together. That last part, you didn't see. But the bottom line is that there cannot be special rules for this one or that one, or we get conflicts; 'no this one can't be there because that one is there.' It just doesn't work in this house. She wanted to know why I didn't bed you when you came last time. I told her that you had not asked for inclusion into the house. Daughter of mine, what are you asking for now?

Dad, I was aware of the rules, all of them before I left. Jenny and Susan sat down with me and explained. I am aware of the blowup with Emelyn and what happened. I have been in contact with your women every day. Dad, will you also have sex with my daughters? Your granddaughters?

Don't go there Sarah. Work out your problems at home. Don't think you can just run away and that there will not be consequences. Do you understand?

All three of us?

All three Sarah. Don't come and don't send them.

Dad, what if it excites me, a little?

Then I say the apple doesn't fall far from the tree. Still excitement is one thing. Carrying my child or watching your daughter carrying my child is something else. Don't come. Go to counseling with Frank. Fix what's broken.

Like you fixed things with Mom?

That is a cheap shot.

No Dad it isn't. Some things cannot be fixed.

Then come up with a plan C, because if the marriage is plan A and I am plan B, you sure as hell need a plan C.

OK Dad, I'll think about it some more.

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What did Poppop say?

Oh, Aubrey I don't think you want to hear the answer. But basically he told us to stay here and work out our problems.

I think I know what he told you. I was on Skype with Elvie and Ros while you were talking to Poppop.

Oh! No! What did they say?

They say if we go back, we are the same as them. We join the household and do what they do, with each other and with Poppop. They say, it is necessary for us to be in the house for more than a visit.

What did you say?

I said, what do I call him? I don't think I call him Poppop if he is my lover.

How can you even think such a thing?

Mom, Elvie and Susan are his wives. I love Susan. How can I be with her if I am not also with her husband? When I think of Poppop that way, it feels different. I don't know how to explain it.

Aubrey, are you really ready to get pregnant by your own grandfather?

Yeh, that's weird, right? What about you, Mom? What if you get pregnant? I mean, that is so bizarro.

If we do it, those things may happen. Maybe we should do what your Poppop says and come up with some other option.

What other option? I have to get back to Susan. And Mom, Melissa needs to get back too.

Why?

She's in love.

With who?

Joriz. Well actually Joriz and Jonalyn. Mom when you were gone with Emelyn, Poppop was a gentleman, but when he wasn't around, those girls seduced us. They showed us how good the love in that house is. By the time you returned, they had convinced us both.

Did Poppop know?

He didn't have a clue. You would be amazed at what happens that he doesn't know about! Nothing bad for Poppop, just things happen and if there is no need to tell him, no one does. Elvie knows. Elvie knows everything. But she only tells Poppop what is needed.

If you girls leave now you lose an entire year of school. Let me see what can be done. If I file for divorce, I may need to move in with your grandmother until it is final. You would need to stay here because of school. Oh hell I don't know where to start!

Mom, you need to talk to an attorney. Once you file, we may be able to leave right away. If we can, then you talk to the school, maybe we can home study for a few months. They do that for the girls who get pregnant.

How did you get so smart, pumpkin?

It runs in the family, or haven't you noticed? You're the one with an Ed.D., which you are not using! Oh, excuse me, you are doing research for a post doc paper. What was it on? Oh yeh, that stuff you just found out from Poppop is a load of feminist propaganda! Mom! Let's do it! We are living lies here and doing useless things.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

I have another text from Ma'am Cortez. Would I please meet her at the orphanage in an hour? That would make it ten and so I warn all that I might not be here for lunch.

I ride to the Orphanage on the 220, and see Judith's motorcycle, a police car and a sedan with a red numbered license, meaning it's a government vehicle. An armed guard is there and he directs me to where I am to park the bike. Getting off, he tells me I am expected, and where to go.

This is a Sunday and the campus is quiet. I walk into an administrative building and find my way to a small meeting room. Cortez, Capt. Mahinay, and Judith are all there.

Good morning. Am I late?

No, no. The Captain and Judith and I had some other matters to address before you arrived. You are right on time. I have a little more to go over with the Captain. Maybe Judith can show you around the grounds?

Certainly. Judith gets up. She gives me a simple smile that conveys nothing and we leave the two power brokers to their tasks. As we get out of ear shot I vent my frustration about this to Judith. Why did you get me into this! I don't want it!

I know. Sorry, sorry. But it is confusing. Czaren's uncle is OK sober, but when he is drunk he tries to fuck her. It hasn't happened, but he try. When he is sober, he know he do wrong. Czaren needs to be with me. I will take care of her.

And fuck her.

Yes Ron I fuck her if a woman can be said to do that. She want that. So there is no problem. Just like there is no problem with you fucking Pearl. Oh I know you do. When I go back to her to make sure you make my hymen is gone, we have sex again. I find she is no virgin anymore! It OK. She want it. It OK with me. Just so you know. We the same. The uncle, he not married I think because he need a young one. I think that why he on the board but that not help him so far, di ba?

Yeh, OK, I am following you.

So I need you to help me find a girl for him that not be a problem for him or for us. He will be happy, Czaren will be happy. Some young orphan,

get be happy and lucky, and Ma'am Cortez she not know. If he unhappy and he miss Czaren things will be bad I think.

How many girls are here?

Eighty-two.

How old was Czaren when the Captain started hitting on her?

When she turn thirteen.

How many thirteen and fourteen year olds here?

Seventeen.

That is a very small sample from which to find the right girl. They won't all be pretty. Maybe none will be interested.

Please try.

If I do, will you help me get out of this?

I can't. Czaren and the Captain are the ones who are pushing for you. She knows your girls. You are the only man she will trust. I not understand why he pushes. Maybe for her. I do what I do because of her.

Why?

Maybe she tell the Captain that if you not here, to protect her from other men, she will tell others about what the Captain try with her. Maybe he is scared and that is why he is pushing so hard. I not know!

Judith this still isn't making complete sense to me. Let's start from the beginning.

Which beginning? The beginning when Czaren come to me, or the one where you forge a note to tell her to come to me?

Huh, I guess either will do. In either case she comes to you. What happens next?

We love each other and this happens very fast. She tells me about her Uncle and that she is scared of living there. She wants to live with me. I say that I do not see how that can happen. She go home and tell him to allow it or she will tell on him. He is not stupid. He say, 'tell me about her,' and she tell him about my dream, 'cause I told her about that. He say he check me out and if I am OK then he will allow it. But instead he get me appointed here. Then he say Czaren cannot go with me because I am here. He tell her they just arrested a man who work here for molesting two girls. He say it not a safe place for Czaren. Then Czaren say, hire Sir Ron, he safe with the girls. I not tell her this. I think she hear it at school. So he investigate you.

I am cringing at this point! Jesus, it is just what I didn't want. Still it is nice that at school the girls think I am safe to be around. He say he find your reputation to be good. He questions about your girls at the house. I tell him the story you use. He say, let him say that to me! That when we have the meeting. What can he do? You tell about loving k'Ren but k'Ren's sister is sitting there with you at the meeting. What he going to accuse you of doing? So he decides, OK he will make this happen. Better Czaren not report him. Now you see?

Yes, now I see. So I also see that you think the only way I and you are going to be safe if he has his own girl?

Yes.

OK. When do you want me to meet the candidates?

Now OK?

Really?

Yes, I told them that you are coming.

What exactly did you tell them?

Not much... Ron they all go to the same school as do your girls. They have all heard of you before.

Oh, fucking great. OK, let's meet them.

It is something of a social hall. There are chess boards and card tables, and a TV and a boom-box. We walk in and the room falls silent.

Good morning girls.

In response a volley of, *Good morning Sir!*

I understand we are going to get to know each other. I am Ron. Will you introduce yourself by your full name, nickname and age?

Of the seventeen in the room, seven I write off at the start. That leaves ten. I pay most attention to nicknames and ages. It's a pretty even split. Six are thirteen and four are fourteen. I decide to concentrate on the younger six to begin. I tell them that over the next few days I will sit down with each of them. I want to hear all about their real stories. I can't help them if I don't know the real them and paper records in the administrative office is not a good way to know someone. I think the fact that someone wants to know their story has gotten the attention of most in a good way. Two don't seem to like the idea. Of the two, one I have already written off. The other is one of the fourteen year olds.

Judith says there is a room close to here that I can use for the interviews. *Does anyone here need a chaperone to be with us when we talk? If you do, Miss Judith can be in the room with us.*

One of the girls does and I take her first. Might as well get her out of the way and free Judith up.

The interview doesn't take long because even with Judith in the room, this one is tighter than a clam. There is something eating at her and maybe someone can help her, but I doubt it is me.

Judith escorts the girl out and sends the second on in. She's a cutie but she has a crush on a fifteen year old boy. She is childish, immature, in her demeanor. If our Captain likes Czaren, for her brains and her serious manner, this one fails to be a likely candidate. I spend a little time with her, but need to move on.

Number three in our candidate search is a brat. She has a real problem with adults in general. It really isn't directed at me, it just spews. She's off the list. Number four, if my read is right, may prefer girls to boys. I am not sure, but she is a candidate for Pearl's conquest more likely. She is nice and I genuinely like her. She could become a friend, but she is not a candidate.

The numbers are not in our favor. Number five sits down and immediately something is clicking. She has poise. She is controlling her body. There is no fidgeting. Her clothing may not be much different from the others, but she is wearing it differently. The interview starts out the same, but she stops me.

Sir Ron, I have been an orphan since I was six. I have seen the do-gooders. God I hate them. All they do is mess things up! I have seen the perverts. Did you know, we get a lot of them? They have their hands all over you all the time. It's annoying and pathetic. We get what I call the paper shufflers, (I suspect she is referring to the bureaucratic type,) they just waste your time. But you are none of those. Plus you have a house full of girls and women. ... This is an interview but not for you. You look at my eyes and not my boobs. Where is this going? Is there a way out of this orphanage? Will I be safe? Your girls say you will never hurt a girl or allow her to be hurt. I believe them. So tell me. Who is this for, and what do I have to do?

What you have to do, is love someone with all your heart and make him a happy man. He is handsome and far younger than I am. He wants a very young lover who may become his wife in time. That last part I do not know. I do know that he is too embarrassed about his need to do anything about it and he does not know anything about this interview. He has no idea that this is happening at all. Miss Judith and I can assist you, but it will be up to you to win his heart. To do it you will have to be really caring, not fake. You will have to really give your heart, not act a part. And you will have to give him your young body, years before you might have thought it will happen. If you can do that and be this man's true

love, the way out of here exists. This is not a game. Is it something you want to consider?

Do you know what you just did?

No, what did I do?

You spoke to me like you speak to another adult. You told me the truth. I can tell! Your eyes stayed right on mine. You are everything your girls say about you. You like young girls but you talk to us like women. I think I am going to frighten you into maybe telling me a little bit of the truth you will be hiding. But you just tell it to me. I like you. But this man he not like you. He is hiding from himself, correct?

I think that may be true. My best guess is if you can bring him out of his shell, if only to you, and he accepts you as his love, he will protect you with his life.

When do I meet him?

Miss Judith will be handling that part. Are you up to doing this?

Yes. If I can make a man happy and he will love and protect me? Of course, yes.

Your name Tamal is also your nickname?

I guess. I don't really have a nickname.

Chapter 33: A full dance card.

She is the one?

Is there anything in her record that would say she shouldn't be the one?

No.

Then she's your girl. How are you going to do it?

Recommend that she be appointed as a resident representative to the board for better understanding of resident needs and facility improvements. The idea is to empower the residents so they feel like they have a little control of their lives.

It actually sounds like a wonderful idea.

Yes! I know this from my studies at University. It is an approved program that the DSWD accepts and has been implemented at other places. It was not done here.

So you will use this to put the two of them in close and regular contact?

Yes. I already have the approval of the board. I requested that Capt. Mahinay be the board representative. I get to choose the resident representative.

I see. They don't elect their own?

No. We think that it does not work well to do that.

OK. You will appoint Tamal?

I guess I just did. Their first meeting is in one hour. I will go and talk to her and tell her about her new appointment and the first meeting.

OK, I think I will walk around.

The thing about the Philippines is that even if the place is filled with rude structures, trees and flowers are everywhere making what might be in a colder climate quite austere into something human and welcoming. The paths are lined with plants, and carabao grass grows over the grounds. Warm ocean breezes sway the tall mahogany trees which provide shade through the mid-day sun and heat.

Girls move from place to place with a sense of intent. They do not linger along the paths, except when a meeting of two occurs ad hoc in the course of their travels.

There is a canteen. That is what it is called as per the sign over the serving window. Some girls are hanging out there drinking a soft drink, and maybe a bag of junk food. Fish crackers⁶⁴ seem to be the favorite today.

I go up to the window and order a Coke and a bag of the ubiquitous fish crackers. There is a table with three girls sitting. I walk over and ask permission to join them. I get the highly predictable yes and then they start to scatter. *Wait! I want to join you, not make you move!*

We are too shy, Sir, one of them offers.

I am shy too! Truly. But how do you meet someone if you are so shy? Let us find out if our shyness will have denied us a friend. OK?

They sit back down, albeit with some trepidation.

My name is Ron. Will you tell me your names?

It goes on from there. These are good kids stuck in a shitty situation. None are foundlings. I gather those tend to get adopted. These kids all ended up here later in life. Interestingly, though they are younger, they all know Tamal and think well of her.

⁶⁴ - They aren't crackers. They look a lot like pork chicharrones, (which are called fried pork rinds). But the color of is yellow and made from ground up fish or shrimp in a flour concoction and fried.

It is getting close to lunch time and Judith invites me to have lunch here with the residents. The meal is rice with a vegetable topping. Visually it is less than spectacular, but the taste is good and it is both nourishing and healthy. I see the Captain and Tamal sitting at another table. He is fixed on her and, she on him. They eat hurriedly and she moves him on to some item she wants to show the man.

Judith, it is my impression that Tamal is taking this assignment as seriously as she is taking her need to worm her way into his heart. I suspect that may be a very good thing for a number of reasons.

Capt. Mahinay is walking toward us. It is close to two. He says he must leave for other obligations. But before he leaves, he comments that Judith made a remarkably wise selection regarding the resident representative. He finds her amazing in so many ways. She is an asset to the orphanage but she has so much to offer, it is a shame that she must be here.

Judith tells him that it would do the girl good to have someone like the Captain interested in her. She encourages the Captain to come back and visit Tamal. To even take her on outings. He visibly brightens at the thought.

And then he turns to me. *Sir Ron, I must inform you that I was right and you were wrong!*

How?

I found a number of girls here who know of you or have met you. All are positive toward you and the ones who know you say you are respectful of them and talk honestly to them as valued people. They thank Miss Judith and me for bringing you to them.

Well I can't say that it makes me happy. I was secretly hoping they would say, 'get him out of here!'

He looks at me in terror and then, *Oh you make a joke! Yes very good!*

And he is gone.

You weren't joking.

Of course not.

I am about to leave when Tamal approaches.

She turns to Judith. *I hope my comments and suggestions meet with your approval. He is a very important man.*

Then she turns to me. *When will I meet the man I may find love for?*

You just did.

Oh! Oh my God! It cannot be! He is too important! I am not worthy of such a great man, Sir.

On that last comment, we will have to disagree. I think you are totally worthy.

But I make mistake. I not know he is the one!

You made no mistake. You behaved as I hoped you would. He found you fascinating. You find him a great man. This is a very good start.

Sir why you do this for me?

Tamal, the honest answer is not always the one that is the most satisfying. I am not doing this 'for' you. I looked for a girl who I thought would be a good companion for your Captain. And I did that because I was asked to by Miss Judith. Miss Judith and I have family in common. We know each other well and she asked my assistance.

Thank you for that. So the interview, that was what I think? You looking for the right girl?

Yes. And I think you are the right girl.

You like me?

Yes, Tamal I like you.

So why you not want me?

Because I have a house full of women and girls I want. Do you not think that there should be a limit to the number of girls one man has?

I see, but they are very lucky, I think.

They think they are lucky and I am lucky that they think that!

Hehe. Yes Sir. I think that is very true. Will we be friends?

We are friends, but your best friend may be Miss Judith.

Very good, Sir, Miss. I go now with your permission.

We both give it and she is gone.

Good luck Judith. Don't call unless you have to!

Yes, I understand.

It is mid-afternoon when I arrive back home. This day has been a day of unwelcome surprises. Judith has sussed out that I am fucking Pearl, and I am now complicit in the entrapment of a PNP captain. And on top of that, I was investigated. Just because I came up clean is not much solace. I am now on their radar.

If the world turned on a different axis, what I did to help Tamal and Capt. Mahinay might be seen as honorable. But it is not in this one. Plus I helped Judith pursue her lesbian relationship with the good Captain's niece. Once again if in a different world, it might be a good thing. It will not be so seen here if it comes to light. I wanted to have a quiet life out of public view. This is anything but that.

My cell phone is ringing. Hello?

Yes Sir, I wish to speak with Ronald Lyle Gibson.

You have him. What can I do for you?

Sir Ronald! This is the Iloilo office of the Bureau of Immigration. We would like you to come for an interview on Tuesday at nine AM.

Well that is so early I would have to catch the ferry tomorrow morning. I am not sure that it is possible. It would have to be late afternoon if it is Tuesday. May I ask what this pertains to? I have my Tourist visa which is not expired and I am traveling to Manila to apply for the SRRV.

Yes Sir but you have applied for employment here.

No I didn't and I told the individuals that I didn't want the job AND I didn't believe that it was legal with my Visa status.

I see. May I know who you have spoken with?

Yes, Ma'am Cortez from DSWD and PNP Capt. Mahinay. Would you like their cell numbers?

Yes Sir, and you say that you told them you didn't want the position?

Yes I told each of that many times.

So you are not seeking employment in the Philippines?

I am absolutely not seeking employment in the Philippines?

Then Sir, why does my office receive a report that you have?

I have no idea. I suggest before you accuse me, that you find any proof of your accusation. You will find none.

But Sir, we have a report.

Yes and I am telling you I didn't make any request. Who is saying I did?

I don't know Sir.

I respectfully suggest you find out.

Sir are you coming for the Interview?

Please explain to me why I need to go. I have already told you I have not made any application. What is the purpose of the Interview?

To ask you about your application, Sir.

I have already told you. I didn't make any. What purpose is the Interview when you already have the answer?

But Sir, we know you did!

Where do you think I applied?

To an orphanage.

Would the orphanage have my application for employment if I applied?

Of course!

So, call them. Please call them and ask for a copy of my application. Please call. And then call me back.

OK Sir, we will do that.

Oh Jesus! What a fucking mess. My heart is pounding. My head is pounding. What an ever mother-fucking mess. ... I need a stiff drink.

I have a brandy over ice swirling in my glass when my cell phone comes alive again.

Hello?

Hello. Is this Sir Ronald?

Yes. Is this Immigration?

Yes Sir. Sir we contact the orphanage. They admit you are offered a position but you did not apply for it and said you did not want it. But they say they still want you.

Yes I know they do and I do not want it and will never want employment.

Sir you must come in, so we can warn you against accepting this.

I have not accepted it and I will not. What purpose is it to warn me about something I have no interest in doing?

Sir Manila say you are applying. You must come.

Please, respectfully inform Manila that you have investigated and I did not apply for any position.

That is not possible Sir.

Then I will have my interview in Manila. Please inform them I am coming and that they better have some proof of my application or they can pay for my air fare.

You are going to Manila?

Yes. Who do I ask for when I get there?

I will contact Manila and ask. Wait Sir.

I hang out on the phone for a good ten minutes before a voice returns.

Sorry to keep you waiting Sir.

I am here. Who do I ask to see?

Sir Manila says it is no longer necessary for you to come there, you should come here.

Please express the fact that I am coming there. Who do I ask to see?

Wait Sir.

I wait another five minutes.

Sir Manila says you must come here.

Well, I tell you what. We will continue this conversation tomorrow. In the meantime I have some calls to make to the PNP and DSWD.

Sir you must not do that!

Why? Why can't I?

You must not threaten an Immigration officer.

I am not threatening. I am trying to fix something. I truly wish you no harm, now or ever.

OK Sir. We will set the appointment tomorrow morning.

I get on the phone with Capt. Mahinay and explain what has transpired. He promises me, he will take care of it and hangs up.

The ice in my drink has melted and the brandy is watered down. I dump it out and make a new one. Susan comes over and massages my shoulders. Jenny massages my feet. Like they say, *'It's more fun in the Philippines!'*

The kids are all around, but all know just to give me room. I skip dinner. My stomach is doing flips. I don't need a record of being warned by Immigration. Maybe I am wrong but being accused of something with no proof seems like a Star Chamber interrogation and not an Interview. I just don't like where this is going.

At eight at night I get a call.

Hello?

Hello, Sir. Is this Sir Ronald?

Yes, who is this?

This is the Iloilo Immigration Office, Sir. Sir we would like to apologize for our accusing you of applying for employment. It is clear that it did not occur and there is no need for any interview.

Good, are we done?

Sir we need to warn you about applying...

Stop! I never applied and you are doing it again! Do I need to make another call? You and I know you are calling because of the last calls I made. Do you want me to call and say you are continuing to harass me over something I never did?

Sir, no Sir. Sorry Sir. Good Evening Sir.

Good Evening.

Shit. I am not in the mood for any sex. I just want to be left alone. But it seems to me that I need the SRRV right now. It is time for a trip to Manila with Susan. Maybe my mood will brighten in the next half an hour.

Five minutes later I get a call from Capt. Mahinay. He is deeply sorry for the trouble he has brought to my doorstep. He is fully aware that such scrutiny even when you are cleared at the end is a stain that does not go away. He has done all he can to remove the evidence of a stain. If there is anything else he can do, I should not hesitate to call him. And that is I guess all well and good. I really have no animus towards the guy. I guess I understand him a little better than some.

But now the conversation gets a little strange.

Sir Ronald, I owe you a great deal. You have made my niece very happy and that has relieved me of great stress, (I bet it has!) and now today, I understand that it was you who chose Tamal to be the representative. It was an inspired choice. It is as if you have me in mind.

Captain, I did.

Say that again? You have me in mind when you chose Tamal?

Yes Captain. Sir, she is a remarkable young woman. But to many who serve on boards such as yours, a strong, clear headed, assertive female who possesses real beauty would be seen as a young woman they would consider rude, unpleasant and not knowing her place. But Sir for you, she is perfect in many ways. At least that was my thought.

Sir Ronald, you have an eye for young beauty, yourself.

I do, Sir. I have freely admitted that.

Many would find that wrong, maybe?

Yes and that is why Susan is here. She is the Ate and the protector. For me, a man who is not a citizen, my privilege to stay here can be easily lost. This is something I never forget. If I were a native Filipino, I could have taken her in possibly without public rebuke.

Yes, I see your point. Would you have concerns that I have feelings for this Tamal? Does that bother you?

Sir. Miss Tamal is a young woman who is mature far beyond her years. She is a remarkable woman. She told me after you left she found you an exceptional and great man. She thought it an honor to meet you. I told her that you, Sir, were pleased with her. She said to me, I am not worthy of such a man.' Sir, I told her, 'You are worthy of any man's attentions.' Captain, who am I to judge these things? I have always found hearts defy logic.

Yes Sir Ron, you are correct. Possibly you and I have much in common.

OK so maybe this is a good thing? But maybe it is just too close to the edge for comfort. Still... My mood has improved. I grab a small bite to eat. Tonight we will bring Pearl into the circle.

Pearl's entry will be both fun and of no real significance. She has proved herself to be perfectly happy in our world many times. She has also opened her soul up to me. She has carried water for me with Judith. She is a rock solid assistant to Jenny. Her needs are real and the fact that she and I can talk about them in comfort is a special thing. In my heart she had already joined us.

Her connection with her body and its sexual nature, is so well understood by this fourteen year old, as to make many an adult look totally foolish.

In a moment of, 'huh, I wonder,' I find Pearl before the evenings activities begin.

Do you know a girl named Tamal? She will be a grade behind you.

Yes. We all know her.

Why, doesn't she stay with her batch?

No they are not easy with her. She is easier with us.

What do you mean?

She is more mature. Ronald, you know we do not hang out with our batch either, right?

No I didn't.

Yes we hang out with the sixteen year old girls, the seniors. Tamal hangs out with us. You meet her?

Yes at the orphanage.

She will join us?

No. She has an admirer.

Who?

A friend.

A foreigner?

No, a Filipino.

He poor?

No Pearl, he is not poor.

Gud. She deserves man gud⁶⁵. She was sad when I tell her she could not join us.

Does she know what we do?

No we not tell anyone! You know that.

Are there other special ones?

Wala pa.

⁶⁵ A Taglish sentence construction. Gud comes at the end.

Chapter 34: All in?

It is nine PM and Pearl is with me. As are all of these who are mine, Elvie, Jenny, Karen and Susan. Emelyn, and Ros. Seven females are sitting on my bed. We will take turns with Pearl. But as I say, this is Pro-Forma. We already know that Pearl is one of us. Every part of Pearl is touched. We all taste her, suck on her, and stick something inside her.

Pearl smiles, coos, sighs, gasps, growls and prays to Jesus on two occasions.

Ros has been with Pearl before. This is not new for her. Emelyn tastes Pearl's cunt for the first time. I gather she finds it good, because Jenny eventually has to pull her away to give someone else a chance.

I want to meet the dumbass who convinced womanhood that being bisexual was wrong. I mean how can all these girls be having such a good time and like cock, if women don't like it? It makes no fucking sense.

Eventually I push into Pearl's ass and ride her until a floor-mop has more rigidity before dumping cum and ending the festivities.

You know, it is not that Pearl likes sex as much as she likes touching and being touched. I don't think the two concepts are exclusive of one another in her head.

As the last of the welcoming party leaves and it is just Pearl and me, she turns to me, pulls me in for another kiss and holds on tight. *You OK, sweetheart?*

Yes, yes. I am more than OK. I am married. Oh God. It feels very good, Ron.

Don't say it, don't think it. I know better, but here I am and it is real. Jesus H. Christ, there are times I want to bean that damned writer and then there are times I don't know what to think. All I know is that love is

not bounded by a number, it is elastic and stretches to encompass within it, those it holds dear. He figured that out. I am living it.

The sheets are changed, we have washed and it is time to sleep.

It is Monday morning and the girls have left for school, Pearl included. Elvie is sitting at the table drinking coffee as I enter the room.

I sit down and take a sip of coffee. *OK I am ready. Let's start.*

The painter is here. We are still planting what we have. So we are all busy. Czaren texted Pearl to tell you that you are a Saint. So I get fucked by a Saint I guess! Saint Ron of America!

Very funny. Anything else.

Check your email.

Oh no... Shit. Sarah?

Yes.

Dad,

We are coming. The girls will finish the school year with home study. I am filing for divorce this week. You just have to love community property! I will advise you of the itinerary when I have it.

So Dad, what will I call you when we are lovers?

What do the girls call you and me?

Shit, this is going to be beyond weird.

Love,

Sarah

Shit. Elvie's just going to have to sit while I type.

Dear Daughter,

What the fuck do you think you are doing? This makes no damned sense. Stop, get stinking drunk if you must, sober up, and rethink this!

Dad. Yeh, I am your DAD!

Jesus Christ! Man, has the whole world gone fucking nuts?

My cell phone chimes a text. It is from Ma'am Cortez of the DSWD.

What happen? Manila call last night, demanding your employment application! I tell them you never apply. They say why I am lying. I tell them they are crazy. You never want a job. I send them copies of your texts to me. I hope that OK. They say, why Immigration say we have it and demand to see it. I tell them I have no idea. It never happen.

I don't want to text her back about this confused mess and so I decide I need to call her, in a few seconds.

Elvie, anything else?

Wala pa. And she leaves after a sweet kiss.

I spend the next twenty minutes on the phone with Cortez comparing notes on what happened. Evidently someone at Immigration in Manila has, or had, their panties in a knot and is, or was, convinced that there is a cover up. I do not know if this is really over. It does seem like a trip to Immigration is possibly needed or another call to Mahinay.

Ma'am Cortez, when was your last call from your Manila office?

She gives me the time. It is two hours after my final call from the Iloilo Immigration office telling me to stand down.

Did they actually say they just got the call, or were they possibly responding to something that came in as request earlier?

No Sir, she say to me, 'I just get off the phone with Immigration now. They angry we refusing to give them the evidence.'

OK. Thank you. I think I need to make one or two calls. Ma'am Cortez, I very much appreciate your actions. It is a real pleasure to know you.

You too Po. Thank you Po.

