

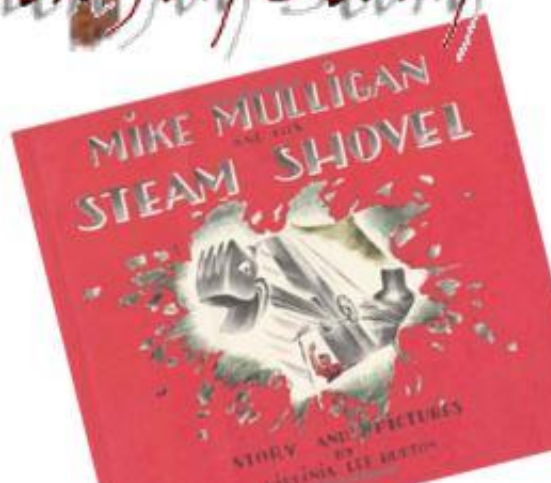
Retirement

By Very Well Aged



A Jake with Joy Story

Corrected and Revised
A Republication



Retirement

By VeryWellAged

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*Social Security would not be enough.
There was no 401K.*

A Novel.

Third Edition

First published in HTML format on the ASSTR website in 2012.

The first self-publication in PDF and ebook formats, of the complete book has a publication date is 20 June 2014.

This revision of the text has a publication date of 13 January 2015.

Reformatted 23 April 2016.

Reedited, revised and republished 29 April 2016.

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Warning to reader: This story references a "Jake" story. To understand this story, fully, it is best to have already read *Jake's Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)).

Chapter 1: It's time.

Who knew it would come so soon. I sure didn't. I could never even see myself as retired. The concept was unacceptable. I had sunk all I had into my businesses, and the one that had actually made it big, was lost to me due to some poor choices on my part and some bad faith on the part of others. Still, I wasn't crying over that, I had plugged ahead, with another company. In the end, when the market took a zig, my latest company was the zag. It was time to gracefully and quickly as possible, shut things down, and sell the assets I had. There was enough in assets to pocket about \$200K as we turned off the lights.

As I reviewed my situation, I was still a few years from getting the most out of my social security. The cost of living, to live in the home I had, and in the way I did, would consume all my sayings soon enough. At some point not too many years down the road, all that would be left would be a Social Security check, and whatever small paycheck my sweet wife might bring in, as she was not highly skilled in anything other than being a good wife.

I did have other equity. I had a home. We had refinanced recently to get some needed cash but I figured that if we sold it and paid off the mortgage, we would realize about another \$200K. But that gave me only \$400K for years to come (and the possibility of a modest inheritance at some point in a few years further on). I clearly had a problem.

I was aware of reverse mortgages, but my Filipina born wife, Maricar, is thirty years my junior and I had to leave her standing when I check out. So that was not a viable option.

Since birth and for sixty-two years, I had been a proud citizen of the United States. I had never considered leaving it. I saw no reason to leave it. Now, as I contemplated my retirement, I did.

The math was compelling. If we moved to the Philippines, I could build a house for my wife and me, and build an apartment building, with the money we had available.

For what amounted to \$2K US, or ₱80,000 in Philippine Pesos, a month, we could live very, very well. We could live off the rents for as long as we pleased, once it started coming in. The SSA checks would kick in, in a few years, adding a bit to our monthly income. The inheritance would also kick in, in a few years. Until all that happened, we would be depleting some of our remaining capital. But the rents would kick-in within the first year we were there. Beyond land and construction costs, our cash burn would stop well short of an additional \$24K, during the first year for our monthly needs. If we didn't decrease the \$2K were using a month, in a couple of years, when I added the SSA income to what we expected to get from rents, bumping the total monthly income to more than \$3K, a month, we would live without any concerns at all.

That might have been a problem because of the USA tax laws, but the Philippines was a cash economy, it was not a credit/plastic economy. It wouldn't even help if we used my wife's account, as she was a dual citizen, with both USA and Philippine passports.

USA tax laws exempted the first \$93K of foreign income but it might affect my SSA, and there was Philippines income tax liability. In the future, any money we deposited in our Philippines bank account was going to be reported to the USA IRS and we still had to file US Tax returns. So the SSA checks could go into the bank and build up, but the cash we realized from rents, would be collected in pesos, be used as pesos and never see the inside of a bank. Neither the IRS not the Philippine Bureau of Internal Revenue (BIR) would see this income. With the rentals, we would actually be making good money. When the inheritance hit, we could build more apartment buildings. And that money would also remain in pesos.

It was simple, stay in the USA and go from middle class to poor. Move to the Philippines and be OK for the rest of my years, while at the same time bequeathing a valuable estate to my wife and heirs.

To accomplish this I drew up a list of the things that needed to be done. One by one, they were completed. Customer contracts sold off in

conjunction with company liabilities. My goal was to end up neither making nor losing money. I was hoping for a wash and My goal was to end up neither making nor losing money. I was hoping for a wash and that is pretty much what I got,

With money, we already had in the bank, we (via my wife, as a citizen of the Philippines because foreigners cannot purchase land) we acquired a 1000SqM lot in the Dadiangas Heights area of General Santos City.

I sold the other assets in my company, at the perfect point and received more than I had hoped we would get. I realized \$235K. The USA housing mess was over, mortgages were still low interest and there was demand in my region. The house also sold for a bit more than I had anticipated. We realized \$260K profit at the sale. Being \$5K shy of a half a million dollars was way beyond that which I had hoped. The cost to ship all our worldly good to the Philippines via container freight was under \$14.5K. I applied for and received a 13A immigrant visa from the Philippine government. When the 40 foot-container arrived at the port of Davao in the Philippines, I showed my 13A visa and the cargo was released duty and tax free! Welcome to the Philippines.

We leased a home for \$250, (or ₱10,000), a month while we built our new house and the apartment building. So I started my life, as an expat retiree, in the Philippines. What I didn't expect was how my life would change in many other ways.

§ § §

Hon, Inday¹ tells me she is having a problem collecting the rent from 3F. Will you please take care of it? I need to go to the market, stop off and pay the water and electric bills.

How much is due?

They are late a week on the rent. It's ₱4,500.

Inday is my wife's sister. She and her husband live in one of the apartments – she acts as manager for us. We pay her a straight salary and provide them the apartment free of charge. Inday's husband, Edgar,

¹ Pronounced: in-DIE. Typically a girl's nickname. In Tagalog, means "Precious."

works as one of our security guards at the gatehouse of the building. They do OK. For all that, they fix anything broken or in need of repair. She normally is to collect the rent. Her salary is minimal, but so is the work. Most of the hard stuff falls on Edgar. We also have another of my wife's sisters, Liezel, who works for us as a maid, at least for now. Whether she will be with us for long is up for discussion. Once again, we pay a minimal income, but she pays for nothing. She is essentially a dependent of mine, she lives with us in the house and everything including her clothing is paid for. What she gets in money is more like an allowance.

Anyway, my wife had asked me to see about collecting the rent from the family in 3F. All my working life, I had been a professional, dealing with other professionals. I had never been a landlord. Now I was. I had thought of my role as the hands off landlord, reaping in the profits but not actively involved in the day to day. This was different.

The apartment building is on our property, but outside our compound. It is still early morning, about 7:50AM, as I walk out our gate, pass by Edgar at the hut by the apartment building gate and walk up to the third floor of the apartment building.

3F is a two-bedroom apartment. In Manila, if there was an elevator, this apartment might go for ₱12,500, but here in Gensan, and with only stairs, it is a lot less expensive. Still the average salaries are low too and even ₱4,500 is a struggle for many a Filipino here.

I knock on the door of the apartment. A boy of maybe four years opens it. I ask in Tagalog for his mother or father. The child runs off leaving me at the door for a good minute before a woman appears.

She is probably attractive, but at the moment, all I see is a young woman, somewhat disheveled and fearful. I wish her a good morning and she returns the greeting. The rest of the conversation in Tagalog, will be written in English.

I am your landlord.

Yes, I know Sir Lawrence.

What is your name ma'am?

Imee, Sir.

Imee, you know that your rent is overdue by two weeks?

Oh Sir, it is one week! I do not have the money. I will have it soon! I promise.

No the rent is due on the first of the month. We allow you to pay up to a week late, and you are a week later than that!

Truly, I will have it soon! I promise.

Imee, what makes you think you will have the money soon?

As soon as my employer pays me, I will pay you.

You do not know when you will be paid?

No, Sir. She says it has been a bad month for business, but that I will be paid.

Imee, I am afraid that we can't allow you to stay without payment.

Imee begins crying, sobbing and begging. This is just what I don't need! She is on her knees, sobbing and grabbing my legs, saying something about how her family will end up as beggars on the streets if I can't help her out. Unfortunately, I suspect that she is speaking the truth. Still, if I just let this slide, I will end up as a non-profit homeless shelter! That can't be. I say as much to her.

Imee, still crying and on her knees, I know Sir Lawrence. I will do anything you ask. Please do not throw us out.

You don't mean that, Imee.

Yes, yes I do, I do anything. I know what I offer.

How old are you?

Thirty-one, Sir.

You married?

No Sir.

Boyfriend?

No Sir.

How many children?

Two, Sir. The boy you see and a daughter at school right now.

Go fix yourself up and show me that I would want you. If I do, you have to pay with that every day from now on, even after you pay the rent; plus I will only give you seven more days to pay the rent or I send you away anyway. Do you understand?

There is a glint of something, I don't know what, in Imee's eyes. She gets up and sprints into a bedroom. In truth, I can wait a week if this is a one off, but I do not want to make this easy on her or anyone in the future. I'm more than happy to pluck some low hanging fruit, but there is a lot of low hanging fruit here in the Philippines.

It's taking too long. I am just about to give up on Imee, when she emerges from the bedroom in panties and bra and nothing else. The boy is in one of the two bedrooms and I do not see or hear him. Imee is pretty. Her breasts are larger than my Maricar's. Her face is nice, if not award winning. Imee reaches out her hand and takes mine, leading me into her bedroom.

I normally don't engage in sex at eight in the morning, but it looks like I will make an exception today. Before I do, I want to make sure she is agreeing to the terms I have outlined.

Before you take off the rest of what you are wearing, I want to hear you agree to a few things.

She signals 'OK/Yes'² with her eyebrows, as Filipinos do.

If I take you, it is for the entire time you live here. You are mine and cannot have a boyfriend or anyone else in your pussy, unless I approve it. This is true even though you will keep the rent up to date after this one time where you are late. If you tell anyone else about this agreement, I will evict you immediately. Do you understand?

She signals OK/Yes with her eyebrows but I say, *No, say it out loud.*

Yes Sir, I am your whore.

Good whore, remove your clothing.

She is darker than Maricar. Her nipples are dark and large. Her pussy is shaved, but that is true of most Filipinas and means nothing. Her hips flair out nicely. The perfectly straight and jet-black hair on her head cascades down to the small of her back. She has her nails painted a deep maroon.

As I approach her, her head is at my shoulders.

Undress me.

There is little to remove. I kicked off my sandals when I entered the apartment. I have a short sleeve shirt, briefs and shorts on. That is all. I am naked in 20 seconds.

Knee down, take me in your month and suck me off.

She does. Her technique indicates that she is a novice at this and I am giving her further instructions. The experience is improving markedly. She is now sucking, running her tongue up the underside of my member. Her left hand cradles my balls as her right pumps against the base of my shaft. Her saliva coats my cock and her right hand as she sucks for all she was worth.

I am hard, but she isn't moving me off the dime at the moment. I am just enjoying myself, watching her head bob, up and down, with an

² Raising the eyebrows twice means 'Yes.'

earnestness of purpose. Whether I really own her ass, is something that will only prove out in the days and months to come. After a while, I sense her jaws are beginning to ache and I lift Imee up and place her on her own bed. She is on her back, ass on the edge and legs lifted up in the air, her ankles on my shoulders, as I enter her. Entering her is no easy feat, as her pussy is damned tight. It is already a bit lubricated with her own juices, but not near enough. Still she isn't sloppy wet and, as tight as she is, it takes a while to enter her fully. I make it a little bit and run into a dry patch. I back out a little and try again. Finally, I find the bottom, as my cock hits her cervix and she grunts with what I assume is a little discomfort.

I am working her, short stroking, until her juices really start flowing, avoiding the cervix until she is ready to really accept all of me without further complications. Imee is gasping, begging, moaning. I start to feel small orgasms as her pussy clenches down and locks down on my member, only to release a few moments later and then repeat again. Her breathing becomes ragged followed by bigger orgasms. This may be a duty she is discharging but she is enjoying it.

I am rock hard, slamming my dick into this mother turned whore for rent money. As I fuck her, I look down at this woman now begging for my cum in her cunt. I see desperate need in her eyes, as she looks up at me. And that does it, as I let lose the cum inside, and watch her countenance, as it hits her full force. Her eyes fly open wide, as she bucks and wails, only to slump into quiescence.

I leave her on the bed, legs draped over the edge, as I dress and leave her.

It will be hours yet before Maricar returns home. I clean up in my bathroom and proceed to my home/office. I will write this all down. Maybe it will make a good story.

I am about 30 minutes into writing this down and I am getting hard just thinking about it. I save the file on my computer and leave the house. I head back to Imee.

I knock of her door. Imee answers it. She has fear on her face.

There is nothing wrong, I just want more of you.

Imee breaks into a smile and jumps up on me, *Lawrence it is good you come back. I think I am going to like you! You want to fuck more?*

Yes, I want to fuck you more.

Good! My son is playing with friends upstairs. We can make more noise now!

Imee undresses even as we are entering the bedroom. Once inside she grabs a camera and asks me to take a photo of her, *So that I am always in your eyes Lawrence.*

She poses and I snap a shot.

What is your cell number? I will send it to you.

I give it to her.

Do you have any Vaseline?

She does and gets it. I have her put it by the bed for later. I lay down on the bed and have Imee mount me. She is sopping wet as she slides down my pole. She is giggling. She jiggles her breasts, *You like my breasts Lawrence?*

Yes, I like your breasts. I also like your pussy, and your ass, and your legs and your face.

Good. I like you Lawrence. If I am going to be yours forever, it is good I like you.

It is not forever, it is for as long as you live here.

Yes and I will not leave. So it will be forever.

All the while, Imee is bouncing up and down on my hard-on. Her pussy remains very tight and I feel like she is trying to milk me with her pussy. Having cum less than an hour before, I am stiff but nowhere near ready to

cum again. I put a finger on her clit as she is bouncing and that sends her into orgasm land.

She is tiring now, and is slowing down. I pull her off me and put her on her knees. Taking the Vaseline I grease up her ass.

Oh, Lawrence, I am scared!

You are mine to do with as I please, or do you forget already?

Yes Lawrence, I remember, but I am scared.

My fingers are coated with the petroleum jelly and I insert a finger into her rectum. With another finger, I stroke her clit. Imee is moaning. I add another finger up her rectum. She is beginning to breathe hard and grind her ass against my fingers. I add another finger. Her breathing is really ragged now. I pull my fingers out and place myself directly behind Imee. My pole is greased and it sits on the outside of her rosebud. It is not fully closed up yet, as I push the glans inside the ring. Imee gasps. I snake my hand around the front, and start fingering Imee's pussy and clit as I take her in the ass. Soon she is no longer speaking Tagalog, or English or anything intelligible. Imee is out there somewhere. She is talking in tongues and trashing about. If I thought her pussy was tight, her ass is squeezing me for all its worth. I am ramming her hard. She is begging for my cum again, but this time I don't need any encouragement. I blow all my cum up her ass.

Once again Imee collapses. This time I don't leave immediately. I clean up there. For a good long time we kiss and fondle before I return home.

§ § §

Chapter 2: Not your father's retirement

Did you get the rent?

No, not all of it. She doesn't have it. I told her I would give her up to seven days to get the rest or she would get kicked out. I told her that this would be the very last time she could be late. She said she would try to have the balance tomorrow. We will see.

OK. You OK doing this?

I guess so. It was a little uncomfortable at first, but this is our 'retirement' income. We can't have the apartments turning into a homeless shelter... which is pretty much what I told that woman today.

Good. Inday says she doesn't want to collect the rents. Some of them are not nice to her and she not handle it good. I will tell her you will do it.

Oh, OK, I thought this was a one-off, but what the heck, I am retired with nothing else to do! I might as well be useful.

It is as easy as that. I don't have a lot to do and there aren't that many apartments. Most folks are ready with the rent payment every month anyway, so it won't take all that much time. Plus I can tap Imee's sweet pussy on a regular basis without causing any ripples. I am of course still getting sexual comfort from Maricar. But as any married man will tell you, after a few years, wives put you on short rations. They still love you, they just seem to think you don't need as much as you did when the two of you were dating. They are without a doubt wrong, but you can never explain that to them. It's just life.

That Friday night is just one of those nights, like most of these days. We have had a good day. We are both happy and OK with each other, but when night comes, all my dearest wants to do is crawl under the sheets. I would have been more than happy to get some tonight but it is not to be.

Tomorrow I will see my Imee. I sure hope she has the money by the seventh day!

§ § §

It is Saturday morning. After breakfast, Maricar is going to visit relatives; I take a pass. She is out the door by 7AM and will be back by suppertime. I go to my office and write more of this down. Is it any good? Who knows, besides, it is too early. Best to wait and see how this all turns out. Still it is exciting recording this, not knowing the outcome.

At 10AM I leave the house for my trip to 3F and Imee. When I get to her door, I am surprised by the cute fourteen year old girl who greets me upon my knock. She looks neither surprised, nor is she ill at ease. I am ushered into the apartment and simply brought to her mother, whereupon the girl excuses herself and taking her brother by the hand, exits the apartment. Imee and I are alone.

I have something for you Lawrence.

And indeed she does as she hands over ₱4,500. That pays the rent fully. I wonder how things will progress, now that she has paid. I don't have to wait long. As soon as the cash is in my wallet, Imee grabs my hand and pulls me to the bedroom. The female is giggling. *See now I have you forever.*

I am feeling the need to pour a little cold water on this parade. I enjoy her pussy, but she needs to remember that it is conditional. If she is late again, everything changes.

That is only if you continue to be on time with the rent!

Please don't scare me. I will be good to you Lawrence.

I am sure you will Imee, but I am already married and this apartment is my income. Do you understand?

Imee does not answer. Instead she is pulling my briefs down and getting access to my member. Her warm lips and hot breath surround my dick and the warm wet saliva coats my growing manhood. I groan. Damn this is addictive. It's been a long time since Maricar gave me head. In just twenty-four hours, Imee is becoming proficient at the thing. Still connected mouth to dick, she maneuvers me to the bed and pushes me

down onto it. She is on the bed, kneeling by the side on me. I grab her knee, pulling her over until the outside of her knee is by my head. Imee is still giving me head, as I slide my head between her legs. Grabbing her ass, I pull her down until my tongue can reach her clit.

As my tongue swipes her clit, she squeals and pushes her pussy right into my face. I have never actually been a real fan of the 69 position, but if there ever was a time to do it, this is it. Imee's pussy has no flavor other than of soap. Since there is no hair, there is nothing in the way. I am pumping my dick up into her mouth harder and harder. And then my nuts will not wait any more. I blow my load into her mouth and towards her throat. She swallows over and over. I never see a drop of cum. It might not be a good money shot, but it works fine for me.

We rest in bed a bit before Imee has my dick resurrected. This time she mounts me as she did yesterday and has serious look on her face.