My next call is to Mahinay and I relate the call I just had with Cortez. He is fuming and not with me. We end the call and I decide to call Iloilo Immigration.

Hello, good morning, how may I help you?

Good morning. This is Ronald Gibson, are you the person I spoke with last evening?

Yes Sir. It is me. But there is no need now.

Yes there is. Manila is still causing problems and accusing all here of covering something up. Who is the person in Manila?

Sir?

Who is the person at your office in Manila who is making these crazy claims?

Sir I can't tell you this.

OK, tell whomever it is that I am going to be there on Friday and I expect I will be there with a representative from the PNP and the DSWD. Tell this person, it is time we get this taken care of.

But they say never mind.

They may have told that to you but then they started threatening DSWD employees later last night. It is not over.

Wait a moment Sir. And once again I am on hold.

Sir, sorry it take so long. It seems like your friends in the PNP called our Manila office and tell them the same thing you say. Then it gets passed to a supervisor who tell me to say to you, you are welcome to come and meet with him, but he promise, this is not an issue any more. He believe that you never applied for any employment. He say, to say, they are very sorry.

Please give me this man's name and title. I will be there on Friday.

Yes Sir.

And he does. I call Mahinay and share what I have learned. He wants to know when I am going to Manila. He will come too.

I call Cortez and fill her in. It seems that she already knows. Manila called her to say that Immigration is no longer thinking the allegation is true. But she decides that if her Capt. Mahinay and I are going, she should go too. The more the merrier I guess.

What I haven't shared with them is the fact that I will make application for the SRRV visa while I am there. I have met the requirements. It will cost me \$360 a year to keep it but I never have to talk to Immigration again if I don't want to.

We need to leave here on Thursday, take the ferry to Iloilo and then fly to Manila that afternoon. I grab the netbook and purchase round trip tickets for the trip by air for Susan and me. I book a suite at the [Traders Hotel](#) on Roxas Blvd. for four nights. It is not too far from Immigration and it is pretty close to the Mall of Asia. It has a nice view of Manila Bay. That done, I am going to go downstairs to tell Susan she is going to take a trip, but when I turn to close the netbook, there is another email from Sarah.

Dad,

Nothing doing. I may get stinking drunk when I get there, but not before. We will be there very soon.

Sarah

I have said I wanted to fuck families, mothers and daughters, older and younger sisters. Well what's the saying? 'Be careful what you wish for. You just might get it.' It is like the good lord himself is fucking laughing his divine ass off at me.

Good morning Susan.

Hi Ron. What you want?

We leave for Manila on Thursday morning.

Wow! Who goes?

From here?

Where else?

Ok I explain that in a bit. No, no one else from here. Just you and me.

I get a surprised look and then a smile. Thank you. How many days?

Thursday through Monday. I have business to attend to on Friday and then the weekend is ours.

We go to the Mall?

Yeh, I figured you would want that.

The botanical garden and zoo! I see them?

Of course.

Maybe Volleyball game and PBA basketball? Please!

OK we can try.

Showtime? Oh! No that is weekday and we will only have the weekend. Is there a concert we can see? Wow. Not matter! That's OK. We will ride a train? See the Skyway? Very good! Yes! Very good. Ron, thank you. I know you busy. Thank you that you do this. ... But what did you say about others?

We fly out with Mahinay and Cortez. They are going to go to Immigration with me on Friday morning.

Problem, Ron?

Probably not anymore, but we are going to make sure it is over. It started up again last night after they told me, no problem. We pushed back this morning and get another, 'it's OK' message, but I am not sure. Evidently neither are the others. They have now been accused of being part of a cover-up.

Oh no! But it OK?

I hope so. Anyway after that, on Friday, I apply for the SRRV visa. So Friday during the day is bad for me, but you can check out the Mall while I am doing those things.

I see. OK. It weird you friends with a PNP captain.

No more weird than being friends with the local head of the DSWD.

True.

Susan, there is something else I need to talk with you about. So far, those here are here because I wanted you and k'Ren. You know that.

Of course, yes.

Well it looks like we are about to have three more here and for very different reasons.

Because of the orphanage? You want some of them?

No. It is not that and no I do not. It is Sarah and the grandkids.

Oh! They come back for visit, so soon? I not understand.

No Susan, they are coming to stay. They want to join the family.

That wrong!

I know. I told Sarah that. She says she is coming.

Why she do that?

I don't know. Will you talk to her now? Skype her. Tell her not to come?

Yes. I do it, now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Hi Susan. Did Dad talk with you about us?

Yes, of course he do that. Why you crazy? Why you want to do sex with father?

You have sex with your sister, right?

That different.

Why.

It is! You crazy. It not right. What if he get you with child? What you do then?

Have it.

Ha. Now I know. Yes! Now I know. You truly crazy. It the truth!

Maybe, but I am going to help you care for my new brother.

Why? Why you leave America and come here?

Oh, Susan. How can I explain so you will understand? Here there is nothing real, nothing authentic, nothing honest here, not anymore. It is all produced, massaged, dressed up, and fabricated. There is so much packing, and sanitizing, and massaging, and value added changes, that you can't find truth, no matter how hard you dig. And no one else is even caring or noticing. So you live a lie, twenty-four hours a day. I can't live like that anymore. When I was with you guys, things might be weird, but everything was real and honest. I need that. I need that very badly. And Susan?

Yes?

I want to love you.

Yes that be nice. I think I like that part. But you want Melissa to be Ron's wife? Truly?

That is pretty weird, I admit, but this one is up to them and they say yes.

Sarah he not want you to come. You know that? Right?

Susan, he is not saying we can't come. He is not saying he will lock us out. He is asking us to not do it. But if we come he will accept it.

Yes that true I think.

So we are coming.

Your Dad says you make a mistake. You should not come. You should honor him!

When I get there I will honor him.

I give up. OK you come. I eat your pussy. I eat Aubrey's pussy. I eat Melissa's pussy. You want, we do it.

Sounds like fun! See you soon, Susan.

I close the Skype on the tablet, and sit back on the couch.

Mom, were you talking to Susan?

Yes, hun. It was.

I miss her.

I know sweetie. I bet you miss Joriz and Jonalyn too.

Uh-huh. They are special.

Yes they are.

Mom, Joriz say to me that if we come, I will have sex with you. You know about that? ... Mom?

Oh, hun I don't think Poppop will expect that.

You're wrong mom. Joriz says he will. Remember about Emelyn, last week? That was what the problem was. Joriz says if we join, then we are the same as them. We will not be treated differently. Mom? Can you do this? You OK with this? With me and Aubrey and you all together?



Ronald?

Elvie has a look on her face I cannot read.

What is it?

Sarah needs to Skype with you. I think you need to go upstairs and use the netbook.

Did Susan get through to her? She didn't think Sarah was dissuaded at all.

I am back upstairs and have the netbook fired up and Skype loaded.

Sarah, what's up?

Dad, the rules of the house. Are there really no exceptions for us?

Yes there are. I have announced that no one is to be admitted into this family. I would break that rule for you three, though I really don't want to do it.

All the other rules stay?

Sure, if you are part of us, then you can't be special, now can you?

So I will have the same requirements as Emelyn does? The ones she was almost kicked out because of?

Yeh. Them's the rules, daughter. I thought I made that clear.

Well you did and you didn't. I mean I know it was one of the rules. Emelyn, Ros, and Jenny explained it to me and why it is a rule. I get it, but dad, you expect me to make love with my daughters?

No, Sarah, I expect you to stay away. But if you come, those really are the rules. It's simple really. If you are here as part of us, you are totally invested. You put all your chips in the pot and you don't get to hold any back. You are fully invested. You are 'All in.'

OK Dad. I hear you. You aren't going to make this easy for me, are you?

Nope. Can't say I want to, either. I've got no desire to have you join us. It seems like a bad idea to me. But if you do, I am not going to carve out some special thing here that screws it up for the rest of us.

Yeh, I've got that Dad. I hear what you are saying. ... Tell me, when Emelyn did have sex with her children, how did it go?

Ask her, not me.

Will she tell me the truth?

I've got no reason to believe that she wouldn't, do you?

So you have no problem with Melissa asking the twins?

None. She is welcome to if you are still intent on coming. Why don't you talk with Emelyn first?

What about Ros?

Sure if you want to. But I will tell you, she had absolutely no issues, so she might not be of any help to you.

None?

Not that I am aware of.

OK, I will talk to Emelyn. Is she there?

She's downstairs. You want to talk to her now?

May I?

I'll ask her to come up. Just hang in there a few minutes while I get her.

I guess I could text, but I walk down the stairs and out to where the girls are gardening.

Emelyn, Sarah is on Skype in my bedroom. She'd like to talk with you. Will you please take care of it?

I get raised eyebrows and she is gone. Ros is chortling and so is Jenny.

OK, what do I not know that you two know?

We know why Sarah wants to talk to her.

Seeing as how I just suggested it, I am interested to know why they think this is happening. OK Why?

She wants to ask about how it is to do sex with your daughter. That why.

How the hell did you figure that out?

Easy. Melissa texts Joriz at school. 'We coming to stay.'

Joriz say, 'You mean another visit?' but Melissa tell her, 'No it for good.'

Joriz asks, 'You know you will do sex with more than me and Jonalyn. You have sex with everyone. Your grandfather and your mother, you know this?'

She not know about sex with her mother. She say she will ask her. That why Sarah need to talk to Emelyn. Ron, you good and fair. You make the same rule for Sarah as you do for us.

How do you know I did?

Because if you not, no need to talk to Emelyn, di ba?

Yeh, true.

You put your cock in all of them?

If they live with us, they must be all in.

Chapter 35: Chess, Poker, random chance and a joker.

Some days go smoothly, others bump along without the sense of order, but rather a sense of, 'what now.' This is sure as hell one of the latter. As far as I know the talkfest continues upstairs and I am staying away from that. I think I will just sit and relax with a glass of water, and that blasted cell phone of mine lets me know I have an incoming call.

As soon as I look at the screen I know it is Mahinay. What now?

Yes Captain, what can I do for you?

Sir Ron, you can invite Judith, Czaren, Tamal, and me for supper Wednesday night!

OK that is the last fucking thing I was expecting and one of the last things I want to happen. But I can't very well tell him no. I can ask, *Are we celebrating something Captain?*

Yes Sir Ron. I think we are. Each of us finds our loves, di ba?

So soon Captain? You only met Tamal yesterday.

Sir Ron, do you believe in love at first sight?

Yes. I really don't but why argue?

Well that is all it took for me and that is all it took for Tamal. I went back to the Orphanage after I left the office. I took her to dinner and well, I didn't know what to do. I wanted her so much but was afraid to do anything about it. Tamal asks to borrow my phone, and calls Judith. She tells Judith, 'Captain Mahinay is going to ask you something. Tell him yes.' And she hands the phone to me! I am scared but I ask Judith if Tamal can leave the orphanage and stay with me. You know what Judith say to me?

No Captain I truly do not.

She say, 'Captain, do you love her?' I tell her, yes. She say, 'Will you take care of her and protect her?' I tell her I will. She say, 'Good. Tamal and you are a couple. She stay with you tonight. She comes back here after school tomorrow and can pick up her things then. You come get her from here.' I ask her what Czaren will think? Will she be angry with me? She tell me, Czaren hopes I fall in love with Tamal. It is easier for her. Now I am confused. I ask Judith why. She say she will let Czaren tell me. She put Czaren of the phone, she say, 'Uncle, now we both be happy. You will have Tamal and I will have my love Judith!' Sir Ron, I am amazed. I am shocked but happy too.

I imagine you are. That is an amazing thing to happen. Tamal seems like the perfect mate for you, Captain. I am happy for you.

Yes, yes. Tamal and I talk a long time last night. She say that Judith and Czaren are the same as me and Tamal. She tell me that she thinks that you, k'Ren, and three others, a Joriz, a Jonalyn and a Pearl are the same as us. I ask her are these the girls whose mothers live with Sir Ron? She say they are. She wanted to join your house, but without a mother she was excluded. That true?

Captain I never met or even knew of Tamal until the day you met her. If my girls told her that there was no way into the house they were right, but even with a mother she still would not have joined. I already have too many here. It is sort of silly, the number of females that are here.

Sir Ron, we need to talk more. We have more in common than I first thought. I think I have found a brother! Sir I have a favor, while we are in Manila, might Tamal stay in your home? I do not want her to go back to the orphanage.

Yes Captain she may.

Thank you so very much. You will make my girl very, very happy. See you at seven on Wednesday?

Seven is fine. See you then.

What in blue blazes is happening to my life? I feel like someone attached me to a Saturn 5 rocket with a bungee cord and then lit the candle. This day is completely out of control and it isn't even lunch time yet.

I don't get five paces closer to the water when I get a call from Judith.

It worked!

Excuse me?

The plan worked, Ron, it worked!

No, Judith it worked for you. It has exposed me to a huge problem I did not need and most assuredly do not want.

But Ron, he can't expose us without hurting himself.

You think so? You're a fool. He makes Tamal 'disappear,' denies any involvement with her and goes after us! What part of stupid, do you not get?

OK I can make that problem go away. Trust me.

Judith, in the USA, we have this question and answer. 'How does a used car salesman say, "fuck you"?' The answer is he tells you, "trust me!"

I'm sorry I not understand.

Yeh. What's your idea?

He can make one girl go away. How many girls is needed so that he can't make them go away?

Too many and then he draws the eyes and the attention of others. That's too dangerous.

Ron, I think it would not take too many, but I am not sure if Tamal is the right one for that.

Well you are screwed, because the guy is in love with her.

Maybe, maybe not. I call you later. Maybe Thursday?

You will see me Wednesday. Thursday I am on a ferry to Iloilo and then a plane to Manila.

Why I see you Wednesday?

Wait twenty minutes and you will see.

OK. Secret?

No, it's just not my idea. See you Wednesday. Bye.

It is just getting crazier and crazier as the minutes accumulate. Once again I start toward the water cooler. Five steps, ten steps, almost there and *Ring!* Damn. I don't know who this is. Who has this number that I don't know?

Hello?

Sir Ron!

Tamal?

Yes, Sir. I need to talk to you. When we do this?

I don't know. You are living with Captain Mahinay now. I don't think that there is an easy way.

May I stay there until he comes back from Manila?

Yeh, but I thought that your stay starts Thursday night, after I leave.

No Sir, Captain need to work all night, each night, because he will be gone for so long when he leaves. I ask him if I can stay at your house. May I?

Yeh, you may.

Good. It important.

OK.

Good, I come home with your girls. Maybe we talk then?

Yeh, OK. The connection breaks and two paces later I am at the cooler. Yeh I know I can walk and talk, but the cell signals are so iffy that a step in the wrong direction and the call drops.

Is what Tamal wants to talk about, what Judith has in mind? What is the problem? The cold water slides down my throat and slakes a thirst that needed attention. I refill my glass as Emelyn comes quickly down the steps. I wish I could bound down stairs like these gals can.

Emelyn comes up to me, puts her arms around me and pulls me down for a kiss. *I want to be there when it happens.*

Where what happens, Emelyn?

When Sarah eats Melissa's pussy.

No, please don't tell me that she is still coming.

OK I not tell you. Bye! And she is out the door.

I turn to walk out the door and almost run into Elvie who is walking in holding a strip of paper. *Ronald! This bill! Too high! We have to turn everything off.*

Stop! How much is the bill?

Banelco⁶⁶ charge us ₱16,846.20. My God I never see a bill like this before!

Something is wrong. We need to get an electrician in here to tell us what is consuming all the current. See if Jenny knows a good one. Elvie runs back out to the garden. A minute later Elvie walks in alone. *Jenny say*

⁶⁶ Bantayan Island Electrical Cooperative

pay the bill this month. Next month it will be under ₱6,000. But there is one time charge of ₱3,500.

How?

A Banelco employee will adjust the meter tomorrow. Don't ask anymore and not tell anyone.

OK. So we don't fix what's wrong, we just hack the meter?

Nothing wrong here. We just make the meter work better.

Yeh, OK. The Filipino way. Damn good thing there are no nukes here?

What?

Nothing. Look Elvie, it looks like we have four guests Wednesday for supper at seven.

Who?

Captain Mahinay, Judith, Czaren and Tamal. Also it looks like Tamal is spending the night tonight and staying the weekend. So the twins will have to wait.

Why?

Ambiguous. Why the four are coming or why Tamal is staying?

Both?

Don't know?

Which?

Both!

Glass in hand I sit down at the dining table and just breathe. There is so much swirling and whipping around that I can't find center. It is like we are in free fall. How do I adjust with all that is in motion?

I pick up the phone again and call Judith, the one person I have been trying so hard to avoid.

Judith, I got a call from Tamal, do you know why?

I think so. You aren't going to like it.

Shit. That does not sound good. Why won't I like it?

Tamal thinks Mahinay is involved with human trafficking. Selling women into the sex trade.

Is she in danger?

Not right now, but she thinks that he has his eyes on a few of the younger girls. She overheard a conversation with an Immigration officer about two eleven year old girls here. This trip you are taking is forcing them to change the schedule. It will happen on Sunday, after church.

OK.

What do I do Ron?

Nothing. You do not do a thing. Do not interfere.

But the girls?

I know. I am telling you, if you value all our lives, do nothing. See you Wednesday.

Yes, I know now. He called.

Did you say anything to him?

No!

Good.

Is it too early for a drink?

I spend most of the rest of the day, up in my rooms, just thinking, alone. Elvie serves me lunch on a tray and sits with me for a while, as I try to

make sense of all of this. This is like chess. Different pieces move in different ways. Some pieces block others. Some are pawns but are pawns of others. They are not to be trusted. The biggest problem is to know who is black and who is white and if they change colors in the middle of the game.

Is an enemy a potential ally? Is an ally the real enemy? Care, and caution. Which pieces to move and when? Is a sacrifice needed to save the game? I have never been in such a position in my entire life. This is no small thing. Am I over my head? Is this a little like poker? Am I the joker, the wild card they had not counted on?

The girls must be home, because there is a knock on my door and Elvie ushers Tamal in before excusing herself.

Good evening, Po.

Good evening to you, Tamal. Come sit here. I gather you have something to tell me?

Yes, Po. At first I think Captain a very good man. I think I can do what you say and love him. Then I hear something very bad and I think you are bad too. I tell k'Ren that you are evil. She argue with me and tell me to call Judith. I do that, Po. She explain why I am with Captain. She say you not know about this. So I sorry Po.

That's understandable. Apology accepted. What have you heard?

This morning before I go to school, I hear him talk to a man he call Emmanuel. He give instructions about where they meet to put two girls on a boat. Then he call Ma'am Cortez and tell her that she should pick up two girls from the orphanage after church and bring them to a place. I hear where. Po, these are two good girls. I am worried for them.

Tamal gives me the names of the girls and other details from the call. Her memory seems to be pretty clear. I hope it is. We will all have a lot riding on this.

Tamal, what do you know about this house?

You mean what you do with the girls?

Sure, if that is what you think I mean, tell me about it.

Sir well we talk today and I think you are evil, they tell me why it can't be you. So I know now. I know you love them and never hurt them. I know you protect them. I know you refuse to allow any bad things to happen to them.

I bet you are happy you didn't get chosen to join them!

No Sir. I am now very sad. It would be good to love so many people and be part of a family. In an orphanage, people come and go. You can never love anyone because they leave you. Here no one will leave, so it OK to love. I sad because I think I will be happy with Captain. Now I afraid of him.

When do you go back to his house?

Monday night Sir.

So you will stay here until then?

I hope so, Sir.

OK, good. Go on down. I will come soon.

I am downstairs for supper a bit early and scoop up the twins, pulling them aside. They know Tamal is spending the night. It seems that the occasion is seen as an acceptable reason for the delay. They know I am leaving in two days and will be gone for four days, but are OK with waiting. Joriz tells me they have something special cooked up for me on their special night.

You girls are not in control that night.

Joriz jumps into my arms, plants a kiss on me and announces, *Ron, there are always exceptions to a rule. We are it. You will see.* She puts herself back on the ground and off they run.

We sit for supper but there is tension because all the young ones know there is a real and dangerous situation that Tamal has discovered. I decide that it needs to be aired to all here and ask Tamal to explain what has transpired.

The discussion is animated. It swirls around, what can we do?

I am not partaking in the discussion until I simply say that any attempt by them will get some of us or all of us killed. That stops them in their tracks. *Have faith, just have faith. Now on to another matter. I understand that some of you broke a rule of this house today. Any of you want to explain why you felt that it was necessary?*

Karen is going to take the heat. She probably figures that I am not going to kick her out and she is protecting the others.

It was me. I did it. Tamal think you are involved with this slavery thing. She thinks maybe we are all slaves. She going to report you. I decide, tell the truth. She going to report you for the wrong reason, maybe we tell her the truth she still report you, but maybe not.

I see. Anyone else want to comment?

Jonalyn shifts in her chair and decides she is willing to take the heat. *Sir, it is me that tell k'Ren to tell Tamal it what we do. She do it, but I decide. Blame me.*

All look a little nervous, and that really isn't what I was after. I needed to see how it played out and I think I see it now.

You two made the right decision. I agree. It was the best option. But that leaves us with a problem. Jenny, there is a girl at this table that needs to be adopted, even if only symbolically. How would you like a daughter?

Is there a girl at this table who needs a mother? If yes. Let her stand.

No one is standing. Joriz leans across the table and swacks Tamal on the side of the head. *Get up, stupid. She is asking about you!*

Tamal looks at Jenny, at me, at all of us, and then ever so slowly, she stands.

Child, are you looking at your mother or are you just looking at a crazy lady?

At my mother, Po?

Are you sure, child? Are you sure you see your mother?

Yes, Po. Yes. I am sure now. You are my mother.

Good because I wasn't sure you remembered me. Sit down daughter. Ronald, have you met my daughter? All daughters stay here, do they not?

Jenny, you have a wonderful daughter. And yes your daughter is required to live here. That is the rule.

Tamal turns to me. *Po, I am Captain Mahinay's. I do not understand.*

Faith and patience, child. Monday is a long way off and the history of the coming days has not yet been written. Patience. Now I have to tell you that for about an hour tonight, we will leave you alone as there is a meeting of the rest of the family that you cannot attend tonight. The next time we have such a meeting, I promise you that you will be invited.

And so the night for the twins is now officially to begin in one hour.

Chapter 36: My enemy, my friend.

Twins. They really are identical. Dress them up the same, apply the same nail polish and brush their hair the same way and I challenge you to tell them apart. But the fact is that they don't tend to dress the same way, they part their hair a little differently. One likes green and blue nail polish while the other uses reds.

On any given day, it is clear which one is Joriz and which one is Jonalyn. But not right now. They have decided to make it a little hard on us. All polish has been removed. Both have hair pulled back in a ponytail, something that neither of them normally wear. Both are naked. We are all stumped.

The twins are not speaking. They grab me, pull me onto the bed. One gets behind me and one in front of me. The others are standing around not knowing what is going on as the one behind has her face on my ass and her ankles locked around my neck. I am on top of her. I must be crushing her, but there are no complaints. The one in front presses her cunt into my face. Her sister's ankles push into her belly. Her arms spread my legs and her mouth covers my cock. And now I think I know who is who.

I figure I am about to be the white double stuff between two tan thin wafers. At that I am not disappointed when Joriz takes me fully deep throat humming as she goes while her sister runs her tongue up my ass and wiggles her tongue.

This is completely unfair, but the others watch with what I guess is a bit of amusement.

Joriz's cunt is pushed up against my nose and the pheromones must actually have an effect on my brain. I have gone from zero to sixty in no time at all. Joriz comes up for breath and then back down on me humming and stroking. Jonalyn's tongue is poking my butt, driving into it, retreating and attacking again. Joriz has my balls in a vise. Her chin on

my belly and my cock down her throat. The humming continues and my cum explodes. Damn, they have me for dessert.

Once I am disposed of, they grab their mother and do her in as well, with the audience providing encouragement. Emelyn is double penetrated with eggplants, face planted on cunt and having her breasts mauled. She is not long for the world before the twins have their second prize of the evening.

When they grab Ros, Pearl decides that four can play at this game, which encourages the others. What results is something that I will always think of as the onion. The twins form a clam shell around Ros repeating the double penetration and the face plant. But their cunts and assess are now the target for my stalwart four and that results in six eggplants in motion as the clam shell gets surrounded and royally fucked.

In the end we all agree that the purpose of the evening has been satisfied and all troop off to bed leaving the twins with me. *We got you. You know that right?*

Well, Joriz, you certainly took me down tonight, if that is what you mean.

No, not that! The mind game we played.

You didn't!

Yes we did. We got you to swap Pearl with us so we would be the last and everyone would be there when we did you! We wanted to be the last and the question was, could we fool you into thinking that we were hustling you and get you to punish us into being last!

So I have been had?

By the best! It only works if you can see the first hustle and not see the goal. And it was so worth it!

And they are only fourteen. Dear god, what will they be like in a few years?

Morning brings no more clarity than I had yesterday. I have no idea who I can trust. It brings no clarity of what I am to do with Sarah or my grandkids.

The twins have left the bedroom for school with, I assume, Tamal in tow. Elvie has breakfast on the table and a look on her face that I cannot decipher.

There are two seniorita bananas, a basket of pandesal, a glass of cantaloupe shake, some Nescafé coffee packets and a thermal carafe of hot water for me as I sit down.

Are you OK Elvie?

Not sure. I think this a dangerous time.

I agree.

What you going to do?

I don't know. I need some time to think.

Alone?

Yes. Please.

We think you already know.

Why?

Because Tamal is now going to be yours. Because Jenny will be her nanay.

She needs to feel like she will be OK. I don't want her worrying about something she can't do anything about. She will be here for six days. It is best she not live in fear.

That all? You lie to protect her?

Let's not call it a lie. Maybe it will work out.

I think I always know what you think. Now I not know. I not understand what you doing. I think you are not telling me things. Tell me, what you going to do with Sarah? She not respect you like she should.

I know. She has always been that way.

That not work here.

I know.

You have a plan for that?

Not yet.

You have to do what you have Emelyn do. You have to teach her to be good. She must learn fast.

Yes. OK. Elvie, I need quiet time today.

Who tonight?

k'Ren.

In truth the next two days are a blur as I turn over my options on two intractable problems. Either threatens to derail my world all on its own. I talked big to Sarah in an effort to get her to change her mind, but in reality, I will have to do just as I have been threatening to do, if she really comes. It's either that or tell her she can't come, that she will not be allowed to stay and that may derail things with my girls here anyway, as I would not be treating them equally.

What am I to make of Delia Cortez? Is she an ally or an enemy? What is her real role in the potential abduction of two girls from the orphanage? Does she know what Mahinay is planning? Has her 'friendship' be a ruse, or is she in mortal danger?

Should I believe Tamal, or is she a ringer Mahinay is using to catch me in my real activities here? Am I already sunk based on what k'Ren and Pearl had told her before she even arrived yesterday?

I spend the rest of Tuesday and Wednesday just sitting and thinking. k'Ren does join me but we only hold each other before sleeping.

I do little else before walking down for dinner on Wednesday night. When I do join the family in the dining room, I see Judith and Czaren standing on the other side of the room. I wave at them just as Mahinay enters the house.

Supper proceeds without incident. There is some gentle kidding around the table. Even though all my school girls know Mahinay is a rat fucking, shit eating, scum bag, they don't show a damned thing at all that might tip the bastard off.

These girls are beyond amazing. Tamal is equally the picture of a sweet soul, without a worry in the world. How they all are pulling it off is hard for me to fathom. Judith on the other hand is squirming. Luckily Mahinay takes it to mean that Judith is uncomfortable with a public display of her love for Czaren. And so Judith's behavior sets off no alarms.

After dinner Mahinay begs off early as he has work to see to. Judith also says she and Czaren must get back to the orphanage and take their leave.

Elvie knows I am alone tonight and no one asks about it. I get to bed early. Susan and I leave in the morning.

Morning comes and with it the shower, the dressing room, breakfast, and Elvie. This time Susan is here too. The three of us have breakfast together. If Elvie is hoping for clarity, I have nothing to offer, before Susan and I ride in the van driven to the ferry by Ros, who has also taken the kids to school this morning.

All four of us, Mahinay, Cortez, Susan and I, are on the ferry in the morning. It is no surprise as it is the only one that will get us to Iloilo today. Likewise we are on the same plane to Manila. But we split up when we get to NAIA⁶⁷ terminal 3 in Manila.