Lawrence, you have children with your wife?

Now understand that my dick is being pounded on by Imee's pussy for some time as she asks this question.

No, we have no children together.

You want children?

Yes but we can't have them for some reason.

I will give you children.

That is not what I want to hear... or so I tell myself as my cum paints her pussy.

§ § §

I am back at my desk now, writing all this down as I go. Where is this taking me? I decide to back away from Imee a bit. Things are getting too intense there and far too soon.

Sunday Maricar and I are visiting friends in Tupi. One of the truly nice things about this retirement is that I was able to bring my H2 Hummer here, though it did require a bribe with customs. There are very few H2's here, as importing them, legally, is prohibitively expensive. Pacquiao has a couple and he lives around here, part of the time, but not many others have them. Driving down the street in one, you get a lot of courtesy from other drivers.

When visiting a couple like this one in Tupi, where the guy is an expat from the USA and the female is a Filipina, as soon as we get there, Maricar and I split up. I will spend the day with the guy and she will spend the day with her girlfriend. We will regroup for a meal and then split again. It just seems to be the way it is. When we head home, we will have heard the same story told from two vastly different viewpoints.

I can only assume that we give as much enjoyment and entertainment to our friends as they give us.

§ § §

I have been seeing Imee once every three or four days for the last two weeks, or to be more specific, I have been back to her apartment seven times. Each time I get to fuck her... so in the last fourteen days I have fucked her seven times. In the same timeframe, I have fucked my wife once. I could have Imee far more. Only caution holds me back.

Today is the day rent is due for all who did not pay on the very first of the month. The actual date the rent is due is the first day of the month. But we give them seven extra days in case they need it. Half pay us on the very first day, another quarter dribbles in over the next four days. And then there is the last quarter that waits until the very last moment. That leaves seven apartments from which I need to collect. One of them is Imee. Does she have it? Is she simply waiting so that she can bed me again?

When I come to Imee's door, her daughter answers it. Imee has a whole apartment filled with family and friends. She looks sad as she hands the money over to me, at the door. She says something about bad timing. Imee asks me to come back in an hour when they are gone. Bad for her but it's OK for me. I go about collecting from the other six apartments.

The next four are a little surprised to see a white guy collecting the rent, but there is no problem, even from the apartment that gave my sister-in-law such grief last month. I gather giving me backtalk isn't considered smart.

The fifth apartment I go to is 4B. This one proves to be a little difficult. A pretty teenage girl answers the door. I ask for the mother or father but neither are there and are not expected back for two days. They have not left money for the rent. I will have to return another day.

The last two apartments pay as if there never was a problem, they just don't like parting with their pesos until they have to do so.

I walk down to Inday's apartment and check with her about the folks in 4B. She tells me that they are chronically late and have been difficult to work with. The mother is a '*bruha*', which translates as witch, but has a tint of bitch to it as well. So it is not a witch in the nature of the Salem Witch Trials, but rather a very unpleasant person. The father is rarely around and rumor has it, he is shacking up elsewhere most of the time. Inday likes the girl, and feels sorry for her, but the mom is a real piece of work. I spend a good two hours with her, going over how the others have been paying in the past.

I take my leave of Inday who is on the second floor and climb the stairs back to Imee's apartment. My best guess is that there will still be a room full of folks. When the door opens and I see them all, I am not surprised. I just smile and tell her, I will be back another day.

§ § §

Two days later, I am back at 4B. The mother answers. Does she have the rent? She does not. This is not good.

When will you have it?

I do not know. When my husband returns he will have it.

When will he return?

I do not know.

Do you understand that I have to evict you if you can't pay today?

Please we will pay when my husband returns.

Madam, you are already late. Rent was due two weeks ago. We give you seven days beyond that. This cannot be.

At this point I am neither amused nor interested in playing along. When she offers herself up, as had Imee. I turn her down flat.

Madam I will not touch another man's wife. Your offer is unacceptable. You will have to leave.

She is panicking, but I am not interested in her. She is not pretty. She is married, albeit to a husband who is fucking who knows what! I really have no interest in fucking another man's wife, anyway, but I sure as shit am not touching this one.

Then take my daughter! She isn't married and she is very pretty.

No, as soon as touch her, you will call the police.

I won't! I swear!

I am sorry but I cannot take your word on such a thing.

I will do anything you say to prove it to you.

Madam, there are two problems, the one I have described with you and the other is that we do not know if your daughter would agree.

The woman calls her daughter over and in rapid-fire Cebuano – which I cannot follow – ascertains that the girl will agree. I know that because following the Cebuano, the girl speaking in better Tagalog than her mother speaks and informs me that she is willing to have sex with me if I do not evict them.

I tell the mother that if she and her daughter undress, and she holds a cardboard sign up saying 'Fuck my daughter please,' next to them for a photograph, I will accept. The woman does not like this one bit. I shrug

and tell them to get their stuff out of the apartment. More rapid-fire Cebuano erupts followed by a hurried ‘OK we do it’ in Tagalog.

Before you do it, here are the rules. I pay you nothing for sex with your daughter. All you are getting is seven more days this month to pay the rent. I will have access to your daughter for sex whenever I want for as long as you stay in one of my apartments. You must never tell your husband about this arrangement. The next time you are late with your rent you will be evicted anyway. If you agree to this, then I will take the photo of the two of you as I described. If you do not agree, then you really must leave.

They agree and hurriedly get a sign made. My phone has a camera and it works just fine. In ten minutes, I have the picture, which would get the mother into deep trouble with the police if it came out. She knows this and begs me never to show it to anyone. I tell her that so long as she never complains about my access to her daughter, she has nothing to worry about.

It is actually a cute photo. Too bad no one will see it. I tell the mother to go away for a couple of hours while her daughter and I get friendly. The woman is gone in a flash.

I am now alone with a very pretty and completely naked fifteen year-old girl. This retirement is getting more interesting all the time. Ah, but you want to know what she looks like. Do you want to know her name?

Her name is Ikay (pronounced EE-KI) and she is a cutie. I have nothing negative to say about this 39kilo 148cm black haired, black eyed lovely. To my aging eyes she is the essence of youthful, beautiful, sexuality. I have never in my life ever touched any female so young or lovely as is Ikay.

Now before I go further and before anyone thinks otherwise, Maricar is exquisite. Her beauty is obvious to all. She is a fantastic cook, smart as a whip and my very best friend. I will never pass up a chance to be in her pussy. Never. It is also true, as I have previously said, that those chances are not as frequent as they used to be. Regardless, Maricar is my one and only wife and there will be no other as far as that goes... It is also true

that even if Maricar had provided me more in bed, I am not at all sure I would have passed up these other females.

Maybe it's a flaw, maybe it's nature, maybe it is just the way men are. I don't know and there is no point in guessing.

For whatever reason, I am eying Ikay with real anticipation. If it isn't obvious to the girl, it sure should be.

I tell her to take me to where she sleeps. She takes me to a portion of the hardwood floor.

You sleep here?

Yes Sir.

Where do your mother and father sleep?

She shows me a slab of foam against a wall. I am too damned old for this type of shit.

Where do you eat?

She points to a table. I lift her up onto the table, grab a chair for myself, slide between her legs, which I spread and decide to find out what a fifteen-year-old virgin tastes like. I hunch down a bit. Her young thighs are snugly against my ears. My nose breathes the aroma of her lower body. It is an aroma of sex but sweet with floral notes. An admixture, it triggers a hunger in me for the girl. It is an honest scent, emanating from this sweet girl. I taste her. The first taste as it comes to me is wonderment. She tastes great. It is as if her body was custom made to hit all my pleasure centers. I have never tasted anything like this. And, to add to the happy wonders of the day, this young girl is really getting off on my ministrations. She is urging me on. I finger her clit as I eat the girl out flicking her clit with my tongue and sucking the clit into my mouth on occasion.

She is holding on to the back of my head as I do her. She wraps her legs around my head, her calves sitting on my shoulders, her ankles crossed. She hunches her pelvic bone forward into my mouth as I continue. Her

skin is like a baby's, so soft, so smooth. Her pussy is leaking juices. I reach up and find her nipples are hard as rocks. Her pussy is intoxicating to my senses. She's whimpering, gasping, growling, and then screaming 'Yes!' I continue to do her as she bucks into me, smashing my face into her pubic bone. This is no passive, 'take one for the team;' this is my partner in crime, my companion for the journey.

This table, on which her family eats, is a little wobbly but I think it will hold. Her juices are all over the tabletop. It will smell of sex the next time they sit down to eat. Will it excite their senses as it does mine? Will they recognize exactly whose scent it is?

Her clit is now engorged. It is not hiding behind a hood. It wants attention. I am giving it all I can. She cums again, screaming to God for all she is worth. I continue doing her. Lifting up her thighs from their position on my shoulders, I reposition Ikay a little and allow my tongue to venture behind her pussy, halfway to her rosebud. I lick up from there, all the way back to her clit. She goes nuts. I do it again. She leans back on the table. Her elbows behind her, and on the table, putting her torso on a forty-five degree angle to the tabletop. I reposition her again just a bit and this time my tongue swipes from her rosebud all the way to her clit. Her whole body is quivering. I repeat. And again. Her ass comes clear up in the air and down to the tabletop – her legs shoot out as her body spasms in a large orgasm.

It's time to stop. She is exhausted and I sense she is getting a little raw down there. She is gasping for breath. I stay there for a bit, kissing her belly until her breathing returns to normal. Even her belly is the stuff of sexual fantasies. It is perfectly flat, perfectly smooth... perfect.

I have a raging hard-on as I stand up and kiss her in a way that she tastes her own pussy juices. She licks my face clean between the kisses. Hard-on notwithstanding, I am not going to take her cherry today. I want to do that in my bed. It is risky, but that is what I want. I will think about a plausible cover, to have Ikay in my house on regular basis.

I tell Ikay that she is a very good girl and that I am happy with her. She did good. She asks me if what I say is true, as I didn't fuck her. I tell her the truth, that she is so special to me that I want the taking of her virginity to be more special than doing it on a bare floor. We both deserve better

than that. I tell her it will happen soon. Ikay smiles, *Sir Lawrence, will it feel as good as what happened today?*

I tell her, *It will feel even better.*

Then I can't wait Sir.

As I leave 4B, I still have a raging hard-on. I walk down to 3F.

§ § §

Chapter 3: On my Doctors advice, I am staying active

Imee does not open the door, her daughter does.

Where is your mother, Ate?³

She had to leave for the day. She is with my Aunts.

Where is your brother?

Mother took him with her.

Why are you here and not with your mother.

She said I should stay in case you came back.

Did she say why that was important?

She said she promised you that she would be here for you. She cannot be here, so I am to be here for you instead. She says it is very important that we not break our promises to you.

Do you know what your mother does for me?

She is your bed partner, Sir Lawrence.

Exactly, how old are your Ate?

I am fourteen and four months, Sir.

Are you a virgin Ate?

³ Ate [Pronounced ah-TAY] means eldest daughter or older and respected female in a group. In this case, the girl is her brother's Ate and others will refer to her as Ate as well recognizing her position within her family. As there is no simple translation for the term into English, it is used here as it was used in the conversation. Sometimes it is used by an adult to acknowledge an older child.

Of course! How could it not be?

Do you understand that if you do for me, what your mother does for me, you will no longer be a virgin?

Yes, Sir.

Man... I still have a hard-on and the current situation isn't helping relieve that matter. Am I really going to have this girl too?

Ate, have you ever kissed a boy?

I have kissed my cousins.

Well maybe this will work, maybe not. Either way, you have done nothing wrong.

Huh?

Ate, let us see. We will go to your mother's bedroom.

I follow the girl into the apartment, kicking off my sandals, closing and locking the door behind me. The girl is wearing slippers, (flip-flops,) orange short shorts, and a red short-sleeve top that has some advertising on it for a bistro in Seattle. Like most Filipinas, her hair is black, straight, without bangs, parted in the middle. She is probably less than 37kilo and under 145cm in height. I do not know yet if those are her real breasts I am looking at or if she has a padded uplift bra. Her mother has larger breasts than does Maricar, so it is possible that the girl does as well. My bet is on the bra. But in many ways, she looks just like her mother with a cuter face, and that is not a bad thing.

As horny as I am, I decide to play around a little.

Ate, go find a nice pair of your mothers high heels and get rid of those slippers.

Within a minute, the slippers are gone to be replaced with a pair of heels. The heels are not as high as I would have liked, being probably two and a

half inches, but this is the girl's interpretation of my instructions. I choose not to quibble over the height of the heels.

Ate, take your top off and then turn slowly around for me.

She does as requested. Clearly, there is some breast development, but just how much, the black bra continues to hide. What I now see of her form, is pleasing. There are many similarities between this girl and Ikay upstairs. It occurs to me that I may be one of the luckiest SOB's on the planet.

Remove your shorts, and then turn slowly around for me again, Ate.

Her shorts are unfastened and unzipped before dropping to the floor. The girl steps out of them, bends over at the waist and picks them up before tossing them to the side of the room.

She is now in black bra, red hip hugger panties and red heels as she turns ever so slowly around. There is not an ounce on her that does not belong there. Oh, if God, and time, would fix women to look like this, for a good fifty years! That would be heaven.

Remove your bra, and then turn slowly all around for me again, Ate.

Go figure, those are true B cups on the girl. They are larger than are her mothers. They stand firm and well formed mounds with modest sized areoles and dark brown nipples that are standing out a good three quarters of an inch. Her rib cage is small against the breast development. She is incredible to look at.

Remove your panties, and then turn slowly around for me again, Ate.

Her small ass and smooth hairless pussy are exquisite. I want to pair her with Ikay upstairs. If this one will give me her cherry – the thought of having both girls together is intoxicating. This girl's shape is without need of a single alteration or adjustment, as is Ikay's.

I still don't know if she is ready for real sex. Showing me a body and breaking her cherry are two different universes. Will she go that far? I

will not force her. Being told to take her mom's place is one thing, fully doing it is quite another.

I am sitting on her mother's bed. I stand up. *Undress me Ate.* Let's see if she will be able to do that.

I am barefoot. She approaches a little hesitantly. She is naked and on heels. Now she is very close to me as she reaches up to unfasten the buttons on my shirt. She removes my shirt. I have a lot of chest hair, which she is now looking at. Her hand reaches to touch the hair. She runs her fingers up over my chest as the hair slides between them. She giggles and says she likes my chest.

Squatting down, she moves to the belt on my shorts. It is a military style thing. She lifts the edge of the buckle releasing the teeth gripping the belt and it is loose. The shorts have a button on top and a zipper fly. These she takes care of in rapid succession. And she attempts to pull the shorts and briefs down in one motion but my member is rampant and requires her to slide her hand in and hold my cock away from the briefs. As I step out of the briefs, I am naked and the hand she had held my cock with is still wrapped around old glory.

She looks at me from her squatting position, cock in hand, *Does it hurt when it gets this way?*

I smile, *Not hurt exactly, but it definitely wants attention.*

What should I do now?

Climb up on your mother's bed, your head on the pillow and looking up at me.

She does as asked and I climb onto the bed, positioning myself between her legs. I will take two teen pussies in one day. How outrageous is that? Just 30 minutes before, I had my youngest sexual conquest in my entire life. Now that record will be eclipsed. Never, never in my life did I expect to bed a fourteen year old. Now I place my mouth on the inside of this girls thighs and I kiss providence. She shivers a little as I move up to her pussy and spread her labia. I inspect truly virgin territory, where no man has gone before. I have never been with a virgin before today and

had the privilege of eating her out. Ikay I will save for later, for the lack of a good bed. Here I have a bed and this cherry I will take today.

I put my nose down, right to her spread labia and draw in the aroma. No floral scent here, but like her mother clean and a hint of soap. My mouth meets her pussy as I gently introduce the girl to the sweet simple joys of her sex, before spearing her through and through. Going slowly I relax her. She is feeling things she has never felt before. I compliment her on how pretty, how sexy and how wonderful she is. I mention how she is responding perfectly. I play with her breasts as I lick her cunt, and gently, oh so carefully suck on her clit. She is getting worked up, urging me on. I get more strenuous with her breasts. I suck harder on her clit. She is humping and grabbing my head. My hands are now on her ass checks. I pull them gently apart as I eat her pussy out. Repositioning my hands into her ass crack, I slick my index finger into her ass as I suck her clit. Bingo! She gushes out her pussy. My face is soaked as are her thighs. She just about bounces me off the bed. It's time to pluck her cherry.

I slide up on her, placing my cock on the entrance to her maidenhead.

Ate, this is going to hurt this time, but once I take your hymen, it will never hurt again. Are you ready.

Yes Sir, Yes please, I am ready!

Juicy as she is, she's also tighter than all get out. I have her juices all over me and I am not getting inside. She is grimacing. This is not going well. I remember the Vaseline. Imee is keeping it in the nightstand drawer. I reach over and retrieve it. Slathering it on my member, I reposition and push. In an instant, I am through. I feel both the warmth of her pussy on my glans, and the tightness of the channel.

I stop and wait for this young one to deal with what she is feeling. It had been a shock, but the shock is over. I promise her that as I slide a little in and then a little back. She's OK, I go a little further in, and a little back. The next time I plunge all the way, spearing the girl on my manhood. She gasps.

Oh God!

You OK.

Yes. Yes! Go ahead!

I start a steady motion. She meets me and finds the rhythm. Regular and easy, we find a slow easy fuck to enjoy. She's laughing.

Why is this so wrong? It's great! I want to do this all the time! Ugh... harder please. Push in harder! Yes! That's it. Harder! Ugh. Harder, faster! Please Sir, harder!

And I give her as hard as I can. She still wants more. Vaginally there is no more I can really deliver, but I am not touching her ass; now's the time to invade there as well. We had been in missionary position. I swing her legs over my shoulders plunging my dick into her cunt while her ass remains a bit in the air. I place a hand on her crack and using the Vaseline still remnant on my fingers, I invade her asshole while boning her as hard as I can.

Yes! YES! YES! Fuck me! YES! Oh..OH..OH Shit!!!!

And she cums in a gusher. The bed is soaked, I am soaked. It rolls back in her ass and down/up her backbone.

My fingers are still in her ass and I am still pounding away. She is cumming and cumming. All of a sudden she looks up, with big eyes.

Mommy?

And I explode cum inside the girl. Her head snaps back and she cums and gushes one more time.

Then silence.

From behind me, *Lawrence! We are yours forever now!*

§ § §

I am back in my office writing this down. My life has gone fucking nuts. And the weirdest thing is the more I am getting laid, the more I am

demanding it of Maricar. She is confused, both flattered and put off by my insistence that two or three times a month is not nearly enough. I tell her I want it every damned day. She loves me but she tells me to 'behave myself.' I tell her I have no intention of 'behaving myself.' I wouldn't say things are tense, but they are weird.

Also weird is how Ikay is being accepted in to household. We have good Internet service in the house. I told Maricar that Ikay was a bright girl whose parents were less than supportive, and she needs Internet access, to study for the Upcat, the entrance exam tests to get into U.P., (the University of the Philippines). Upon hearing that, Maricar immediately insists I give her access to our Internet. Today I will tell Ikay that she is welcome to come over.

§ § §

I decide to leave a message with her mother, as Ikay is at school. I tell the Mom that Ikay to come over here, still in her school uniform, when she gets home. Her mother knows that to disobey me will mean eviction and does not argue. She looks up at me briefly, without saying a damned thing, hands me the rent money, and then says, *Ikay said you were good to her and made her feel good. I think you are a bad man. She tells me I am wrong but I am right. Please do not hurt my daughter. I know you have her. Please don't hurt her.* I don't answer her.

Three hours later, Ikay has come to our door. Liezel lets her in and sends her up to my office and to me. Maricar is out of the house this afternoon collecting interest payments from those to whom we have loaned money. She will sit and visit with each of them. It is only polite. Then she will spend the night at her mother's house. She will return tomorrow night.

I have not seen Ikay in her uniform before. Her green scotch-plaid pleated skirt comes down mid-calf. The white shirt with the Peter Pan collar is starched, ironed and still looks stiff. She removed her white ankle high cotton socks and black leather shoes, with almost no heels, at the door when she came into the house. As I have previously instructed Liezel, she gave Ikay some slippers to wear. Ikay looks like the quintessential schoolgirl of any man's fantasy. She is mine, and she is standing at my home/office door.

We are upstairs. Liezel is downstairs and will not be coming up. I walk Ikay across the hall to the master bedroom closing the office door as we leave it. Once she is inside the bedroom, I close that door.

I hand Ikay two hangers and tell her to hang her clothing on the hangers and place the rest on the chair in the corner before undressing me. I stand and watch as each article of clothing is carefully handled, hung or folded and placed safely away for now. The first to be removed is the pleated plaid skirt. It is placed on a hanger with serious attention to the pleats. The tails of the shirt still hide much but her lovely legs are in display. Next comes the starched and pressed shirt. As it is placed on the hanger, you would swear it had yet to be worn. Now Ikay is in panties and bra. These she removes, folds and places on the chair. Ikay stands before me completely naked and incredibly beautiful.

Turn around slowly, please.

She does. My God, I am one lucky fuck.

Come remove my clothing.

Here in my own bedroom, fifteen-year-old Ikay pads over to me. She removes my belt, shorts, shirt and briefs. My cock is already hard. Ikay reaches out and gently holds it. *Will you put this inside me today, Sir?*

Yes, Ikay, today I will take your virginity. Are you ready for that?

Yes Sir, I am ready.

I am also ready. I had placed a tube of KY jelly on my nightstand and a large old towel by the bed. Let her blood hit that, for she will bleed today. Now I spread the towel over the bed and place the girl on the towel. Finally, I join her on the bed. I have no meaningful time restraints. After Liezel makes my supper, she will go out for the evening. She knows not to bother me while I am working. I have Ikay until the morning if I like.

I draw myself to the girl, keeping her on the towel. Still I am not ready to take her virginity. I taste her lips. This is something that is surprising to her. Pussy she expects, lips, not so much. Still after an initial awkward start, Ikay gets with the program. She is relaxing. She is kissing back,

nibbling my ear. I lick her breasts. She tries to tickle me on my underarm, which in Tagalog is called the kilikili, and is a favorite tickle place. I kiss her, up her backbone, from the coccyx to the base of her skull. She decides to give me a backrub, which, if not expert, is serviceable.

She rolls me over. My cock is sticking straight up. After a giggle fit, she grabs it and is a little too exuberant with her hand as she pumps the member. I slow her down and do a little teaching. She gets the hang of it, but that is not how I want to cum today. It is time to get her ready for her first time.

I move down to eat some pussy and she sighs, telling me how much she likes this. Ikay is not wet. I apply saliva but I suspect I will surely need the KY as I had used the Vaseline with sweet Jovelyn, who you know as Ate, the daughter of Imee.

I take my time today. I lick each side of Ikay's labia before touching the inner lips; and then waiting even more, before piercing the inner lips with my tongue. Only then, do I flick the hood up and touch Ikay's clit. The anticipation must have been intense, as the girl wails when I finally touch my tongue to that few millimeters of nerve endings.

Ikay is very worked up but she is still fairly dry. I am afraid of working over her clit too roughly before I enter her. Grabbing the KY from the nightstand, I anoint myself, and her inner lips. Ikay is looking fragile. While the hymen is about to be destroyed, she is looking a bit too fearful. I stop and move to kiss her. I hold her in my arms and just wait.

I am not going to hurt you. Yes, you will feel a little pain for a moment, but then it will be over and a lifetime of joy will follow.

I believe you, but I am scared.

If you say STOP, at any moment, I will stop and pull out.

OK Sir, I will be good, go ahead.

This is not normal, but none of this is normal. I place myself where I should be, at her tiny opening, spreading her thighs wide, and push. Blessed be KY. I pop through. Ikay gasps. Her eyes are open wide.

Sir, you are HUGE inside me!

I am only barely in an inch and I'm just not that big in real terms.

Are you OK, Ikay?

Yes Sir, but I feel stuffed.

Do you feel OK?

Yes Sir.

I move back a fraction and then a little deeper.

Oh! Oh wow!

You OK?

Yes Sir! OK!

I start a slow moment back and forth, back and forth, deeper and deeper. Ikay is not thinking about pain. Her thoughts appear to be related only to how to get the most out of every movement. Her legs are wrapped around me, as are her arms. She is chanting "yes, yes, yes...."

I look down on my member. I see blood, on me and on the towel. I can't tell which of these two girls, Ikay or Jovelyn, is tighter, but I am being squeezed to the maximum. Ikay is orgasming almost continually. The only reason the towel and I am not being bathed with her hot juices, that I can feel, on the end on my spear, is that things are too tight in Ikay's cunt to allow the liquid to exit.

She is clawing my back as she comes. She bites my ear and then howls. My balls are tight and they can hold back no further. I deposit my load deep within her. Ikay's eyes pop wide again. Once more her body shakes and an involuntary orgasm explodes and then subsides.

Ikay is an exhausted wreck.

Are you OK?

Am I your girlfriend now?

§ § §

Chapter 4: The new normal

Liesel left long before Ikay and I venture downstairs for some supper. Ikay is in one of Maricar's robes. I have pulled on my shirt and shorts. The house is quiet as we sit eating the Chicken Adobo over our rice. I give Ikay a Sprite and I have a beer.

Sir, can I really come over and use the computer here?

Yes. I expect you to do that.

Even when your wife is here?

Yes, even when Maricar is here.

Huh. Does she know I am your girlfriend?

No, she doesn't.

OK.

Did I do OK for you?

I try not to laugh. Honestly, how do you deal with that?

You were wonderful. I could not have hoped for anything better. Was I OK?

Sir, you are kidding me, right? You were great. I have never felt anything like that.

I am pleased. Now, you need to understand that you must not have sex with anyone else.

Why would I do that? I am your Girlfriend.

You are one of my girlfriends, Ikay. Each of you can only be with me. Do you understand?

Yes Sir. Are there other girls like me?

One. I think you will like her.

Really? You want me to meet her?

Yes, I want to see if the two of you can become friends.

Does she live close to here?

She lives in the floor below you.

Wow! WOW! When can I meet her.

I don't know. I need to talk with her about you first. Then the two of you can meet.

Do you like her better than me?

No! Never. You are not in a competition!

Ah, OK. So you will not chose one and say goodbye to the other?

Never.

OK good. Why you have two of us? What is wrong with your wife?

There is nothing wrong with my wife. Why do you women always think it's a competition and only one of you can win?

Because that is what God wants.

I see. You have spoken directly to God?

Why do you ask such a mean question? You know it's a sin what we do. Why are you not happy with your wife?

I love my wife, dearly. What we are doing is not a sin to me. I do not care if you think it is a sin. Are you going to tell me 'no'? Tell me now!

No Sir. I will not tell you 'no.' It is a sin, but I like it. I like you. I just do not understand. It is confusing.

There is much you do not understand and there will be more that is very confusing. You have been brought up to believe many things to be true and some of these things are not true. There is a lot you will learn and there is much you may need to unlearn. For now, don't try to figure anything out. Just pay attention to what is happening around you and to you. OK?

Yes, OK Sir.

It's late. Do you want me to fuck you again, or do you want to go home.

Haha... I will beat you - I will be in bed first!

§ § §

Ikay goes home three hours later that night. I clean up the bloody towel before I go to bed alone. If Ikay is confused, I cannot help it. It is confusing even for me as I work my way through it. I want these females, but have no way to justify it, even to myself. My marriage to Maricar is sound but is no longer based on sex in any way. I wish it was. There is no option in marriages, as they become more platonic, to bring in a relief pitcher or a designated hitter. No you are supposed to play with the card you had at the start, no substitutions; certainly not three hitters at one time! Yet, that is what is going on and I am having a ball.

Surely, Maricar will learn about all this soon enough. What happens then? How long can I keep this going?

§ § §

I have Ikay in the house just about every day and I get to bed her about half of the times. The other times, Maricar is here and so there is no practical way.

Ikay has not complained about this, and seems happy with the arrangement. She is asking about 'the girl on the third floor,' but she doesn't know who it is. I don't have a good excuse to bring Jovelyn in to

the house, and so I have not brought the two together yet. I and seeing both Jovelyn and Imee every few days, but I can't exactly traipse over there every day. Imee is wanting me to be with her more, but I see no way to do that.

Maricar has no clue yet and I am not sure the roof isn't going to cave in on me, but I don't want to stop.

§ § §

Lawrence, Liezel wants to go to Cebu to stay with our Aunt.

I suspect that Liezel's real motivation is to get away from the majority of her family in Gensan and spread her wings, more than they are allowing her. Though she is an adult, there is something childlike, and not in a good way, about Liezel's choices when it comes to with whom she chooses to make friends. Still, I can't say I am sorry to see her go. Maricar's feelings on the matter are unknown to me. She has just presented the information in a 'matter or fact' way that conveys nothing else.

Well she has been functioning as a maid. Do we get a maid now or do without one?

Doing without will be harder on Maricar than it will be me as I am not expected to do the laundry here or cook Filipino meals. Maricar is loving the ability to see old friends with whom she had only had limited contact for the last eight years we as had primarily lived in the USA. Taking care of the house will tie her down more. While it will have an impact of my fucking Ikay upstairs, it isn't something that really bothers me much. Ikay has been upstairs almost every day for the last two months. If you total up the number of times I have fucked her or she has given me head in these 60 days, it far exceeds that which I have had for the last three years from Maricar. The last time Maricar gave me head was six years ago. I suspect I will still have opportunities going forward no matter what happens, maid or no maid.

I love Maricar and if she was here more... maybe we would fuck more; catch a noontime delight! Hey, a guy can hope.

Liesel said that there is a woman in the apartments who would be a good maid for us.

Really? For the life of me, I have no idea who that might be. Who the hell is Liesel talking to over there? They are all employed from what I know and there are no single women without children.

Liesel will tell the woman to come over, this weekend. Evidently, she has a job, but she thinks is going to get laid off next month.

Well that explains a little. I know they are all employed. Still, none of them are single and without children.

Oh yes, Liesel did say the woman has children, but I don't think that is a huge problem, But it is one of the things I need to check on when I interview her.

Well while you are considering this woman, please make sure we like her cooking before you offer the position. Also maybe you should look at her apartment - and see if she keeps her place as clean as you want this place to be.

I see you think more with your belly than your do with your penis! You didn't ask what she looks like, only if she can cook! Yes, Lawrence, I will make sure she can cook. As to cleaning, you are right and make a good point. I will visit her place and just drop in and take a look, before she comes here on Saturday.

Good plan.

So who is it? Huh, I have no clue. It clearly sounds like Liesel is highly motivated to get gone. I have no idea if that is good or bad for us. It seems I will have to wait until Saturday.

§ § §

And wait I do. Maricar's 'home visit' gets mentioned only in passing, without a name attached, and that is Saturday morning when I ask if the interview is still going to occur or did the home visit kill the deal. Maricar says it went fine.

§ § §

It has been two years since we arrived in Manila with my newly issued immigrant Visa. I'm not saying I don't miss a few things back in the States, but things are going well for us. Financially, we are doing very well. Our local loans are netting us better than ₱600,000 a year. And that's ₱50,000 a month. The apartments are grossing ₱1.5+M a year, or ₱126,000 a month. Out of that we have ₱60,000 in expenses, leaving ₱66,000 net. Combining the two gives us ₱116,000/mo which is damned close to \$3K a month. I won't file for SSA for three more years. If we don't do anything else, at that point we will have over \$4K a month to live on, which, in the Philippines, is a shitload of money.

The average family lives on ₱10K to ₱15K a month. We will have ₱160K a month at that point, probably more as we are increasing on the number of loans we are making. In truth, our monthly spend is about ₱45K to ₱60K these days. The rest is used for the new loans. We could afford two or three maids if we wanted them. Of course, my old buddies back in the States think I'm full of shit when I tell them how good things are. They think I'm full of it, and I haven't even told them about all the pussy I am getting.

§ § §

I want to see Imee but I don't want to miss who Maricar will interview, so I am hanging around the house. That's not such a bad deal. Ikay is upstairs on a computer. Maybe I will see how she's doing in a little bit.

§ § §

I must have been distracted. Maricar is in the dirty kitchen talking to someone. It isn't Liezel, as she is busy waxing the floor in the Sala. I get up to pour a glass of water when the door from the dirty kitchen opens and Maricar walks in followed by Imee!

Lawrence, I am sure you know Imee.

Yes, of course. Nice to see you Imee.

Good afternoon Sir Lawrence.

I have invited Imee's daughter, Jovelyn, to have supper with us. Imee will cook for us. Liezel will go see friends tonight. I told Imee what your favorite dishes are and am giving her money to purchase whatever ingredients she needs to make the dish.

Great. That's perfect. Imee, don't you have a son too?

Yes Sir, but he will stay with friends tonight.

Lawrence, I showed Imee the maid's quarters. She thinks that the three of them will be very comfortable there. I suspect she is right.

I see. Well, I will leave it to the two of you to figure things out. Have you shown Imee the house yet?

No, I haven't. You can show her the second floor. I will talk to Liezel and get the money. Don't take too long. Imee still needs to go shopping and cook a supper.

I smile, Yes, ma'am. Imee, come with me. We walk up the stairs. There are three bedrooms, two bathrooms and my office on this floor. I quickly show Imee the two spare bedrooms and the hall bathroom. I then take Imee to the master bedroom. I lead the way and she follows, closing the door behind her. Before I can say anything meaningful, she is in my arms.

See? I told you I am yours forever. And she kisses me in a way that I rarely get from Maricar these days.

I see. Imee you need to be more careful. There will be many good opportunities, but for now you need to open the door. She does. I then beckon her back into the master bathroom door where I am standing. I just want you to see that this bathroom is here. We are out of the site line from the hall now, and I bring Imee in for another kiss.

You are happy Sir Lawrence?

I will be if you are a good cook Imee.

You will see. I will make your belly happy too.

I hope so. Now before I take you into my office, you need to understand something. You and Jovelyn are both my girlfriends and that is real. But, I have a third girlfriend. Her name is Ikay and she... Imee interrupting... From upstairs Lawrence? Is she the pretty one from upstairs?

Yes.

OK, I thought so. I see her come here almost every day and I say to Jovelyn that you have another girl. Does Maricar know?

No.

Ah, OK. I will be careful and tell Jovelyn to be careful.

She is in the office right now, so you will walk in first. I will walk in, and kiss her, and then kiss you. OK? I will then explain to her. She already knows there is someone else. She just does not know who. But we must be quick. Maricar will be waiting downstairs.

Yes! Yes of course!

I have always wanted to get these three (Imee, Jovelyn and Ikay) together, but this was not how I had envisioned it. Still it needs to be done and done quickly.

Imee opens the door to my office. Ikay looks up, I guess in anticipation of seeing me. Her expression changes as Imee walks through the door. I am in the dark hallway, and she doesn't see me. Imee says hello to Ikay who returns the greeting just as I walk in and go directly to Ikay. She is sitting down. I take her left hand, raise her up, pulling her into my arms and kiss her. She kisses me back just as fervently as I started the kiss. When done, I motion for Imee to come over and while still holding Ikay in one arm, I kiss Imee as fervently as I kissed Ikay.

Ikay, meet Imee, Imee meet Ikay. Both of you are mine and have been for months. You are both going to be together in this house. Be good to me by being good to each other and keep each other's secrets from Maricar. Do you understand?

I thought the other one was my age. But I will be good to Imee. I promise Lawrence.

There is one more. It is Imee's daughter, Jovelyn, and the same goes for her. OK?

OK Lawrence. Why will they be here a lot?

I think my wife will hire Imee as our maid. She will live here.

Ah, I see. OK so this is good. If Madam goes out then there is no need to be quiet!

I have to admit, that made me laugh. Ikay, I will ask Maricar if we can add you to the supper table tonight. Imee, maybe you can take Jovelyn with you shopping and speak with her about Ikay.

And with that, I usher Imee back downstairs. As it is, Maricar is apparently just finishing a discussion with Liezel. I get a look from Maricar that is pretty easy to interpret. She wants to know what I think. I smile and say, *I sure hope supper is good*, and leave it at that. Maricar indicates agreement, finishes off one last sentence with Liezel and turns to Imee.

Here is some money. Please take a tricycle. We will eat at seven and you need to have supper on the table by that time. Lawrence will want beer with his supper. Please make sure there are two bottles of San Miguel Pale Pilsen for him. Any questions?

No Ate, I understand.

And with that and a few parting words, Imee left.

What do you think?

Well she was the one I had to collect the rent from the first time. She seems nice and I like her. We don't know how good a cook she is. I think she kept her apartment clean, how did you find it?

Yes, she is a good housekeeper. We will see about the cooking. You like her?

Now, that is a loaded question. Of course I like her, I'm fucking her and her daughter. *Yes, I like her.*

Good.

§ § §

Supper is really good. It is different from Maricar's good cooking, but there is nothing wrong with being different. Jovelyn joins us for the meal. She is having a hard time not staring at Maricar and Ikay. I do my best to ignore it all.

My wife is seemingly pleased with herself as she asks, *Jovelyn, would you like to live here?*

Yes Ma'am.

Lawrence, do you agree with me that this was a fine meal?

I am laughing, *Yes, yes... Imee you cook very well.*

Then it is done. Liezel, when you move out, Imee will move in.

§ § §

I am back in my office. Fifteen minutes ago Ikay went home at the same time Imee and Jovelyn left. They walked back to the apartment together. I would love to have been a fly on the wall for the conversation on that stroll. I am writing all this down, but it is getting weirder and weirder. How does Maricar not have a clue that I am fucking these girls? How did Imee maneuver Liezel to get Liezel out and Imee in? This is the most outrageous retirement any man has had.

A thought occurs to me. I have not been practicing birth control because I have been unable for all these years to get Maricar pregnant. I have been assuming that it was me, that I was incapable to producing viable semen. What if it has been Maricar? So far, there have been no pregnancies, as

far as I know. What if there is or will be? I remember what Imee said to me that first day. In all likelihood I have no viable sperm, but I need to get that checked.

§ § §

Maricar? I know you always wanted to have children with me. You know I have tried with you. Maybe the something wrong with me can be made not so bad with pills. I have heard that it helps on occasion. I think I should be tested.

My sweet Lawrence. It has been so long since I gave up that hope. I assumed you did too. Have you not?

No, I guess I felt guilt about letting you down. But I am getting old and if we are to have any chance, I need to do something about it now. Is that OK?

Yes, but let us both see the doctor.