⁶⁷ - Ninoy Aquino National Airport [NAIA is pronounced: na-EE-ah]

Susan and I check into the Traders and enjoy a pleasant meal on the concierge floor. She is marveling at the [view of the bay](#) at night. I am marveling at her.

I get a complimentary brandy over ice. Susan takes a mango and passion fruit shake.

At twenty years of age, and my more advanced state, I think some are not sure if she isn't an escort bought and paid for. I ignore it and I don't think Susan notices until we get back to [the room](#) and she starts laughing. *How much do you think, they think you paid for me?*

More than I can afford, I am sure.

Ron, you have a plan, don't you.

What?

About the traffickers. You have a plan.

Why do you think that?

Because you have added Tamal.

Yes, well I needed to give her hope. I didn't want her fretting all weekend.

You didn't answer. Is there a plan?

As far as I know at this moment there is only one plan and it is the one the traffickers have. There is no other plan.

In the morning I leave for the Bureau of Immigration before the mall is open. Susan has a fair amount of cash in her pocket and will travel to the mall later.

I arrive at the office a bit before the others and climb the stairs inside to the third floor. I sit on a bench in the hall and wait. In this case there are six others. Each of my travelling companions is now accompanied by two from the Manila offices, whom I assume are of higher rank or station.

This is a dog and pony show, but both the supervisor who assures us this is all behind us and the terrier who has been barking at my heels are in the room.

By the time, I get to speak, the terrier has been bloodied pretty damned well. I proceed to explain that not only did I not seek employment, I actively attempted to reject any attempt for a variety of reasons including it was not legal. Supporting email from Cortez to Manila is produced to support my claim. I note that it was my rejection of the job, partially based on the visa issue that caused the contact with this office. That contact was made to see what might be done to convince me I could actually take the assignment.

The fact that I have been hounded for that exact reason was and remains irritating, frustrating and confounding. If I had agreed to break the law, we would not be having this meeting because the issue of how to fix it would never have occurred.

I turn to the Terrier, *You tried to build a career on my back even though I am innocent. That is very much unacceptable. I want you held responsible for that breach of your duty.*

The supervisor acknowledges that under the circumstances, he will see that there is recompense. He apologizes to all and the rest leave, though I linger. All but the supervisor and the Terrier are gone, and the Terrier is exiting. I exit with him. *We need to talk, right now and in private.*

I stand a foot taller than him and pack a good sixty more pounds at least. He does not like it, but agrees and we enter a conference room.

I take a good look at him. He is pissed with me for ruining his career. I get that.

Pull out some note paper and write down what I will tell you in a minute. First I am going to give you background. My girlfriend's daughter goes to the same school as the orphans go to. Some of those kids know me and trust me, because I am good to their friend. I am going to give you information that is both true and will likely do more than save your

career. It may make you a hero. I don't want to help you one bit. But two children and probably far more kids will be hurt if I don't tell you what I have been told. OK here goes....

We spend the better part of an hour discussing the ins and outs of this. I make it clear that the names of the places and the names of the people mean nothing to me. They are only what was passed to me. What I make sure he knows is that anyone local cannot be trusted. While I really am innocent, there really is, as he thought, something wrong going on there.

In the end, the Terrier is confused. He wanted to be angry with me, but I may be the one guy who is on his side. I have done all I can do. I leave, hoping it is enough. This thing is going down in forty-eight hours.

I never had a plan. I had an idea. Someone else needed to come up with the plan. Will they?

This is a nation where to some extent the incompetent in government are ruled over by the corrupt. There are no honest players. At the lowest level employees spout the rules as if they are automatons, incapable of receiving information that does not fit the cookie cutter mold of input they expect. And so talking to them is like trying to teach a pig to sing.

Those above are corrupt and won't do shit without monetary inducement. However on occasion, those seeking to advance to a new level of corruption, accept useful intelligence, to help advance their careers. The question is which person that is, and whether that person will use the intelligence to help, or make the shit worse.

As I walk out of the Bureau of Immigration I see a little school girl. She can't be more than five or six. There are two ribbons attached to her school uniform. One says, Best in Obedience. The other says, Most Friendly. I wonder how that type of training at that age affects adults later in life. Is that why corruption is unquashed? Is obedience to the powerful and authority the issue?

Before I catch a taxi, I text Susan. *Where are U?*

MOA⁶⁸ near Bo's Coffee. Want some?

Yes, I do. But next stop is the PRA.

I won't go into details, but the PRA process is easy if you have covered all the requirements and filled out the paperwork. I am in and out sooner than I thought I would be.

I text Susan again. *OK done. On my way.*

Good, lunch?

Yeh! I will catch a taxi and text when I get there.

Sige.

There is little about a huge mall that I find comforting or worth noting, other than you can get shin splints just circumambulating the fucking place, it is so damned large. But to Susan who has never seen such a thing in her entire life, I gather it is mind blowing. While I am in the taxi, she texts me. There is an IMAX theater there. Will I take her? I gather the concept of going alone into the bowels of the theater was not an option.

About forty minutes later, I am at the mall and the next challenge is to find Bo's Coffee. That will be a good place to start. I definitely need a cup.

There is a walk / pedestrian road on the bay side of the mall next to a high seawall. Along the other side of this pedestrian thoroughfare are restaurants, bars and such. I have walked my legs off, with Susan, this afternoon, except for the hour at the IMAX. The sun is setting and we walk past option upon option for a nice dinner. We have yet to choose. The ships in the bay with their running lights lit against a darkening sky gives me a little peace in my heart. I hope what I have done, will save lives and not cost souls.

⁶⁸ - Mall of Asia.

There is a little breeze now, and we select a table where we can still look out on the bay, as we enjoy a meal, just the two of us. I am so happy to be with Susan. I wanted her, and loved her, from the moment I saw her. Now she is mine and I am one lucky bastard.

Ron?

Yeh?

Why you look so funny?

Just happy, I guess.

With?

You. Happy we are together.

Me too. I am a lucky girl!

The ride back to the hotel takes too long but Manila traffic is one of the experiences that if you can miss it, you should. It is no fun. We stop in our room. We both shower and then go up to the concierge floor for some drinks and pastries as we look out from on high and in air conditioning.

We haven't had a lot of one on one alone time. This afternoon and evening has been needed. So is holding her in my arms tonight; and the gentle loving that we are engaged in at the moment.

Susan wants to be in my arms. She wants to know that the man who has fathered the child inside her wants to be with her. Tonight I show her my passion for her. It is far from an act. It is real, as is her response.

We can't stop touching each other. Both of us need to feel as connected to the other as we can, tonight. Right through the love making and deep into the night, we hold each other. Holding on to that life preserver without which we might drift away and be lost, alone and confused. Our bodies giving and receiving assurance of safe passage through the dark and into the light of the dawn that greets us still holding on.

Today will be another day of walking. The zoo and the gardens. Tonight we watch a PBA basketball game at the [Araneta Coliseum](#). [Rain or Shine](#) plays against [Ginebra](#). Tomorrow there is an [UAAP](#) volleyball tournament we will see at the [MOA Sports Arena](#). That is when my legs are given a chance to recover. It is also when the crime is going to go down. Tomorrow will be shadowed by my concern. I will be fully obsessed with what may be occurring.

I look outside and it is drizzling. The rain will not force us indoors but does not auger for a day outside either. We decide to try the gardens for a bit. Susan has never been on a train. So I decide on a trip on the elevated LRT or maybe the MRT down to the Ayala station, which allows direct access to the [Glorietta 1, 2, 3, and 4, Malls](#) and takes you eventually all the way to the [GreenBelt Mall](#). It may be just the adventure we need.

It is, and we have a wonderful afternoon meal at the GreenBelt before leaving for the Araneta Coliseum, and a walk around the Gateway mall before a nice pizza at a Pizza Hut that has white linen table cloths before the game. Ginebra wins it and Susan is beaming. These three days she tells me are the best ones of her life. From flying in an Airbus 321A to a ride on an elevated train, to all the wonderful things she has seen, she tells me she feels really special.

Back at the Trader's for the evening. We have a nice but late dinner in the Latitude Restaurant, but skip dessert. Instead we go up to the top floor for drinks and little pastries on the concierge floor and once again enjoy a view of the harbor as we talk about the sights and experiences of the day.

The Glorieta structures (malls) span many city blocks. You traverse in linear fashion from one mall to the next and never go outside. You are literally walking through the city and end up far from your starting point as you walk out in the sun and enter the Starbucks in the GreenBelt Mall. The simple size of it all is something that is banging around in Susan's head as so improbable as to be hard to fathom, even though she experienced it. It produces amazement, giggles and shakes of the head. It feels like a weird dream because surely such a thing is not possible, right?

All this while I drink a brandy, she a hot [Milo](#), and we both nibble on the far too sweet pastries.

It is getting close to eleven. We are both a little tired as we enter our room. But tired or not, I can't keep from reaching out and pulling Susan in to me. She is remarkable, and I am very happy. If it weren't for the even younger ones back home, I would describe her as impossibly young. She is amazingly pretty. Her smile is genuine and can warm, or break, your heart.

She comes into my arms, and as improbable as it all is, whispers, *Thank you*.

Yeh, you just can't top that. You can't explain it, but there it is. Here she is, in my arms. In an instant I decide I want to spend a good half hour or so licking and sucking that sweet cunt. I take her to the shower with me. If I try to have her before she is clean from the day's activities, she will refuse. But once clean, I have her on her back as I tell her that it is my turn to thank her. She is arguing that I don't need to do that. I tell her to *shush!* before going about enjoying her hairless and freshly washed cunt.

I am having a good time, driving her nuts as I torture her cunt, suck her clit into my mouth and flick the end with my tongue. I wonder what Torquemada Coteaz⁶⁹ would have learned from the women he tortured, if he had used my technique and not thumb screws and the rack. Right now, Susan will say or do anything, as she rides the waves of stimulation and orgasms.

Eventually my jaw starts to ache and her cunt is a little raw from the activity and she comes down to a soft landing.

Five minutes later she wrestles me onto my back and tells me it is her turn before going down on me.

⁶⁹ - The Grand Inquisitor of the Spanish Inquisition. And yes I know that he is not known for the rack or the thumb screws, but it sort of works here!

She has me hard and I am definitely enjoying her efforts when she pops her head up. *Ron, how Joriz do it?*

You mean take me in deep?

Yes. How she do it?

I know there are techniques, but I don't know them. You will have to ask her.

What I do, OK? It not good like what she do. It OK?

OK, so bear with me here. This is a beautiful twenty year old. She is naked. One hand is gently holding my cock. The other hand has my balls in it. I am hard as a proverbial rock, and she is asking, *Is this OK?* What the fuck?

Yes, sweetheart. It is very good. Just different. That is all.

But you not cum fast like when Joriz do it.

Yes and maybe that is good. I enjoy it far longer your way.

Oh! I not think of that. Good! And she returns to making me a happy man.

Chapter 37: Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy.

Sunday morning brings with it the sight of Susan snuggled up next to me and the dread of the potential of the day's results.

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Frank, there is nothing to talk about. We have had this argument too many times. I know what you mean, when you say that. You know what I mean when I answer you. We played that out in the counseling sessions too many times for it to be any different now. I have to end this.

Sarah, sure, we have our problems, but I thought we were past this. I mean, before you ran off to see what was wrong with your dad, we were OK. At least I thought we were OK. What has happened?

Frank, before, I was biting my tongue, but I was not happy. I think what has happened is that I have had a chance to think about all this for a while and realize that I am far less happy than my Dad is and he was the one I was worried about. That got me thinking. Why am I doing this?

Babe, we have built a great nest egg. We have put away so much that college for the kids is not going to be a problem and we will be OK ourselves. We have built a future, Sarah. Why do you want to throw that away?

Uh-huh, I hear you. I hear the spreadsheet cells rippling in your head. Yes you have done very well for us Hun. Yes, we would never have to worry about paying the bills. But Frank, you don't really love me anymore. This marriage is a well-financed public face with nothing behind it. I can't do it anymore.

But look at what you do to us if you leave! It will...

Wait! Frank! I get it. I know I am messing up your well scripted financial model. You don't have to tell me what I am very well aware of. I have heard too many times that I have tinkered with your well-tailored plan

and now you have to fix it again! I know what I am doing. You, my dear, are going to have to rebuild your financial model without me. Here are the papers. Please sign them.

Sarah, please?

What? What do you think is going to change? It is over Frank. Sign the papers.

What about the kids? Think about what you are doing to them!

I have. More than you will ever understand, it was their unhappiness that forced me to look at mine. They understand the consequences as best they can and it is what they want.

That can't be. No one in their right mind would walk away from this! I don't believe it.

Well, Frank, they're your kids. No one is stopping you from asking them. I am not standing in your way. Do it. Ask them. See if you can convince them to stay with you and follow your plan. I am not going to change their minds one way or the other. If you think you can get them to change, then do it. And when they tell you, what I already know they will tell you, please sign the papers.

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It is the [Lady Maroons](#) against the [Blue Spikers](#) in the first match. It is a tight match at 2-2. The score is 17 - 14. The Lady Maroons are in the lead. The next match will be the [Lady Archers from De La Salle](#) against the [FEU Tamaraws](#). There are more teams to play later. I am not sure how many Susan wants to watch. But I am here for as many as she is up for. I have good cell reception here in the coliseum and I have my fingers crossed.

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Dad, we love you. We are your girls! Why do you say, we don't love you?

Then why are you throwing away the things I have done to give you a future? Aubrey, I don't understand.

Dad, why do you say that we can't love you and not love what you want for us? Don't you see the difference?

What are you talking about? Is this some of your female psycho-babble you get from school these days?

You are our father. You are a good dad. Melissa and I love you very much. But Dad, we just don't want to be what you want us to be. I know we are disappointing you. I am sorry we are hurting you. Truly, this is not easy for me and Melissa. But we want something else. We are going with Mom.

What has she promised you? What has she told you that you will get by leaving?

Dad? You think she bribed us? How can you? Dad! This is our idea. Not Mom's! I don't believe you! How can you be like this?

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Ron, I dreamed of going to UP. I dreamed of wearing those purple uniforms. I love those cute collars! I see them on [ABS-CBN](#) but I never think I be here! This is so great! How long can we stay? We stay for a while, OK?

I smile. Last night I was with a charming young woman. Today she has become a little girl reliving her dreams. There are serious things tugging on my mind, but at the moment I only feel love and joy.

As long has you want.

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Well what did they say?

How did you brainwash them?

What are you accusing me of?

No one in their right mind would reject what I have done for them. What have you told them?

Frank, you are a fucking, stupid bastard if you think your daughters can be brainwashed. All you just did is make it clear to me why we need to end this. You think you can buy love and commitment with your money.

Yes I can, everyone does. Including your dad with his young Susan. Why do you think she is with him?

Good one Frank. Very smart. But he loves her and didn't buy her. He doesn't have a plan for her. He allows her to have her own plan and he supports that. That Frank is something you will never understand. Sign the fucking papers Frank.

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My cell phone chimes. It is noisy in the coliseum, but this is a text from Judith.

How can we let this happen?

Patience and faith. Patience and faith. Pray hard Judith. Pray for intervention.

I do this. Why you not doing anything?

I have done all I can. Pray.

What you do?

Pray and keep your mouth shut!

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Who?

Judith.

Ron, why you not do anything to help?

I have done all I can.

What? You do nothing.

I am very glad that it seems that way. Maybe that will keep us all alive.

She gives me a look of surprise and then I get the eyebrows.

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Are you sure about the locations in this report Sergeant?

Sir I grew up here. I know the area, very well. Yes Sir, I am sure. These locations are where the exchanges take place.

OK. I want radio checks on the air force frequencies for each location every fifteen minutes. I have no idea how many channels they listen to. Let's hope they don't listen to these.

Yes sir, we will communicate with each posted team with a separate frequency, and each will answer us on another. Even if they pick up one, they will not hear the rest. And how they unscramble it anyway? We using private key encryption. They don't have the keys.

Sergeant, if they pick up even one encrypted channel, they may disappear. Pray to our Savior that they do not.

Yes Sir.

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The last time I attended a volleyball game was when Sarah was fifteen years old. She never made it to the varsity squad. She just wasn't that good at it. She did try her heart out, but it just wasn't working.

Good things can come from defeats and the next year Sarah joined the cheerleader squad. She was proud to wear her cheer uniform in school for two reasons that come to mind. Just the pride that comes with the role

and recognition. For a teenage girl it is a huge ego boost when they need it the most. The second is that the school dress code did not allow for short, short skirts as the cheerleaders wore. So she was strutting around in what otherwise was banned apparel.

That was twenty years ago and here I sit with Susan who had those same dreams of a volley ball uniform, never became a cheerleader and is so close to it that she can taste both the loss and the dreams.

I hold her hand. I pray for her happiness and for the little girls, whose fate has yet to be determined. Has anyone even lifted a finger to help them? Maybe I should be praying harder.

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OK. I got off the phone with Charlie. I gather you didn't consult with him. He is as surprised as I am. But he says the girls are old enough that what I want regarding custody will not matter unless I can prove you are an unfit mother. In short, he says I am fucked. If I fight you, I just drive up legal fees but I can't win. So here. I signed it. Pray you don't regret it. You have hurt yourself just as much as you have hurt me. What a fucking way to end a Saturday night!

Good. Better that it is clean.

Charlie said that it seemed to be the object of the papers. No demands except the split mandated by the law. No other demands. There was not a damned thing to argue about. I get the house. I can either sell it and split the proceeds or get an appraisal and give you half. You get half our savings. The girls get their college funds. You didn't even ask for half my company retirement account, which Charlie thought is a little weird.

Maybe, but my attorney said that splitting up our personal retirement savings with 70% to me and 30% to you and leaving the company account alone, would be easier for the court to order.

And Charlie agrees with her. He said it was a very smart move that he will remember for his bags of options in the future. What are we going to do now? Sleep in the same house until you leave?

The girls and I will stay at my Mom's tonight. I will drop this off with my attorney Monday. If you would please go somewhere tomorrow, we will pack our things tomorrow, and while you are at work on Monday and if we need it on Tuesday. I will give you our forwarding address once we are gone completely from the house.

Tell me what does Gloria think of all this?

My mom thinks I'm nuts. But you know, I was always my father's girl. Maybe she is more like you, and my dad is more like me.

You're saying I was in the right orchard but picked from the wrong tree? You know the Apple doesn't fall far...

Oh Frank that is such a fucked up analogy. Maybe if I had a sister, but do you really wish you had married my brother? God you are pathetic some times.

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Sir, all locations are reporting in. We see the expected activity. Four individuals are identified based on what we expected someone to be doing.

Who are they?

There is an Immigration agent attached to the Iloilo office, two PNP officers, one person who has been identified as with the DSWD.

Sir we think we have sight of the boat they will use. But if we are right, Sir, the others are Coast Guard personnel.

No one from the Army?

No Sir. But Sir, you don't want to contact our Battalion command here. There are family members related to the Coast Guard and the PNP.

Sergeant, I am aware, but we may not have enough men and not have an option. I went to school with the commander here at the academy. We served together in prior assignments, and we are friends, but I have not notified him for that very reason. Pray to Jesus I don't need to make that call.

Yes Sir.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

My cell phone chimes. The texts reads, Girls are gone! What we do?

Call the police and report that you think you have two possible 'runaways.' Say no more to them! Then pray. Judith pray.

Susan has read the texts and grabs my arm. I don't know that there is anything to say.

Ron, do we need to leave?

There is nothing we can do now. It is either going to be OK, or it isn't. There is nothing more to do.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Sir, the first exchange has been made.

Does the first team still have sight on the lady?

Yes Sir.

She clear of the others?

Yes Sir. They drive off.

OK pick her up. Detain her and release the rest of the first team to reinforce team 'Tatlow.'

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

The second match is almost over and FEU is going to win it. We should be having a good time, but the fun has gone out of the day. I watch my cell phone hoping against hope for a text telling me the girls are safe. But there is no text. The crowd around us is cheering. We can't.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Melissa, it is not too late to change your mind and stay with Dad.

Mom! Not you too! No!

OK, OK, baby, I just don't want you to feel like I am forcing you.

We are the ones forcing you! Why do you even say that? You sound like Dad. No, we need to do this. Right Aub?

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Sir, the 'Isa' team has joined Tatlow team. They are ready.

Good, what is the status on Delawa team?

Wala pa. Exchange not occurred. They waiting.... Wait Sir, I am getting something. Yes! The exchange occurs. ... They waiting before round up. ... Sir, shots fired. Two PNP down. ... Patay Sir.

Who?

The PNP men Sir. We OK. No one to round up now, they dead.

Send Delawa to Tatlow.

Yes Sir. ... Sir Tatlow reporting AFP personnel arriving with other girls at the meet point.

Damn. Do we have all three teams assembled there?

Wala pa, Sir. Delawa has not arrived. The little girls not there yet.

How many AFP?

Two Sir.

Rank?

Uncertain, Sir.

As soon as the little ones arrive, start the action. Delawa will join in later.

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Mom, maybe we should start sleeping together. I mean, we will do a lot more than that at Poppop's.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Judith is texting again. She is horribly upset. There is nothing I can tell her.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Sir, four of the abductors are dead. The rest are taken into custody. We are about to return the little girls to the orphanage. The older women are being transported here for debriefing. We have one dead and two wounded on Tatlow team.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Judith is texting. *The girls are back! They say a gun battle. Many dead.*

Susan is reading and jumping up and down in her seat. She is crying.

I text back, *Are the girls OK?*

Yes, yes. They are fine. How you do this?

Do what?

You did this right?

I did nothing. Did you pray?

Yes! Of course yes!

So thank God.

Why you not tell me?

Nothing to tell. I didn't do this. I do not know who did.

I do not believe you.

I did not send anyone to save the girls. No one.

Truly?

I swear to God. I did not send the men who save the girls. I am glad you prayed.

The cell phone goes back in my pocket and Susan punches me in the arm.
You lied to her!

No I didn't. I told her the truth.

I don't understand. You did something. I know it.

Yes, but I did not send those men.

Someone else did. But you know who sent them, right?

No I do not. I did something, but I do not know anything about what happened or how it happened.

I am confused.

Did you pray Susan?

Yes. Just like Judith I prayed.

OK, so your prayers may have been the difference. We will never know.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

My cell phone chimes. Susan grabs it out of my pocket. It is not a number I recognize. The text says, *Girls safe. Mission ended. All dead or*

captured. Debriefing of those will follow. Dead include Mahinay. How you know?

Susan looks at me. *Who is this?*

I do not know.

I text back, I hear from a school girl who is the daughter of my girlfriend. She hear it from someone else. It is hard to keep a secret. Someone always talks. Di ba?

This is true. You will make me a hero here. So you do not get your revenge on me.

Susan hits me hard in the arm. *You do know! Who is it?*

Yes I know now. It is the Immigration officer in Manila who was giving me trouble.

I text back, I didn't want revenge. I wanted cover so that no one would think I was the one who tipped you off.

So, my enemy is my friend?

Yes. The world is not always simple.

This is a true thing. May we stay in touch, Sir Ronald?

Yes, I think that would be a good thing.

Now I am getting a look that I cannot read from my companion. *I think, many under estimate you. Mahinay was a problem for you. You needed him gone and the trafficking made him very dangerous for you. He now dead. Tamal now always with us! You know this before we leave that you will do this! OMG! You know then! Now the one man who was angry with you is your friend. You fool everyone.*

I am a spy in the house of love.⁷⁰

⁷⁰ - A novel by [Anaïs Nin](#).

Chapter 38: The cherry on top of the cream.

Monday's return is filled with relief. It takes all day to get home, but we make it to a very happy crowd waiting for us at the wharf. In the front of that crowd are Judith and Tamal.

As I approach them Judith comes forward and '[honors](#)'⁷¹ me. Tamal follows right behind her with the same gesture.

Karen runs up and hugs me as the others surround me. I gotta say, I have had a lot worse homecomings in my life.

Emelyn announces she is the driver, as we approach the van and I am shoved into the back. Judith gets the front passenger seat. We will drop her off at the orphanage first.

I am sandwiched between Joriz and Tamal. It's not a bad place to be. It occurs to me that while Jenny has adopted Tamal, the girl might not know the consequences of that, and then I do an '*am I that stupid*' thought check, and I guess I am. Still I need to wait until Judith is out of the van. She may sort of 'know,' but I am not going to do this in front of her.

So I sit quietly as Susan tells about our trip. Ten minutes later Judith is no longer in the van and I can proceed.

Tamal, I am sure the girls have told you that you will have sex with me if you stay here. It was unfair of me to ask you if you wanted to stay, without warning you of what would happen. So, maybe we need to discuss what you really want, before anything else happens.

Jenny jumps over the seat back to take a swing at me. I block the shot, but take her point. Still, the question needs to be asked. *Jenny I get it, but*

⁷¹ - To bring my hand to her forehead.

I still have to ask! Now cool it. OK Tamal, you can either answer now or wait until we can talk in private.

Now?

OK. Go ahead.

I know what we will do. I am staying.

OK, please come to my room tonight. ... Now Joriz, you didn't sit here by accident. What is it?

We hear about the gun battle. We know some are dead. How you do this?

I didn't.

Hala! Do not lie! Yes you must. You say Tamal is staying. Now the Captain is patay. How you know?

Joriz, there is a saying that no conspiracy remains a secret for long. From what I have heard there were at least seven conspirators. The likelihood of a success in that conspiracy was small. I only hoped that it would work out and I didn't want Tamal to worry all weekend.

We supposed to believe that?

Yes. The better you accept it the better that we are safe. OK?

Oh! OH! OMG! OK, Sorry, sorry, OK!

Good.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Mom, how are we going to get all our stuff to Poppop's?

I knew there were things I was forgetting. I mean, I know how to get us there and I guess that is all I was thinking about. Damn, OK, baby, hand me the tablet. I will text Jenny and tell her I need to Skype with Dad.

How is Poppop going to help?

Patience, little one. Patience. Your Poppop will know how to send things to him. ... OK. Good. He is going to get his netbook. ... Go get finished dressing. We have a busy day. ... Dad?

Morning, Sarah. What's up?

Dad, we have a bunch of stuff to bring. How do we do it?

You still are intent on coming? Really?

Yes Dad, We are coming. Now stop being difficult and tell me how to do it.

Sweetheart you can each take two bags that weigh up to fifty pounds apiece. That means the three of you can bring three hundred pounds of your stuff with you. The rest you need to ship via a slow boat. The process is called balikbayan and you need some balikbayan boxes. The cost is by the size of the box, not the weight. For each box from Rochester, you can expect to spend about \$150. The boxes are about 22" cubes. Some are longer and narrower. But it will be about that. You can send as many as you please. Send them to this address and don't expect to see them for three months.

Who does this here?

Call Alma's Travel and Cargo. You can find the place on the Internet. But Sarah you should pack each box so that it is more likely to explode than be crushed and then wrap the entire thing in clear packing tape. Make sure no cardboard touches air any more. It will hold the box from ripping apart from the over packing, and protect it from liquids. Also put all lotions and liquids inside a double Ziploc bag protection. If you don't, well don't blame me if it leaks inside the box.

OK Dad. We will see you soon.

Sarah, exactly how soon?

Maybe the end of this week. I am not sure, but soon.

Sarah, please rethink ...

Dad! We are coming. Now please just get over it. See you soon!

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Damn. No Goddamnit, double damn! Not only is my ‘need to fuck’ count going from nine to thirteen, but three of them are my own flesh and blood. This is just not good.

This is way beyond out of control. Jenny, who let me know that Sarah wanted to Skype with me, is still here and she is no dummy. I am frustrated.

Want to talk Ronald?

I am not sure what to say?

How about truth?

I don't want to make Sarah and the girls my lovers.

They willing. Correct?

Yes, they say so. What if I get them pregnant?

I sure Sarah know how to make sure that not happen.

Yeh, you are right. How do I make thirteen women happy and not leave some thinking I am ignoring them?

I think that something we girls need talk about. I understand what you say.

She is right. So I guess I need to leave it at that.

Ronald? Tamal, she thinks you are a saint. You be careful with her.

This sounds like a mother speaking.

Hehe. Yes it is! True! But it is true about how she feels.

OK, I hear you. Anything else?

Yes, I think so. She is still a virgin.

Are you sure?

Yes. Mahinay, he make her suck his cock. That all.

OK.

She want to talk to you. You see her now?

Sure. Send her in.

Tamal is a truly special girl. She is smart, perceptive, and emotionally mature for her age. She has had a tough life and she is a survivor. I send her, without knowing it, into the lion's den. So I feel a little crappy about that. On the flip side, she saved some girls and helped get some bad guys killed. Plus it may have cleaned up a problem I had. Lastly it cleaned up a problem for Czaren and Judith. Well, maybe. I haven't asked anyone how Czaren is taking all this. OK, put that on my to-do list for tomorrow.