§ § §

We do see a specialist in Manila and when the results come back, it is clear that my sperm have some legs...The doctor tells us that I am not as potent as I once was, but I do have swimmers. If my wife was able to have children, some pills that he can prescribe might result in a pregnancy. Maricar on the other hand has a problem. It is unlikely she will ever bear children. My dear wife is devastated. I am sad, but my role at the moment is to console my wife. She is not to blame for what God gives her and I tell her that I love her as much today as I did yesterday and that is the absolute truth. After a month or so, she seems to be coming back to life, but I can tell there is something on her mind. It doesn't seem to be a bad thing, as we are close and touching a lot more these days.

§ § §

Lawrence, I need to talk to you about Maricar.

What is it Imee?

She came to me yesterday and asked me if I would be willing to have your children! I say nothing to her about us! Did you?

No. What did you tell her about having children?

I say, you mean, you want me to have sex with your husband? She says, Yes! So I say, if I have sex with him I will love him. She says, then we will both love him. She says, if I can give you babies, she will be very happy. I tell her I will think about it.

Do you want to have my babies?

Yes but I think she will change her mind after I have them and bad things will happen to me and maybe to you. What should I tell her?

You tell her exactly that. You would agree and be happy to have my children but you are afraid of the things you just said. Also say, you don't know if I would love you back and that scares you.

OK I do that.

Chapter 5: A family man

Ate, may I ask you about the things you asked me yesterday?

Of course, Imee. Have you decided?

No Ate, I have more questions.

Go ahead.

What if Sir Lawrence doesn't want me, or cannot love me? I am not a prostitute Ate.

Oh, Imee of course you are not a bad woman. I will talk with my husband. I will not ask you to do this if he says no. OK?

What if after I have a baby, you turn against me? I know you are asking me now, but in the Bible, Sarah turns against her own maid. I read that. You know it is true. Maybe the same will happen to us. I am afraid.

I see. Yes, you speak the truth. But I am not Sarah and God isn't going to give me any children. I promise you, it will be OK. Do you think you will be able to accept Lawrence as a lover? I do not want you to feel like a prostitute.

I think I could love him if we are like that. But you not tell him that Ate! You see if he will want me. OK?

OK. I will talk to him today.

Oh, Ate, I am scared. Please never be angry with me for this.

§ § §

What?

I want you to take Imee as your mistress so that we can have a baby.

You cannot be serious.

I am Lawrence. I am very serious.

You expect me to have a Mistress? And on top of that in the same house as you, with our maid?

Yes.

And we will be happy - all of us?

Yes.

What if I fall in love with her? It is hard to make love with someone, have a baby with her, and not love her. At least I think it would be hard.

I expect you to love her. I will be sad if you do not.

Are you leaving me Maricar? I will not accept you leaving me. We are married for life and I will not have you leaving me and breaking up this marriage.

I am not leaving Lawrence.

How can I be sure of that? You have been through a rough patch. I admit I wanted children. But I accept the fact that we can't. That is an 'us' thing, not a 'you' thing.

I promise. I have given this a lot of thought.

Well this is hypothetical. I can't believe Imee would do this.

She will.

How do you know this?

I asked her first.

And she said yes?

She says she is scared; scared that you won't love her; scared that if you do love her, I will be angry with her.

Well at least she is sane and thinking. I'm not sure I can say the same for you. Why do you think this will be OK?

Because I love you and want you to have children.

And you expect me to love two women?

Yes.

How will the sleeping arrangements work? Surely I can't treat her like a maid if she is a lover.

I had not thought of that. You are right. What would you like?

Oh no. I'm not even suggesting anything about that. That is exactly why I can see you either, getting angry, or leaving. As far as I can see, if you don't love her, then it will be a mess and I don't know how to make that happen.

You are being difficult!

No, I am being honest. You think about what I said for a while. Think about sleeping arrangements, and how quickly that can blow up on us. Think about what your relationship with Imee must be to keep it OK. Take your time. When you have an answer, I will listen. Until then, no.

§ § §

When Maricar suggested we get tested, I thought, 'good, I will see if I need to get the others on birth control or if it isn't an issue.' I was not pushing for children. That was just the cover story. But there are unintended consequences in life. This may have been one of them.

Still, I haven't heard a word on the subject from Maricar since that night. For a while Imee told me she hadn't heard anything either. Lately, Imee has been avoiding me. I can't blame her. I am sure she is confused. For a little bit she thought she would become the house approved Mistress and

then nothing. I am not getting as much sex with Maricar as I did before all this came up, which is a little frustrating. If it wasn't for Ikay and Jovelyn, I would be really frustrated. As it is, access to sex is not a problem.

Maricar has been gone every afternoon for the last three weeks, visiting her family and friends. Imee keeps busy cleaning the house and cooking the supper meal. Ikay has been coming here every afternoon with Jovelyn. She only leaves, to go to her parent's apartment, to sleep. When the two girls arrive, they go to my bedroom and we have 'playtime.' They have become best friends both outside and inside the bedroom. I am never with one of them alone. It is always both of them. These two teens are insatiable. Though neither are exactly as tight as the first time I entered them, both are the consummate wet dream. One thing has changed, as I have to observe a new level of personal hygiene. The girls have this new thing they have gotten into. Jovelyn gives me head with a real strong sucking sensation, while the Ikay reams my asshole with her tongue. All the while Jovelyn's cunt is in my face and Ikay is finger fucking Jovelyn's ass. Exactly how the girls came up with this I have no clue. But the first round always gets Jovelyn and me off in a big way. For the second round Ikay has gotten to insisting I fuck her ass. There is nothing in the world tighter than that girl's ass. Just about every day I leave a deposit there.

On the weekends, I also find time to get into their pussies individually. And so even without Imee and Maricar as bed partners, I am doing just fine.

§ § §

I continue to collect the rents in the apartment building. The word has apparently gotten out that it is a very bad thing to be late with the rent. Collections are smooth now and I have not even had a situation where anyone might have cause to offer them up. Our investments are doing well. We are now realizing close to ₱100K a month, up ₱40K from just a few months ago. I am still a ways away from getting the SSA check. Thank God I have not had cause to collect my inheritance. Based on our cash burn each month, we have an excess of ₱106K each and every month... or over ₱1.2M peso a year. Rather than make any more loans, we have purchased a new property and are commencing to build a new

apartment building on it. The original apartment building we built next door has 28 units. The new one will be eventually double that number. Between the two, there will be eighty-eight units. I am concerned about management of so many units. Maricar thinks we can put one of her cousins to work there as the manager. I am not sure about that. One thing I am sure about, is that I will never have to worry about money. I am doing better now in real terms than I ever did in my life before.

§ § §

Maricar finds me in my office.

Do you remember you said when I had an answer to the issue of Imee, you would listen?

Yes. I remember. That was over a month ago.

Well it took a while for me to think through what you had said. You were right.

Right about what?

If I didn't love Imee, it could not work. We would not be able to stay together. It had all made sense in my mind until I tried to figure out the simple day-to-day things you mentioned and then I saw the same problem you and Imee saw.

So it is over? We are not going to do it?

No, it is not over. We are going to do it.

Huh? Why?

Because I love Imee.

You what?

I love Imee.

I think you had better explain this to me.

After I realized that you were right, I went to Imee. I told her that I needed to be close to her, if this was going to work. We had to get to know each other in the most basic and intimate of ways, if we were to be able to trust each other and share you. I'm not sure she understood what I meant in the beginning and I am not sure I knew exactly what needed to happen in the beginning.

How close are you two now?

Very close. I can share you, so long as you will share Imee with me.

Maricar, I am not sure I understand.

You don't have to for now. You just have to trust me when I tell you that the problem is solved.

Where will she sleep?

No the question is, where will you sleep?

Huh?

Imee will sleep with me. You will sleep with us.

So you are telling me that Imee is your lover?

I guess so. Does that bother you?

A little, but I am sure I will get over it.

§ § §

Lawrance, did Maricar talk to you yet?

Yes Imee, she did.

Are you upset with me?

Why should I be upset with you?

You told me no sex with anyone but you. I have had sex with your wife.

No, I am not upset with you. Do you enjoy sex with my wife?

It is good, but not like with you. I want to be with you. But if Maricar and I are close, then it is safe for you and me.

Yes that is true. When is this to start?

Tonight. I will join you and Maricar tonight. Tomorrow I move my things into this bedroom. From now on, I am your forever Mistress and not your maid. Is that OK Lawrence?

Yes, Imee, that's OK. Do you love me Imee?

Yes Lawrence. I love you.

But I was mean to you.

You have a funny way of being mean. You made me feel good and never hurt me. So I forgave you for being mean and decided to love you instead.

And you forgive me for taking your daughter's virginity? You must know I still fuck her every day.

I know. I think she loves you too. I will find a way to get Maricar to accept that too. You will see.

I suspect I will. You have gotten everything you said you wanted so far.

§ § §

It is evening. I chose to not cum in the girls today. I suspect that tonight will be an event. It seems like everyone in the house knows what is about to happen. Jovelyn and Ikay are alternately giggling, whispering and smiling like goofy fools. Imee and Maricar sit very close to each other at the supper table. Both are incredible solicitous towards me. I expect this from Imee, but Maricar and I have been man and wife for years now. We

love each other, and respect each other, but the solicitous stuff went out the window shortly after the wedding. Now it has returned.

Tomorrow is a school day and after supper, Ikay goes home. Jovelyn says she has some studying to do and then she will go to bed. I suspect she knows that maybe as soon as tomorrow, she will move from the maid's quarters to one of the remaining bedrooms upstairs. She says nothing about that tonight as she excuses herself and disappears to those quarters.

That leaves the three of us. The women are cleaning up, cooperating. There is no maid here, just two women cleaning the dishes after dinner. It is a different reality and it is if we had just changed a channel on the TV. This is not how it was even as recently as yesterday. Yesterday, Maricar and I had a maid. Now it seems we do not. Imee is freely flirting with me in front of Maricar. Maricar is teasing me about being a big stud, asking if I am ready for the two of them.

I am hanging around them, primarily because I don't really know what to do. As they finish with the kitchen, Imee tells me to go watch some TV. They will call for me in about 30 minutes. Maricar says nothing.

I go to the sala⁴ and turn on the TV, but for the life of me, I can't concentrate. I flip through the channels restlessly. I give up and go to the office and start writing all this down, trying to bring the journal up to date. But there is too much detail that needs to be dealt with and things seem to be taking forever. I find it hard to convey the real feelings that people have and struggle to find a way to do that in writing. So far I hope I have succeeded but I am not sure. I am struggling with just one of those things when Maricar opens up the office door and says, *It's time Lawrence.*

I save what I have, and exit the office. The bedroom is dimly lit as I enter. Imee is on the bed. Maricar is by my side.

Husband, we have decided that the first time you are with Imee, it should just be the two of you, but as soon as you two have had sex the first time, Imee will come and get me. Don't worry about me. I am happy for you and for me. I have been giving pills to Imee that I got from the Doctor to encourage pregnancy. She has been taking them for about three weeks.

⁴ Sala: A salon or living room in the Philippines.

This is her fertile time. Let us hope it takes tonight or in the next few days! We want a baby. All of us want that my love, all of us.

Having said that, Maricar kisses me like she really means it and leaves the bedroom.

You are a wonder Imee.

You are happy Lawrence?

Yes, I am happy.

Good, come give me our baby.

Get up and undress yourself Imee. Take off that negligee.

She does. Maricar and Imee might have thought it looked sexy, and I guess it did, but I want Imee in her 'all-together.' *Now undress me.* And just like the very first time we were together, we are as we had been then. I lead Imee back on the bed put her on her back. Just like the first time, I will taste her before I fuck her. She tastes just like she did the very first time I had her. I take my time with her, teasing her clit, teasing her ass, pinching her nipples. She is getting worked up. I move her onto her hands and knees, taking her from behind. Her cunt is dripping; her nipples are hard. I reach under her once I have slid in and have access to both her clit and her breasts with my hand as I pump her. She is tight. Her pussy is burning hot. My dick feels like it is being baked. Imee is moaning. She is also talking, *Now I am truly yours forever, my love. Fuck me good Lawrence! Give me your baby! You are mine now. Mine. Cum Lawrence, cum. Give me a baby. Give Ate a baby. Give Ikay a baby. Give us all babies. Fuck me good Lawrence! You are mine now. Mine. Cum Lawrence, cum.*

I am excited and as old as I am, it is irrelevant. I can't control myself and I blow my cum deep into Imee. Imee kisses me and asks me to wait a second. She gets up, throws on a robe and leaves the bedroom. Within thirty seconds, she is back with Maricar. I am still in bed and they both climb in, one on either side of me. And then for the first time in many, many years Maricar slides down and takes me orally. I am still coated with both Imee's juices and my cum. Maricar sucks it all in. The sight and

the feeling of it resurrects my dick long before I should be able to get hard again. I am in a weird mood. I grab the KY and grease myself up. I put Maricar on her hands and knees. Without giving her warning, I take my wife in her ass. She is in shock at first. And then she screams out. I have her clit between two fingers. My fingers maul her clit and I pump her ass. Maricar is no longer screaming, she is yelling: *Yes, Oh God Yes. Fuck my ass. Make me your prostitute. Make me your whore. Yes. Yes!* I have never and I do mean never, been in Maricar's ass before. She has never allowed it. But now for some reason, I don't care. Her ass is hot and tight and virgin. I am taking my wife's virgin ass. I tell Imee to suck Maricar's tits. In a heartbeat, Imee is sucking on breasts, I am fingering Maricar's pussy and continuing to ream her ass. I pull my fingers out of Maricar's cunt tell Imee to finger fuck Maricar. My wife is going crazy. She has never had such intense sex in her life. Imee has let loose of the tit in her mouth and is talking to Maricar, *You are mine now. You are mine. I will have the babies. You will eat my cunt and be mine. Do you understand bitch?*

Maricar, to my amazement answers, *Yes, Imee, Yes.*

Say it bitch. Say... I am your bitch, Imee. I will do what you say Imee.

Aaahhh...Oh fuck... Yes Imee. I am your bitch. I will do what you say Imee. I am yours. You have Lawrence and I am YOURS! Oh Fuuuuck. Maricar is cumming in a way I have never seen before. Her rectal muscles squeeze me so tight that I blow my load into the woman, who has been my wife for all these years. At the moment, I don't know what is going to happen.

I am spent. I roll off Maricar and lie face up on the bed. Maricar is collapsed on her belly. Imee is lying on her side.

Get up bitch and clean my man up. Maricar obeys. She gets up, goes into the bathroom, and returns with a wet towel. I am cleaned up. Imee rolls on top of me, Maricar to my side and says, *From now on Lawrence, you are mine, and Maricar is mine. You will give me babies, and you will give my daughter babies. Maricar, you will not argue with me, understood bitch?*

Yes Mistress.

Chapter 6: Who's on first?

In what feels to me like the blink of an eye, my life with Maricar has been upended. Clearly she is still my wife, but she belongs to my Mistress. Jovelyn has been installed in a bedroom across the hall and so has Imee's little son. He now occupies the remaining bedroom in the house. Jovelyn is now quite openly one of my lovers and Maricar is respectful to her.

And now there's the issue of pregnancy... I was OK thinking that even though I was fucking the girl, she would not get pregnant as she wasn't taking the pills. That assumption was presumptuous. Imee and Maricar have Jovelyn on the pill with the hope that she will get pregnant. I am not allowed to fuck my wife unless both Imee and Jovelyn are not ripe. If either of them are at the time of the month when they are most likely to take, I am to service them alone. That has given rise to another phenomenon. I don't always get to sleep in the Master bedroom. When Jovelyn is ripe, I am expected to lie with her in her bedroom.

There is another piece of fallout. Ikay is royally pissed off as she has been effectively cut off. I'm supposed to be fucking only pussies that can get pregnant and that means with females who are taking a fertility drug. Ikay is not. Of course, at some level Ikay is with me because of the obligation she undertook to keep her family from getting evicted. I decide to change that and make it clear to Ikay that she is free of that obligation. I will not evict her family because of any reason other than inability to pay future rent. That has absolutely no palliative effect on the girl.

You think I am here every day and I don't want you in me? Lawrence, you make me angry. You know I want you inside me. You know I said I would lose if Imee came here. You said, there will be no competition. Well? I am shut out. It is not fair. If Jovelyn can have you, I want you too. Do something!

Ikay, if you get pregnant, your parents will be very, very angry with me. I don't want a problem with them.

You still have that photo you took of me and mom?

Yes.

Give me a copy.

Why?

None of your business.

The why should I give it to you?

Because you love me and I need it to solve my problem and keep you out of trouble. I send a copy of the photo to her cell phone, from my phone.

Thanks. Tell Imee I am moving in with Jovelyn tonight and want the same medicine she is taking.

And she walks out of the door of our house, without any further comment or preparation. No, 'may I start living here...' no 'may I have the medicine...' nothing of the kind. No thought of Maricar and what she might say, at all. She is intent on moving in and she wants to get her share of me and if that means getting pregnant, that is what she will do.

§ § §

Imee, we have an addition to the household.

Ikay?

Yes, how did you know?

Who else could it be? Besides, Jovelyn told me if I made the rules like I did, Ikay would be very unhappy.

She wants the fertility drug.

You want me to give it to her?

No. Will you argue if I have her without the drug?

Yes I will, so I will give her the medicine.

A little later Ikay is back, with a big plastic bag filled with all her worldly belongings. Maricar is in the sala with me when Ikay comes back.

This is not exactly how I wanted this to unfold! But with Maricar looking on, I address Ikay, *Tell me what happened?*

I see my mother. Father is gone again. I tell her I am moving in here. She says that wasn't part of her agreement with you. I tell her that the agreement is no longer necessary. I don't have to fuck you to keep them safe. She asks, how long has this been true? I don't know, but I think it has been true with you for a while and I tell her it has been months. She is screaming at me...why am I still over here? I tell her because I love you and want to be here. She says she is going to tell Maricar everything. I tell her go ahead. It won't change anything. Then I tell her if she causes me any problems I will show the picture to the police and get her arrested. We argue some more. She is angry and crying. I tell her that you treat me with love and you are polite. I tell her that my life here will be good. She doesn't believe me. I tell her I don't care. I take my stuff in the bag and I am leaving. She hugs me and asks me, please don't go. I tell her I am going but if she will stop being mean to me, and you, that I will talk to her and visit her. I tell her I want your baby. I tell her if she wants to see her grandchildren, she should be good to us. She cries. I cry. Then we hug, we make up and I leave.

Maricar gets up from a couch. I am not looking forward to what comes next. *Go up to the bedroom you will share with Jovelyn. I am going to see your mother.*

I'm not going back Ate.

I know child, I know. I am just going to tell her that you are OK and safe here. I am going to tell her that if you have Lawrence's children, it will be a blessing for me.

Ikay is speechless. She nods and goes upstairs. Maricar looks at me, *Were you a bastard to her mother Lawrence?*

Yes.

Well then, you are very lucky that girl loves you like she does. I will speak with the mother.

§ § §

There are now five places at the table. I sit on one end. Next to me in place of Maricar, who used to sit on my left, is Imee. Next to her is Maricar. On my right is Jovelyn. Next to her sits Ikay. A pecking order has been established between the women, just as Ikay suggested would occur. There is a myth about women knowing how to cooperate. That may be true in some abstract way, but when it comes to men, it isn't true at all.