Sir, may I come in?

Please. Tamal come in. Your mother says you want to speak with me?

Yes, Sir. It true. It also true she like a mother, I think. She worry for me. No one do that for me. Now she do it. Sir, I want to thank you for what you do for my friends.

I didn't do anything, Tamal.

Sir, I know we should say that. I understand you worried someone hurt us. ... I am not stupid. That why I know you do it. I not know how, but you do it.

OK. I am glad your friends are safe. Is that what you wanted to speak with me about?

No Sir. Sir, I think Miss Judith is lesbian. That true?

Why do you think this?

I know not. I just think it.

OK and if she is, what is the issue?

Sir there three girls at the orphanage. They are lesbian. They think Miss Judith is nice but afraid what to do. Maybe you can help?

How?

Is she?

Yeh, she likes girls.

Girls, or women?

Girls.

Truly?

Yeh, Tamal truly.

Tamal hands me a list with three names. Sir, tell her. Please.

I pick up my cell and call Judith, clicking on the speakerphone function .

Ron! Why you call?

A couple of reasons. First, how is Czaren taking the news about her Uncle?

When I tell her, she look at me. She say, 'You sure?' I say yes. She say, 'Good'. That all. We not talk about it anymore.

Huh, OK, I didn't expect that. Next, you want some more bed mates?

What are you talking about?

Three orphans who want to munch on your cunt, Judith. Do you want some of that?

How you know this?

Jesus Judith are you that stupid? How the fuck do you think I know this?

Tamal?

Who else could it be?

Yes, OK, Sorry. Who?

I will text you the list that I am holding.

She sure?

I gather that she is positive.

How old these girls?

Judith I have no idea. You can figure that out. You have their records there.

Yes, sorry. OK. Just surprised. Ron, Czaren wants you to take her virginity.

No Judith. We have been through this before. No.

OK, OK. But she wants this.

Yeh, I hear you. Enjoy your acolytes.

I end the call and text the list. I turn to Tamal. OK?

Yes Sir. Thank you. Sir I need you to take my virginity too.

Yeh, your mother told me. Are you sure you want to give it to me?

Sir, they say if I do it, you are not my father, you are my husband. That right?

No, not legally. It is the way I will treat you and think of you. You will be a wife to me. Wives are forever and do not leave if there is a

disagreement. Being a wife means we are together forever. But it is not a wife under the law. Is that confusing?

No Sir. I understand this. My mother is your wife. I will be your wife too. That is what I want. This is my home now until I die! I think that is a very good thing. For the first time in my life, I have a home.

See? Do you see it? She needs stability. I suspect I could be a pink-eyed sea monster and it wouldn't matter much. Yeh, she thinks I am safe and will protect her, and she has a place that will be a real home. Everything else is, well, sort of unimportant.

I take her hand and move her across the room, to the bed. She is wearing a simple tee shirt and shorts. There aren't even flip-flops. She is barefooted. I reach the bottom hem of the tee and pull it over her head. She has a small gray bra on. I remove it, and toss both items onto a chair. Her breasts are small but they do exist. Her nipples are tiny little spots, centered over gentle rises of perfect light brown skin. I unsnap her shorts and remove them along with her panties. She steps out of them and they get tossed over to the chair. I like what I see. She looks up at me for approval. *You are very pretty Tamal. I am a lucky man. Now you can undress me.*

She gives me a quiet eyebrow and her hands move to my shirt buttons. This goes slowly as she carefully opens each button so as to make sure the button is not pulled away and the thread weakened. I suspect that the loss of a button for her, has been a fear she lived with, each and every day.

The shirt is finally free and she unbuckles my belt, and proceeds to remove my slacks. Finally we are both naked. I climb on the bed and bring Tamal along with me.

I pull her to me and kiss her. Is she really wanting to kiss an old fuck like me? Yeh, I guess she is as we tongue wrestle. My hand moves to her cunt. She is dry. I pull back from a kiss and say, *Suck this finger for a few seconds.* She looks at me with a quizzical face, but does as I ask. My

finger now damp, I return it to her cunt where she gets her answer and I get an *Ah!*

Slowly I stimulate her cunt as we kiss and get to know each other. Ever so slowly her cunt gets juicy. I put her in missionary position and mount her, centering my cock on her sweet cunt. I know I will hit her cherry and I ram through it, pushing as far as I can go until it gets dry. I pull back and accumulate more juice on my cock for a final assault on the previously virgin cunt.

Tamal is looking at me through knowing eyes. She is seemingly at peace with the world. She looks at me with acceptance and calm. She has given herself to me and I have taken her. It is a bargain for her made in heaven, not hell. The long slog is over. She has survived.

I start fucking her hard and in earnest. Her response is to be my partner, to assist, to be there with me. Her body is responding. Her hands seek me out. Her lower lip is between her teeth as her pelvis flexes up to take me at the best angle. She grunts and locks her legs around me. I pound and pound her cunt. She is gasping air between thrusts.

Her cunt muscles spasm. They form a ring about the base of my cock and send a signal to my balls. As the ring eases, I send my cum deep into her. It is done.

You want me to go to my room now?

No I expect you to spend the night with me, unless you want to leave.

Really, I am with you?

Yeh, really. This is not a game. This is where you live and you are mine now.

Good, I stay.

I waken in the morning to four school girls, doing their damndest to waken the fifth and get her going. It is a cute sight and sexy as all get out.

Tuesday morning with Elvie is the first time in five days, as I have been gone. Weirdly enough there is little to discuss and I decide I need to make sure Elvie knows how much she means to me, beyond the administrative matters.

I pull her to the bed, bend her over and fuck her hard. This is not a gentle thing. I guess this is me claiming a trophy. It appears Elvie is happy to be the trophy as when I am done cumming inside her, I get a kiss, a giggle and she is gone.

It is weird but we seem to have reached an equilibrium in the house. It will likely only last until Sarah arrives, but there is quiet, and calm. I spend the night with Jenny and the next night with Karen. The painter is done with the outside and has done the first floor inside. We decide that it is enough for now and he is gone.

I haven't heard from Judith for two days and consider that a blessing. Tamal seeks me out every day when she gets home from school to let her husband know that she is back. It is sweet and the other school girls decide it is something they all should be doing. Of course Joriz has her own take on it. She comes up to me, grabs my nuts through the cloth and says, *I saw three girls I want to see you fuck today!* Before kissing me and walking off. Shit! She is a menace.

On Thursday evening I do finally get a call from Judith. *Ron, first I want to say thank you.*

You mean for the heads up about the girls? That wasn't me, it was Tamal.

OK, OK. Thank you anyway. Also, Czaren wants to spend the night at your house.

No.

Please, Ron.

No, Judith. Use an eggplant, for Christ's sake.

Not the same.

Yeh, the eggplant is not named Ronald. Use it and stop asking me.

I haven't heard a peep from Sarah. That is neither good nor bad. It just means that she has not bought the tickets yet. But she will. Sarah always did what she said she would do. This will be no different.

Tonight I will have the twins and Pearl with me. I suspect they just want to spend a little time with me and the question of who gets creamed is neither here nor there.

Reinforcement for that assumption is provided by Jenny who says they talked about my concerns and this is their solution. Tomorrow it will be Emelyn and Ros. Then Jenny, Tamal, and Elvie. And then Susan and Karen. I am not sure how it will all work out, but at least they are trying and that helps.

I am in bed with the girls, only to find out that Pearl and Jonalyn have requested Joriz teach them deep throat techniques. That may not be smart as I seem to be unable to last long with this. I say as much and Joriz promises me it will be OK.

She is right as the two are working on me, are not Joriz and they can't quite get it. There is a bunch of gagging, and saliva, and very little that makes me feel very good.

I stay with the program for the better part of forty-five minutes, but enough is enough. I line them up on their knees and plunge into each cunt, one after another for a few minutes, before slicking up Pearl's ass and sending my cum where I can be sure there will be no pregnancy.

Chapter 39: Errors and omissions.

Once again Elvie and I have little to discuss. Once again I drag her to my bed. But this time I keep her there for a good hour of leisurely loving. Towards the end, she looks at me, wrinkles her brow, smiles and says, *OK. I know now.* And she snuggles in for a bit before announcing she has so much to do, *Why you do this! Hehe!*

It is Friday morning and the week has passed without excitement. That is a good thing. The girls tell me there is much talk about the shootout last Sunday. Little is known about it. But the Battalion commander and his second in command, a PNP captain, a sergeant, an officer, and three Immigration officers are all dead. The head of the DSWD and others are in jail.

Later in the day, my new friend from Manila texts me. *Cortez claims Mahinay was blackmailing her to get her cooperation.* The guy in Manila is getting an award and being promoted.

Even later I get a text from Judith. Czaren has been ‘interviewed’ about Mahinay and my involvement. She tells them that Mahinay tried to have sex with her. She tried to stay with Miss Judith but Mahinay stopped that. Then her friends at school told her I would protect her. Mahinay decided to make me unavailable to the girl by blowing up my immigration status, but the whole thing backfired when I refused to seek employment. If that is true, it answers a big question for me as to why he was so intent on me seeking that position.

Anyway an hour later I get a text from Manila. It reads, *Mahinay tried to set you up. It fail. He mess with the wrong man. Good for you. I learn a lesson. Gain a friend!*

It appears that Judith’s position is secure. But that there are a few board members of the orphanage the NBI⁷² is checking out.

⁷² - National Bureau of Investigation

It is after supper. I am looking forward to this evening with Emelyn and Ros, and am checking out my email when a Skype request from Sarah pops up.

Hi Dad,

Hi.

We have our tickets. I will email you the itinerary in a few. You were right about the boxes. It works out great! They all have been shipped today, fifteen of them! I couldn't believe how much each held. Ha! We cleaned out the kitchen, took all our things, I have the silver and other nice things. He gets the furniture of course, but I can't get over how much we could send for a little over two grand. Dad, I need to wire money to your account. Please send me details. I need to do it today.

How much are you sending?

She tells me and I just about shit. It is a lot of money.

I tell her that she is eligible for a SRRV Smile Visa. With the two girls, her secure payment would be fifty thousand dollars. Or she can use the SRRV Classic, which is what I have, invest in RFO real estate property to the tune of eighty grand. I gather the numbers don't bother her.

We end the call. I send her the bank info and I get the itinerary. She will be here on Sunday.

Ros and Emelyn come up to my room but really want to talk for a while. When I tell them about the visa options Sarah has, Ros mentions that there is a condo complex that will probably qualify. She could purchase a couple of those and lease them out for income while meeting the requirement. It sounds like an interesting idea.

We talk about pregnancies. This is a good time for Ros. Emelyn is too close to her monthly right now.

We talk about the girls.

But mostly I am just enjoying being with them. Emelyn punches my shoulder. *I think you really like us. Not just the sex.*

I do.

See, Ros. I tell you. He is lonely. He needs to talk sometimes. We are wrong to stay separate so much. It OK with you if we just visit sometime... no sex, just be here?

Yeh, I would like that.

You play cards, Ron?

Yeh, some.

OK, we will teach you our games and then we can play cards with you.

It is at this moment that my life in this house changes. Sure we will still have sex, but here and now, these two women decide they will be my friends. Does that sound strange to you? It does to me that I didn't understand that it is the one thing I was missing.

Elvie has become a friend through the morning sessions, but she was the only one. Now all of a second, I have added two more friends.

I depend on Jenny, but it isn't exactly a friendship. Maybe it can become one too. We will see.

Susan is a lover and in all honesty my real wife. But I need friends and now it appears I have that too. And something tells me that with the impending addition of Sarah and the kids I am going to need my friends, just to keep my head on straight.

An hour later I am on my back, and Ros is on top, rocking on my cock. She is humming a little tune and every once in a while vocalizing an *ah* or an *mmm*. This is as low impact sex as there is. We are just here in the moment, enjoying each other's bodies and feeling good.

Emelyn is here and she is rolling my left nipple around with her lips. Flicking it with her tongue. These two are friends and lovers who care

about me. See, it is no longer about getting them off. It is about being with them. Feeling them. Being close to them. Being in love. I am in love.

And eventually I do cum. But that is inconsequential, except to Ros who tells me this is the very first time we have made love when she is fertile.

When the morning comes, it is not Elvie and me. It is Elvie and Ros and Emelyn and me. We talk about Sarah and how that is going to affect things. The property matter is discussed and Elvie asks Susan and Jenny to join us. It becomes a family council. This is the first time we have done this when it wasn't filled with dissension. No one is on the outs. We are working as a family. Once again as was last night, I feel the dynamic of the family changing, and for the better.

It is Jenny who puts it into words. *Ronald, until now, you have lived your fantasy and we have assisted you, willingly. You have us and we are never leaving, but the fantasy is ending in some ways. You will have the young ones and that is your fantasy. We know it, all of us. But you have us and we love you. We think you love us. The killings have changed many things. It has changed us too. Now Sarah and her kids are coming and they are not your fantasy. It frightens you. We can all see it. It frightens us too. We need to keep on talking and not stop talking. We need to get through this together.*

I look around the table. *Do you all feel this way?*

They do. Jenny turns to Elvie.

Is it OK with you that from now on we all meet here in the morning. I do not want to cause you any problems. So it is your say.

Elvie looks at me and asks, *How will Sarah take it if all but her are here?*

It's a valid question. *She will be pissed.*

Susan has been quiet. Her fingers moving a spoon around on the table top in circles. *I think she needs to be here with us each morning as we work through things. She wants to join us. Shutting her out is a bad idea. She*

needs to be included. She is either one of us or she needs to go somewhere else.

Elvie announces that Susan is right. No one wants to disagree with Elvie and so the matter is resolved. What is also resolved is that though all are here. Elvie, the youngest of us, will have the final say.

But Elvie is not done. She turns to me in front of all assembled and tells me, *You need to take care of Czaren. Do it today after school. Jenny can take her back to the orphanage on the 220 after that.*

Why?

Because I talked to Judith and I decide she is right and you are just being stubborn. You, Ronald, now that Mahinay is dead, are the most important man in that girl's life. She wants you to take her virginity and you will do it.

I am not sure I follow that logic, but I decide to accept it.

OK, set it up.

I already did.

Oh. Huh. OK.

Susan, Jenny and I spend the day looking at properties that might work for Sarah. We take photos, write down specifics.

I also look at an [Isuzu mu-X](#). We are going to need another vehicle and this one makes sense. The sedans do not have enough ground clearance at around 150mm. That's only 6 inches. The SUV's from Mitsubishi and Toyota are too expensive. This one looks OK.

When time comes to pick up the girls at the school, Czaren is with them. There is a bunch of giggling between them. Czaren isn't saying a word. Plus the kid looks really uncomfortable.

Jonalyn, what is the giggling about?

Ron, do you know why Czaren is here?

I think so, but what does that have to do with giggling?

But... Oh! Oh no! Friends! Be quiet! We make a big mistake! I am sorry Czaren, we are rude and wrong to tease you.

Well the kid doesn't look any happier, but the razzing seems to have stopped. I pull off to the side of the road as well as I can, get out and ask Susan and Czaren to join me.

Czaren. I am sorry that this has happened. I do not want to embarrass you. You deserve respect. Is there anything I can do to make this better?

Sir what you think I want?

Judith told me you want me to take your virginity.

Is that what you want Sir?

Truthfully? No. Czaren. It doesn't make any sense to me.

Me too Sir. I not tell Judith I want this. She tell me I need to do it.

We don't. I agree with you. What do you want to happen? Should I take you back to the orphanage now?

Sir, will you be my father?

Excuse me?

Sir I do not have a father. I need this.

Czaren, I am not a good father option.

Because you sleep with your girls?

Yes, because of that.

Sir I am not afraid of that. I not want some man to take my virginity and leave me. I not like that.

Oh. I see. But you are a lesbian, aren't you?

No Sir. I like it when Judith take care of me because I am frighten of my uncle. He is not a good man. I am not a lesbian Sir. The girls Judith has now, yes they are lesbian Sir. Not me.

OK, let's go over this again. Now that your uncle is dead, you are a real orphan. Di ba?

Yes Sir.

You are under the care of Judith, but she thinks you are a lesbian?

Yes Sir.

You need a place to go and I am the only option you know of. Is that right?

Yes, I think this is true.

But I am a bad man who sleeps with his girls. Still I seem like a better option than being Judith's lover? Do I have that correct?

I think you are correct, Sir.

Susan please verify this in Czaren's dialect.

Susan does and tells me that I have it about right.

Susan, please ask Tamal to join us.

Once Tamal is standing by my side I ask Susan to explain to Tamal what has been said. Tamal might be a year younger than Czaren, but Tamal has a maturity and eclipses the older schoolmate.

OK Tamal. I want to take Czaren back to the orphanage and explain to Judith that Czaren is no longer a lover and needs to be left untouched from now on. Will that work?

No Sir.

Why?

Because the other girls, they will not be OK with Czaren. She is too close to Judith. It will be a big problem.

Suggestions?

None you will like, Sir.

OK, I understand. Susan, comments?

Same as Tamal.

Huh. Well no matter what I do now, we have to start with Judith. Get Elvie on your cell and fill her in on this. Then have Elvie ask Judith to bring a change of clothing to the house. Elvie should say that I require the girl to stay overnight. Susan starts calling Elvie as I turn to our frightened waif. Czaren, I am not going to have sex with you today, but you are going to stay at our house tonight. Tamal, while we are out here, get back in the van and tell the girls what is and is not going to happen today.

Tamal jumps to it. Czaren, is this going to be OK for you tonight?

Yes. Yes, very much.

OK, I do not know how this gets worked out, but we need a place to start. I need to talk with Judith.

Tamal sticks her head out the window. We are ready.

Susan ends the call to Elvie and we get back in the van. One by one, each say they are sorry and ask for forgiveness. Jonalyn speaks for all of them when she tells Czaren that they all confused Czaren's need for protection from Mahinay, for sexual desire of Judith. They were very stupid. After a few group hugs, a balance has taken hold and we continue home.

When we get to the house, Ros and Emelyn rush out, grab Czaren and shepherd her inside with their arms encircling the girl in a very protective fashion.

As I walk into the house, Elvie runs up to me and almost kneels. She has been crying. I look at her and simply ask, *Why?*

Because I am wrong. We almost make a very big mistake because I do wrong.

Maybe. Look if we had continued to do what I was doing, it was no better. She needed intervention and I was denying that. So I fail to see how you made anything worse. The girls read her wrong from the beginning. We all failed her.

What are you going to do?

I don't know, but there is an old American saying, 'you break it, you fix it.' I have also heard it as 'you break it, you own it.' Either way, it is our problem. So stop crying and help me figure out what to do.

Ronald I have one question. Why she not tell anyone before?

The simple answer is probably that Mahinay was still alive and he scared her more than admitting the truth about her own needs. Now that he is dead, she is free of the fear.

Supper is a quiet and pretty somber affair tonight. The girls try to make small talk but it just doesn't work. We all know Judith is coming over and not a one of us is comfortable with what that augers.

About eight in the evening I hear Judith's motorcycle approach the gate. Jenny opens it up for her and asks her to come inside. Judith thought she was just going to drop the stuff and run right back. The change in plan produces a discussion at the gate.

By the time Judith enters the house, she clearly is not happy. I would offer her a drink, but she doesn't drink. I need one and ask Susan to bring me a brandy over ice and a Sprite for Judith. The offer is accepted but doesn't mollify her much.

Judith, there are times when everyone and everything you think you know is just wrong. For me, for absolutely everyone who lives in this house,

and for you, this is one of those times. I stop and take a drink. I want her to think about what I have just said. Judith looks at me. She wants to be angry, but I have just told her I was wrong. As the only thing I had been doing is fighting her on what she wanted, hearing I am admitting error, isn't something she wants to attack me about. But I am telling her she is wrong. Judith takes another pull on the yellow straw in the green Sprite bottle.

Allow me to start with my school girls who set Czaren up to seek you out at the beginning of this. They were wrong. And I tell the tale, holding the final definitive 'she is not in any way a lesbian' from the story until the part about the discussion at the side of the van tonight.

By the time I am done, Judith is no longer angry. She is crying.

Ron, when you said we each of us wrong, I not understand. But it is true. Yes, each of us not understand Czaren's fear. Each make a mistake. So how we fix this? I not sure I know how.

That Judith makes two of us. I don't know either.

Ron, I think I need to apologize to her. You stay here with me and I do this. OK?

Sure.

Czaren is shitting bricks when she is escorted to us by her two protectors, Ros and Emelyn. They have no intention of leaving and Judith wisely does not make an issue of it. I see Tamal hanging back in a dark corner. Instead, of complaining about the others in the room, Judith gets down on her knees and speaks to Czaren.

I have injured you. I am greatly sorry. I am wrong. Please forgive me. Judith is crying. Czaren runs into Judith's arms and they embrace. Czaren saying, *Yes, yes. Yes, I forgive you. I not tell you. How you know?*

I look at the protectors. They get the hint and leave the room.

Eventually the sob fest is over and they are both looking at me. It is Czaren who asks, *What we do now?*

We three just look at each other, without a clue between us. Tamal slips into the light of the room and asks Czaren, *Can you live with Judith if there is no sex?*

Czaren's eyebrows go up. *Miss Judith, you have those three we send you. You OK if Czaren is not your love?*

Judith looks at Tamal and there is something going on I cannot read. Judith gathers herself up to answer, *I will always love Czaren as a daughter. But I do not need to have sex with her. Yes the other three are good for me.*

I think we are done, but Tamal isn't finished. *Ron, if Czaren lives at the orphanage, can you be her father without sex?*

I smile. Tamal is something else. I see what she wants to happen. If I am in Czaren's life as a protector, Judith cannot backslide. *Czaren, do you want me as your father, even though we will not live in the same house?*

Yes father. I would like that. And father, I would like to remain a virgin.

So mote it be.

Chapter 40: Foreign Affairs.

This is it. The ferry is approaching and my heart feels like someone is sitting on it. The first time she and her kids came, she was ready to get me killed for far less than what she is asking for now.

What she wanted then was not going to fly. What she wants now goes against everything I am. Yeh, sure I am fucking four fourteen year olds and now a thirteen year old. It isn't the ages. Shit Sarah is pretty much the same age as my oldest loves.

No, it isn't the ages. With the other, it is the mother daughter thing, as is pretty clear. I get off on that.

But no, the fact that this is my daughter makes it very different. This is one whose diapers I changed. There is something disruptive about fucking your daughter. Yeh, sure I know in one of the Jake stories he does it a lot. Well, I ain't Jake.

Jonalyn slides under my left arm and hugs me tightly. *It's going to be OK Ron. She has been your daughter for thirty-six years. Now she is going to be your lover. She will never leave you and she would rather die than hurt you. You will see. It is going to be fine. I mean, think about it. What's the worst that can happen... she's a lousy lay?*

Now that cracks me up. I mean really sets me going I can barely breathe I am laughing so hard. The rest want to know what has happened but I am laughing so much I can't tell them. I point to Jonalyn and she explains. Ros screams, *You didn't really say that to him, did you?* Jonalyn smiles back. Joriz is jumping up and down. She wants to know why she didn't think of that. Pearl is simply bemused. The concept is not all that funny to her it seems. She murmurs that it might well be true!

Elvie is shaking her head. Evidently it had not occurred to her, and now that it has, well, we will just have to see.

It has lightened the mood. We are all indebted to our village sage. It is pure Jonalyn. She is the one who turns everything over and looks at things from different angles.

Tamal inches up to my right side and asks, *What will you do if she isn't any good in bed?*

I have no idea. Her mom was no fun at all.

But we are all good?

Yes you all are.

Even me?

Yes Tamal, even you.

Am I a good man? I guess it depends on who you ask. Czaren thinks I am. The guy in Manila, thinks I am.

The girls and women who live with me? I am not sure if they would call me 'good.' Maybe I am 'good to them.'

I suspect Judith fears me more than anything. Men are dead because of what I did. Though we will never discuss that, she sees the result of what I did. Two nights ago night she bent her will to the world, as I explained it to her, without defending her actions.

My daughter can't possibly think I am a good man. I have no idea what she thinks. Clearly the last trip here, ripped her cultural moorings out of their fixed positions. Is she adrift? Just why is she doing this? I get it that she accepts my argument that she has lived in a propaganda bubble. But is this the answer to that? I am confused.

Still there she is, walking towards me, with a big smile on her face. She is rested, as they spent the night on Iloilo before continuing on with their journey.

Maybe it is time to really push her buttons and see what happens. She comes to me, putting her arms around me and attempting to kiss my

cheek. Fuck that. I put my hand under her chin, bring her lips to mine, hold her tight and tongue fuck her mouth. I guess you might call it French Kissing, but it was not what she had in mind and it is a little on the domination side of the ledger.

I wait for her to fight back. She doesn't. She releases all resistance and submits. She isn't kissing back as much as allowing herself to be used.

I feel a welling up of a need to enslave her, to make her the obedient girl. It is totally fucked up, but there it is. It is what I am feeling. I pull back and look at her. Her eyes look at me with fear and submission in them. *You had better be a good fuck Sarah. There is competition for my bed. If you can't cut it, I will give you to the boys around here to play with as a whore. Is that what you want?*

I will be a good fuck, I promise.

I whisper in her ear. *We will see. You are a damned fool to do this. What will you do with my child inside you? Have you considered that?*

She whispers back, *Yes! Yes! I dream of it. Do it.*

Oh, fuck. Well pushing her buttons didn't exactly go the way I had planned.

Sarah looks around and spies Tamal. *Who is she?*

She may be one of those whose cunt you will eat tonight in front of your daughters before I fuck you in front of them. She is now part of my house and family. That is all you need to know.

If I think she is going to scream or run away, what I don't expect is what she does. She grabs me and pushes her tongue into me while grinding her cunt into my left thigh. It is time we take this to a bedroom and get off the wharf.

The trip home puts me in the second row of benches. Emelyn is driving. Things lighten up and the details of the trip are discussed. Sarah has

brought presents with her. Some are distributed now, others will be at the house.

I am still wanting to push Sarah as far as I can. I whisper to Joriz, *Open Sarah's blouse, pop out a tit and start sucking.*

That all?

No. Do as much as you want.

I get a knowing smile. The next thing I know, Sarah is being pushed back on the bench seat. Her blouse is completely open, her tits are exposed. Pearl and Tamal both have a mouthful and Joriz is pulling down Sarah's panties and going in for the cunt. Melissa and Aubrey are for a brief moment spectators, but Jenny and Susan each take one of the girls. They start undressing my grandkids and finger fucking clits. It's a goddamned orgy in the van as Emelyn drives on.

I watch as Sarah gets off a few times, and Melissa has her first one. I gather that this will not be Aubrey's first. Sarah's breasts are large. I have never seen them before. Her nipples are large and puffy. Her cunt is hairy. I sure as hell have never seen her cunt before.

It is surreal. It challenges me to understand these three, not as roles they have been for me, but as three females, with whom I will have a new and complex relationship. I see Sarah, as she comes down from yet another orgasm. She is looking at me. I see her, and yet I no longer know her. Who is she? I will fuck her today, but who is she and what does she want?

Pulling in through the gate, only slows the orgy down. The grandkids are pulled into bedrooms. Sarah however is stripped naked and literally tossed on the dining room table. The girls call me to fuck her. *No. I won't fuck a hairy cunt. Get that crap off her.*

While the other girls keep Sarah occupied, Elvie runs for a razor, a large bowl, soap and a towel.

I decide to pour myself a brandy over the rocks and watch the show. Sarah looks at me again and seemingly nods her head.

The cunt looks smooth. Tamal slides her tongue between the labia major and gives me a thumbs up. Sarah is ready to be fucked, I guess.

I am unbuttoning my shirt. But I guess I am not doing it fast enough for the girls because Ros and Jenny start on my slacks. In short order I am in the buff with my cock inches away from Sarah as she lies on the table. Tamal whispers something to her.

Fuck me Daddy. Please fuck me Daddy. Did Tamal tell her to say that?

Cock in hand, I move the glans up and down a few times across the labia, collecting her wetness and bringing my wetness forth. Sarah is dripping. I push in. She is not as tight as my girls, but it isn't a swimming pool. I can feel the sides if not the bottom.