§ § §

It has been a month since everything changed around here. Imee has been on the fertility drug for six weeks. Jovelyn has been on it four and Ikay has been on it 3 and a half weeks. No one is pregnant. By the by, these pills are expensive!

The only way to know if the pills are working is to make regular and frequent donations to the cause whenever the females in question are at the right point in their cycles. I have been given a calendar. It is set up with each of their cycles marked. The only one who is not getting any these days is Maricar. The 'old' Maricar would not have missed the absence of marital relations at all. The new one is chomping at the bit and letting all of us know it. I am laughing. This is Imee's problem, not mine. Imee agrees to allow Maricar as much sexual contact as she had with me before all this, which according to Imee is twice a month.

Maricar asked Imee permission to be alone with me for those times and evidently receives it. This is beyond weird for me, but I am not going to rock the boat. This Maricar is not the woman I have been married to all these years. I don't know how to explain it. Sex used to be a challenge to get, followed by a sense that she thought she had done her duty. Now she just about rapes me to get my clothing off me. She no longer hides her fantastic body. She makes sure I see all of her and as much as I want.

She never, and I do mean never, masturbated in front of me before. Now she does, telling me how much she wants me inside her. I never before

saw her gush her pussy juices, from over her own fingers before I ever touched her. Now I have seen it. I am seeing it again now as she makes sure I am excited and horny for her. She takes her pussy juice wet hands and circles my cock, guiding in to her mouth. She coats my member with her saliva, her head bouncing up and down on it. She is taking more and more of my pole. She has never taken so much and I expect her to gag. But she takes more yet again. I must be in her throat. This is a woman who wouldn't even put her mouth on my dick for six years. I am down her throat as she allows me to fuck her head. I am delirious. She squeezes my balls and fingers my ass at the same time. Bingo! I blow my load down her throat.

I am almost out of it, but she is convinced that we aren't done. She is whispering in my ear about how we can fill the next apartment building with only pretty and single women, for me to fuck. Would I like that? How young would I like the daughters to be. I clearly like young girls, she whispers in my ear. I can have whatever I want, she tells me as she works my member back to life. I am hard again. Maricar climbs up on me and sits on my pole, as I sink inside her pussy. *Fuck me Lawrence. Fuck your bitch, your whore. I'm no good for anything but fucking Lawrence. Fuck me good!* I roll her over and take her missionary position. My dick is slamming into her. She is screaming for me to use her like the whore she is. I pull out and turn her over, grease up her ass with her pussy juice alone and plow into her ass. She screams again. I am not stopping. I hold on to her hips and smash as hard as I can into her with each stroke.

You going to be a good bitch?

y-y-yES !

You going to obey?

YES!

All my commands?

YES, anything you want. I do it! Lawrence! Just keep on Fucking ME!

I fuck her ass until she is a rag doll on my pole before I cum inside her. We sleep, but before we leave the bedroom in the morning, I take her ass again... and then we talk.

What has happened?

Imee showed me how many ways I had failed you Lawrence. She will not fail you as I did. She says the only reason she did not get rid of me is because you foolishly still love me and you would not permit it. She showed me how she will make sure all your desires are always met so that you never will have any needs she hasn't already filled. She is right. I was very wrong. I am very lucky you stayed with me, even though I treated you bad. I am trying to be good for you now. I am trying to repay you for your loyalty Lawrence. You know I had nothing when we first met. I had less than Imee had. Somehow, my mind confused me and I thought I deserved all this. I did not. You gave it to me and I took you for granted. Imee showed me what a low, mud crawling bitch I am. It will take years for me to repay you, Lawrence.

§ § §

Another month has passed. The new apartment building is rising, if not rapidly. Everything here is done by hand. In the end, it will be a five story apartment building. Concrete block, by concrete block, each block is lifted by hand. Nothing is mechanized. With the cash flow and the speed of building, we receive money faster than it gets expended. I am embarrassed to tell you what wages we are pay for highly skilled labor. It is appallingly low and yet we are paying local top dollar as it were.

Ikay is now sixteen. We had a birthday party for her. Maricar invited the mother, but the woman did not come. Jovelyn has turned fifteen as well.

§ § §

It is three weeks later. Jovelyn is pregnant! She has missed her period and is nauseous every morning. I wonder if she will be able to carry the infant to term. The whole household is talking about nothing else and it is highly tentative. It will be something, if God is willing, in seven months hence. However with all the talk, it was my Maricar who raises the point that the house is too small. We need more room for this coming newborn

and since Jovelyn is now pregnant, should we not expect Imee and Ikay to also become pregnant?

I ask, *Ok, how large a home do we need?*

Imee responds quickly, *There are three bedrooms now plus your office. I think two more will be enough.*

Mistress, you are underestimating the number of children your Master is likely to produce between the three of you and that assumes he doesn't take on other women, now that he knows children are possible! I think you need far more than three more rooms.

Ikay must be doing the math too. *Ate Maricar is right.*

Jovelyn thinks this is all much to do about nothing. *Hey there is only one child coming... what are we arguing about. The baby will stay in my room.*

Daughter, the others are right, we have to think ahead.

Four females arguing about how many babies I will father is all too much for me! *You four work this out. I am going upstairs to my office for a while.*

§ § §

My God, we are building a home with eight bedrooms and a huge nursery. Maricar says it will hold fifteen infants at once. I tell her: *Yes. I want children, but isn't this going a little overboard?*

Husband, within the year you may have anywhere from five to six or seven children born. Mistress Imee may have one, two or three! This fertility drug has the side affect of frequently producing multiple births. If you get them all pregnant again next year, the first kids will still be in the nursery when the next ones are born. Now do you think 15 is too many?

Huh, maybe it is time to stop with the drugs. Five to seven will be plenty.

Ha! Good luck with that Lawrence.

§ § §

I have skipped another sixty days. Ikay is now pregnant as well and we know now that both she and Jovelyn are carrying twins. Ultrasound is a wonderful tool - it gives me a chance to panic long before all these babies arrive!

For the time being both girls are off the table as far as fucking is concerned.

Imee missed her period last week, but it is too soon to know anything, so she is still on my list. Maricar is back on the fuckable list now that the young'uns are off it. That makes my wife triply happy. For what it is worth, I love her more now than ever. True, the fact that she dresses sexier for me now, and gives me sex whenever I ask her for it doesn't hurt a bit. She is working out and staying fit in a very dedicated way these days.

The new house should be finished by the time the second set of twins are born.

Oh! I almost forgot to mention. Our new apartment building is up and we have it half filled. Imee, Maricar and I have been having fun, interviewing prospective tenants. Imee thinks we should be using the process to scope out potential conquests. I am not sure if she means for me or for her. When I asked, she just giggled. Ikay overheard the conversation and later whispered in my ear that the nursery might not be big enough.

So far we have been just making sure those we accept can pay the rent and have a clean police report. Imee wants us to rent out the balance to single mothers with teenage girls.

For me, I no longer even consider, whether I will have sex each day. The only questions have to do with whom will I have it. I find it interesting that as much of a dominatrix Imee is, toward Maricar, she is submissive towards me. I have no experience in such matters and I don't understand how one person can be both.

In bed, Imee never demands. She asks, and sometimes begs. She does everything I ask of her without hesitation. I have no doubt that if I asked her to, she would procure girls or women for me. I am not asking for it. She asked me if I wanted to brand her body with a tattoo. I do not. I do love fucking her in the ass but I am not interested in being a 'Master.'

§ § §

Imee is pregnant, as are the two girls. The house construction is on time and miracle of miracles, I have Maricar in my bed every night! She is by far the most beautiful of my companions and now, as it was when we first dated, I have complete access to her body. What joy!

She is still a young woman. I had married her in her early 20's and we have been married now nine years. She looks better today than she did the day I married her. Her breasts are still firm as is her ass. Her legs are a marvel. They look so good in high heels. Every time I see her in heels and a sexy dress I just want fuck her right then and there. I don't care who sees. I used to say that, but am not sure I meant it. Now I know I mean it. The other girls are watching Face To Face on TV5, when Maricar walks into the room looking so incredibly good.

As she walks into the sala, I pull her into my arms and hold her tight, giving her a romantic french kiss as my hands travel up under her dress to her tiny thong panties. I unzip the back of her dress right there in the sala. The others are beginning to notice as her dress hits the floor. She is in my arms - in the middle of the sala - in bra, panties and heels. Three females watch as I continue kissing her, unhook her bra and grab her ass. The TV is blaring but no one is watching, as I lift Maricar up onto the back of a low chair, and pull her thong off. I spread her legs and slide between them as I pull my dick out of my shorts. I forcefully insert it in my wife's waiting wet cunt. We are still kissing as I start a steady rhythm. I break the kiss. She whispers in my ear, *Show our audience just how much you want your wife, please.* I whisper back, *My pleasure. I am going to give you a fucking to remember sweetheart.*

Still fucking my wife and loving the feeling, it is time Maricar got the full attention of everyone. *Ikay, come give my wife's left breast your full attention. Suck on it, play with it. Make her hot for your hands and mouth. Jovelyn, you take her right breast in the same way. Imee, go grab*

a butt plug, grease it up. I will lift up Maricar long enough for you to insert it. Then you suck on her toes.

Just knowing what was about to happen to her, raises Maricar's level of sexual excitement. Her pussy is cascading juices. In minutes, there is a full assault on her body by all of us. Ikay has decided to not only do Maricar's breast, she is fingering Maricar's clit, as I fuck my wife.

Maricar is going nuts. I know I am going to cum soon. I tell Imee to get a dildo and strap it on. When I come I will have Imee replace me.

I will give Maricar no rest. I want her to be so well fucked by all, that she knows how much I desire her. I continue to fuck my wife, as Imee grabs my balls and squeezes, sticks her tongue in my ear and tells me to cum now! I do, deep and long. Maricar's eyes flash open and moans loud and long, but even though I am done for the moment, she is not. Imee replaces me and, with the strapped on dildo, continues to pump into my wife. We have two strap-ons in the house. I tell Ikay to get the other one.

Maricar is damn close to out of it, when I tell Imee to pull out and let Ikay have a go at Maricar. My wife has become our pin cushion and we all take a turn fucking her. By the time Jovelyn has had her turn, I am hard again. I turn my wife over, on the back of the chair and take her from the rear up her ass. Her lovely tits hanging down with the girls sucking on them again, from the other side of the chair.

Maricar is mine in a way she never understood she would be when we first married. I am more than married to this woman. I own her now.

§ § §

Chapter 7: Who's your daddy?

I'm too fucking old to be a father and I am enjoying the shit out of it at the same time. Of course, it doesn't hurt that I have an army of mothers and one overjoyed aunt taking care of the infants. Still it looks like we need more help. The nursery was designed for 15. Jovelyn had twins. Ikay had twins, and blessed be, Imee had triplets last week. That's seven little shitters.

Much to my amazement, we have one part time volunteer. Ikay's mother is over most days to help with the kids. As a 'thank you,' I am comp'ing their rent from now on... besides the woman is now the grandmother of two of my infants. Ikay's mother does have a name, but as everyone calls her Lola, which is Tagalog for grandmother, that's how I refer to her.

Lola gave me a good laugh this past month. I guess she was confused how I could want Ikay when I have such a beautiful wife. And so she queried her daughter.

Maricar's too pretty and too young. When, does a man who has a wife like that, want to bother with someone like you, child?

Oh mother, I think you had better ask Maricar that question. I am not going to say.

But you know?

Yes, but you ask her! I will not gossip about Maricar in this house.

I gather Lola was too shy to ask my wife. Too bad, she might have learned something.

§ § §

We have chosen to 'declare' that no one get's pills again before their kids have had their first birthday. At the moment, the only female I am having sex with is my dear and beautiful wife.

The new apartment building is fully rented and, no, not with pretty mother daughter pairings. I wanted a second stable income source, not a harem a few km from my house. It currently generates excess income and we really don't need it to live. But if something happens to one property, we now have a second to fall back upon. Our new home sits on a lot 2600SqM in size. While we were planning the design with our architect, he asked us if we wanted to build a dormitory. I must have looked at him oddly, because he fumbled around a bit before saying that a few years ago, he had a client who has built a house with many bedrooms and a large nursery. There the owner had him build a two-room school and a dormitory.

I told the architect that I wasn't planning on that, but Maricar and Imee interceded, asking what such a dormitory might look like and just whom the other client was. We didn't get the client name... something about professional ethics and permission from the other guy, but we did get a look at drawings for the dormitory. It was a mother daughter dormitory with a common cooking and bathing facility. I must admit, I am intrigued about the other client. Imee and Maricar are talking, about building the dormitory, and how we might use it.

§ § §

That was close to a year ago. The house is, of course, now up and I had not given any thought for close to the same amount of time. During the year, we have seen the architect, a Sir Reyes, many times and he has seen my three girls proceed with their pregnancies. The guy is not fool, so I guess he put two and two together.

Last week we got a feeler, via a text. Things followed from that.

His name is Jake and we are invited over to his place to meet him and his family. The invitation has come to Maricar, from a woman named Joy.

Joy is a pretty Filipina in her mid to late thirties. Maricar calls her Ate. Joy asks some very intrusive and personal questions, but not in a way of accusation. It seems she wants to get an understanding of how we operate here. At some point, she seems to get it and invites the five of us for a formal dinner with Jake's family. They are not too far from here. Dinner will be on Saturday afternoon. Maricar asks her how formal this will be,

to which Joy, with what looks like a twinkle in her eye, says ‘formal for our men, sexy formal for us’ and then winks at Maricar.

All of us? The young girls too, Ate?

Yes Maricar, all of you. We will all be there too.

When you say you will ‘all’ be there, how many are you?

Joy is laughing, *You will see!*

§ § §

That was Thursday and this is Saturday. We had to find some help for Lola and Imee’s aunt, as they would be alone with the seven kids. I am sure they could handle it, but it still seemed unfair.

I am wearing slacks instead of shorts and a barong tagalog⁵. The one I wear is white, Jake’s is sky blue. Every female at the table is in a very short dress and 4” heels. I thought I had a large family. There are five of us and I do the introductions. Jake then introduces us to Joy, who we had already met, Jun, Abbey, Mitch, Cherise, Anabel, Rose, and Rosemarie. I innocently asked if Anabel and Rosemarie were his daughters and Joy quickly said that all Jake’s women at the table were his girlfriends.

Even you Joy? You are a girlfriend?

Yes. I am Jake’s girlfriend.

There was rustling among Jake’s girls, and finally Jun spoke: *Yes, we are all girlfriends, but Joy is special and number one here. No one is married to Jake, but Joy is special.* The rest of his girls looked relieved at that statement. Jake signaled no response.

⁵ Formal men's outer garment of the Philippines. It is properly referred to as the 'Baro ng Tagalog' (dress of the Tagalog). Contracting the first two words produces 'Barong,' which literally means 'dress of.' The Barong Tagalog is both a shirt and a coat in itself. It is not merely a 'shirt'. If it were, then it would need a coat or a jacket over it to qualify as formal wear and would have to be worn tucked inside the trousers. The garment is made of jusi, which is sometimes called jusi-piña because it is a blend of raw silk yarns and pineapple fibers. The weave is somewhat open and lets air through, keeping the wearer cool.

It is instructive to see Anabel and Rosemarie at Jake's table. I thought I had dipped my toe in young waters. Jake makes me look absolutely puritanical. I have no interest in emulating him in adding younger girls.

Dinner was magnificent and a festive hour. The women gossiped about everything except what happens behind closed doors. Their sexual relations, with their man, is not discussed. What is discussed was the building of a dormitory on our lot. Jake thinks it is a good idea. He even says that he will help me fill the place with mother daughter pairs, claiming that I will be doing Jun and him a favor if we go ahead and build it.

Why should I build it? Ok, I am doing you a good turn, but what do I get from it?

You say you don't want any more children than those your girls here will give you, right?

Yes, but even then I am going to shut that down soon.

OK, so that's fine. Why not have other pretty women available?

I'm not adding other women to my house!

Easy there! I'm not suggesting you add anyone to your house. I understand that completely. I am talking about bedding others, not adding them to your house. Give the mother and daughters a dormitory to live in while the daughters are school age and are going to school. Give them free rice and a plot to plant a garden. Allow them to get jobs during the day to supplement their economic needs and instead of rent, for the time they live in the dorms, they are yours. They can move out at any time. The mothers and children we see here all need that at a minimum and we can't take a fraction of them for our program. You won't have our program and you can kick them out as soon as the daughters age out of school. You can kick them out if the mothers aren't cooperative. You get a pool of women, you are doing a good deed and they never, ever become part of your household.

While Jake is talking to me, I see a side conversation between Rosemarie and my two girls, Ikay and Jovelyn.

Rosemarie speaks up, *Sir Jake, may we three be excused?* She is pointing to my two young girls. Jake looks at me and I nod.

Yes.... now, looking back at me, Lawrence, relax, you are already on the boat. It is not a matter of, will you be with more than one woman. It is only a question of how many.

The man is right. That is the question.

§ § §

It is Sunday morning and I am back at home. I learn my two young ones were taken to the school dorm there and engaged in an orgy of many girls. I gather Rosemarie was showing them just how this plan, that Jake was pushing, would be good for them as well as for me. To that extent, it worked, as both of the young ones are all for building the dormitory plan now.

I am not convinced. Is it relatively easy to add women to your bed here? Yes, if you have money, it is very easy. Maricar and I do have enough money now. We can easily afford to build the type of dorm needed. I am in the sala as Maricar and Imee come back from the market.

I want to speak with you two about the dorm idea.

They put the packages down and sit by me.

Why do you two want me to do this? Maricar you first.

I want you to have everything a man can dream of. I denied you much. Now I have learned how much you love me, because even though you are given everything from others, you will not leave me. Since you will never leave me, and since I owe you so much, I want you to have this. I think this must be every man's fantasy. I am happy you can have it.

And you, Imee? Why?

I am yours forever. You know it. Maricar knows it. I want you so happy that you never, ever think about life without me. This dormitory keeps you

happy and adds no one to our home. It is perfect. Please build it Lawrence.

I'm not having sex with girls as young as Jake is, do you both understand that? I get raised eyebrows and giggles. And so I am faced with women – my women – asking me to do something that is so counter-intuitive that I have a hard time wrapping my head around it.

§ § §

Maricar is wearing a red thong and red 4” heels. That is all. I am in my office and look up to see her standing there. It is two in the afternoon.

Husband, I need you to fuck me.

Her body is perfect. Her face is exquisite. Her hair is long black and silky smooth. She stands 154cm. No woman anywhere in the world – to my eyes – is more lovely. I wasn't hard before, but I am getting hard now.

Where would you like me to fuck you, wife? Here on the floor, or across the hall in our bed?

Fuck me in Ikay's bed. I am your sixteen-year-old pussy today. I want to be Ikay today. I want you to call me Ikay. I want you to tell me the things Ikay does for you so that I can do them too.

Ikay and Jovelyn are in school at the moment. Imee is in the nursery with Lola and the infants. The house is functionally empty, but for the two of us, as I walk 'Ikay' to her bedroom, and on to her bed. There is a stuffed rabbit doll that Ikay holds onto from her childhood. She never touches it during sex, but I tell this 'Ikay' to hold on to the rabbit. She does. She is on her back, clutching the rabbit to her breasts as I slip down between her legs, slide off her thong and begin to eat her out. Her pussy is smooth and hairless, just as it has been from the day I met her. There are juices already flowing from her as I spread her labia and run my tongue over her inner lips. *Do you like that Ikay?*

What does Ikay call you?