I pull back a bit and pound in again. Sarah grunts. I grab a tit and pinch a nipple. I feel a spasm on my cock. Pinching the nipple hard once again, I start pounding her cunt over and over. We are sloppy wet as I continue to fuck my daughter. She is swallowing and gulping air, cussing quietly... *shit... shit oh shit... oh damn... shit.*

I am not near ready to cum, but Sarah starts whimpering. *Daddy, please daddy. Of shit, Daddy. Oh fuck Daddy.... I'll be good Daddy. Please Daddy.... Daddeeeee...*

And something deep inside me flips a switch. I cum inside my daughter. It is not a small amount. I feel like I cannot stop cumming.

I am still inside her. She is looking at me. She cocks her head to one side, gathers something deep inside her up, and *Well, Dad, from this moment on, I am a wife and a daughter to you. I expect to carry our children. I will make you fuck me as often as I can. We clear?*

Yes, I think we are, Sarah. From now on, you will keep your cunt shaved. You will do as Elvie tells you to do. You cannot leave. I will not permit it. Clear daughter?

Yes Sir.

She is still lying on the table. I lean over her, grab a handful of hair and pull her head to me for a rough kiss, while I shove three fingers up her cunt and press against what is without a doubt a G-spot. In an instant she cums again, shooting some of my cum and her juices over my hand.

I break the kiss and stick my cunt juice and cum covered fingers into her mouth. *Suck it Sarah. Suck and swallow.*

She does and then I grab my clothing and leave the room. It's time for the girls to clean her up before we can have supper.

Susan and Karen accompany me up the stairs. They are quiet until we enter my bedroom. Susan pulls me around, puts her arms around my neck and gives me a gentle kiss. *Why you do angry sex with Sarah.*

Susan, I told her not to come here. I am not going to make it easy on her. OK, she is here. She was my daughter. Now she is a cunt I fuck and may get pregnant. I can't fuck my daughter. I can fuck a girl named Sarah, who wants to be my sex toy.

You not treat us like that.

You were not my daughter.

You still want Melissa tonight?

Yeh, I have a Viagra. I want Melissa and Sarah here at nine.

Why Sarah. I think you not do that.

I will have Sarah push my cock into Melissa. When I am done with Melissa, Sarah can lick Melissa clean.

I think you are very angry with her. Will she do what you say?

We will see.

The sisters leave and I take a shower. Susan is right. I am very angry. I take a Viagra and sit with the netbook. There's an email from Harvey. He has been bugging me about the girls. I am not sure if he is jealous or is trying to build up the courage to come. I am in a weird mood. I tell him to get his ass on a plane and stop whimpering like a damned ass. I send the email and almost wish I hadn't. I am too wired to be sending email. I am too tight, too wired and I just can't settle down. I text Elvie. *Send Sarah to me.*

Three minutes later Sarah enters the room.

She has redressed but looks a bit confused.

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This isn't how I expect I would have sex with him. This isn't the loving sweet sex I imagined.

No, this is very different. He isn't acting like Dad. He is taking ownership of me. This isn't what I thought it would be like when I told him I wanted to join him. This isn't my sweet Dad. This man isn't sweet at all. He is powerful, but not sweet. He has already taken me. Why am I here now? What does he want? Oh God, what I have gotten the girls into? What have I gotten into?

Take your clothing off, Sarah.

Dad?

Take them off.

OK, if that's what he wants. OK. *OK now Dad?*

He comes over to me and bends me over the edge of the bed. What is he doing? What is he applying to my ass? *Dad? What's happening?*

Quiet Sarah. Be quiet and do as I tell you.

Dad?

Sarah, call me Sir.

What?

You heard me.

Yes, OK.

Yes, OK what?

Sir? I am supposed to say Yes, OK, Sir?

That's exactly what you are supposed to say, Sarah. Now spread your legs, girl.

I do and he inserts a finger in my ass. God! What is he doing? Oh! Noooo. He's got two in me and I think he is applying some KY or something. *Gaaah* this is so wrong! I think he has three fingers in me. Why is he doing this? What? What? Shit he has a vibrator shoved up my pussy. God! What has he set the damned thing on? Extra high speed?

Oh! Thank god he has removed his fingers from my ass. OK I can handle the vibrator... No! NOOOO! Oh my god No! He's fucking my ass and the vibrator is fucking my pussy. Oh my god, Oh my GOD!!! Oh shit! I'm cumming! I'm going to shit on his cock! I can't control, oh my god. What has he done to me? He's making me cum again! I can't stop! What is he doing to me? *Aaaaagh! Fuuuuck! Oh, ... Oh, ... Oh.* Damn he has stopped. He is out, but my legs are shaking. I can't move. What's he saying? He is saying something... *What? What?*

I own you Sarah. You are mine to do with as I please. You daughters are no different. You wanted to be mine. Now you are. I will fuck you any way I want. Anywhere I want. You want to get pregnant? You will. I own you now. You are not in the USA anymore. Here, you are mine. Is that clear to you?

Yes.

Yes, what?

Yes, Sir.

Good. Go get cleaned up and bring your youngest one to me now. Make sure she is here in under ten minutes. Got it?

Yes Sir. Sir, are you going to fuck her ass?

No I am going to cum in her unprotected cunt. Now hurry.

I can barely walk. My leg muscles are not working right. I look at his penis. There is no shit on it, so I guess that went OK. Screw the underwear. I just put my dress on and go for Melissa. Why am I doing this? I should be running away. But I can't. I can't. Oh God I can't. What's he going to do with my baby?

Where is she? I find Ros. She gives me an odd look. I ignore it. *Where's Melissa?*

She is waiting for you in your room.

I have a moment of panic. Where is my room? Oh, right, with Elvie. OK I know where to go.

Mom? You OK?

Yes. Sure. Come now, hurry. Poppop is waiting for you!

I knock once and enter his bedroom.

Sarah remove that dress and remove Melissa's clothing.

In the last two years, my little one has bloomed into a beauty. She is no longer wearing starter bras. Right now she is a 32 B cup. It's close to what I wore at her age. Her hips flair out now. As I remove her panties, I can see that she has far more than peach fuzz on her pubes. What will Dad do?

Sarah, take her into the bathroom here. There is a razor and shaving soap on the counter. Teach her to shave herself. From now on and forever, you girls are to stay shaved.

I take Melissa by the hand. She is frightened. Sure she thought this would all be fun and games before we came here. What does she think now?

I really don't know how to do this. But I give it my best shot. I will have to enlist one of the others to really teach us. God, I have never touched Melissa down there since she was five or six! This is so weird.

I move my fingers over her to make sure I get the stubble off her, and damn it she moans. That is so, what I do not want!

She is ready. I bring her back into the bedroom. Dad puts her on her back on the edge of the bed. God I do not want to see this.

Sarah, use your tongue and get Melissa's cunt good and wet.

You want me to do what?

What did you say, Sarah?

You want me to do what, Sir?

You heard me. Do it. You wanted to be here. This is part of it. Ask Emelyn. Later. Now do as I tell you to do.

My God! I can't believe I am doing this! I am going to perform oral sex on my daughter! But goddamn it. He is right. This was exactly what the issue was with Emelyn. He told me it would be the same with me. Was I just blocking the reality out?

He has thrown a pillow on the floor. I kneel on it and start eating out my daughter's pussy. It's a little sticky. I think some hygiene lessons might be called for later. Still, I am getting her good and wet. I feel little quakes from her body on my face. I think, Oh God, I am making my own daughter cum! Oh, it is happening again. She is grabbing the back of my head and pushing me into her pussy. What is happening? I send her off

again. I hear and feel it. I am getting her off and it is exciting me! This ... is... so... wrong! I back off. *Sir she is ready.*

Good, take my cock and shove it into her cunt.

Me? Sorry... Me, Sir?

Are you having hearing problems?

No Sir. OK.

So I am going to be the one to assure my daughter is deflowered. Is this an object lesson in being careful what I ask for? I take his penis. It is rock hard. He didn't cum into my ass. So there is cum for Melissa. God! What if she gets pregnant?

I do as Dad tells me to. Melissa flexes her pelvis up to accept his penis. After all the stimulation, she wants it. Maybe she needs it. Whatever it is, she is getting it. Dad's penis moves into her. I see it disappear into my daughter's body. She moans and sighs. She locks her legs around him and is not going to let go. She wants my father, her grandfather to fuck her.

She is saying something like *paa paapop*. He whispers back to her. *Call me Ron, Melissa. I am your husband, Ron.* And then he rams his penis hard into her. My little Melissa looks straight at Dad and in a clear voice tells him, *Fuck me good Ron. Fuck me hard. Fuck me!*

Chapter 41: Father, further, farther.

It's morning. It is a nice room, but I don't see it as mine. I feel isolated and alone.

I think I am lost. I have what I demanded from Dad. He told me over and over, '*Don't come!*' But I insisted.

He told me to talk to Emelyn. What better way to understand what would happen? She had been through what I just did with Melissa. I think he will make me do the same with Aubrey.

It was something I knew all about and was totally unprepared for. He didn't lie to me. He didn't do anything that wasn't announced beforehand.

Still, I mean, I watch him cum in my little girl and then tells me to lick her juices and his cum off her when he completes... I want to scream, *No!* But Emelyn told me before I came here, that he required that of her, and Ros, and Susan. She told me she was fighting that. That is why she does not want to do the thing with Dad. It is why she was told to leave. And yet, she told me that she, in the end, enjoyed it. Yes she felt guilty that she enjoyed it, but the guilt passed.

I am feeling guilty as hell, but though I am afraid to admit it, I enjoyed it too. There is no way I am supposed to get off in getting my daughter off. But I did. I am so confused.

When he took my ass last night, it was like he was taking my independence from me. His penis, was making me his toy. I allowed him. I asked for this. Why?

Why do I want him to dominate me? I never would have allowed Frank to do that. I never allowed anyone to invade my ass. But I allowed Dad. Why? He will do it again. I know it. I will allow it. Why?

I feel like I have taken a step back in time. From a ‘fully realized womyn⁷³,’ I am now a sexual attachment to my father, the man who commands a herd of other females. This is so Neanderthal.

It is weird. When he took me last night, he told me that I am not permitted to leave. On a very basic level, I understand and believe it. I am not leaving.

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Sarah went to her room last night. Melissa stayed until Karen retrieved her to go with all our school girls this morning. Aubrey is staying in the house this morning. She is too old for high school here. She will continue her home studies from the USA.

For the past few days, rather than Elvie alone each morning, there has been something of a privy council. It was decided that Sarah would join it. I am toweling off and will dress in a couple of minutes before joining them.

Last night was weird.

I have never before been the asshole I was last night. But I have never had to erase so many years of “Daddy” to get someone to understand where she stands with me.

Right from the coming here, when I told her to not do that, Sarah’s concept of her relationship with me was based on, ‘he’s my Dad, but I do what I want.’ I need to kill that off. I need to make it perfectly clear that by being here she can, no longer, just do as she pleases.

How things play out these next two or three days is completely unclear to me. But last night, I sensed that she will accept my dominance. For all the others here, it is less brutal, than gentle guidance and caring. But there is a hard rock bottom to all this as Emelyn and Elvie learned. When I say

⁷³ [An alternate spelling of woman used by feminists.](#)

no, or do something, I damned well mean it, and it is I who gets the final word. Sarah needs to understand that right up front.

The room is SRO when I enter it, though a chair is awaiting me. Sarah is missing. I look at Susan and at Elvie. It is an unspoken question, *Why?*

Jenny answers. *We tell her we will talk and she is to attend, but she just nod her head and stare out the window. I ask her, 'Sarah, you OK?' She say, yes. But she not come.*

What comes next shows me how strong the group is. Susan asks me why I was so hard on Sarah last night. I don't answer, because Jenny snaps back, *What you think? She spoiled. You know this from last time. Ronald need to make it clear that she no different from us. You think we would behave to Ronald like she do? No! He need to teach her fast. She have to behave. That why!*

I gather that no further comment is needed on the subject.

OK Elvie, what is on your list?

A new car and maybe a third motorcycle for use as a tricycle? We do this?

I want Sarah here for a discussion about a car as it will probably affect her and possibly her bank account. Elvie, why the request for a motorcycle or tricycle? We have two.

And you have how many of us? A tricycle is good to go to the market. We need it.

OK, Jenny, would you look for one motorcycle we can use as a tricycle? Next?

You are needed at the orphanage. See? You will take the 220. Susan need to go to the bakery. Ros will take the van later for the kids. So nothing left.

OK, OK, but why am I needed?

I don't know. Your daughter asks for you.

Huh, that is not good. OK, but she is in school today.

No. She stays home.

Does Judith know about this?

I not know.

OK, next?

When you talk to Sarah about the RFO properties?

Not today. It is too soon.

When she go to Manila? To PRA?

Why the rush, Elvie? We have time.

Sorry. You are right. When you do Aubrey?

When I come back from the orphanage. Next?

We need more plants.

OK take the van and get some. ... And yes I see. OK Elvie? Next?

Wala na.

The ride to the orphanage isn't bad and I like riding the 220. So all in all, I am in a good mood when I get to the campus. Judith comes out of the administrative building to greet me.

You here to see Czaren?

Yes. You know what this is about?

No. I know she want to see you. I tell her, 'Call him if that want you want.' I not know why. She not tell me.

Everything OK?

I think so. No problems for me.

OK. Where is she?

In my apartment.

OK. Are you OK otherwise?

Yes. Ron, I am good, thank you.

I walk over to the apartment and before I can knock on the door Czaren opens it. As I enter, she ‘honors’ me. I acknowledge it and suggest we sit down. There is no aircon and the place is warm. But the trees outside keep the open louver windows shaded and a breeze moves through the place.

OK, Czaren, tell me why I am here.

Sir, everything you say will happen, it do. I not have sex with anyone. There is no requirement. I live here and not with the others, even though now I am a real orphan. But Sir, now I am lonely. What I do?

You are lonely because Judith has other lovers now?

Yes, but also she not comfortable being a mother. She is OK as a girlfriend, but now we not do that. The others here, they not trust me. I am too close to Judith. The new girlfriends, they not want to talk to me.

You have friends in school, don't you?

Your girls, yes they talk to me, but we are busy in school. I didn't see them except in class. Sir there is something else.

I wait to hear what the ‘something else’ is but I am not hearing anything. We just sit there. Czaren is fidgeting. I wait. She fidgets more. I look at the ceiling. Still nothing.

Czaren, you say there is a problem, but I can't read your mind. What is it?

No one touches me.

I thought you didn't want to be touched. You wanted to stay a virgin. You didn't want sexual touch from Judith. What type of touch are you missing?

I know what I say Sir. It all true but I think it is a problem.

Why?

I not understand. I need to be touched.

Ask Judith to hold you.

No Sir.

Ah, OK, why?

She touch then she want sex. I do not want that with her. I want touch but not sex with a girl.

What do you want me to do about this?

Touch me?

I open my arms and Czaren just about leaps into them. I hold her and she cries. I stroke her hair as she sobs into my chest. We sit like this for a good ten minutes or so. But at some point I am going to have to go. This is not a solution.

The crying abates. Czaren sits on my lap, stroking my cheek with her hand. *I need to know someone love me. I need touch. Just not girl touch.*

Czaren, maybe you need a boyfriend?

Maybe but I not have this. No one love me. Sir you love me?

Czaren, I am your safe father who is not to have sex with you. Remember?

Yes, I know this Sir.

You can't live with me.

Yes Sir. I know we say that.

Do you remember why we say that?

Sir? I think because if I stay there, I have sex with you.

That is exactly correct.

Maybe I am wrong.

Wrong about what?

Wrong that I not want sex. I think maybe I do. Maybe now that I have some sex before with Judith it is hard to stop wanting it. I just do not want it with girls.

Czaren. You are a virgin. Do you want to stay a virgin?

Maybe no, Sir. I am not sure.

She has unbuttoned a few buttons on my shirt and its rubbing my chest.

Czaren, all the girls in my house have sex with the other girls. My house is not a good place for you.

Oh! I not know that! I thought...

Yeh, well that really is how it is, so my house will not work for you.

Her hand is still on my chest. Sir will you touch me?

I am touching you right now, Czaren.

Not like that Sir. You know.

Oh, Czaren. You will regret this. You need to wait.

Maybe you play with my breasts? Please touch me. Please?

I slide my hand under her blouse and find a tit where a bra should be but isn't. I play with a nipple and Czaren nibbles on my neck. I am supposed to be the father she doesn't have. But once again, as a father I seem to be unable to keep from going further afield than a father ought to go.

I am feeling moisture on my leg. Czaren is leaking. I pinch the nipple hard and the girl shudders and bites my neck. I may have given her a quick fix, but this is not the answer. I have no idea what the answer will be, but it can't be me.

I spend another half an hour with the girl, but eventually I have to go and no solution is evident. I will take this back to the Privy Council.

I return home before noon. It seems no one is home. The van and Susan's scooter are gone. On a hunch I stop by Elvie's bedroom.

Sarah is sitting in a chair just looking out a window. I don't want to make 'nice' with her. She needs to adjust to this new reality. *Come with me.* And I leave the room. She follows as I go to my rooms. Once I enter, without looking at her I tell her to, *Take off your clothing.*

Sarah says nothing. She shows no emotion as she disrobes. I toss a pillow on the floor. *Suck me until I tell you to stop.*

Sarah really does not know how to give head. She needs instructions but I am in no mood to be her teacher today. I pull her up and put her face down on the bed with her hips at the edge of the mattress. Using some KY which is on the nightstand I tube my cock and push in to Sarah's ass while fingering her clit from underneath. She is not fighting. She is accepting it and grunting as we go.

She freezes and squirts on me and the floor. Sarah has just cum. I pull out of her. I tell her I am going to clean up. She should wipe up the floor and bring Aubrey to me.

I clean up and put on a robe. A few minutes later, Sarah returns with Aubrey.

Take off your clothes, Aubrey. The girl looks at her mother, but her mother is not there. In her place is a woman who was a mother but is now my girl. Aubrey is confused. Sarah looks at the child and says, *Do as you are told. You are to call him Sir, or Ron. Do not argue with him. Take off your clothing. You asked to be here. Now you are. Move!*

Aubrey is quick about it. She is a beauty. Far nicer out of the clothing than she is in it. We will have to teach her how to dress better later. I turn to Sarah. *It is your turn. Get her on the bed, eat her cunt until you feel she is ready for me.*

That gets a wild look from Aubrey and one of acceptance from Sarah. Aubrey is handled and put in a position that works for Sarah. Aubrey is resisting Sarah's spreading of her legs. Sarah is ticked. *Spread your legs or I will whip you!* Aubrey spreads them and Sarah dives in much to Aubrey's astonishment.

I let Sarah's attack on Aubrey to continue for a good while. Aubrey is not getting off, but she is clearly being stimulated. I move to the girl's side and play with her tits. That does it. Aubrey gushes.

I pull Sarah off and tell her to push my cock in, just as she did with Melissa last night. This time there are no questions, not a sound. There is only compliance.

Aubrey's recent cum, has her cunt relaxed and I push in, breaking the hymen, without as much as a whimper. All I really get is a grunt. I tell Sarah to suck a tit and I start fucking Aubrey with good long strokes.

The Aubrey we knew is gone. What is here is a girl who is drifting under multiple assaults. Aubrey cums hard and cums again. I have a thumb up her ass. A cock in her cunt and her mother is sucking on one tit while torturing the other nipple manually. Aubrey is bucking, screaming, and cumming. I keep the attack going for as long as I can before my cum is something I cannot stop. When it hits her, there is a moment's recognition that she has been fertilized and possibly a seed planted and then she screams, *Fuck!*

I leave Aubrey on the bed, well fucked and take a shower with Sarah. I soap her and she soaps me. As we rinse the soap off under the spray of the shower, I take her chin and move it to my face. I kiss her, warmly and softly. *You are now home Sarah. For the rest of our lives together this will be your home. Your father is now your husband. The old Sarah is gone. You are loved and desired. And you will obey your husband, because it brings harmony to the family. The family is everything. The individual is nothing. Your sister wives will depend on you and I will depend on you. Do you understand?*

Yes Sir. I do. It took me a while to understand. But yes. I do. The old Sarah does not belong here. She was wrong to come and she had to go. She had to be replaced with a Sarah who can belong here. Yes Sir. I get it. My ass is yours, my cunt is yours. Your cock is what I need. My daughters are yours in all ways.

As we towel off, I take a good look at Sarah. And then I shake my head. I am imagining what my ex, her mother, would do about now. Jesus Christ, what a fucking nightmare that would be.

Sarah, this evening get with Joriz. She will teach you to give head. Child, no offense, but you don't have a clue.

She blushes. *Frank said I was useless in bed. Am I?*

No, you are not, but you do need to learn a few things.

I spend the night with Jenny and Elvie and in truth we talk more than fuck. In the morning those assembled include Aubrey and Sarah. I guess I look a little surprised. Susan states the obvious. *If they don't go to school, they are here.*

OK. Elvie?

First the car and the motorcycle/tricycle. We need them.

Jenny, do you have any idea on the tricycle?

You can get another 220 like you have. There is a tricycle shell I find that will fit it. It is in good shape. The cost is seven thousand pesos. I think we should get it.

OK. As to the car. Sarah, do you want a car? I have a van and a motorcycle and evidently a tricycle. But no vehicle for you.

Can I get an SUV?

Sure. That makes sense to me, but I don't want to twist your arm on this.

No, it makes sense. How do we get one?

I looked around for you but wasn't sure about what you wanted to do. I think the best one to buy will be the Isuzu mu-X but let's drive around and look at a number of them. You can drive on your license for 90 days before you have to get a local license, but it is easy and cheap.

OK, Elvie, next?

Your meeting with Czaren, yesterday. I think we have a problem. Correct?

I spend a good five minutes going over the matter and then ask for comments, questions and suggestions.

Sarah asks the first one. Since Judith is no longer her lover, is Judith the best place for her to live? Does Judith even want her there, beyond the matter of being a responsible adult?

I suspect if there was an alternative living arrangement, Judith would be happy to step back.

Then she should come here. And that gets six loud, No!'s in response.

Why?

Susan, with some exasperation, points out the obvious. She doesn't do girl-on-girl sex. We do. No one can be here if they don't. She isn't for us.

MONKEY READ ~ MONKEY DO

But Sarah isn't giving in. *Look none of you are lesbians but you do the lesbian stuff. How can you be sure she won't? She is just confused now. Bring her home.*

This is all I need! Another cunt to fuck!

Chapter 42: Are we there yet?

Czaren is a sweet girl, but as much as this makes sense to Sarah, who has just joined us, I know this is not the right place for her. The question remains, what is the best place?

A second question is what am I going to do with Sarah? As a daughter, questioning a father comes with the territory. But she gave up the 'daughter' status when she asked to join us. I can't have her exercising personal privilege over others here. It will not work.

The meeting is over and the decision has been made to bring Czaren here, but I am really wanting to cancel that decision. There has to be another way.

We will leave to look for the SUVs in an hour.

I open up the netbook to catch up on the news, but I also open up my email and there is a response from Harvey. I forgot I told him to get his ass over here.

According to this email, he's coming. The guy is married, but he says he's coming alone.

The wife hates flying and if he wants to sweat his ass off and swat flies in the tropics, she tells him, he can go right ahead. She'll visit their daughter and the grandkids in Sioux Falls. How she is going to get there without flying is beyond me.

The question I have to answer is, how much to I want do fuck up his marriage of close to forty years, to that cold ass bitch of a wife he has. Did I mention I don't like the woman?

Look, everyone is entitled to be an asshole to someone else. I get that. But when my wife and I split the sheets, Harvey's wife took great delight in causing me real problems during the divorce.

So how pissed am I, now that is that all done and in the past? How much do I want to turn Harvey's world fucking upside down?

Oh, man, well now, I like Harvey. I don't figure he has had a good five minutes of happiness with that bitch for three decades. Maybe I am going to give him a few days of joy. Maybe I turn his world on its ear. But what the fuck. I want to do it.

I put the word out. Czaren is not to come here. I have another idea.

The trip to the car dealers is fun. Sarah doesn't like the Isuzu. She wants the Toyota, but when she learns the warranty is only one year, she... well she tells the salesman to go fuck himself.

I try to tell her, it isn't the guy's fault, but she is incensed. The Mitsubishi dealer has a three year warranty and that isn't great, but I guess it is good enough. She'll purchase a Pajero.

The salesman wants to know if she will need help with the loan. She looks at the guy as if he is the dumbest in a litter of runts. She's paying cash. What is her discount?

Yeh, then the guy does sort'a shits a brick, and excuses himself. Five minutes later another guy comes out and says, they cannot offer a discount until they actually see the money. Now Sarah is beyond steamed. *Dad, how far is it to your bank?*

It's two minutes down the road, why?

She turns to the guy, *Get in the van, we are all going to the bank. Then you will tell me my discount and if I don't like it, you can walk back. You have a lot of nerve to accuse me of lying!*

Yeh, this is the Sarah I do not want in my house. So long as it stays out of the house, well, OK maybe. But I doubt she can separate the two.

The guy seems to be a little nonplused, but he gets in the van. We don't have a bank account for Sarah yet. Her money is in my account. It was a lot in dollars, but converted to pesos... it is a scary lot of money. She and

Frank have done very well for themselves. If this is half, then Frank ain't hurting.

Anyway we get to the bank and Sarah has me ask the bank manager to confirm that there are sufficient funds to pay full undiscounted pesos for the Pajero. She then turns to the guy from Mitsubishi and I swear, this is what she says. *Well the question is, do you feel lucky today? You have to ask yourself exactly how small a discount I will accept. Cause of you are wrong, I ain't buying and you are walking. So, do you feel lucky? Huh, do ya?*

The guy folds. I don't figure he has a large margin but he gives her 13% off and throws in some goodies. Leather seat covers, some extra chrome, a roof rack all gets included. Sarah agrees and the money is withdrawn from my account, and just as fast, deposited in his account in this same bank. That makes me happy. I didn't want to walk out of the bank with stacks and stacks of one thousand peso notes. Even with 100 bills in each bundle giving you one hundred thousand pesos per bundle, it is 27 bundles. That's a lot of cash! Less the 3 bundles for the discount.

Receipts squared away, we ride back to the lot and Sarah gets the next surprise. She bought it but she can't have it. OK now I am laughing. I've been through this before. She has to pick out the 3M tint for the glass. They have to prep the thing... yada yada... she can have it in three days.

OK we are done with that. I decide to look at the tricycle that Jenny has found. I don't like it. Jenny is with us and I guess I look at her crosswise. *Did you even see this when you said to get it?*

My cousin say it's a good one.

Jenny, this is not going to work. How about a multicab?

I not able to drive it.

Ros and Emelyn will teach you.

I spend the next part of the day finding and buying a white four door multicab. The thing costs less than the discount Sarah got. And guess what? We can drive it home right now.

The rest of the day is spent looking at RFO condos. Sarah is confused. She is living with us. Why does she want these? I explain the SRRV Visa and how an RFO can actually make her money while securing the Visa for her and the kids.

It doesn't take long to get her onboard. The question is which ones? Once again the agents for these places are set up to talk mortgages and downs. Sarah is talking cash price. You can see some heads exploding.

By the time we need to go pick up the kids from school we have a pretty good idea of what the final selection will be. Sarah decides to stay in the van and drive it home as it's an automatic. The multicab is a stick and so I take it with Jenny. Might as well start the lessons now.

Today was a productive day and an expensive one. Tonight will be productive in other ways. Melissa rejoins me with Joriz and Jonalyn. It should be instructive and hopefully fun.

Melissa comes with her friends, and maybe her lovers? I don't know her relationship with the twins, but I suspect that it is more than a simple friendship. I am amused that they have chosen to all dress identically in school uniforms with the pleated skirts, which only heightens the dramatic differences between the Filipina twins and my granddaughter.

My smile freezes when Jonalyn, spins Melissa to a face to face position and brings her in for a kiss, while Joriz slides behind and partially under Melissa, lifts the skirt and starts tonguing Melissa's ass.

My grandkid is moving to give Joriz more access while Jonalyn starts mauling Melissa's tits.

This is quite a show.

Joriz it seems now has her hand up Melissa's cunt while tonguing the ass. The girl is under full assault and it appears to be entirely a voluntary thing.

The twins keep it up until Melissa cums, at which point the show ends.

My grandkid looks a bit dazed at the moment. Joriz has a look of pride on her face as she gets up and excuses herself she for a second to either towel off or wash up or gargle maybe.

Jonalyn and Melissa approach me and I swear to god, kneel down in front of me. Joriz reappears and tosses them two cushions from my easy chairs. Joriz squats down next to Jonalyn, and proceeds to lower the zipper on my slacks.

Ron, tonight I will teach these two how to give you head. Jonalyn is only half good and Sissa is ignorant.

You gave Melissa a nickname?

Oo, Sissa. So we practice tonight, di ba?

Yeh, that's good. By the way, Sarah needs your training too.

I get eyebrows as an acknowledgement.

Sissa, what do you call this man?

Poppop?

No, I told you before. What do you call him?

Ron? Joriz, that is hard! He is my Poppop!

Sissa! You going to fuck your Lolo? No! You fuck a man who your husband! Call him Ron.

Melissa seems a little awkward. I try to help out. *Sissa, please call me Ron. I will like it better when we are fucking. OK?*

That gets a giggle and an *OK, Ron.*

The next thing that happens is Joriz demonstrating how she takes me down her throat. She gives Jonalyn something to swallow and then her twin attempts the feat. It smells a little like Chloraseptic.

Jonalyn comes close, getting me a little past the back of the throat before bailing out. She swallows a bit more and presto-bango, she has me all the way down. I fuck Jonalyn's head a bit before she gently pulls out and breathes.

Sissa is next and she swallows the shit three times. It's got to be nasty, but she then centers my cock in her mouth and takes me all the way down. First time. Go fucking figure. I have never even heard of three fucking females who could do that.

Sissa has pulled out. I pull her back and want an encore. I am hard and this is just too good to pass up. She gives me another ride in her head, before I am out. Still hard, I pull Sissa up on the bed and fuck her good. There is nothing special about technique. Her feet are in the air and her legs are on my arms and I pound her cunt before dumping cum inside her.

I am done for the evening and we get into bed and get some rest. Tomorrow is a school day.

The morning meeting starts out with a question from Sarah. *Why didn't Czaren come last night?*

Because I am saving her for Harvey.

Harvey who, Dad?

You know, Harvey, Sarah. Harvey and Nancy? Right?

No! NO! Dad! ... What? ... When?... How? ... NOOO!

Sarah, let me be very clear to you. Shut the fuck up! Aubrey's eyes get very big. You can express your feelings but I get to make the decisions here. If you have problems with that I can exclude you from these meetings. There is only one person can even argue with me, and not like that. Do you know who that person is?

Yes Sir. It is Elvie.

Good, that is better.

Now, as I was saying. Harvey will be here in three days. I want to put him up in an apartment, not here. Sarah, are you ready to select one or more apartments?

Yes Sir.

Good. Are you OK, renting one out to Harvey for a least a bit?

No, no problem.

Good. Harvey has no other girls so it will just be Czaren and him. Maybe he stays and Czaren has her guy, or he leaves, but we have bought some time to figure something else out. I do not want any additions here.

Dad? What about Nancy?

She can go suck off a hippo for all I care. I hate that bitch.

That ends that part of the conversation. We do talk about Sarah's selection of condos. We discuss driving lessons for the multicab for Jenny, Ros and Emelyn. Sarah is not keen on the rig, and besides she is getting her Pajero.

We go over the plantings and the matter of what type of grass they want to put down. There are no more big issues. We end the meeting and all leave except for Elvie and her shadow, Aubrey.

I look at Elvie and indicate that she should speak her mind. She gives me pursed lips pointing to Aubrey.

I shrug. *No choice, say what you need to say.*

Sarah is not going to work out. She thinks she can decide things. You think fucking her in the ass makes it OK. Maybe for a few hours, but that all.

Elvie is right and I really don't have much if anything to add. I nod, get up from the table and get ready to leave the room.

Ron!

It sure didn't take Aubrey learn that she was to call me that. Huh, OK well...*What, Aubrey?*

You going to kick Mom out?

Looks like it is headed that way. We haven't made any plans but Elvie is seeing what I am seeing. We know there is a problem and neither of us think it can be fixed.

When did you have that conversation?

Huh? Just now. You heard it.

What? I heard Elvie say there was a problem with mom. You didn't say anything. I didn't hear about any attempts to fix it. You just decide like that?

Well now, I guess we do. And whether you understand it or not, I have been concerned about Sarah since the thing about Czaren, the car dealership and the bank yesterday. Elvie was not with me the last two things and so she was seeing other things that helped her come to the same conclusion. So yeh, I guess we did just make the decision that way. I trust Elvie and she trusts me.

Ron, may I try?

I look at Elvie and I think she is saying, sure, what can it hurt. I agree with the assessment. *Sure give it a try.* And I leave the bedroom.

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Mom, what are you doing?

What do you mean?

They are going to tell you to leave.

You mean that little issue about Harvey this morning? Oh hun, he will get over it.

No Mom, they decided after you left that you are not working out here. They decided you needed to go. Mom, you are acting like you are an equal here. This isn't your father who is fucking you. This guy runs this place and Elvie is his second in command. You and me, we are at the bottom of the totem pole. Our comments don't mean shit here. You can't be bossy... and Mom, you are always bossy. Ron is seeing that. Elvie is seeing that.

You are calling him Ron?

Yeh, and so should you. That or Sir. You called him Dad. Do you have any idea what a mistake that was? Maybe, maybe, after you had been here for a while, your input would be welcome. But the stuff with Czaren yesterday was a mistake and now this. Mom, I got Ron to give you one more chance. They had already decided you had to go. I don't know if you can do it. I do not know if you want to do it. Sissa and me are staying. Maybe you should go. Maybe Ron and Elvie are right. But you have a reprieve. Don't fuck up again and you get to stay. Be bossy and you are gone. Ron isn't going to put up with your shit. Your job is to help here and do what he wants sexually. That is absolutely all. Buy your buildings, drive your car, do what you want outside of the house, but don't tell him what to do! If I were you, I would not attend the morning meetings. I'd keep my head down and stay out of trouble. Open your mouth once more and I won't be able to stop them.

God, I can't believe I just talked to my mother like that. But here, she isn't my mother. Not like she was. We have roles here. Yeh, this is not a home of liberated females. We are a herd of cows and there is one bull. We don't argue with the bull. Right or wrong, this is the world we chose.

When I asked if I could fix this, I am not sure I had a solution in mind. But now, as we speak, I know exactly why they think she isn't going to work out. And now, I am pretty sure they are right.

I walk out to where we are planting and sit down with Elvie. *OK, I see it too. How did you see it and I missed it?*

It isn't your job to run this place, so you didn't have reason to see it. Ronald and I see a lot the rest miss. You tell her to keep her mouth shut?

Yes.

You tell her to be smart and not attend the meetings?

Yes. How did you know?

Because you say you see it now. You tell her she is not the boss here?

Yes! How?

Because she was acting like she was. That a problem.

You tell her and the next time she does that, she is gone?

Yes, Elvie. God you are scary. That is exactly what I told her.

Good, when we tell her to go, you won't be surprised.

No I won't. I expect you will want me to be there when you tell her.

Maybe that a good idea. Had not thought about that. We are not there yet, but when we are. I will tell you.

Chapter 43: Lend Lease.

Never do a long term favor. It will always engender animosity over time. It is a lesson I learned the hard way over the years. Sure, a guy can camp out for two or three days, the max, but after that, he's gotta find his own digs. Never lend a car. There are always places to rent one. Send him there, or explain how public transportation works. Give him a couple of free meals, but after that, he needs to be helping with the groceries. And you know what? Folks are OK with that. They really are.

Harvey is on the next ferry and we will be down at the wharf to pick him up. Sarah purchased three condos. One of them she as furnished and set up on a weekly lease. The rate will be far less than a hotel room and he doesn't need to know who his landlady is.

I sit down with Czaren to review the idea and she is all for it. She has already moved in. You could say, she is one of the furnishings.

The issues with Sarah are, if not stable, at least on hold. She knows I want her out and Aubrey has saved her ass, for the moment. Not much else has transpired, other than Ros and Emelyn are now quite able to operate the multicab. With a van, an SUV, the multicab and two motorcycles, I think we have all the vehicles we need.

The house is full but not bursting at the seams. If this works with Harvey, I think all my loose ends are taken care of.

Well, I thought they were, but Judith has thrown a wrench into the mix. She has learned of my plan for Czaren, and is asking if she might be able to 'place' a few more girls with him.

For the moment, I have told her, no fucking way. I don't even know how it will work with Czaren.

And that brings me to the last piece of Czaren related stuff. Czaren agreed to everything with one exception. She will not meet Harvey as a

virgin. And I guess the best way I can explain it to you is the way she did it with me.

Ron, this Harvey. He likes young girls?

He thinks he does. I don't think he as ever been with one.

Never?

I don't know, but probably never.

I be his first then. Maybe he will be scared?

Maybe.

That not good. I will be scared too. Ron, I am still virgin. What if he stupid? I not know what to do.

You'll be fine.

No. No good. You show me right way. This you know. Then I know when I am with him.

Haven't we been through this before? You told me that you didn't want to be with a man who takes your virginity and then leaves you.

Yes. I know. But this is different. You need to do this.

Remove your hymen? Come on Czaren, you can do that with a hairbrush handle or an eggplant. You don't need me.

No silly. I need you to teach me how to make love. If he not know and I not know, big trouble.

Oh for Christ's sake, Czaren, he knows.

Maybe, maybe not. You say you not sure. You teach me then no problem.

That was two days ago. In the last two days, I have been plowing that field from every direction. I have taken her from front and back, standing, and in the ass. Joriz has been teaching her how to give head as only Joriz

can teach. Czaren is a lot of fun and easy to fuck. She isn't a squirter but she does get plenty wet. I have no clue what Harvey knows or doesn't know. If he has gaps, Czaren will fix that.

In fact I have no idea what Harvey expects, but he is not welcome to stay at my place. He is not welcome to see what goes on here. He wants some action, he will get that. But it will be at his place and I don't want to have any firsthand knowledge of it. He is on his own.

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I can't believe this is happening! I haven't been to the Philippines in forty-five years and I wasn't here. I was in Subic. I have very good memories of those days. But this is different. This isn't the first time Nancy and I have been apart but all the other times I stayed home when she launched off to see the kids.

She thinks I have returned to the Philippines to visit with some old Navy buddies and relive old times. Better she not know. She has no clue what Ron is up to and I am sure as hell not telling her what she damned well doesn't need to know.

I just have to see what Ron really has going on. Oh sure, I am sure he is exaggerating a bit, but it sounds like fun anyway.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

We see the ferry. It is making good time. I have Susan with me. Everyone else is home. I have borrowed the Pajero. I don't need the van. I don't need him seeing the whole crew right now.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

Ron! Good to see you man! And who might this be?

Where is everyone he claims to have?

This is Susan. We figure we will get you settled in the place you can stay while you are here and then will bring you out to meet the family.

This is weird. I thought I would stay in that big fucking house he claimed to have. Just what the fuck is going on? ... Well I have to say this Pajero is a nice ride. ... We are driving up to what looks like new construction. It looks modern and all. Not a grass shack, that's for sure.

The fridge is stocked and it is furnished. We got it for you for a steal for a week. It's your home for seven days for a whopping \$70.00. If you want it on a month to month you can get it for only double that, plus utilities. Enjoy. We will pick you up tomorrow at nine in the morning.

He is carrying the bag. I follow him to a door. He tosses me the keys and leaves me standing there. This is not the welcome I expected. Sure I can afford the \$70, but really? Oh well, Ron has always been an odd duck. I put the key in the lock and start to turn the knob, but the door opens.

I am looking at a young girl. She is dressed in short shorts and a small top. It covers everything just barely. There isn't a damned thing wrong with her that I can see. Her smile would melt dry ice. She steps back to allow me access and then closes the door.

In reasonably good English she tells me, *Our bedroom is this way, Sir.*

Did I hear right? Did she say, '*Our bedroom?*' I follow her, dragging the bag. This is a perfectly nice place. The bedroom is well appointed. There is a little fold up cart that is unfolded and ready for my bag. I toss in on the flat surface. I look around and see some of her things lying about.

May I unpack for you?

Yeh,.. ummm, what's your name?

Czaren, Sir. Ron tells me that you are Harvey. Is that right?

Yeh, yeh, it is... look why are you here?

Sir? I am your girl. We live together.

We do? Who decided this?

Sir Ron! He come to me two days ago and he tell me you are coming here. He ask me if I want to be your girl. I say for how long? I never do such a thing before. He tell me seven days unless I able to convince you to stay with me forever. You think that is possible Sir Harvey?

How old are you?

Fourteen Sir. That too old for you? It is the age I think Sir Ron is happy with. Maybe you will like this too?

How much is he paying you?

Sir? I am not a prostitute! I here to see if you will be my guy. I need this very much.

Jesus fucking Christ!

Where do you sleep?

With you Sir. Are you tired? Would you like to lie down now?

Look Czaren, this is not going to work. I sleep naked. You don't want to be in the same bed as me.

Why not Sir? If you not wearing clothing, the sex is easier. True?

You expect to have sex with me?

Of course, yes! I hope you like sex.

So that's it? He has his and I get mine? He doesn't want me drooling. He wants me fucking and leaving him alone?

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

See, I am right. He is scared. If I not learn what to do, we will have a big problem! I unbuckle his belt and remove his clothing. He has a nice body. His penis is bigger than Ron's, but his balls are smaller I think. I kneel down and take him in my mouth. *Ah!* He moans. That is good.

He is hard and I want him inside me. I want to feel it. I pull him to the bed and pull him on top of me. I am so glad I learned what to do! I put him right to my sex and he pushes in. Praised be! This is so good.

Ron has warned me that he might cum too soon the first time. I feel him swelling up. Ron say I can slow him down if I ask him about Nancy. I say, *Who is Nancy?* He tell me that is not important.

Do Nancy fuck you good like this?

Wow, Ron right, he not as hard now. Still good but we will last longer.

Sir who is Nancy?

You don't know?

No Sir, Ron say, if I think you will cum too soon, to ask you this. See now you are fucking me good and not cumming yet.

Ron is a truly devious man. Nancy is my wife.

She young and pretty?

No.

She fuck you good?

No.

That good.

Why?

Because I make you love me.

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ ‡

I look down on this little one who I am fucking. Her smile is huge. Her arms are around my neck. My dick is planted deep in her pussy. Her little nipples are hard and pointed at me. What she is saying makes no sense, and, all the sense in the world.

Is it this easy? I mean, I show up and Ron puts a girl in my bed. Is it that easy? Not that I want to kick this one out. My dick is a happy camper and she is adorable. Sure, I'd love to keep her around. But how would I do that? Can I walk away from Nancy and the family? What will people think? What will my kids think?

OK, OK, yeh, sure they're grown and on their own, but... oh shit, this little one is doing magical things down there. Oh fuck, I think she's cumming! Fuck! I ... Oh fucking God ... Oh shit ... ooohhh! ... Man, when was the last time I felt a cum like that? When was the last time I knew my cum could make a baby? Oh shit! I may have gotten her pregnant! What the fuck was I thinking? Shit! Goddamn it Ron! Shit.

And yet, here she is, this adorable sweet girl, under me. My dick is still inside her. She is smiling and has her arms encircling my neck. *I do good for you?*

You did great.

I pull out of her and roll on to my back. She climbs up on me and lies over me as if she were my 'oh too small' blanket. She giggles and kisses my forehead. She kisses my nose. *I want your nose. Give it me. Mine is flat! I want yours.* And she giggles some more. *You hungry? You want to eat? Ron say you sleep in Iloilo last night so maybe you not need to rest. You want to see the town? I take you. You want a shower and then maybe you lick my pussy? I like that!* And she giggles again.

She is like the Energizer Bunny. In a good way, but good God. I think she is afraid of the silence.

Let's just stay here for a bit. I like holding you. Later we can go to a restaurant to eat.

OK, but food here. I can cook for you. You save money that way! Better for us I think.

You don't want me to spend money on you?

Why I want that? We have to be careful with the money. You and me. We have to take care I think.

This girl is not kidding and she is not a rent-for-a-week thing. She sees me as her trip to forever. Holy shit. What has happened? I tell Ron I am jealous and he does what? He gives me my own? He can do that? And she is really pretty. The sex we just had was really good. I decide to just hold her and rest. Maybe I am tired. My brain is fried.

I awaken to the smell of something good. Really good. I put my pants on and wander out to the kitchen area. Czaren is hovering over a pan on a hotplate. Something that looks like a crockpot is turned on and there's something white bubbling inside it.

I make you something to eat. Maybe you will like it.

It smells good.

Hehe, only smell! You will see. You eat rice? OK?

Yeh, rice is OK.

Good. If you eat rice, you happy here. No eat rice, you will go back!

Really?

Yes! This is true. I am sure of it. ... You have high blood? Diabetes? RA? Heart OK? What you problems? I need to know so I do right.

No, nothing. I am fine.

No medicines?

No.

Good! You eat pork?

Sure.

Fish?

Some. I don't know. It is not something I eat in the US normally.

OK we try and see. Tonight I make pork adobo. You like vegetable?

Some. I don't like broccoli or asparagus.

No asparagus? Oh, too bad. I like that. Why you not like?

My pee smells funny if I eat it.

Yes! It is true, but who care about smell of pee? It taste good! Maybe you will try if I cook something for you?

OK, I'll try.

Good. I not know broccoli so no problem. You like fruit?

Sure.

Good. We have lots of fruit. Relax for a while. I not done cooking.

I sit down with my cell phone and note a message on a table. There is WiFi in the room. The name and the password are on the paper. I connect my phone to the WiFi signal and start checking my Gmail account and some news websites.

Come eat!

It doesn't look bad and it doesn't look good. It just looks like food. The plate has a huge mound of white rice on it. The pork dish is in a serving bowl with a big spoon. She looks at me looking at the plates, smiles and scoops up some of the pork adobe with the liquid it is sitting in and puts it on top of the rice. *We eat rice. The Adobo is the topping!*

When she asked me if I eat rice, she wasn't kidding. I am beginning to understand the meaning and the comment, if I don't eat rice I will not stay. I take a bite and find the flavor is very, very good. It may not look like much but the eating is great. As I chow down, she giggles.

After dinner she tells me to relax again and she cleans up the dishes. This teenage girl isn't acting like a teen in the US. It is more like what you might dream a wife might be but isn't.

Done in the kitchen she sits down next to me and snuggles in. *Harvey, tomorrow morning I go to school. I make you breakfast first before I leave. You drink coffee?*

Yeh.

Cream and sugar?

Uh-huh, that's right.

Good, we have those packets here. I will leave two out for you. The water dispenser gives you the hot water. OK?

Instant? Yeh, OK. You go to school?

Of course yes. You want me educated! I get good grades.

What grade are you in?

Eighth.

Yeh... Shit! Makes sense. How do you get to school?

I will take a tricycle.

Those things with a motorcycle inside a cab?

Yes, that is a tricycle. Sir Ron come for you in the morning. I think you will visit his house and meet his family, except for the ones in school with me.

Oh? How many are in school?

Oh, there is k'Ren, Pearl, Joriz, Jonalyn, Tamal, and Sissa.

Six? He has six girls?

In the school, yes.

How old are they?

All are fourteen except Tamal. She thirteen.

You know them all?

Yes they are friends.

But you are not part of them?

No. Sir Ron not permit it. I not right for his house.

Why?

Hard to explain. Maybe you ask him?

Where are your mother and father?

Patay... sorry they dead.

Oh! I am sorry Czaren. Where were you living?

I live with my uncle until last month, but he dead now too. Now I at the orphanage. But I am not happy there. I ask Sir Ron if I can join him. He say no. Then he tell me about you. He is like my father now. He protect me. He protect me from my Uncle. He protect me from Miss Judith. He is a good man.

You heard it. The guy who gifted me this girl to fuck and live with is in her eyes, her protector. This fucking world is topsy turvy.

How long have you known Ron's girls?

All my life Sir. We all grow up here. We all except Sissa. She is new. She is a Kano.

What is a Kano?

Like you Sir. Kano. She from America.

That is weird. Ron has a fourteen year old American girl? What the fuck is going on? How many females does Ron have?

You want a massage Sir? I give you a massage. Come!

OK, so I have heard about massages with ‘happy endings.’ But I never got a massage before, and so ‘happy endings’ were definitely not something I have experienced.

But tonight, I get a real massage – at least I think it feels like a real one – and then she gets me off by giving me head. Damn... and fuck you Nancy.

Chapter 44: Logistics and Finances

I awaken to an empty condo. My watch tells me it is 7:45AM. How long have I slept? Ten hours? I feel rested. The bed is comfortable. An air conditioner is humming on a low setting.

Czaren has gone to school. There are two of the smallest fucking bananas I have ever seen on a plate. There is a paper bag with some rolls in it, a coffee cup and two packets of instant coffee with cream and sugar included.

I decide to shower and dress before I consume what is considered the breakfast. I miss my fried egg, potatoes and toast.

At a few minutes past nine there is a knock on the front door. I open it to come face to face with a quite beautiful woman. This is no girl. She smiles at me, with amusement I gather at my reaction to seeing her.

You are Sir Harvey?

Yes, and who are you?

Jenny, Sir. Ronald sends me to get you.

Ronald?

Yes Sir. You ready?

I grab my phone, the keys and lock up the place, following Jenny out. I am expecting the Pajero. What I see is a small motorcycle and Jenny is walking toward it. *This yours?*

No. It belong to Ronald, but I use it.

She gets on and motions for me to get behind her. I get on but don't know where to put my hands. She reaches back, grabs my hands and puts them across her middle.

She is competent operating the thing. She is not dawdling but not racing either. We are riding for about fifteen minutes before we pull up to the house that was in the photo. So that was real. I'll be damned it is even larger than I thought. It's a goddamned fucking mansion.

As we approach the house, Jenny hits the horn a few times. The gate is sliding open as we get close and we ride into the property without stopping. There sits the Pajero that I was in last night, a very large van, another motorcycle, and some type of utility vehicle.

As we pull up to a stop, I see movement on the side of the house. It looks like there are people working in the yard. All look to be women. I am pretty sure I see the one from last night. I think her name was Susan; not sure though. Things are a little scrambled for me.

I think I see, but no it can't be. My eyes must be playing tricks on me. I turn away from the woman in the yard to see Ron coming out the front door, with a cup of what I guess is coffee in his hand.

He puts out his hand and says, *Welcome to the Philippines.*

OK I saw him yesterday, but I guess he considers this the real greeting.

He looks the same and then again he doesn't. Ok, sure he looks happier. Why wouldn't he be? I mean I saw this Susan yesterday. She can't be much more than a teenager. Jenny here, now she is all woman. Not that I don't enjoy Czaren. I sure as hell fucking did and will again, given the chance. But there isn't a damn thing wrong with this Jenny either. No, there is something else different with Ron. Maybe it'll come to me later.

Ron this place is even bigger than the photo let on.

It's the height of the ceiling. It's higher than you expect and so when your brain makes it normal height, the rest of the house looks smaller.

Well I'll be. I see what you mean. How high between the floors?

Four meters. It's close to fourteen feet.

OK makes sense.

Come on in. We have a pitcher of Calamansi juice in the fridge. I'll pour you a glass and give you the cook's tour.

A girl comes out. I guess she's a teenager but right now I am not sure of anything. I smile at her. *Hi I'm Harvey.*

Good morning Sir Harvey. I am Elvie.

Harv, Elvie runs things here. She is literally the second in command.

Not Jenny or Susan?

Nope. Oh, they are both important but they don't run this place. Elvie does. If I am not available, and you need something, ask for Elvie. And he turns to the girl. She whispers in his ear, gives him a peck on the cheek and is gone back into the house.

State secret?

No. She was passing on word from Czaren. I gather you made a very positive impression on my ward.

Your ward? Jesus Ron. You need to explain that to me.

In a bit, in a bit. Come on in.

The floors are all huge porcelain tiles. Maybe two feet square. The place echoes inside.

How high is the ceiling in here?

These are about twelve foot from floor tile to ceiling. It allows the place to stay a little cooler. A German fella built it and had the bad luck to die as soon as it was completed. The widow had no way to keep it up. We got very lucky.

I get a tour of all three floors. I can't get over what he has here. It is amazing. And his three women, one younger than the next... What the

fuck does a guy do with three women? Is he really doing one of the school girls? What's with that and what's with his 'ward?'

When we get back downstairs, he pours me a tall glass of the juice he had offered. It's citrus, but unlike lemon or lime. Hard to explain but it has a softer feel to it. It's good. We sit down at one end of an impossibly large dining room table.

Do you really have three girls? All three are yours? And they get along?

Well yes and no.

Ah ha! OK what's the deal? Which one is really yours?

Oh, they all are. But there are not only three of them. There are thirteen of them.

Now I know you are fucking with me. Come on, what's the real story?

He picks up his cell phone, taps something out and puts it back down.
How do you like Czaren?

Are you fucking kidding me? She is incredible. I can't believe it but I will never in my life have anything like that again.

Don't be so sure of that.

Huh?

Don't be so sure, Harv. ... Oh, Elvie. How many of you all live here?

Including me, thirteen.

See he is asking the wrong question. *Excuse me Ron, but allow me to be less polite. How many of the thirteen does this man fuck?*

Elvie just looks at me like I am an idiot and says, *Thirteen.*

He fucks all of you?

Well not every day, I mean who could? But yes.

No offense you too, but name them. Elvie gets a look on her face that I don't understand, but I guess Ron does, because he is laughing. She walks out of the room. I look at him with a question of what's going on and he just, amid laughter, indicates that I should wait.

Three minutes later I hear voices and water running in a room off what appears to be a kitchen. In walk seven women. I am pretty damned sure I know two of them and there is no fucking way he is plowing them. They form a line in front of Ron, Elvie in front, then Susan, and Jenny and then two I do not know, but then Aubrey and Sarah. Just what the fuck do they think they are going to pull on me?

Elvie squats down, pulls Ron's equipment from his pants, and with hand and mouth goes down on him in front of the others including his grand kid. What the fuck?

Elvie gets him hard, and calls for Susan to get into position. Susan pulls down her shorts and panties, and steps out of them, bends over the table with her ass sticking out. Ron, now out of his clothing, pushes his dick into Susan and gives her four thrusts, before backing off to allow Jenny, who is now naked as is possible to get, into the same position. He gives her four good pistons and backs off for a woman I do not know. He fucks her and the next one takes her place. Four more. But the next is Aubrey.

He isn't going to fuck... holy shit, he is! And she gets not four but many more. Shit I have known that girl since she was in diapers.

Last in the line is Sarah. Oh my fucking god, he isn't just giving her the once over. His fingers are playing with her clit and he is pounding her cunt hard. Elvie and Jenny each take a tit. And then, god help me, Aubrey climbs up onto the table, puts her pussy in front of Sarah's mouth and makes her mother eat her.

Ron fucks her until she cums. Then fucks her some more, until both she and he cum.

Ron pulls out and kisses each of them. Aubrey kneels before him and licks him clean before he redresses and sits down again. All the women

are still here. He has the two I do not know introduce themselves. And then he asks each one except Elvie to tell me which of the school girls are theirs. Each does, including Sarah who mentions a ‘Sissa.’ So the Sissa, Czaren mentioned is Melissa!

But Ron is not done. He looks at me. *Ask them if there is any of their daughters I do not fuck?*

No Ron, you can't be... you are! You are fucking their daughters? Those are your thirteen?

Yes. Now Harv, what part of this do you not believe?

Ron you just fucked your daughter in front of me. That is beyond disturbed.

Maybe, but I am having a problem with that one. You want to take her off my hands?

You can't be serious.

Can't I?

Sarah. Take Harv's cock out and give him head until he cums.

Sarah is naked. She comes over to me and pulls my pants down to my ankles, gets my dick in her hands and proceeds to take me all the way down. Oh fucking Jesus. Oh fucking god. How the hell? ... I can't hold it. I cum down Sarah's throat.

A minute later all the females other than Elvie are gone and both Ron and I are dressed again.

I don't know what to say. I don't know what to think. Ron takes a long drink of the calamansi juice. *Harv in six days you can return to the USA and to Nancy and remember this as a dream that for a brief moment came true; or Harv, you can say fuck it to playing golf twice a week when it is warm enough and shoveling snow when it isn't, move here and live with Czaren and others you choose for the rest of your life. I promise you*

that Czaren wants to be yours for life. She has already told us that. There are more if you want them. You can have Sarah, if you want her, though I am not sure you would or should. These girls will make your life a paradise, or you can go home to that bitch you call your wife. It's your call and I have said my piece. If you need to know anything ask Elvie.

He gets up and leaves the room.

I look at Elvie. *Why is he doing this for me?*

He isn't Sir. He is doing it for Czaren and I think because he hates your wife. You are just the lucky guy in the middle.

He told you this?