She calls me Sir, Sir Lawrence and sometimes just Lawrence.

Yes Sir, I do like that. I like that a lot.

I return to her pussy and continue slowly, and gently to tease her cunt with my tongue. She grabs my hair and pulls my head tighter into her cunt. She wants more than teasing. I am not cooperating. I continue to tease the hell out of her. I roll her nipples between my fingers. She is humping my face. I pinch her nipples. She is forcing my face into her cunt as she humps my face quite hard.

I pull back and tell her she is being a bad girl. I grab her head by the hair and pull her face down to my cock. She takes my member into her mouth with the hand that isn't holding the rabbit. *Take me deep Ikay. I want to feel your throat around my dick.* She does take me deep. My balls are hitting her chin. There is spittle on my thighs. *Oh yes girl, that's a good girl Ikay.* I am pumping away in her throat. I just can't believe I am fucking her this way. I am having a hard time holding back. Then she grabs my ass and sticks a finger up by bunghole. Oh God! I am blowing ropes down her throat. If she wanted a long afternoon of sex... she has short-circuited my system. I dump everything I have down her throat and into her belly.

Good God... You must have been in a serious need. You sure as hell didn't want to take your time!

Lawrence, I can't begin to tell you how much more exciting it is knowing that if I ever want sex, I have to come and get it. You already have plenty other places to get it and in just a little bit you will have far more. I know I am your wife for life and you will never leave me, but I also know that if I want to feel your love, I have to get it, I can't be lazy and take you for granted. I did that before and I deserve what has happened. However... if you think this is over, even for the moment, you are wrong. You may be limp right now but you won't be limp for long. You know what I've been thinking about?

No, what has Your Horniness been thinking about?

All those pretty mothers and daughters who will be living here. I think you and I are going to have a lot of fun. Maybe I will use a strap on and fuck the mother in the same bed as you are on while you fuck the daughter. What do you think Lawrence? Then we can swap and you can

have the mother while I suck your cum out of the daughter. Would you like that Lawrence? Would you like more mother-daughter sex parties? How about a different beautiful mother-daughter each day for 30 days? We can build a dorm for thirty Lawrence, you know we can. Then we can start over again. You want that Lawrence? She's stroking my member the entire time. Her lips have been inches from my ear the entire time. She knows she is getting to me. She can feel the results.

The daughters are too young! I can't fuck them that young. I know Jake does, but I'm not Jake.

Joy said some of the families they reject are because there is an older daughter. Those are the ones we will get. They are pretty, smart, but because there is an older sibling, Jake and Jun's operation isn't set up to accommodate them. You don't have to worry about fucking very young ones. However, as the older ones age out, the younger ones will age in. Just think! After a couple of years, you will have mothers with two daughters who you will also be fucking. You have never had that Lawrence and you will have a whole dormitory filled with them. You want that Lawrence, you know you do. I can feel it in your cock. You want it bad, don't you. See how hard you're getting, Lawrence? See how much you want to fuck all those daughters, Lawrence? Think of those mothers guiding your big cock into their precious little daughter's cunts, telling you to fuck them really good.

I am hard again. Maricar/Ikay climbs up on me and lowers herself down, spearing herself. She is talking to me as she rides me. You're going to fuck all of them Lawrence. I am going to make sure you get into each of the women. I am going to guide your cock into each mother myself. Before you see each mother, I will shave her, dress her, put makeup on her and get her ready for you Lawrence. I will get the daughters ready for you too. I will make them beautiful for you Lawrence. Let these women have your babies my love. I want there to be so many, many babies. Make them for me, Lawrence, give me so many babies. She feels me, hard, inside her as she grabs my shoulders, and rolls us over, her legs in the air, held up by my arms as I pound her cunt. I so much want to give her the one thing she will never have, her own children. Give me those babies, cum in those women and give me babies! Please! Oh God Fuck me hard! I am doing that. I pound her pussy until I feel the need welling up inside me. As she digs her fingernails into my back, I give her what

she wants, even though it will never do what she so desperately needs. My hot cum hits her sterile cunt, soothing it and making her cum one more time.

§ § §

The dormitory is under construction. There will be twenty-four bedrooms which will be shared by mother and daughters. Joy has told Maricar that they will refer only those who have two daughters, one at least fourteen and the other twelve. I will not touch the young ones, until they are older. I am amazed by how inexpensive this construction project is. I gather we have a few months before we will get referrals as that only happens between school years. By then, Ikay will be done with high school. Jovelyn has another year of school to complete. Things are going to be very busy.

As crazy as it was before the three got pregnant, in some ways things have settled down for me now that they have children. They are very busy with the babe's. I suspect that I will get very little attention from them in the coming months. I wonder if there will be a demand for more kids, or if that will drop-off too. Maybe the dormitory is a good idea.

§ § §

The dorm is built. Maricar received a packet from Joy. She and Imee are going over it. There are three stacks. Those they surely want, those they surely do not and those that didn't make it in either of the first two stacks. I am told I can see the acceptable ones, once it is done. While I wait, I am enjoying some fine Whiskey that Jake sent over via Joy. I have to say, Joy is a remarkable woman. She seems as devoted to Jake as Maricar and Imee are devoted to me. I also have to say that it is a little comforting to know that I am not alone in some of this craziness.

§ § §

Chapter 8: My version of golf

Ask yourself. What do many retired men do to pass the time during all those days when the men who are not retired are at work? Read books? Maybe a few do. Go for long walks? Really, how many of those can you do before it's just too damned boring? Many of my old buddies are out on the golf course two or three days a week. Nine holes and stop for a lunch in the clubhouse before the back nine and drinks at the clubhouse before going home. Many tell me that their wives are so delighted to get them out of the house that the wives just about stand at the front door holding the clubs for them to grab as they go.

Me? Well I have other things to keep me busy. One is the apartments. We have two apartment buildings and neither is here by the house. I am still collecting the rents. And no, I am not trolling for pussy, though I do get offers, often enough. These days I rarely take them up. Still if the female is incredibly pretty and not married, I will take a bite of the apple, once. I never go back for seconds. That just causes more complexity than I need these days. And these days I avoid the daughters of the renter. It's just easier that way. When I am collecting rent, what I want is the money. It is really that simple. I have no pension. We took the money we could squeeze out of the business and invested that money in these properties. If the rent money isn't collected, we have no income. I am still two years away from Social Security and there is a damned good chance that Congress and the President will extend the date of eligibility out further. When I was a kid it was 65. Now it's 67. Who the fuck knows where it will be when I am 67? And anyway, it will only bring me another \$2K/mo or if you do the current conversion rate to the Philippine Peso, ₱80,000. Quite frankly many a Filipino lives on a lot less but I prefer to live on a lot more.

Of course, I don't collect the rents every day. Some days I meet with the building manager and make sure repairs are made, where needed. Other days I meet with expat friends here. There are actually quite a few of us. Some days, though not often, I sit down and write, as I am doing now. However as you can see, that is an infrequent event.

Most days I am putting my little putter into a hole or two...

You see the dormitory is filled. It is filled with the most amazingly lovely females. The deal, mother and older daughter(s) are my girlfriends in exchange for rent, until the youngest quits school or graduates high school, whichever comes first, was one I did not have to explain. Joy and Rose told them, after they had been informed that their family did not qualify for Jun's school, that they have this option, if they wanted it. Only those who chose to be considered even made it to the stack of folders we received. A surprising number wanted to be considered.

There was one who seemed great but there were three girls, two of them significantly older, plus the mom, and we just could not accommodate them in the dormitory. They seemed like a nice family. They had come from Marbel. Jake had mentioned he liked them, but had no room for them and I told Jake I felt we were in the same position. He said he would see if any of his stateside contacts might find a place for them. All I could do was wish him, good luck. We did take one family with three girls, but two of them were young and we hoped that it would work out.

Some just didn't seem like we would be happy with them. They might be in need, but for whatever reason, we decided to stay away from them. In the end, we did find twenty-four mothers with daughters sets, and the dorm was filled.

When I say we, I mean Maricar, Imee and me. Jovelyn and Ikay seemed to be forever tied up with the toddlers. There is talk about another round of children. I am pushing back for them to wait another year. Anyway, three of us selected the dorm residents. Joy told us that we should use Rose to help us get these women into the right mind set to accept girl-girl sex. At first Imee was opposed, but after a couple of missteps and the loss of a family from the dorm, she acquiesced. Rose is a marvel. I do not touch the woman. She is, heart and soul, Jake's. I respect that and am just happy to see my girls get some expert assistance. Because Rose is Jake's, I am never there when Rose is assisting, but Maricar says that Rose has taught both Imee and her a lot about a variety of things. I choose to stay in the dark and do not ask for details.

In truth, I have little time to ask Imee very much these days. Between her activities with the dorm and her role as mother of triplets, I rarely see her. She is rarely at the table for meals. It would seem that being the child bearing, permanent and forever, Mistress is what she really wanted. Now

that she has borne me offspring, she is less of a force in Maricar's and my life. She is still there and Maricar still loves her, but she is sleeping in the nursery, not my bed these days. Maricar and I spend most nights together as husband and wife.

The results of Rose's impact are clear in a number of ways. Those ways include, both, the women they worked with, as well as Maricar and Imee. Maricar has grown in confidence and in her appreciation of sexuality. It is clear in ways both subtle and obvious. Her fantasy life has taken flight and gives rise to some wonderful adventures, like the time she came with me to collect the rent at the newer building one day when I was pretty sure a young beauty would not have the rent payment.

The woman, Marisa, had offered herself up before and I had obliged her for a week's deferment on the rent. This time Maricar comes with me but hangs back away from the door far enough, so that she isn't seen, when our renter makes the offer again. Marisa is a truly lovely twenty-two year old. Tall for a Filipina, at 164cm, and with nice sized breasts, that Maricar and Imee have assumed was the result of a skillful surgeon. I, on the other hand, who has had a hand on the matter, disagree. Marisa is stunning in a sexy dress and heels. I think she was expecting a visit from me as she opens the door with a big smile. *Lawrence! Sweetheart, I am going to be late again. Can we handle it the way we did last time?*

Yes, with an addition, Marisa. There will be three of...

You bring a friend to fuck me! I am not a prostitute!

Calm down. No, I brought my wife, your other landlord, and we both want to fuck you.

No! I am not a lesbian!

I never assumed you were. My wife isn't either.

Then why she wants to fuck me.

Maricar, coming up beside me, *Because Lawrence is my husband and he is fucking you, then I want to know you too. Let us in or move out Marisa!*

Young beautiful Marisa stands there nonplussed. I approach her, kiss her and with Maricar beside me, and assisting with details, we enter the apartment, close the door and enter the bedroom. I take Marisa more fully in my arms to kiss her. Maricar gets behind her and lowers the zipper on her dress all the way down to the crack of Marisa's ass. I continue to hold and kiss beautiful Marisa, as Maricar slides the dress off the woman's shoulders and lowers it to her feet. Carefully Maricar coaxes Marisa to raise each foot in heels up enough, one at a time to extricate the dress. I continue to kiss Marisa as Maricar hangs the woman's dress on a hanger in a closet area. Marisa's light coffee colored skin is perfect and magnificent, I unsnap her red bra and Maricar pulls down Marisa's red hip hugger panties, again over heels and then away from the woman. I whisper in Marisa's ear, *Undress my wife*. She is unsure and wants to argue, but holds her tongue.

Marisa approaches Maricar tentatively. Maricar has a smile on her face and reaches out to put a hand on Marisa's shoulder as they come close. Maricar's dress has buttons down the front. Marisa is unbuttoning the dress. I am behind Marisa and put one arm around her waist with a hand reaching up to a breast and one hand between her legs. I start fingering Marisa's cunt and playing with her nipples as she undresses my wife. Marisa gets to the bottom button. Maricar slides her own dress down. It hits the floor and she steps out and kicks it away as I continue to finger fuck Marisa and maul a breast from behind. Maricar's face is now centimeters from Marisa's. My wife closes the gap, puts her hand around the back of Marisa and kisses her for all she's worth. At the same time Maricar's hand has found Marisa's clit and my wife and I bump knuckles as she attends to a clit and I attend to a speculative G-spot. The initially resistant Marisa, is putty in our hands.

We move Marisa to her bed and I choose to sit back and watch my wife take her first renter. She brought a strap-on in her purse, so before I relax in the easy chair, I hand the belt with dildo to Maricar. Maricar is kissing Marisa as she straps it on and then lowers herself down on Marisa. I gather Marisa has never seen a strap-on dildo before. There is an instant of panic in her eyes as the recognition snaps into place, in her head. But it is too late to complain as the dildo plunges past her labia, through the inner lips and deep into Marisa's cunt. Maricar is talking to her, *You are mine Marisa. Your cunt is mine, girl. I own your cunt, girl*. Maricar is pounding Marisa's cunt without mercy. *You like this, don't you cunt?*

Answer me... do you like this? Marisa is staring up at Maricar. There is a tear in her right eye as she whispers, *Yes, Ate, yes I do like it. Make me cum Ate. Please, Ate. Oh God Ate, this is so good.* Maricar lowers her face onto Marisa and they kiss as Maricar also pinches Marisa's right nipple as hard as she can. Marisa's orgasm explodes.

I get up and lean over my wife, whispering in her ear, *Stay in her and roll her over so that her ass is up.*

Maricar follows my directions. I drop my short, briefs and stroke my pole a bit before lubing it up with the Vaseline we brought with us. I place my member at the center of her exposed rosebud and push through. Marisa howls. Maricar pulls her into a kiss as I complete the push to the bottom. My motion is forcing her up and back on the dildo. I can feel the dildo inside Marisa, as I pump in and out of her ass. Slowly Marisa is beginning to respond positively as she learns to accept the anal invasion.

Oh God! Yes take me! Take me in every way. I am yours. Fuck me. Fuuuck meee. Fuuuck yesssss!

I pound away until I feel Marisa's next orgasm. It just about breaks my dick into pieces, her anal muscles are so strong. I cannot pump. I am stuck and her muscles have me pinched in place. Pressure is building in my scrotum. When her anal muscles relax a bit, my cum spews into her ass.

§ § §

Maricar and I get out of the tricycle that we took to go back home from the apartment building.

I ask her, *What do you think?*

That can get to be addictive!

Yes it can. So you liked it?

No, I loved it. I loved the power I felt and the sex I got. I had that same sense of power with the women in our dorm. You will see for yourself.

Now that I feel it, I don't want to give it up. Is that OK Lawrence? Are you OK with that?

Yes I am OK, so long as you understand that I can and will deny you all of it if we get back into the old pattern.

Yes, you are right. I see how I could forget that. It would be a big mistake. I promise, it will not happen.

Ok then. It's time I tasted the women in the dorm.

No Lawrence, Rose says you must first taste the daughters, and only then the mothers. If there is a problem with the daughters, then the family must leave. The mother must be there when you take the daughter. If that goes OK then they can stay.

I see. OK I guess Rose knows best in this case.

§ § §

There is a protocol that evidently has been put in place, as directed by Joy and Rose. I am not supposed to see the mother and daughter in their rooms. Instead, the two are invited to supper with us. The mother and daughter are to see that this is being done in front of the household. They are to understand that there are no secrets when it comes to the fact that they will be my bedmates. They are also to understand that we are a unified family. Joy even gave my family instructions as to engaging in kidding the two 'guests' about the sex that is about to be engaged in. I can see the value of this, though it clearly is different from the way I have done things before. I guess Jake's women are schooling me on how to do things right... in that weird way, as the concept of 'right' makes my head spin.

The mother and daughter pair who join us tonight may be with us a long time. The mother, Gloria has three daughters, aged fourteen, twelve and nine. If I take each daughter as she turns fourteen and they leave when the last one ages out of school at age sixteen, this family may be with me for seven years. The oldest daughter is already wonderfully developed and the mother is quite pretty. The younger ones show potential. But as

they may be with us for so many years, Imee especially wants to make sure that there will be no problems with the family.

Gloria and the fourteen year-old, named Corrine, join us at six thirty. The dinner table is set for seven places. Lola and Imee's aunt are watching the children. All my girls come to the table in pretty sexy dresses and heels. Gloria and Corrine are not so well attired. Ikay pipes up and tells them that assuming the evening with me goes well, she will take them to get nice things tomorrow. Gloria demurs saying they can't afford such things. But Ikay laughs and says, I did not say you two will pay. Lawrence will pay. If Corrine and you are going to be his, he will want you to look like you are his. That puts the entire supper in a different light for Corrine and Gloria. Corrine blushes. Gloria is so nervous she can hardly hold her spoon. Supper is grilled tuna belly, pinakbet, chicken adobo, kangkong and of course rice. Bottles of Sprite and Coke and a pitcher of water are on the table. I have my San Miguel beer. The supper is incredibly good. Corrine is embarrassed by her mother, who tells the girl, she is taking too much food. She isn't but we don't want to criticize the mother by saying anything.

After dinner, all the girls, including our two guests, go to the sala to watch the rest of Will Time, Big Time on TV5. I retire to my office and transcribe some of this.

The show is over at about 8:30 and Maricar escorts Gloria and Corrine to the master bedroom. Maricar asks them if they have brought sexy nightclothes. Establishing that they have not, Maricar opens a couple of dresser drawers and indicates that the two can use things from the drawers. After suggesting the use of the shower and that they should get ready, Maricar informs the two that I will enter the bedroom in an hour, at 9:30.

§ § §

I do enter at 9:30 to find two females under the covers of the bed. They look terrified.

No one and nothing requires you to be here. If either of you do not want to be with me tonight, I would prefer you leave now before things happen that one of us regrets.

No, we must be here.

No Gloria, that is not true. If you need a couple of weeks to find other arrangements, we will see to it that you have those weeks.

No one will do for us what you will.

That might be true, but if you are not going to, cheerfully, be my girlfriend, then that offer no longer exists. You and your daughters either are happy and desiring to be my girlfriends, or there is no deal. Understand that for now it is just Corrine. But you have two more and as each of them turns fourteen, I will expect them to join me. This is not something that all can agree to, that's OK, but for those who don't or can't, it is over. Either we all get something we want from the deal or there is no deal.

You do not have to worry, we will all do it.

Gloria, I understand that you will do it, but that it will be something that you don't want to do. I have no interest in such an arrangement.

May I stay if my mother leaves?

No, you may not. You and your sisters need to be with your mother.

I get the feeling that Maricar and Imee knew this might happen. That's why they put this family first in line. If they need to go, send them now, rather than let them hang in for a while. Should they go, it will be a warning to the others that 'attitude' is important. They either have to want to engage, or they are gone.

Gloria breaks down in tears. She is apologizing for her bad attitude. Tears be damned, it's attitude when the tears are gone that matters. I sit down on the bed nearest Corrine. She scoots into my arms uninvited. *Please Sir Lawrence, I want to be your girlfriend. Mom is just really difficult. She always has been.*

Corrine, I understand that, but she is going to have to change that very quickly or you all must leave. I will make no exceptions.

Please give me fifteen minutes with her, alone.