Some. I know Ronald. He not tell me about Nancy. But I hear it in his voice now. So yes I know he hates her. But he really do this for Czaren. She needs a man and there is no one here for her.

Ron has 13, why not 14?

She not want sex with women, so she not fit with us here.

Is that your position, or Ron's?

There is no difference in our positions, ever. All except Sarah agree.

And Sarah is his problem?

Yes, she is our problem.

His and yours?

No Sir, ours.

Why?

She forget who is boss here. She cause problems.

Yeh, the kid was always strong willed. I look at her. She is impossibly young for the authority she has. Elvie, how old are you?

Seventeen, Sir.

Why do you run the house?

I know what Sir Ronald wants. No questions, I do it. I am his. He know this. I never leave him. He know this.

What does he want from me?

He want you to be with Czaren. She need a good man. Ronald think you are a good man. If not, he not tell you to come. He want you to stay for Czaren.

I am married.

Yes, so where she now?

With our daughter and the grandkids.

How long she stay there?

Three months.

What you do when she gone?

Normally nothing.

How many times she do sex with you?

It's been a long time.

Who cook when she is gone?

Me.

Who wash?

Me.

Who clean the house?

Me.

Why you stay with her? Yes OK married it is for life, no choice. But why you stay? Czaren, she cook and clean and wash even though she go to school. If you want, there be others with you and she not complain. Why you stay with a woman who not care for you?

But what are the options? There are none. Elvie, I ask the same question but I don't think I have any way to leave. Where would I go? How? With what money?

You serious? I can ask you questions and you will answer?

Is she kidding? A seventeen year old has the answers? God bless, I will humor her.

Sure. Ask anything you want.

You own your home?

Yes.

You have a mortgage?

No, the house is paid for.

So you can sell it, right?

Yes... sure I guess so.

You get half? Ron tells me about community property. This is that?

Yes... OK sure.

How much you think the house sells for?

Oh probably around three hundred thousand dollars. So before you ask, yes I would get one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Wow that over six million pesos. You have a pension? Ron does but he say not all have. You have one?

Yes. I have a pension and social security.

Your wife have her own pension or she share your pension?

She has a pension.

Which is larger.

Hers.

Haha, same for Ron! He tell me that. This good.

You have saving?

Some.

Both your names?

Actually no. We have two accounts, one is hers and one is mine. It was from our company 401(k) plan. ... Elvie, that means accounts for retirement. We each have one.

How much you will have of monthly income between social security, pension and your retirement account?

Maybe six thousand dollars. I get \$2,100 from SSA, I get 2,500 from the pension and about \$1,600 from the 401(k).

Ha! That over a quarter million pesos a month! So what is the problem? You file for separation. You sell the house. She wants to live with your kids anyway, I think. So she get half of the house sale, you get half. You get your pension, social security and savings. You move here. There will be enough to get a home and you live like king here for the rest of your life.

You're serous? I think she is and if her math is right, I am a fool for not knowing it.

You want help finding a place to live? If you have many girls, you want to be outside of town. It is better that way. Jenny can help find it.

I think I better talk to Ron about it.

Why? I tell you the same as Ron. No difference.

You sure?

Yes! You want a bet?

You want to bet? Really? What do you have in mind?

Hehe. Yes. Why not? If I am wrong, you go back to Nancy. If I am correct, you stay here.

You are that sure?

Of course, yes!

Well I don't like the bet. I might stay or go but I don't want it because of the bet. I will bet you money.

No sorry. I not have money and I not bet Ronald's money. I will make you dinner if you win. You will take all of us out, if I win!

Well that isn't exactly even, but OK.

Good I call him to come and I will leave. You ask him.

You trust me?

Ron trusts you, so of course I trust you.

She gets up and leaves. I have an empty glass in front of me and am waiting for a few minutes before Ron comes down stairs. What's up? Is there something Elvie could not do for you?

Ron she is a sweet kid, but how much can someone that old know?

Harv, never underestimate that girl. What's the problem?

How much will it cost me to get a nice place to live here?

Really nice?

Yes.

Five to six million pesos. That's about one hundred and forty thousand.

How much do I need in monthly income to 'live like a king.'

Depends on the number of girls you have. But assuming you aren't paying rent and own a car already, for two of you, maybe one hundred thousand pesos. ... for six of you, maybe one hundred and forty to sixty thousand pesos. In that neighborhood.

That's it?

Yeh. That's it.

Well shit I guess I am taking your entire family out to dinner this week.

Oh, you lost the bet? Never bet against her, unless you want to lose. And for what it is worth, no one is tighter with my money than she is. Nothing gets past her.

Why do you hate Nancy?

You don't know?

I don't. But over lunch I learn exactly why. I had no idea. Well, now, I agree with Ron, fuck her. Screw filing for separation. It is time for a divorce. She's been shitty to me. More than shitty to my friends.

Chapter 45: Celebrations, endings and beginnings.

Sarah comes to me upstairs.

Harv is with Elvie in the dining room. I suspect she will put the hard sell on him to stay. Czaren has told us she wants him. It's up to Elvie to reel him in.

Sarah sits down, sighs and asks, *Was that an object lesson?*

Did it work?

Yes. If I am yours, I am no different than anyone here. I am no longer your daughter. I can't be without screwing everything up. That is why you can't allow it. You wanted to keep me as your daughter. That is why you told me to not come. I disobeyed as I always did. And that made what happened today inevitable. You have to show me and everyone else that I am no longer who I was.

Well you know it on an intellectual level. We will have to see if you can function that way in the real world. I honestly have my doubts.

I know. Aubrey explained it pretty clearly to me. I heard you telling Harvey that he can have me. If you give me to him, I will go to him as you ask. But I ask you to not do that. I have learned the lesson. Time will prove it, but I have learned. I don't lose myself, but I am part of a group of women and girls who share you and do so equally.

Yeh, that's the size of it. If you want to use that doctorate here, all for the better. I don't think there will be any complaints that you are lending a hand at whatever you will do, outside this house. Susan works at the bakery. She doesn't have to justify that and you won't either. Inside the house, no one is a slave, but none run this place other than Elvie and me. You are equal with Tamal. The only difference has been that Tamal has not been giving me trouble.

No more trouble. I swear. I think she wants to kiss me but that is an overlap with a daughter's kiss. I can see the confusion in her eyes. And then she gets down on her knees, opens my slacks, and pulls my cock out. I am not hard when she starts, but she gets me hard and takes me deep. She keeps the assault up, coming up for air and then back down, until she gets her reward. She looks up at me, hand still stroking my now limp cock, and tells me. *Every time I think I want to kiss you, this is how I will do it. And you will know I learned my lesson.*

I smile but wonder, what happens when she isn't wanting to kiss me. She must see it in my face. *And every time I want to argue I will take you the same way. Kiss or argue, you will get me sucking your penis down my throat.*

I hope that it works that way. Time will tell. She still is stroking me. My phone chimes. Elvie needs me with Harvey. I explain to Sarah that I must go, pull up my slacks and leave the bedroom.

When I get downstairs, Harvey is sitting alone. OK, Elvie made the pitch but she couldn't close the deal. If she had, I would have seen her. I wonder what the sticking point is. If it just wasn't going to happen, she never would have texted me.

It's weird to know someone so well. But I just do. There is something about me and Elvie that I can't explain.

I look at Harvey and ask, *What's up? Is there something Elvie could not do for you?*

It turns out, he just didn't believe Elvie's math. I confirm it and the sale appears to be made. He does want to know why I dislike Nancy so much. I have no problem explaining that. For him it explains why I have been somewhat distant for a few years. It turns out he had no idea at all what his bitch wife had done. So that's all to the good.

I gather Elvie suggested a separation as there is no divorce here. To her, marriage is forever. But hell, Harvey thinks about it for a hot five seconds and decides on divorce. All well and good. Nancy will not be poor, but

Harvey will be free of the bitch and with Czaren who desperately needs a good man. Harvey is all of that.

I ask Jenny to take Harvey around to look at properties. The guy jumps on the back of the motorcycle and off they go. Elvie could not be happier. *Ronald, he is a rich man. He will have more than two hundred and fifty thousand pesos a month! That is so much money. Czaren is very lucky.*

Yes she is, if he doesn't back out.

He won't. I am sure.

Why are you sure?

I know this. That all.

I see. OK Elvie.

I have only one worry. How Czaren do all for him and go to school?

The big thing for her is the supper to prepare each night after school. So make extra here and give it to her each night. I will have Harvey buy a washing machine. That will make the clothes issue easier. Keep talking to her over the next months. If we introduce older women in there, it will be a problem for Czaren.

What about another young one?

Only if Czaren picks her out and has the final say.

OK, I will talk with her.

Supper at our house tonight is all of us plus Czaren and Harvey. Sixteen at the table. My girls tease Harvey without relief for a good two hours. Czaren giggles, holds his hand and informs all that her Harvey is a world class lover. Harvey is blushing deep red.

Ros takes Sarah's Pajero and drives the happy couple home at eight. Tomorrow is another school day.

My night time activities are what I want and there are no issues. As each of the adults got a piece of me around noon, I have Pearl and the twins tonight. I have cum twice today as it is, so I am not really fully loaded, but the kids don't really care. It's sort of play time. They decide to have a contest. Who can deep throat the longest without cumming up for air? I have no clue who won and I don't care. It is a lot of fun.

The morning meeting sees Sarah rejoin us though she remains mute for the entire time. The conversation begins with Harvey. Does he want help with getting the divorce? Can he do it from here? Susan is afraid that if he goes back he will bail out. While I don't think he will I can't be sure and now Elvie is getting a little concerned. Jenny decides to enlist Czaren in the matter. They will talk during the school lunch break.

There is talk that Czaren is going to need help. The suggestions I had made to Elvie are discussed. We decide that it's OK for now but needs to be revisited later.

Well I think we decide, but Tamal decides she needs to offer something. There are two girls at the orphanage who might be a good match for Harvey and Czaren. Neither want any girl-girl contact. Both are hard workers and both would probably like Harvey. They would need to know they were the junior wives and Harvey would have to be clear on that too, but with the three of them and some help with the supper meals, they ought to be OK.

I ask about the ages and there I am not happy. One is thirteen and we can work with that. The other is eleven. I challenge Tamal. How can she be sure about what an eleven year old wants or doesn't want? She admits she can't be sure. But the girls are sisters and breaking them up is a big mistake. I have kicked out girls older than this, and say so. I don't like it one bit. Elvie is looking at me with a steady gaze. Tamal says these two are very unusual. They will be OK. I doubt it but in the end, it will not be my house in which they will be entering and it is not my decision if they should stay. Still I decide I want to meet these two with Tamal before we go any further. Elvie gives me a look that I take as agreement.

That prompts Aubrey to ask how Judith is dealing with this and have we circled back to check with her. We haven't. Elvie will do that this morning before Tamal and I will meet those girls.

We are about to break when Jenny says she has something to share. And does she ever! Jenny is pregnant. Now there are two pregnant women here. We spend a few minutes with hugs before ending the meeting.

Later in the morning Elvie does talk to Judith. Judith gets the skinny on Czaren and seems genuinely happy for the girl. Judith is also genuinely happy with her new squeezes.

Elvie asks and Judith provides the details on the sisters Tamal told us about this morning. Judith is up for it, thinking it might be a good fit. These are the ones she was wanting to suggest to me last week, for Harvey. Elvie is encouraged. I remain dubious.

The difference between eleven and fourteen is the difference between total darkness at 4AM and bright sunlight at 7AM. Yeh, they are close together but a world apart.

At nine-thirty I get a call from Harvey. Jenny is going to be picking him up at eleven to look at more places, but he wants to talk to me about getting the divorce. Jenny rides over and brings him back to the house.

When he walks in through our front door, the guy asks for a cup of strong coffee and a notepad. We get him both.

I emailed Nancy last night. And you know, I asked her about what she did to you. ... The fucking bitch admitted it and said she would do it all over again. So I ask her, who the fuck she thinks she is doing that to people? She gave me this self-righteous crap and I gotta tell you Ron, I sure wish I had known that about her years ago. So, do I really have to waste thousands of dollars, to fly back and divorce the bitch, or can I do it from here?

I'm no lawyer, Harv. You sure as hell know that. But I think you can do it from here, though you will have to fly to Manila, to the Embassy to find a notary who is legal in the USA.

You got a phone that I can use to call the US?

Yeh.

OK so I need to do that tonight. Can Czaren and I stay here tonight?

Yeh. Well not tonight. I have some things I need to do this evening with the phone myself. How about tomorrow night.

OK. I owe all you a dinner out so let's do the dinner tonight and tomorrow we will come here and you can feed us.

OK, sure.

Help me go over all the things I need an attorney to do.

And for the next couple of hours, with Elvie's help we make a couple of lists.

I show Harvey how to get a visa that is good and avoids having to deal with the folks at immigration. He's good with that.

We have some lunch and then he is off with Jenny to look at more properties. We tell him about the leasing the land trick, and buying the house.

Harvey and Jenny get back within minutes of the van holding all our girls plus three others. Czaren is with our girls, as are the two girls Tamal identified. Elvie, Tamal and I will talk with them and then drop them off at the orphanage on our way to dinner in town.

Harvey sees the two, Ahna and Chamille, but doesn't know who they are or why they are here. However, Czaren does and she clearly wants in on the interview.

We assemble us in the small library behind the Sala. Elvie is the one in the lead and she starts in Tagalog. Tamal stops her. Elvie looks at Tamal unsure why. But Tamal turns to me, gives me a look of, 'I know that I am doing,' before turning back to Elvie and speaking in clear English, says, *We are considering these two to join Czaren in Harvey's life. Harvey has no Tagalog. If these two do not have basic English, it will not work. If they are uncomfortable using English, it will not work. I really do not care what other wonderful things they have going for themselves. If they can't communicate with Harvey, it won't matter. Do you understand now?*

I agree fully! I know full well that is highly unlikely that the younger one has enough English. Elvie knows I think the girl is too young. There are moments, not many, but there are some when we see a problem differently. But Elvie gets Tamal's point and continues in English.

Girls, do you know why we asked to meet with you tonight?

OK, there are times when you are fooled in a delightful way. Ahna, the older one, purses her lips at Chamille. Chamille looks at me and then right at Elvie. *Yes Ate, we know our friend here, Czaren, lives with a Kano. She is alone with him. She not want older girls there to steal him away. We are good, honest, and safe for her. We will be good to her man. That why we are here.*

Elvie looks at me and says, *You ask what you want. You not need me!*

Well that's not entirely true, but we know the young one speaks English.

Ahna, your younger sister speaks very good English. Why is that?

Before our parents die, we speak only English at home. We are wealthy then. But our parents are killed. We lose everything. We learn Tagalog but we happiest in English, Sir.

There will be sex in the house. Will you be OK with that?

With a man or a woman?

A man.

Then yes. I am. My sister says she is, but I think she is too young.

I agree with you. ... Czaren, would you like to ask questions?

She does. She looks at the oldest. Can your sister cook at all? Can she iron and fold laundry?

Yes she can Ate. She can do all. I promise you.

Czaren looks at the girl and with as calm a disposition as you can imagine, and tells both, You steal from Harvey, you lie to Harvey, you do anything to hurt Harvey and I will slit your throat. This I promise you. You know who my uncle was. Believe me when I tell you I will do this. You still want this?

Ate, we know you love him. We hear it at school that you love him. We know you will protect him. This is as it should be. We will be good.

OK, let's stop for a second, in case it slipped your mind. The exchange you just read was between a fourteen year old and a thirteen year old. I didn't make it sound older than it was said. That is what a hard life will do to a young soul. Make no mistake about it. These four, if you include Tamal, are young in years, but have been forced to grow up and make difficult decisions far earlier than you and I did.

Czaren announces that she approves and wants them to join her. She turns to Tamal, and quietly says, *You are special. No one here knows how special. But I do, Tamal. Thank you.* Tamal leans over, kisses Czaren's cheek, and whispers in Czaren's ear.

The only question now is when do they join Harvey? Czaren turns to Elvie. *Please tell Judith that these two are going to dinner with us. Afterward, we will stop off, and pick up their things. They are coming with me.*

Did you hear that? She didn't ask permission. Harvey's life is hers now. She will make the decisions to make him happy and his life good. These

two new ones are there to assist her. She is making her position clear to us and them.

I am happy for Czaren. She is without any reservations, crazy for Harvey. We already have seen that he treats her with respect. He has told me loves her cooking, at least the adobo she made. He seems to have love for her. That she has more plans for his happiness than he seems to have, I guess doesn't surprise me.

We go out to join the rest. Harvey has no idea what has just happened and won't until we take him back to the condo with three girls rather than just one.



Something is up. I have no idea what it is, but I don't recognize two of the girls. Ron, Elvie and Tamal took them somewhere and Czaren went with them. This place is filled with intrigues. One is close to Czaren's age but one is impossibly young.

When they come out of the room all the girls are smiling. Why does that give me a feeling that, as much as my life changed forty-eight hours ago, it is going to change again?

As we are walking out the door towards the van, the little one asks me in perfectly serviceable English, *What State are you from, Sir?*

New York State.

Really, I so much want to see New York City!

I live far from there, but yes, I can understand why you would say that.

OK I know these two were probably vetted to make sure they have English. It is clear that the little one does. I suspect they both do.

We go to a nice restaurant but it is wasted on the young ones. They eat like sparrows.

After dinner we drive over to the orphanage and the two get out. So I guess they are not for me. Elvie and Ron engage with a young woman who Czaren tells me is Miss Judith. She doesn't have fangs or horns. There is something between my little one and the woman, but what it is, is not obvious. Anyway the conversation has been going on for a bit and truth be told I want to get home and have some quiet time with Czaren.

It looks like they are finally wrapping things up and moving back to the van when the two sprites reappear with satchels. Not a word is said as we pull away from the orphanage with what must feel, to the two with the satchels, as a jail break.

The next stop is the condo. I get out, followed by Czaren, who is followed by the two new girls.

We get into the condo. I turn on the lights and turn to Czaren. *Explain please.*

Harvey. Taking care of you is a big job for a school girl. I need help. These two will help. They are your girls now and they will assist me. If we are not enough for you, please ask me and we will find more. I will do the selecting to make sure you are safe and there are no problems.

The young one... yes you, are named Chamille?

She says, *Yes.*

Czaren are you expecting me to have sex with Chamille?

Czaren says *No!* but Chamille is saying, *Yes* very loudly.

I call Ron. I suspect he is still in the van but he's not driving.

He doesn't say hello. He says, *Let me guess, you told Chamille there is it to be no sex and she argued with you?*

Close enough.

Yeh, I don't like it either. I said as much a couple of times. Normally I would kick the two to the curb, but Czaren needs them and they are

sisters. You can't take the older one without the younger one. The older one is also on your side. But you have to go to sleep at some time and that little one is determined. So my best advice is, go break the fucking law and enjoy it as best you can. I don't think there is a choice here.

Oh man, Ron.

Yeh, I know.

Ron was this Czaren's idea, or did someone put her up to it?

She discussed the issue with Elvie and asked for help.

So I have three girls now?

Looks like it.

Are you going to add more?

Me? No. Your girl? I have no idea.

Is this how you got so many?

Yeh, you got it. Night Harv!

Chapter 46: How many times does 66 go into 11?

It's backward. As a young man, I chased after the girls and they ran away. Rejection, after rejection. OK so eventually Nancy said yes, but would I have been with Nancy all these years if someone else had said yes? It is highly doubtful.

Look at them. Czaren is showing the new two, where to put their things. It is completely orderly. As orphans, how many times have they been through this? This is yet another waystation. It is not where I will end up and so, even if they stay with me, it is not where they will be, except for a while. And then how long will I be around?

How long is that 'while'? I am sixty-seven. My dad died when he was eighty-three. Mom died when she was seventy-nine. How long do I have?

Little Chamille at eleven will only be twenty-seven if I live the extra sixteen years my father had. She will only be twenty-two if it is based on my mom. Maybe I will not live that long. Who knows? All I do know is that for them, I am yet another waystation.

Yes I have sexual appetite for them. That's my agenda. They have the need for safety, security, and a path to a future. If I am the vehicle, they are happy to go for the ride. They understand the price. Of that I am sure. Are they happy with the price, or do they see it as a price that simply must be paid? That I surely do not know. If I did, I would say so. I don't. I don't think Ron knows, but maybe I am wrong about that.

The girls are getting ready for bed. I do too. It seems that Czaren approves of my decision, as she comes over and pulls me down to her lips for a kiss. *Me first for a little and then Ahna. Be careful with her. She is a virgin.*

Huh, no seduction here. Marching orders?

Five minutes later, with the hum of an air conditioner and the more distant sound of vehicles without mufflers, horns, a few roosters crowing, and a bad karaoke voice, Czaren mounts me as I lie on my back. She moves up and down in short strokes, gathering up moisture from her body and transferring it to my dick as she goes.

She is tight and hot. Her body is warm on mine. I see her by the indistinct light of cell phone screens and what leaks through the windows. Her eyes are closed, her head is tilted up. She is biting her lower lip as she moves on me. Up... and down... up ... and down... as if to savor each sip of the wine our bodies produce. She knows she is soon to relinquish her place on me to a girl she has chosen to join us. Will it be a joyful act, or will it be tinged with regret, that she needs the help, and therefore must share?

I put my hands on her hips. Not to guide or demand, but rather to connect. To say, we are together in this. I am happy you are mine. I am, God help me, I am.

But now she gets off me, and guides Ahna. Ahna's pussy hovers over my dick. I am slick with Czaren's secretions. Ahna is likely dry. Czaren tells the girl to spit into Czaren's hand. She does and Czaren applies the spittle to the girl, and Czaren spreads Ahna's labia major in an attempt to make my penetration easier.

Ahna lowers herself on to me, pushing her body onto my dick. Forcing it into her pussy.

I am past her hymen, I have to be. My glans are now inside of her. I feel the heat of her body. She seems to be holding her breath, then exhaling a bit and grabbing another breath. She pushes in farther. She exhales, rests, pulls back a bit and rams down hard.

Oh man. I am deep in her. Her first, but surely, not her last. For now, in this moment, she is most certainly mine. I am in her without protection, just as I have been with Czaren. Will my old semen make babies?

She pulls back almost all the way and rams down hard again and then wiggles around with me fully inserted. I see her in the dim light, nod as if to herself, a conversation unheard by others, and an answer received.

She starts moving rhythmically up and down to some tune in her head. I have no idea where she is. All I know is the feeling of heat and moisture that envelope me and push me inexorably toward completion.

The soft outlines of the child on me moving, by her own logic, rather than by my command, as she finds fulfillment, drives my emotional response. We are two solo dancers executing pair fucking. Will the spectator/judges give her a 9.6 and me a 5.4?

We continue on through the minutes of pleasure, needing each other, feeling each other, but being essentially alone in the moments and the movements of our most intimate of connections.

As if by a telegraph from a distant shore, I get a message. Her body communicates imminent conclusion. My balls telling me, release will follow. My dick thickens a bit, and hardens more, if that is even possible. Maybe it is just a sensation.

I feel her spasms. I feel her body's ecstasy and my cum is forced into her. It drives a second event for her and then she collapses. Her mission completed.

The three gather around my body and drift off to sleep to the sounds of the air conditioner, the noisy vehicles, the roosters and the bad karaoke.

Morning arrives. The sun is streaming in the windows and three school girls are gone. A breakfast of banana, sweet rolls and instant coffee awaits me as I shower and prepare for the day.

Sitting down with my morning bananas, I pick up my phone. The email app on my cell phone tells me I have a message in Gmail. I click and open it.

It's a letter from an attorney, but not the one Nancy and I have used in the past. Still I recognize the name. How the hell? ... Ah, Ron! Ron

contacted the guy. This is the guy who Ron used in his divorce and yeh, sure, he remembers Nancy. He says it is a violation for him to solicit business. So he is just writing to say hi, as Ron has asked him to do. (wink, wink). OK, I get it. Below his email, he has included one from Ron which includes what we have put on the notepad. The guy has everything.

I email back and suggest that I would like to hire him to represent me in a divorce action. That's all I say and send it off. It is almost eight in the morning here and that makes it close to eight in the evening there. He will see it in the morning.

You know, a guy could get addicted to these little bananas. They're damned good; the coffee, not so much.

Sitting in this apartment, I look around. It's OK for a bit, but I want the space and the ease of a house. I look around some more and note what I do not see. There is no dirt, no mess. Nothing stacked up. It is immaculate. There are three girls living with me now and you could not tell that there was anyone other than me living here by looking around right now.

Thinking about it, it was the same at Ron's place. You could eat off the floors. I am about to check a web site when a new piece of mail arrives. I'll be damned, it's the attorney.

Hi Harvey,

OK, I need a dollar retainer. We can do this by credit card if you like, but I have Ron's PoA and he said I can take a dollar from his account here if that would work. It will so, if you want, I will do that tomorrow. With that you have legally retained me. Next I am sending you a document that must be notarized. Ron says you will need to fly to Manila for that. FedEx the document back to me. From then on I can handle it all from here without any problem.

Best regards,

John

P.S. Ron says your wife is out of town for a few months visiting your kids. Do you want me to get her served while there?

There is a form I need to sign attached. I send an email back telling him to take the dollar and I will square it up with Ron here. And yes, I tell him to get her served ASAP.

I check the embassy website and make an appointment for a notary.

I book a flight to Manila two days from now and book a hotel room for one night. By the time my watch tells me it is ten, it is all done.

I text Ron and fill him in. He sends Jenny over to help me scout out some more properties. She is wanting me to get serious but I can't until my house is sold back in the States.

I get a, 'you're so stupid' look. *Sarah lend you the money, You pay her back when you get it. No problem. You can do this now.*

Have you checked with her?

Do not be difficult.

We continue to look. Many places I just don't like. A few are ridiculously expensive. But two are for sale that I find interesting.

I meet with the attorney that Ron used here to do the land lease and building purchase on his place. He will contact the two owners of the properties I am looking at. Both are listed as 'rush sales' and so these folks need money right now. They are motivated to sell at a discount. This is not Blue Sky. This is, 'the sky is falling.'

One of the properties is not too far from Ron, the other is a ways off, but in truth either is fine by me. One has five bedrooms and the other six. Both sit on a fair piece of land and have well water. Both were built by foreigners who have died. The widows want the money and will live in far smaller places going forward.

It has been a busy day and Jenny drops me off at the apartment. Since I have already 'met' with the attorney I don't need to travel to Ron's tonight. I get back only fifteen minutes before my three arrive via tricycle. Czaren immediately asks for some cash so that they can prepare

a supper. That done Ahna and Czaren leave the house. Chamille puts the rice up and starts chopping up some carrots, onions and garlic that she retrieves from the fridge.

There is no coyness, no flirting, no quick glances. I am ignored. She is all about the task at hand. My other two arrive ten minutes later with plastic bags filled with various vegetables, a bag containing which looks like chunks of chicken parts, and a plastic bag containing, what looks like, a broth type of soup. I find it amazing that the soup isn't leaking out of what looks to be the very thin piece of plastic.

Less than half an hour later, supper is on the table and while once again, visually it will get no awards, the taste is very good. Czaren starts to say something in Tagalog to Ahna, but Ahna stops her and says, *English Ate. He needs to know what we say!*

Czaren has been corrected, but with respect. No harm done.

As the supper dishes are cleaned and put away, the phones the girls have, light up with messages. Czaren reads something on hers and then looks at me. *You find us a house?*

Maybe. I don't know yet.

Yes. You find it. The lady who own it say yes to your attorney.

How can you know this?

Friend from school is niece of the owner. She hear her Tita talk to the attorney. She agree. We are close to Sir Ron's house.

You talk about this at school?

We only say you adopt us. That you are a good man who is lonely and you adopt us. It OK.

I see. I hope so.

Yes, it OK, really!

My phone is ringing. It is Ron.

You know too?

Well I guess so. Tamal just told me. Looks like we will be damned close, and almost, neighbors.

This is happening so fast. Ron, I fly to Manila in two days. I am going to need a car. I can't put the three girls behind me on a motorcycle, even if these Filipinos do it. A tricycle is too slow. I don't have access to my money yet. I need to slow things down.

Relax, Sarah has more money than she needs and can cover you until you get your funds and reimburse her. There is an SUV that Isuzu sells that is at a good price. Sarah has expensive tastes, and didn't want it, but it is less than half the price of the Pajero. It will take your tribe, no problem, and it has the ground clearance that the sedans don't have.

OK, when I get back.

Not pushing but advising. If you purchase it tomorrow, it will not be prepped and ready to take delivery on until the day after you get back. If you wait until you get back, well, add three to four days beyond that.