I don't see the point but agree anyway. I go back to the office using the time to add a few lines in this journal. When I go back to the bedroom, Gloria meets me at the door. She does not look scared. She looks determined. *Sir Lawrence, I have some very bad habits and it is up to me to fix them. I do not ask for forgiveness. I do ask you to take us as your girls. I promise you that you will never have girlfriends that are more loyal. You will never have girlfriends that are more loving to you than we will be. You will have all of us. I promise you that you will never have any reason to regret your decision if you allow us to stay.* And with that, she puts her arms around me, jumps up on me and kisses me. It is quite a performance and I guess I believe it. Whatever Corrine and she said to each other in the intervening fifteen minutes, it was effective.

All right, I accept that there has been a change. Now it is time for me to take your daughter with your assistance. Are you ready and willing?

Yes!

Take the clothing off your daughter and present her to me.

Gloria lifts off the full silk slip that Corrine had been wearing. There is nothing underneath. Corrine is truly a pretty girl, but she has pubic hair; there is not much hair, but there is some. I know that it is common in some families, that they don't start shaving the pubes until age eighteen, but it is unacceptable to me.

Take Corrine to the bathroom. You will find a razor and shaving cream in there. Shave her. There is to be no hair anywhere except her head, and if there is such hair on you, shave that too.

Yes Sir!

And it is done. Ten minutes in the bathroom is consumed, but not a disagreement, and not a cross look. Corrine is presented a second time. She is perfect. I run my hand gently over her pubes, which are now soft and smooth. *Gloria, you are to keep yourself and all your daughters this way from now on. I may not have them in my bed yet, but let them be aware that that they are being prepared to join my bed.*

Yes Sir.

I have the two get on the bed but not under sheets. I instruct Gloria to spread her daughter's legs as far as they will go. While she is complying I kneel down and using my fingers gently I spread Corrine's inner lips. She is indeed a virgin. I lick her pussy. Corrine is surprised and jumps. I lick it again. This time there is no jump and instead there is a sigh. *Gloria, get yourself above your daughter and nestle the back of her head on your pussy, while you stroke her hair.* Gloria complies as I start eating Corrine's pussy in earnest. The girl is clearly enjoying the experience and I prolong it a good ten minutes until my jaw gives out. Corrine is close to cumming, but has not cum yet.

Gloria, take that tube of KY on the night table to your left, and put some on my cock and on your daughter's pussy.

I doubt that Gloria had touched her daughter's pussy for many years, but she is doing so now and clearly it is stimulating her daughter. Gloria then attends my cock and for an initially unwilling participant, she does a bang up job with my cock. In minutes she has me more than slicked up, she has me ready to explode. Considering I am about to enter her daughter, I don't want to explode so soon. Thinking about traffic in downtown Manila, does the trick. I can sustain for a bit now. That is a good thing as my cock hits her maidenhead and breaks through it. Corrine 'yips' briefly but then it is over and we start fucking in earnest. Her head, in her mother's lap; her mother's hand in her hair; my dick up her cunt; Corrine is sweet and tight. Her hands are on my shoulders, urging me on. And on I go, whispering to Corrine how pretty she is. Telling her that she will be mine until she is 21 at a minimum and then, *we will see if you will be mine forever.* She cums hard. Her orgasms triggers mine and I paint her womb with my seed.

I instruct her mother to lick us both clean. Watching Gloria lick Corrine's pussy is highly erotic. As much as Corrine is a little freaked out by her mother tonguing her all around her pussy, the girl is just about ready to cum again. So I whisper in Gloria's ear to keep it up and dig her tongue deeper in her daughter's pussy to get more of my cum out. Corrine explodes and gushes juices all over her mother's face. With that, I pull Gloria off her daughter, finger Corrine and bring in Gloria for a wet

sloppy kiss as I taste my cum, and Corrine's pussy juices on Gloria's lips. It is mind blowing. Corrine cums on my fingers, soaking my arm.

With all that has transpired, I am getting hard again, way ahead of schedule. I mount Gloria, still kissing her. She throws her arms around me as I plunge in. *You like my daughter?* This is what she asks as I am reaming her good and hard. She is gasping and moaning, but she wants to know if I like Corrine. Fuck yes I like Corrine. I also like Gloria's sweet pussy. For a 27 year old with three children, Gloria's pussy is a wonder of muscle control. I tell her as much. *I will teach her to use her pussy just as I use mine. I promise. We will be good to you Lawrence. Fuck me hard Lawrence. Do you want to fuck my tits Lawrence?* I don't. Tit fucking never interested me, and I take a pass, but there is no doubt that Gloria's C cups are hers and real. Corrine already is blowing past her B cup bra. I fantasize about getting Gloria pregnant just to suck on those breasts, heavy and engorged with milk, every day. I wonder if she becomes a D cup when nursing. And that trips my trigger. Another pussy filled with cum.

Yeh, some guys play with little balls, skinny sticks and have a hard time finding the hole. If that's golf, I prefer a thick stick, big balls and a hole where ever I turn.

As my great uncle was reputed to have said – as told to me by my aged mother – so many holes and so little time.

§ § §

Chapter 9: How to make a marriage work

Maricar is sipping on a mango shake. *Both of us thought those two would be gone today.*

Well you were almost correct. I was about to send them packing. But they got it together and convinced me that they would be good. Maybe they won't be, but I think they will be OK now.

Ikay has taken them shopping. They told her that you told them to come back to your bed tonight. Am I also in your bed tonight?

You are.

When do you want the next ones?

Tomorrow night. Please make sure the next two have clothing with which to come to the table. And also please pass the word that the girls are to be shaved.

Corrine was not shaved?

No, I sent them back into the bathroom to correct that.

I see. It will not happen again.

§ § §

Expats from the USA generally come in two flavors. First, there are the 'lonely for socialization' ones who want to talk about their lives to you and want to know everything you are doing. Second, there are the hermits. They don't want you to know shit about what they are doing and don't want to know shit about what you are doing. You know who is in the second group because though we all know they are around, none of us have ever had a meaningful conversation with one of those guys, let alone visit their homes. The first group is mostly a bunch of good guys but there are things they just don't need to know and as our dormitory is

being built, I have gotten to the point that I am feeling like I need to join the second group.

It is at that point I decide to reach out to Jake again for some advice. As much as Jake is one fucking weird ass satyr, he is also one of the most sensible guys I have ever met. If he had figured out how to deal with it, I need to learn from the master.

So why do you see these guys.

Friendship.

Well Joy and Jun and the girls are my friends. So I don't have the need you have.

Maricar is my friend, but I have the need for male friends.

Like I said, I don't have the need. But since you do, my best suggestion is to meet them away from your home and without your women. Do not get into having dinners with them and their wives, as you will be sucked into having them over to your home. Of course, if it can't be helped, invite the couples over. Tell Ikay and Jovelyn to be scarce. Have Imee, and Maricar and a few of your best and prettiest women from the dorm at the table. When the guys' wives want to be introduced to who is at the table, introduce your wife, and then your Mistress and then your girlfriends. My best guess is if the wives don't stand up, grab their husbands and leave, right then and there, you will never hear from most of them again anyway. You will become a hero to the guys, but they will be too henpecked to ever look you up, for fear that their wives will find out. Jake is laughing so hard there are tears in his eyes.

As much as Jake's advice is not what I hoped for, I suspect he is right. My friends must be the women I bed. Still the thought of the sight of the women grabbing their husbands and heading for the door was so fascinating that I just had to do it. Many of these guys had been friends for years. I have known them from years before I retired, when we would just come to the Philippines for a few weeks at a time. I owed them the benefit of the doubt and if their wives put the kybosh on our friendship, it would not be my fault. I say as much to Jake, to which he surprises the shit out of me.

Can I bring my older girls and attend too?

You mean Joy, Rose, Jun, and Cherise?

Yes plus Abbey and Mitch. They are both eighteen this year.

Holy shit! Sure I guess! How will you introduce them?

They are my Mistresses.

Yes of course. Same type of dress as the last dinner together?

Yes.

§ § §

I get back home about an hour before supper. Ikay is walking through the kitchen, so I ask her how the shopping trip went.

Lawrence they are afraid to spend your money. I would suggest things and Gloria would freak out about the cost. I finally got ticked off and told her, if she didn't start agreeing to buying what I selected, I would tell you that they were no good. You should have seen the change in that woman as soon as I said that! I have no problems after that except that we have to backtrack to a few stores to purchase things she had said 'no' to the first time. God, I wish I had a figure like those two have. I am jealous of their breasts. I have to pad my padded bras to push a dress out the way they do by just wearing it! Grrr!

So they got some stuff?

Yes, dresses, shoes, bras, panties and things for the bedroom.

Thank you.

Not a problem. You know Lawrence, with bodies like theirs, you should give them babies.

Ikay!

§ § §

Supper is good, but then it is always good. After which, just like every day, the girls want to watch Willy and I go up to my office to write a bit. At fifteen to nine, Gloria, not Maricar, who I had expected, enters the office in a silk wrap and pretty slippers.

Lawrence, we are ready for you. Will you join us?

I walk into the bedroom right behind Gloria. Maricar and Corrine are on the bed, naked. My wife is on her back and Corrine's face is buried in Maricar's pussy. Maricar is clearly enjoying the moment. She doesn't even notice we have entered the room.

I see that I am late to the party. Gloria I don't think we can catch up to them, but maybe we can outlast them. I take Gloria into my arms and treat her with the love I really do feel for her at the moment. I don't know how it is possible, but my emotional desire for her seems to get transmitted to her and she responds in kind. We have no thoughts for anyone else. She whispers in my ear: *Tonight you are not hers, you are mine.* And it is the truth. I don't even notice Maricar. I pay no attention to Corrine. Gloria is my desire and my only need. I move to eat her out, but she pushes me onto my back and takes me by mouth. Slowly and patiently she gets me going but never taking me over the top. She is holding my balls, squeezing them. She is sucking me hard. Finally after I don't have any idea how long it has been, she gets up and straddles my face, lowering her pussy on to me. I am eating the only pussy I care about. I note that there is a mouth on my dick and a mouth around my balls, but I care not for them. I care about the pussy and the woman attached to it tonight, Gloria. She keeps her pussy tight there where I need it to eat her without smashing my jaw. I get her going. She cums at least twice as her juices literally pour into my mouth.

The other two are still sucking my balls and my cock. It feels good, but I want my cock inside of Gloria. I put my hands on her hips and pull her down toward my cock. The other two relinquish their position as Gloria centers herself on my dick and drops down on it. God her cunt is hot tonight. My dick feels like there is a fire in her cunt. She is moving up and down on me. I feel every cm of movement. Damn this is good.

Is it good Lawrence? This is Maricar. Why is she asking me this? Is she making you happy Lawrence?

Yes God damn it yes!

Good... Give her a baby sweetheart. Give your new love a baby.

Give mommy a baby Sir, please give me a sister.

I... shit, I am way past control here. I am stiff as a board and I will plant my seed any moment. The only reason why Gloria will not get pregnant is because of my weak swimmers.

Gloria has not let up, though I can tell she has had another orgasm. I am damn close. I see her breasts bouncing above me, shapely hips above a shapely ass slapping against my loins. Gloria is gorgeous. I am moments away from coming.

Give it to me! You heard your wife, give... me... a... baby. Oh God! Keep me here forever with you. Give me a baby!

And I cum.

§ § §

Why do I do that? I don't need other children. There are seven already with Ikay and Jovelyn pushing for children as soon as I will allow it. Is it the sense of power that comes from a woman, pleading to be with me? Shit, these woman are beautiful, but they are also as poor as you can imagine. I am providing them a clean place, a comfortable bed; a place to cook, grow food, plus I provide rice and they don't pay a peso. That's why they are begging to stay. I am not so foolish to think it is my boyish good looks. Still a part of me wants to believe that such needs can morph into true love or at least real loyalty. Am I fooling myself? Does it matter?

Is Maricar priming them to ask me for a child, when I am not around? She seems to be on a crusade to create a new tribe, all based on my seed. It is also true from Maricar's point of view, that as soon as the female has born a child, she doesn't seek my attention very much as well. So I can

have a woman, she can get another baby and then the woman almost immediately becomes less a threat to her as she is concerned mostly with the infant. So long as I provide for that, minimal further attention it seems is needed.

§ § §

I sit down with Imee and Maricar about my conversation with Jake about a day too late.

Evidently, if I say something to Jake, then Joy knows about it. In this case, I suspect that Joy might have learned the news and texted Maricar before I even returned from Jake's that day. Anyway, it is after breakfast this morning. Gloria and Corrine had stayed for breakfast before going back to the dorm. So as they leave I indicate to Maricar that there is something about which I want to speak about with Imee and her. Maricar, rather than going to the nursery, texts Imee, who appears about thirty seconds later.

I start to explain the whole issue of my confusion of how to deal with my friends, but after a few sentences, I could tell that I am plowing a sown field.

Ok, what do you already know? The two of them are giggling.

Maricar, controlling her laughter, poorly, answers, *Lawrence, we already talk with Joy. We already invited everyone over for tomorrow night.*

When did you do this? Who exactly?

We invited yesterday afternoon. Jake and his girls are coming already. I invited our friends in Gensan, Tupi, Polomolok and Koronadal. It will be a big party! We will have a big [lechon](#)!

My God, there are seven in Jakes group. Jake says we should have five in our group. And you have invited 18 more? There will be thirty of us!

Imee is no more under control of her laughter as she blurts out, *Yes! Joy is really excited about coming. She says Jake never goes out and socializes. This will be good for him.*

Why? Jake thinks there will be eighteen people who will get up and leave as soon as the women learn about how Jake and I live with all you girls. I suspect he is right and 18 people will leave very quickly.

Maricar already has the answer for this. If they do, we have a dorm of families who will be happy to join us for a party. It is better to know who your real friends are Lawrence.

§ § §

Supper this night is my introduction to two more of our dorm residents, Merlee and her daughter, Laarni. If there is one thing that three of my four, Imee, Ikay and Jovelyn, find hard, it is the beauty of the females in the dorm. These women and girls are in a category all by itself. As to beauty, the only one who is in the same bracket as they are is my Maricar. And even Maricar seems to struggle with this. It is incredibly hard to express the differences in the relative beauty between one of these mothers and another, or between the fourteen-year-old girls. And then some of them are fifteen or sixteen, which is rattling Ikay and Jovelyn even more. For me, it is like having females that, by all rights, once cleaned up, are all capable of being Miss Philippines. To say I don't deserve my good luck is to state the obvious.

Merlee and Laarni are dressed nicely. Laarni is one of the sixteen year olds. They are a little stiff in the surroundings. Imee tries to help them settle, but without success. Maricar gives it a try, and the results aren't any different.

I give it a try. Merlee, I apologize. We are all doing something that is making you and Laarni uncomfortable and we clearly do not know what it is. Will you help me to understand what we are doing wrong?

Sir Lawrence, none of you are doing wrong. Laarni and I understand that every female at this table is your wife or mistress. You are going to take our bodies tonight, but we will never be to you what these women are to you. From where I am sitting, all of them have power over me, and my daughter. I am afraid of doing something or saying something that might displease any one of them or you. That is a scary thing for me.

Merlee you bring up a good point and one worth discussing because I can see how things as they are, are not fair. How would you like to see it changed?

Once you accept us, we should have equal rights to you until the time that we must go.

Comments?

I am not surprised when Maricar speaks up. I am your wife and I deserve to have special access to you and special privileges.

Others?... None?... OK. Here's how I see it. The difference in this house, between a Mistress and a girlfriend is simply that my Mistresses have given me children, and will never leave. Girlfriends have not given me children and when the youngest either quits school or graduates high school, she is to leave the dormitory. As to access to me, only my wife has more access to me than anyone else. Girlfriends has equal access as regards, my Mistresses, unless there comes a time again when a Mistress is trying to get pregnant. Mistresses have no right to force a girlfriend to leave. Only I have that right. Maricar has rights to see me whenever she wants and she is entitled to join me whenever she pleases, regardless of who is in my bed. But she cannot send that person away and she must be courteous to that person. I and only I say who stays and goes. Is that clear to all? Maricar?

Yes, thank you Lawrence.

Imee?

Yes Lawrence.

Ikay?

Yes Sir.

Jovelyn?

Yes, but I want another baby!

You have a few more months to wait. Merlee?

Yes Sir and thank you.

Laarni, is this clear to you?

I have as much say and rights as my mother?

Yes you do, once you have been in my bed.

Wow, OK, does this start tonight?

Yes.

Laarni scowls a bit as if chewing on some thought: And one more thing, if I have your baby, I become your Mistress and I don't leave?

Yes, but that will not happen.

Why?

Because unless you are taking fertility drugs, my semen is not potent enough to get you pregnant.

But if it does happen?

Well I will have a DNA test confirm it. If the child is mine, then yes you stay. If the child is not then you would have to leave immediately.

Cool. When can we start?

As soon as you and your mother are ready.

But I will be first, right?

Yes Laarni, you will be first.

So we can get started now.

No, your mother must be with you the first time.

Why?

Because that is my rule.

But... Oh.

Exactly, now, Merlee, my wife and mistresses normally sit in the sala and watch Will Time, Big Time until 8:30. You and Laarni are invited to do that, but you do not have to. It is entirely up to you.

Sir Lawrence, my daughter wants to climb on to your bed now and I must admit, I do too. I want to more now than I did before you explained I have nothing to fear. I can get pregnant very easily. Too easily I thought. Now it may be a blessing. I bet every woman in the dorm will try to have your baby. So I agree with Laarni, let's get started!

§ § §

Maricar does the honors of bringing them up to the bedroom. They have brought their bedroom attire and have showered just before dinner. Maricar figures they needed only fifteen minutes and so informs me once she leaves them.

You know Lawrence, if they are telling the truth, you might end up with far more mistresses than you expected. You know that works out better for me. The more mistresses, the less each of them has time with you and the more I am your true companion.

Maricar, that must surely be the oddest reasoning I have ever heard, and yet it just might be true.

You know, if you have not proven it so completely, I would be worried tonight.

Huh? What and why?

Your loyalty toward me. I know I am safe with you. If Laarni thought she could come between us and marry you, she would. I can see it in her.

Well then, tomorrow morning come to the bedroom and we will put her in her place. OK?

Thank you, husband.

You are welcome, wife.

You know, I like kissing my wife, just as much these days as I did when we were dating. Right now is no exception. I really do not care at the moment that there are two beauties waiting for me in the next bedroom. I am very happy at the moment in Maricar's arms. But it is because there are other women that Maricar is this way now, a fact I must never forget.

So the kissing ends and I walk across the hall to my bedroom.

The difference between the first night with Gloria and Corrine and these two could not be greater. Both women are sprawled on top of the bed covers, naked. Merlee is masturbating. Laarni is playing with her breasts.

Laarni, are you a virgin?

Yes Sir.

I am talking and taking off my clothing at the same time. *Good, please lie on your back and spread your legs as wide as you can.*

Hehe.. Yes Doctor!

Ah, good girl. You got that right. Now let's see.

I get belly down on the bed and spread the girl's privates to see for myself. She is a virgin, and wet one. Seeing as how I am there anyway, I dive in to eat some young virgin pussy. That brings a squeal of delight. These two are as randy as the first two were cautious. I decide to be a bastard and see if they even notice. *Merlee, squat over your daughter's face. Laarni, it's time you eat some pussy while I do you.* I am not sure what type of response I will get. They might declare me a pervert and leave the room. They might argue. They might do it but show disgust. They might have done any of those things. They don't. Merlee scrambles over to Laarni and squats on the girl's face.