No kidding?

No kidding.

Come by tomorrow and help me with it?

Done.

The girls are looking at photos of the place their friend has posted on Facebook.

Czaren ask, *How many bedrooms?*

Six.

Who else you are adding?

None why?

Six bedrooms.

Czaren that doesn't mean we fill them.

If you have them, they will fill.

You three are plenty for me! I don't want to add anyone else.

No choice. We can't do a house that big!

Oh. Well then I won't buy it.

No! You agreed. Bad to not do it now. It will make problems.

Is this what happened to Ron? He gets a big house and the females follow?

I leave the girls to look at the photos and text with their friend, while I look at US based websites. Ron sends me a link to a sex story site. The page that comes up, is an index of stories about things in the Philippines. Might as well read one.

I am half way through a story about a guy named Jake and a gal named Joy, when Czaren tells me it is time for bed.

I shower and get into bed. The girls are already asleep. I settle in. The next few days will be very busy.

I know I have drifted off because I have just been awakened by a hand on my leg. It reaches out and touches my dick. There is murmuring and then another hand. I am being stroked. I am getting hard. A mouth encompasses my dick and I feel the saliva from a hot mouth. And then the cool air from the air conditioner as the mouth withdraws. One of my girls is climbing aboard. I cannot tell in the darkness of the room. And then a glint from a flashing LED on a cell phone makes it clear, just as she descends on my dick, that it is Chamille who has just lost her virginity at the tender age of eleven. I am fully aware that this is beyond

wrong. And yet, I have not put her on my dick. She did that. I know to all outside this room it is a meaningless distinction.

I did not want to make love with this one. I did not see how an eleven year old, could even be awakened to the sexual needs, desires, and wanting, that is part of the package as we mature. I did not expect to 'want' her. But she is getting off on me, without my doing a damned thing. I am feeling things I could not imagine feeling; a desire for this little creature.

My dick cares little about the law. It is encased in the tightest of hot pussies and it is supremely happy and hard. Chamille rides me without a seeming care in the world. Her grunts are not of pain but sexual in nature. Her body is affixed to mine and in no way desires separation.

She fucks until it appears her legs are giving out. But she does not want me to pull out. When I try she screams, *No!*

I calm her down. I promise I am not trying to stop her. She is breathing hard. She tries to start her pumping again but her legs hurt. She whimpers.

Holding on to her, I literally lift her up with me, as I get off the bed. I lie her back down on the edge of the mattress while I stay standing but inside of her. I am afraid of crushing her. So standing there, I start fucking her without lying over her. My God, she is tight. But I can move in and out. She is grunting again. She starts vocalizing, *Oh! Oh! Ohhhh!* And then a *Oh God!* Her pussy just about rips my dick from my groin. The pressure is intense. As it releases me, I ram in hard over and over. Just as I hear what is likely an advertisement of the impending orgasm, I cum. Sending her into an orbit that I can only dream of but will never know.

I have just had the most amazing sex. It should never have happened. How do I square this with the universe? Her desire for it does not mitigate my fault. It matters not one whit that she instigated it. I am the

responsible party. She cannot be. And yet, she knows and I know that this will not be the last time. It is only the first time.

I have three girls and she is making it clear that the statement and the reality match. From now on there will be no differentiation. Should Czaren add more to the house, it matters not as much. She has claimed her spot. I have put more cum in these three pussies than I have in my wife's in maybe the last decade.

And math wise, I have proved the impossible. Sixty-six goes into eleven innumerable times.

Chapter 47: Happy Trails to you.

It looks like Harvey is getting settled. He has been back from Manila for two weeks. He FedEx'ed the document from Manila before he got on the plane to return. I gather it got there quickly.

But rather than wait to get the document, John drew up the paperwork and as soon as Harvey told John the document was notarized and sent, he filed the divorce papers in court, and FedEx'ed the summons to Iowa for a processes server to present it to Nancy. The service evidently happened the day that John actually was handed the notarized form by FedEx.

So Nancy knows that she is being divorced but not where her husband is. John told Harvey that he got a call from Nancy's attorney, and they are working out the division of property. It seems like Harvey missed a few things. Nancy's 401(k) and pension are far better than is his. She has been sending large checks every month to her two daughters.

The imbalance in retirement funds and pensions became a topic of conversation between the attorneys. The decision was that Harvey gets seventy-five percent on the sale of the house and each keeps their retirements and pensions without offsets.

The other piece of news that Harvey has gotten is that the house is worth more than what he figured by at least fifty grand. So rather than see one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, he will likely see something north of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That is better than eleven million pesos. Harvey is going to have a very comfortable life here.

The girls and he moved into his new place last week. We haven't seen them since they moved. School is out for the 'summer' here and so the kids are not socializing each day as they had during the school year.

Here, things proceed with a stability I have hoped for but had eluded me until recently. Judith is no longer my concern. The activities at the orphanage are her concern and none of my own.

The confusion we kicked up with trying to get Judith out of our hair, by involving Czaren has resolved finally and nicely to the relationship with Harvey.

The nightmare that Elvie stirred up with the email to Sarah, has been resolved. Not in a way I would have preferred but it is resolved. The only sticking point is that my ex is royally pissed with me as her daughter and grandkids told her to fuck off and leave them the hell alone. The ex blames me and she is at least partially right in that. Sarah's ex wants visitation but the girls are old enough to tell him to fuck off and they have. There's nothing he can do either. So neither of the "ex's" know I am plowing Sarah and her girls. They just know that they are shut out of the lives of the three of them.

I had hoped that Aubrey and Melissa would get a good education and lead professional lives. That is not going to happen. Aubrey is going to get pregnant if she isn't already and will be a mom, without a college education. 'Sissa,' well, maybe we will get her a college education here. We will see.

Sarah, my daughter with a doctorate in education is a fuck buddy. I have no idea if she will ever use her expensive degree here. Maybe she will.

But things are remarkably stable. I love my life and I love these gals, though there are far too many of them.

There is no more excitement here. Nothing to tell. Oh at some point later this year we will have two births and maybe more pregnancies. There will be birthdays. But that is the normal course of life. My life may be abnormal, but it is now on a stable bearing. I could give a nightly count of who I fucked and how we did it. But what's the point of that?

This was my adventure and I did it. My gals are all here. We will not add any others. I hope we don't lose any. The house is big one and between the gardens and the care of the house itself the gals are busy. The school girls are enjoying the summer, swimming in our pool, which miracles of miracles does hold water, and visiting with girlfriends. But school will

start again and they will resume the rhythm of their youth. This is a strange home, but it is a stable one. I have no more stories to tell.

I wonder how Harvey is doing. I suspect his adventure is still unfolding. It's odd I guess. Mine started when I read those stories. Harvey's started because my family and the concerns around it needed some extra help.

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I blame Ron for all of this. I could be back in Rochester, sitting in my house alone, while the wife, who barely tolerates me, is gone once again visiting one of our daughters. Yep, I could still be there. In my 'normal' life, being quietly miserable.

It's Ron's fault that I am a law breaking sexual predator living with three underage girls in the Philippines, in a mansion I could never have afforded in Rochester. Yeh, it is all his fault. It is.

I know now where he even got the idea to come here. I have been reading that author he pointed me to a little more than two months ago. That guy must be one sick dude.

The only problem is, is that I am now just another really sick dude too. Hell, Ron isn't screwing an eleven year old. But I am.

I haven't seen Ron for a while. There is no reason to and I have been busy. We moved in here two months ago. Last week I had to go back to Manila with all my documents to file for the SRRV visa. I got it and that piece of bureaucratic hoo-hah is over. The girls are out of school for the year and have been tackling the house, but just as Czaren told me, it is too much for them.

She and I have been talking about the options. I'm not sure I know how to proceed yet. She has suggested getting two more girls her age, but I just don't think that is going to work. Besides, unless we poach from the Orphanage, children come attached to parents. I spoke to Judith but there are no logical girls to add from her facility.

I spoke with Jenny last week. She stopped over just to say hi. But Jenny doesn't have any ideas.

Yeh, it is a problem. No one knows who, and how many more females, I will be fucking so that this house is well staffed. Insane, right? It is nuts, and I know it is nuts, and yet that is exactly what we are dealing with. This whole damned thing is beyond crazy.

Yet, I am living it. In the very next room is a little girl who should still have a few dolls hidden away that she really likes, but is getting just a bit too old to play with. Instead in the next room, that very girl is my lover and has been practicing her technique in giving me head.

Yeh, it's nuts.

But you know what's even more nuts? Chamille's teacher, Miss Cruz, is coming for dinner tonight. The woman claims she wants to thank me for providing the girl with what she needed more than anything else; a home where she could freely speak the language which, for her, is her mother tongue, English! To this teacher, the claim is, I am a blessing sent by God. I am not swallowing that for a New York minute. This gal will be snooping.

And so, tonight, my girls have to be the little innocents which they definitely are not. I think this dinner is a very big mistake, but Czaren told me it would be a massive mistake if we didn't do it. A check via phone with Elvie confirmed it.

I ask Elvie if she reports calls such as mine to Ron. She laughs and asks why he needs to know? *I tell him what he needs to know. He doesn't need to know what you are doing!* Ron was so right. Elvie runs that place. He doesn't.

The girls have been cooking for three days perfecting their dishes for tonight's meal.

We are four hours from the moment the teacher is set to arrive and Chamille comes to me holding her cell phone out for me. I look at her and ask, *What is this about?*

Read it!

It's in English. Miss Cruz is bringing one of Ahna's teachers, a Miss Arroyo. Good fucking grief. On a technical level, I couldn't give a shit. There will be plenty of food. There are enough chairs, just barely. The table sits six. But why is she bringing someone? Do they think they need to chaperone one another? I don't get it. Still I can't back out.

I ask Ahna just what Arroyo teaches. The answer is, oh please don't laugh, English. So I guess I need to brush up my Shakespeare. I should start quoting him now. Yes, I should brush up my Shakespeare if Arroyo I want to wow.

There is one thing I don't need to ask the girls. I know the house is immaculate. There is nothing I need to do before they come. I decide to look at that website from that weird ass writer. He posted last week that he would be posting a new story soon. I wonder if he has.

There is a knock on my door. I look up from my reading, Jesus, I have been reading for four hours! Czaren has come to get me. Our guests have arrived.

I shut down my notebook and leave the room. I am not looking forward to meeting two biddies who want to check on the welfare of their students.

Biddies these two are not. Hot babes? Yeh, that works. Neither can be twenty-five. That doesn't mean that they are not snoops, but they are hard to ignore. Damn. I wish my teachers had looked so good. Still I have to get control of this, so here goes.

Welcome. May I inquire, which one of you is Miss Cruz?

That would be me Sir. Says the babe in the little orange dress.

And that makes you, Miss Arroyo?

Yes, Sir, says she in the little red dress.

Ladies you are welcome here tonight. I am not sure why you have come, but we are happy to have you here. I am sure your students are honored that you have chosen to visit them.

Sir, says Cruz, we are very happy to see our students. And we are stunned and pleased by how nicely they keep your house. These are very good girls. They have been good students and sweet to have in our classes. But to be honest Sir, Miss Arroyo and I come to meet you.

See I knew it. Sure I didn't expect them to be so forthright about it, but still, they are snooping. OK let's see what I have to do to get rid of them. We need to get through the meal fast.

Well this sounds serious. Why don't we sit? I know the girls have worked hard to make your meal here a good one. Allow them to start and we can talk further.

What can they do, but agree. We seat them. The lumpia and bbq pork skewers are served along with dipping sauces. Bottles of Sprite with straws inserted are set before each of them. All this is basic and pro forma. It is exactly what would happen in any home here at the start of a formal supper.

Now Miss Cruz, you were saying you came to meet me? Why?

You are unmarried, Sir?

I am separated and soon to be divorced. The court will not complete the work for close to another thirty days.

But then you are single again?

Yes. Your point?

Sir, you have no wife to assist you in the care of these girls. It must be very hard for you.

Miss Cruz, these girls have not had a mother or father for many years. They have developed habits of self-sufficiency that is a sad fact of life but allows me great ease in parenting them. They need very little parenting. They need safety and the assurance of stability. I provide both and they provide me with the happiest life I could possibly have. They are angels. ... I do not want to remarry. These three do not need a mother though they would accept a mother. What they need, I have provided. Ask them. I will leave the room if you need that.

Sir, do you not require female companionship?

Miss Cruz, allow me to be a bit confused. If you are proposing that I need a woman in my bed, why are both of you here? Surely the normal approach would be for only one of you to make such a suggestion. And please understand that these girls have seen much in their short lives. This conversation will not shock their ears.

Arroyo seems to have hit the 'bullshit' button. She is not going to dance around anymore. She has listened to Cruz, and me, make polite if a little awkward conversation. Arroyo is a different bird.

Sir Harvey. You are a friend of Sir Ron? The Sir Ron who lives with thirteen females of various ages?

Yes. I am acquainted with the man.

Ha! You are a friend of his. Please Sir, allow us to not dance where a simple walk will do fine.

OK Miss, your point?

You need us and we need you. You need us to make this look OK to outsiders. We need you because, well we just do. Our lives are not normal either.

Define 'not normal' Arroyo.

Jovita and me are lovers. But we both want a man. That 'not normal' enough?

It's interesting, but my girls are absolutely unwilling to engage in lesbian relations. One found herself in one such relationship with an adult woman and she was removed from it at her insistence. There is no way they would welcome your affections.

Sir, if I might call you Harvey, my name is Jejemie. Jovita and me, we don't want sex with your girls. They are yours and we understand that. We will not interfere. We will be mothers to them. That is all.

Cruz is shitting bricks. This is way too explicit for her. Arroyo, is the tough one. She is willing to go toe to toe with me. It's a classic relationship in some ways and it doesn't bother me. Still I am not at all sure I am comfortable with where it is going.

Please explain your statement that they are mine, and that you will not interfere.

You have sexual relations with these girls. You do it with their complete approval. No one is being forced. But it is happening. It will continue to happen if we live here. We will also want your love, but not with them at the same time. If we are with you, they will not be. We will not touch them.

Let me make it clear Miss Jejemie, that I am not admitting the truth of your allegations. How do you propose to make me believe you? How do you propose to prove that it is safe to have you here?

I don't know.

OK well, I don't know either, so let's enjoy the meal, and put this conversation to rest.

Cruz is beyond a little freaked out. She says, *Yes, that is a very good idea.*

The girls retreat to the kitchen and return with the main dishes and plenty of rice. The meal is progressing quietly. Cruz and Arroyo compliment the girls on their cooking skill. But things are stilted at best.

As dessert, Ahna brings out the Leche Flan. Small plates and clean spoons are passed out. Czaren puts a bottle of sweet red wine on the table with glasses for the teachers and me. She is not asking. She is pouring. When she gets done with the last of the three, she puts the bottle on the table maybe a little more firmly than might be expected. *I know how you can prove it to us. Do you want to prove it? Or were you trying to catch us in a confession?*

Right then and there Cruz drains that fucking glass of sweet Carlo Rossi red wine. She just looks at Czaren as if she had just seen a flower turn into a snake. She doesn't know Czaren. She thought she did, but nah-uh. I know this Czaren. This is the one who threatened to slit the throats of two girls if they fucked with me. Ahna and Chamille are not surprised. The two are sitting with smiles on their faces. They know Czaren has a plan.

Arroyo, cocks her head to one side, twirls the wine in her glass around, half smiles and looks right at Czaren. *You little one are your Uncle's girl. You would cut us up in little pieces if we tried to hurt Harvey, wouldn't you?*

Czaren smiles back. *The pieces would be so small an ant could carry them away.*

You love him that much?

More.

What do we have to do to make you sure?

Get down on the floor and do each other. And do each other good. I will take many photos. Then I know you will not hurt us.

Arroyo looks at me. *This will satisfy you?*

If the other two think it is OK, I will agree. It has to be unanimous.

You don't tell them?

I do not. We talk. We listen and then we decide. Chamille, OK with you?

Yes.

Ahna?

Yes.

Then it is unanimous for us. But we haven't heard from Miss Jovita.

I said Ok was OK with us.

No Jejemie. If you join this house you do it under our rules. Not yours. You are used to being in control. That cannot happen here. All of us need to hear from Miss Jovita.

Cruz looks at Chamille. Mille, this true? If you said no, even if they all say yes, then it is no?

Miss Cruz, it not that way exactly. No one tell me what to do. They try to tell me I not allowed to do something but I want, so I do. But when we make a decision like this, yes. It must be unanimous.

Sir Harvey, is this why you say they are not parented?

Yes. I protect them. I don't make decisions for them. Life robbed them of their childhood before I met them.

Have they seen lesbian sex?

Czaren has but ask them. I don't know. We never discussed it.

So Czaren was the one who needed removal?

Yes.

I will do it in front of you and Czaren. If the others have seen such sex before, they can stay. Otherwise, I think they should not be in the room.

I turn first to Czaren, Does that meet with your approval?

It's OK.

Girls, are you staying or going upstairs while this happens?

Chamille answers evidently for both. *We have seen it many times. Nothing new. You use eggplant or fingers? If eggplant, there is some in the kitchen.*

Jejemie Arroyo is having a hard time not laughing. Jovita Cruz is just a little stunned. No one in my family is surprised. This really is how we roll.

We don't need the eggplant, Mille. Thank you for asking. Sir Harvey, might we use a bed?

Of course.

Chapter 48: Keeping cover.

We assemble in the master bedroom. Czaren will use my Canon camera. All the lights are on. There is no privacy. This has got to be incredibly awkward. I would never have thought of such a thing. But Czaren is right. If they do this, we can trust them.

Arroyo and Cruz are right. I need cover.

The fact of the matter is that these are two exceedingly good looking women. If I get to fuck them too, along with my girls, I am not going to complain.

Czaren said we needed others. These two will be enough. Six bedrooms and six of us.

Arroyo removes Cruz's dress. In a black bra and panties, Jovita Cruz is a beautiful woman. Jejemie removes her lover's bra. The tits are small but pretty. The nipples are small dark brown dots. Next the panties are removed. A cleanly shaven pussy with a puffy labia pooch out, and is glistening just a bit.

Now it is Cruz's turn as she removes the other's red dress. There is a little more cleavage to see here once the dress has been tossed onto a chair. The removal of the red bra proves it. Jejemie's breasts are larger, plumper with puffy nipples. The red panties are removed. The labia is thin and the clit pokes out. Jovita takes her lover's hand and guides her to the bed.

Jovita reclines, ankles pulled toward her ass, pushing her knees into the air. Her legs are spread. She invites her lover to taste her.

We watch as Jejemie goes down on Jovita, licking, lapping juices up, inserting her tongue, and fingers into Jovita's pussy and rectum. Jejemie works her lover with care and a consideration that comes from real experience. These two know each other's bodies. This ritual has been enacted many times.

I am already convinced but Czaren wants it all to unfold, and so we are here for quite a while.

I watch as Jejemie works her lover's nipples in a very specific way. She doesn't roll them. She flips them with her fingers. It seems to drive Jovita crazy while at the same time Jejemie is sucking her lover's clit hard. We see Jovita bouncing around and then she appears to cum. Secretions leak out her pussy. She has indeed cum.

They take a breather, but now it is reversed. Jovita is on the top with Jejemie below. There is a real difference now. The sweet care is replaced with a firmness that suggests something new.

I am not surprised when I see Jovita bite down hard on Jejemie's lower lip. I am expecting to see blood. I don't but the bite was hard and there is redness in evidence of it, as Jovita resets for another attack. She is moving Jejemie around down below, getting her into some position she must need.

And then it becomes clear as Jovita runs her entire hand into her lover's pussy. She is fisting Jejemie, while biting her lips and then sliding down and biting her nipples very, very hard. We see Jejemie cry out in pain and then cum hard, over and over.

It is over. The evidence has been made and secured. The two women lie on the bed exhausted. I ask my girls to leave us. They do. Czaren knows what I am about to do. Before she leaves, she whispers, *Take Jejemie's ass. Her cunt is too stretched now.*

I already figured that out, but enjoy hearing it from my little lover.

I disrobe and get on the bed with the two of them. My mouth against Jovita's ear, I give her instructions and she pulls her lover up into a kneeling position. Jovita moves her head under Jejemie's tits as they hang down. She takes one nipple between her teeth and bites down hard as I ram my dick into Jejemie's ass. I ream her good as Jovita applies the needed amount of pain. Jejemie explodes in an orgasm. We continue on

pushing Jejemie Arroyo to a real screamer of an orgasm. I pull out as she collapses.

Jovita receives my instructions to bring me a wet soapy wash towel from my master bathroom. Two minutes later she is cleaning me up. I put two fingers under Jovita's chin. *Is it clean enough for you to give me head?*

Yes, Sir.

Good. Get on your knees.

To give you head?

Do as I say.

And she gets on her knees. I touch her pussy, it is wet. The next thing to touch that pussy is my dick as it runs all the way in.

That elicits a surprised gasp, and then *Sir I have no protection. Pull out! I may get pregnant!*

Jovita, you want to be with me?

Yes, I want.

Then you are going to get pregnant. Over and over, you are going to get pregnant. Do you understand?

Yes! Oh God Yes! OK. OK! OK!

She is tight and hot, but I am not close yet, I pound her hard, over and over. I tell her lover to flick Jovita's tits like she did before. Jovita goes in to orbit. And eventually I follow suit and give her my cum.

We rest a while just lying there on the bed. Jovita asks, *Should we go now?*

No you two stay the night. Tomorrow move your things here. I will drive you there and back. You live here now and forever. I do not allow you to leave.

Which one you marry?

Neither. You are both mistresses.

Who will you marry?

Czaren, when she is old enough.

Jejemie grunts to her lover. *You didn't know that? Shit Vita, it is obvious. She's already the wife.*

Funny, I didn't know it until they asked. Did I get that idea from that story I just read, ***The Rainy Season?***

Sleep comes sweetly tonight.

I drive the two to their little apartment, which costs them two thousand pesos a month. There isn't much there. Some things we don't need but we take. The hot plate, rice cooker, water dispenser, are all brought. The clothing and toiletries... it takes us two trips, and in truth, some of it will never get unpacked, or used. Some, such as the hot plate, will end up going to others who might need it.

Each time as I drive up, my gang of three descends on the mu-X to assist in unpacking and sorting. We are done by mid-afternoon. Tomorrow all five go back to clean the place. Today, the two get to pick out their bedroom and move in.

I am sitting at the dining table about 4PM drinking a coffee when Czaren sits down with a [Royal](#)⁷⁴, leans back in the chair and observes, *They are really pretty.*

Sure are.

Good thing they here.

You not jealous?

⁷⁴ - Orange Soda

Of them? No. You love me. I know. No problem. You need to call Ron.

Yeh, I know.

You do her ass last night?

I did.

You cum in it?

No, why do you ask that?

Because that mean you cum in Miss Cruz's cunt. Hehe. She OK with that?

What's so funny?

Are you ignorant, Harvey? She a lesbian. She not on birth control. You not have a condom. She is scared. True?

Are you fourteen or forty-one? Jesus, how do you know so much?

Duh! You are not a girl. So what she do?

She was frightened just like you said.

You tell her to shut up. She going to have babies?

Get the fuck out of my head! How do you do that?

I know you. Anyway, if she stay here, and she have your babies, better cover for us!

Look, rather than me calling Ron, you call Elvie. She is the one who needs to know.

OK.

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Look at them.

It's amazing. They're like an old married couple. I wonder what they are talking about.

Us. They are talking about us and how it affects things. See how they are both relaxed? Both sitting back, smiling? See the amazement on his face and her laugh? God Vita, how they must love each other! How does that happen?

She's not worried. Here we are, two grown women who fuck her man and she's not worried. I think she is glad we are here.

She is. She is the one to convince him, we can be trusted. If she didn't want us here, all she had to do was say nothing. We are here because she wants us here. Remember that. She runs this house. Harvey just lives here.

Did she just look over at us? Shit. Will she think we are spying?

No. I don't think it is a problem. Come help me fold our things.

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Harvey, I need to talk to them.

About?

Loving you. They need to love you and care for us girls. They must really feel it. We need to make them feel part of us. I see them standing off watching us, not coming and joining. That is not good.

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Mie, she is coming up the stairs. What we do?

Nothing, Vita. Relax!

Miss Cruz, Miss Arroyo? I think we need to talk. OK?

Of course Czaren. Vita and me are just putting things away. But you can call us Vita and Mie. It is better, di ba?

Yes, much better. We need to talk about what I need you to do in this house OK?

Yes of course. We know you are the boss here.

Not anymore. We need to share that Mie. I need you to... no that is wrong! We all need you to love Harvey for real. To care about us for real. We need you to really help make this a family. Harvey and me, we agree. You need to really be part of us. No play act. You see me talk to Harvey? Join us. I have no secrets from you. I am your daughter now. Treat me like a daughter. I need this without sex with you. Yes I do sex with Harvey. I love Harvey. I never leave him. You do the same. Have his babies. Remember the unanimous thing? It include you. You are one of us. You not separate. It not the two of you and then us. The two of you can love each other, but it is now the six of us. You must believe it. You and me must work together. I must be your girl. You understand?

I look at Mie, and then at Czaren. You got all that by watching us out there? Shit, Czaren! You are scary smart. Yes you are right. You are right about everything. We are scared of you. You have great power here.

I not have enough power to hide from you. You see what we are doing. That is why you are here. We need to be a team. I cannot do it alone. I know it. Harvey knows it. You scare us last night. You scare me. I decide, if you are safe, better we join with you. It make us all stronger. Vita, you no longer belong to Mie, you belong to Harvey. Same for you Mie. Both of you belong to Harvey. You must believe that in your hearts because it is true. It OK if you have sex with each other sometimes, but you not a couple any more. You must believe that! OK I go, you two need to talk.

And leave she does. She is right. I look at Mie and we do need to talk. Living here as a real part of this family does mean the end of my being a couple with Mie. I don't think either of us realized that before. If we stay, I am Harvey's mistress and a parent to three girls. I share that duty with Mie, but her relation to me is going to be defined by our relations with Harvey and the rest of the house.

I look at this room. The room we as a couple were moving into and realize, I need my own bedroom. I just got ‘divorced.’

I look at Mie. She is crying. *Did we screw up, Vita?*

No, but we have to be different now. I will always love being with you. But call it marriage, or being a Mistress... we are Harvey’s now. I can’t be yours. We still have our friendship. We will not lose that.

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Elvie, we have added two here... it is complicated. Can you come over?

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For two months, we have been stable. I have been bedding Vita and Mie, but not at the same time. They have separate bedrooms and according to Ahna, whose room with Chamille is between the two women, they rarely are together. Ahna says I am with each more than they spend time in the same room.

I didn’t expect it, but Czaren thinks it is a good thing.

It is June and the school year is starting. Our schedules will change. I need another SUV as five will go back and forth to school together, each day. I have considered just getting a motorcycle and giving them the mu-X to drive, but don’t like that. I have the cash and so it will likely be another mu-X.

I get a text from Ron. All things are OK with him. He is just checking to make sure things are stable and OK here. I text him all is OK.

He texts back, *Want to have a two family party before all return to school?*

I answer, *Sure.*

We decide on doing it on Saturday at his place. I go to tell my girls, but they already know. It will be the very first time, Ron meets Mie and Vita.

I gather he knows of their existence, but there has been no back and forth for some time.

It's nice to see Ron and his family. I now have my own. His is different from mine and that is as it should be. We relax on the terrace of his home, a beer in my hand.

We are surrounded by females. It is the most amazing sight. Thirteen of his and the five of mine. Eighteen females and us. Two fucking duffers.

How did Sarah handle this with your ex?

Badly, I guess, but I don't see how it was going to go well. In many ways, I wish she had stayed away. It would have been better for all, but it is what it is. How about you and your kids?

The girls were real angry with me. It hit them hard. They wanted to know why, at least at first. And then Nancy's mouth got the better of her and she started spewing the hate she must have kept bottled up for years and they came to see that there wasn't much of a marriage as much as there was an armistice. And then the hatred was redirected to their husbands. Holy shit. I started getting emails asking me how I put up with her hatred of men for so long. So... the girls and I are fine. They wanted to come and visit but I told them it was best just to leave me be and enjoy their lives. Last I heard, Nancy has been kicked to the curb by all. I couldn't be happier.

Damn it's a good life, Harv.

Indeed it is Ron. Hey Vita, get me another beer, please? I think we need a toast to the fucking asshole who wrote those damned stories, whoever the fuck he is.

THE END

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