I hear, *Lick me Laarni. Don't worry child, it won't hurt. Lick your mother good.*

And I'll be damned it is happening as I am licking and eating Laarni. Laarni is constantly leaking juices but I don't think she has had an orgasm yet. I pull up and re-align myself. She is still eating her mother as I lift her legs over my shoulders and pull her hips off the bed as I get ready to pierce virgin cunt I suspect she is wet enough that I do not need extra lube. My manhood is at her virginal entrance and I push in and immediately hit the hymen. I do not warn the girl. I push in hard and hear a muffled noise from a mouth buried in pussy.

I am stroking and enjoying the show, when Merlee who is facing me, leans forward. I lean into Merlee and start French kissing her. All the while I am fucking her daughter and she is being eaten by the girl. Merlee's hands are around my neck and holding her daughter's ankles. *Is she tight for you Lawrence? Is her pussy hot for you? Pound her pussy Lawrence. She is yours. If you want her, she is your for as long as you wish. I am yours for as long as you want us. You took her as a virgin. She is yours. Fuck my daughter and then fuck me Lawrence. You know when her birthday is Lawrence? It is today. You are her birthday present. Give her another birthday present Lawrence. Give her your baby.*

Laarni is finally getting ready to cum. I can feel it build. I whisper for Merlee to back off the girl. I lift her up a little more and pound her hard. There are gasps coming from her. She is crying, but she does not want me to stop. *Oh God! Yes Lawrence. Yes.* She is in a world by herself. And then *Uhg, Fuck, uhg, damn, Yes! Yes! Y-E-S!* She comes hard, just about snapping my neck in two as her legs scissor. About 30 seconds later, I find my limit and Laarni feels cum in her pussy for the very first time. She orgasms again.

I do what I did with Gloria. *Merlee, lick us clean.* As I slide out of the girl. But this time it is only a little more than turn about as Laarni has been eating her mother. Still Merlee's tongue brings Laarni a third orgasm and later gets me hard again.

Merlee may get pregnant easily, but today I decide that it is a good day to corn hole the female. Might as well start by giving her what she doesn't want. I get behind her. She thinks I am going in doggy fashion. I grab the

KY from the night table, I put some of the lube on my fingers and then finger the woman's ass. That surprises her a little and she giggles that I missed my mark. I pull my fingers out and finish lubing up my cock. Her bunghole is still a little dilated, as I get ready. Without warning, I ram my cock into her ass. To say she is startled is putting it mildly. I don't think she even knew this was possible. She is pleading with me to pull it out. I tell her to be quiet, as I continue to take her ass. My fingers are playing with her clit as I pound away. Slowly her sobbing stops and she starts grunting. It is a low guttural sound. My fingers are in her cunt as I continue to fuck her ass. She is squirting out her pussy and she screams bloody murder, squirts what must be a pint out her cunt and spasms her ass muscles. I fuck right through it, and bring on another cataclysm. This time without much of a squirt. *Are you going to be a good girl and do what I want Merlee?*

Yes!

If I take you in the ass tomorrow, are you going to argue?

No, Lawrence. I will not argue.

Good because this is how a girl who gets pregnant easy, gets me.

And as she cums for the third time, I dump my load into her ass.

Five minutes later, I am out of her, in the shower and relaxing. By the time I get out of the shower both are asleep. I put on a robe and find my wife.

Come to bed with me.

Are they still there?

Yes, but they are sacked out, and you need to be there in the morning.

Something tells me that they did not get exactly what they were hoping for.

And something tells me that after all these years, you and I are finally together.

Chapter 10: Roiling the waters

I awaken to an interesting sight. Merlee is eating Maricar's pussy while Maricar and Laarni are in a deep French kiss. Maricar is on her back. Laarni is on her belly and between Maricar and me. I have morning wood and I am inches away from Laarnie's perfect ass. I lube my pole and play with Laarni's ass, while sliding a hand under her hips and playing with her pussy at the same time. I situate myself behind Laarni, between her legs and lift up her hips. She gets up on her knees while still kissing my wife.

Laarni doesn't know what I am about to do as I mount her and ram into her ass. It stops the kiss for damned sure, as the girl howls at the intrusion. I don't stop and Maricar pulls her head back down and tells her to relax and it will feel good. Maricar starts kissing Laarni again as she reaches out to the girls pussy and plays with it as I fuck the girls ass. Laarni has relaxed and has accepted the butt fucking she is getting. Mini-orgasms are rolling with a slow release of pussy juices. I know these are mini orgasms based on the spasming of her anal muscles. I was wrong last night when I thought she hadn't cum yet. She had, but just not a really big one.

Merlee looks over to see what the commotion is about and smiles, wiggles her ass and goes right back to eating pussy.

I will write more about my part below. But I have asked Maricar to try writing about what she is feeling and happening to her here. I mean, look at her. She has a beautiful twenty-eight year old eating her pussy and she has the sixteen year-old daughter in her arms and kissing her. So this is an experiment as I have never handed her my journal.

§ § §

Hi, this is Maricar! I can't believe Lawrence wants me to do this. I do not know how to write. He said, just tell the story to the voice recorder on my cell phone and then later play it back, and write it down. I am doing that!

You know I never think I like to have sex with a woman. You know if you ask me, I am straight. I am not a lesbian! But Lawrence, he and Imee, they make me understand that sex is sex and it shouldn't matter to me if it is a woman if it make me feel good. Imee make me understand that I am very lucky still to be with him the way I had been for years. Imee say, and I believe her, that she could have taken Lawrence away from me. She isn't as pretty as I am, but her daughter is sweet and very pretty and makes Lawrence hard every time he sees the girl. With Jovelyn as her helper, if I had fought, I would have lost Lawrence. Instead, she teaches me to be good to Lawrence and teaches me how to have sex with a woman. Now I know. I can be to others the way Imee is to me. Now I like it. I like it a lot!

Here I have Merlee eating me out. She is good at this. She has had practice doing this before. I am sure of it. She is doing things to me I only learned after a while when I was with Imee at the beginning. Merlee's tongue is driving me crazy. Her hands are massaging the globes of my ass. God, this is heaven, she is so good at this. I think I will have her between my legs a lot. Why not? Lawrence is busy with many girls. I can have a few for me too! Laarni...She is part child and part adult. It is such a weird feeling for me. I don't think I should be enjoying this. It seems not as right, but I can't seem to stop. She wants me and I want her to want me. She is so sweet and young. I know Lawrence is now taking her ass, owning her, making her his sex toy. I think we will have all these women around a long time. I bet Lawrence will not be able to say goodbye to these female. It is better they love me too. I am going to be Lawrence in high heels. I am going to fuck every woman he fucks.

Merlee, she has, oh God, she has a finger up my ass, a finger in my cunt and she is sucking my clit. Oh shit. I'm going to C-U-M!

§ § §

I watch Maricar cum hard and I let loose inside Laarni. There's not much left of that girl for the moment. I get up and leave the girls. It's time for a shower. We have a party tonight!

§ § §

Maricar has decided to include Merlee and Gloria along with Imee. We talk about including Ikay and Laarni as both are 16, but think that it is pushing things way, too far and as it is, even without them, we will probably see all our guests get up and leave. We don't want our guests calling the police. Ikay, Jovelyn, Laarni all want to be here, and so does Corrine, but I just can't have that; at least not this time. Ikay and Jovelyn can help with the preparations, but must not be at the party.

Joy and her tribe arrive at 1PM and start assisting and cooking right alongside my girls. It is quite a sight. Six of mine, (Maricar, Imee, Jovelyn, Ikay, Gloria and Merlee,) plus his six, and that leaves out others for whom it would not be seemly to be here tonight. Jake will arrive later. Joy says something about Anabel and Rosemarie entertaining him at the moment. This may be close to TMI!

The Lechon will arrive later. My dining room table sits twelve and that is only enough for Jake, me, and the girls! There are eighteen friends who are also coming. We put the sala furniture out on the lanai and set up two other borrowed tables that can sit ten each. The place is jammed, but it works. I have stocked up on San Miguel beer, Tanduay Ice, as well as soft drinks. We also have a coffeepot ready. We are expecting everyone at 6:30PM.

Rose comes over to me. *You happy we talked you into the dormitory?*

I smile. How can you not smile when a woman, as lovely as Rose is, asks you essentially if you are sorry she helped you get more pussy than any man has a right to have? *Yes I am happy.*

You fall in love with any of them yet?

Why do you ask that Rose?

Some of them will be with you a very long time. It will be hard not to fall in love with them, unless you hate them!

I see what you mean.

You broke your rule about fourteen year olds?

No, why?

Because, I think, you will. And she walks off with that as her parting shot.

§ § §

If I have any notion that Jake simply likes the spotlight, I am disabused. He comes a bit early and helps me with some of the furniture realignment. When others start to come, he holds back and stays in conversation with some of our women. Maricar comes up to me and whispers, that besides me, he is the safest man to talk with. He absolutely does not come on and does not flirt. *He is like you Lawrence, he has enough already!*

I am busy greeting my friends, and staying busy making sure that everyone has something to drink. Slowly as the group has gathered, the men congregate in a couple of groups and the women in one very large group. Of the 26 who actually come, nine are men and seventeen are women. The women are on the lanai. The two groups of men, five in my group, and four in the other, including Jake, have not been out on the lanai yet and are unaware of the discrepancy in numbers. Not so, the women.

In the beginning, the women just work on getting first names, and to whom they are married. Seven say they are not married and are here with their boyfriends, leaving it at that. But a few of the wives wander in to the sala to speak with their husbands for brief moments only to come back out and start counting afresh.

I would tell you there names, but I bet we never meet those women again in this journal. So I will... well you will see.

Wife#1, turning to Joy, *Joy, which one of the guys is your boyfriend?*

Jake.

How long have you been with him?

Six years.

Wow! Is he married to someone else?

Jake? Joy smiles. No. He is married to no one.

It was true that none of the other women, the married ones, had mentioned a Jake. Maricar smiles, but she knows that the shit is about to hit the fan.

Wife#2 is talking to Gloria, hears Joy's answer as she addresses Gloria, *Who's your boyfriend?*

Lawrence?

Huh? Oh, you mean he is a friend?

Yes, he is a friend and a boyfriend.

Lawrence is married to Maricar.

Yes.

Excuse me, Gloria, but I do not understand.

Yes, Lawrence is happily married to Maricar and is also my boyfriend.

That's not possible.

Oh! Really? I think you have better tell Maricar that!

All the wives have been tuning into this conversation. And there is a lot of crosstalk between them. Wife#1 eventually says, *WAIT! Quiet for a little bit.* There is silence. *Rose, who is your boyfriend?*

Jake.

Merlee, who is your boyfriend ?

Lawrence.

Imee, who is yours?

Lawrence.

Jun?

Jake.

Cherise ?

Jake

Mitch?

Jake

Abbey?

Jake

Rose?

Jake.

Maricar I am confused. Three of your guests say that your husband is their boyfriend. Is that true?

No.

They are lying? Or did you not know?

Well I would not exactly call it a lie. Imee is not Lawrence's girlfriend, she is his mistress and mother of three of his children. Gloria and Merlee are girlfriends.

How long have you known about this?

Since the beginning really. I am the one who asked Imee to have Lawrence's children, as I am unable to do so. I and Imee picked out Gloria and Merlee to join us.

This is what you want? Your husband having others?

Yes.

My God!

How long has this been going on?

Since before we built the second apartment building.

Oh my God!

Wife#3 addressing Rose, How many of you with Jake?

There are six of us here tonight.

How many total, Rose?

Oh eight, nine? No, it is eight right now.

And you share your Jake?

Yes.

One of the other wives, #4, stands up, How can you allow this Maricar! Why do you allow them here? She is angry, frantic, almost in tears.

What do you expect me to do, lock them in bedrooms here? They live here. We live together and we LOVE each other. We are a family!

The woman #4, crying, runs off the lanai into the house, grabs her husband and announces to the man that they have to go now, right away.

Why? Her husband is taken aback by his wife's demeanor.

Lawrence, Jake. They are polygamists

Is that right? Lawrence, are you a Polygamist?

Yes?

Is it working out for you?

It's working out great!

And Maricar, is she leaving you?

No, she is happy and helped select most of the girls.

How many are there?

There are three girlfriends here tonight.

Plus your wife?

Yes.

The way you said that... Lawrence, there are more than these, aren't there?

Yes.

How many.

Uh-uh, I'm not saying.

Shit. Shit man. Woman, go sit down, and get a hold of yourself. Lawrence is my friend and I am not leaving just because he does things differently than we do.

But my friend is Maricar?

Is she unhappy?

She says she isn't, but that can't be true!

I turn to the woman, Take Maricar aside, away from the others and ask her again. If she says it is true then I suggest you believe her.

She doesn't like me at the moment, but she has to admit, it's a good idea and off she goes.

§ § §

This is Maricar. My friend Susan, (I don't know why Lawrence won't use their names!) came and got me. We walk toward the dirty kitchen and are alone.

Maricar, you and I have known each other since kinder¹⁶. You are my oldest friend. What has happened? How did he make you do this?

Susan I am happy. Lawrence had to be convinced to do this. It was my request and I don't really want to explain the reasons. It is a private thing. But the result is that Lawrence and I am happy, and I want you to be happy for me. And before you think it was caused by an outside person like Jake, let me make this clear that Jake, Joy, Rose and the rest became friends after we made the decision. We met them because we had made the decision. Will you go back out there and settle our friends down? I want to have a nice evening.

We go back to the lanai and all my friends are looking at me. I look at Susan, *You want to say something to our friends?*

I was wrong. Maricar is happy and she has every right to live her life with Lawrence in any way she pleases. Maricar you are my friend and you will always be. If this is what you want, then I will be happy for you. Let us all agree to be friends tonight no matter who our man is.

Miracle of blessed miracles, everyone relaxes, a few take a sip of soda... and then my friend Gina asks Jun: *So how does it work in bed? I mean...*

At least three of us at once, *GINA! No!!! Leave it alone. That's private!*

⁶ Kinder1. This is a kindergarten grade. There are two in the Philippines, Kinder1 and Kinder2.

Everyone laughs. After a pause Joy says, *Gina, it will be different with each man and in each home. Jun and I can tell you how it is with our Jake, but that does not tell you anything about Lawrence. Jake has no wife and so his relationship with us is different from Lawrence and Maricar. I know Maricar and Imee are in a special position with Lawrence. As to what happens in bed, well you don't want to tell us what you do with your husband in bed, do you?*

Gina giggles.

Susan is not satisfied with Joy's answer. She asks, *But all you girlfriends are all friendly with each other?*

I look at Joy and Rose and then at Susan, *Susan, I am not only really, lovingly close to Lawrence's girls. We are also in a friendship way really close with Jake's girls. We have been to their house, as they are here now. Joy and Rose and I talk together a great deal. In truth, we didn't know if you would accept us now. I am so happy you didn't leave.*

Susan is close to tears. *Maricar, Joy, Jun, all of you, I am so scared that your men are putting ideas in our men's heads. I am terrified. I am here because we are friends, but I am scared for my marriage.*

The other wives all indicate the same thing.

These are my friends and I feel for them. But maybe they need a little truth and reality. *Listen all of you. I know something about this. It may, in truth, be too late or it may never happen. However, there is something you have to ask yourself. We are all married to older men, men from other countries. We are all somewhat the same in some ways. I bet, none of you were unwilling to give your men any sexual favor they desired while you were dating. Think of all the things you did then, and ask yourself, when was the last time you did 'that' thing or those things? Think about how often you made love then, and then be honest with yourself about how often you make love now. AND DO NOT say it's because your husband doesn't want it. He does. For those of you who have gained a lot of weight since you married. You think he would really*

marry you now?...Oh if you ask him, he will lie and say he would, but don't you believe that for a moment. He would not even consider you. When was the last time you sucked on his cock and swallowed his cum? [Screams, laughter and OMG's from my friends.] When was the last time he took you in the ass? [Silence] You want to keep him for yourself, shape up. Smarten up. Your husband can easily have other women. What are you doing other than nagging at him to make sure he doesn't?

§ § §

The men are dumbstruck. No one is leaving. Hell everyone wants to know stuff that neither Jake, nor I, are going to talk about. One of the guys says: *I wonder what it is like.*

I answer in a way he doesn't quite get: *Oh, I think you'll get a taste of it tonight when you get home.* Jake only nods.

§ § §

It is late. Jake and his crew, and me with my crew, put our back into it, to put everything back the way it should be, before they leave.

I am in the bedroom, which tonight also contains Maricar, Gloria and Merlee. Imee is down in the nursery. The shower, is large, and we all get in to wash off and get ready for bed. We are all tired.

The conversation is not directly toward me, but I find it fascinating.

Merlee reaches out and touches my wife's shoulder. *Maricar, I think you really shocked those women. They have been sitting back thinking, I've got mine! They are lazy and foolish. When you get a good man, you cannot take it for granted.*

I did take Lawrence for granted. I was a fool, just like those women.

But you do not hate us. We are friends and lovers.

Yes we are, but one reason is that Lawrence refused to leave me. He loves me even though I treated him bad. So yes, you are here and I do

love you, and it is because Lawrence allowed me to stay. Maybe if I was in America, I would have listened to my neighbors and filed for divorce and try to take half of everything he has. That would have been the wrong thing to do, but there it is, what women do. Here of course, we do not have divorce. Marriage is sacred. If I had filed for an annulment, I would have been a fool. I have a good man. I will not find one better. I marry him for better or worse. I marry him, till death. So we are family. Merlee and you Gloria are new here and maybe you stay and maybe not. That is between you and Lawrence. But if you are smart, you will give Lawrence your love and loyalty. He is a good man and you are very lucky to be here.

But we need to get pregnant, to truly stay.

Yes, you do.

Chapter 11: The power of positive thinking

I get a text from Jake. *Nice night. My girls were impressed with what Maricar told the wives. You have a winner in Maricar.*

I get three texts from the guys. The first one reads: *Holy shit. What did you people do to my wife?* The second one reads: *If this is what a whiff of competition does, what does real competition do?* The third reads: *Looks like I need to buy a lot more Viagra!*

Tonight there is another mother daughter pair at our table. The daughter will be the youngest girl I have ever been with. Today is her fourteenth birthday. I was so worried about whether the day was real, I required the mother to produce the birth certificate for the girl. Sure enough, it is today. The mother is also young at 26. Yes, she got pregnant at eleven or twelve. It is possible, just not all that common.

This morning I walk over to the nursery and spend some time with the kids. I am a father for the first time in my life. Rather than one or two I have seven. There is no sense of proportion. Ikay and Jovelyn are both pushing real hard for more babies. So are some of the women in the dorm. To my surprise, some of the dorm mothers are in the nursery helping with my children. I am going to have to chew on this information for a while. The fact is that there are more adults in the room than there are babies. My presence here today causes a major disruption, as there is a crush to get onto my lap. This has not been a problem before. Before some of them were still in cribs, not so any more. I announce a policy, youngest first. My edict creates a line instead of a crush and makes the mothers all happy.

I stay for three hours and have a great time with the kids. As I walk out, Ikay sidles up and points out that with all the extra help there is no reason why we shouldn't start on the next round of children. I am confused. I have seven children she has two of her own, why does she want more kids? Ikay looks at me as if I am the most stupid bear in the forest. I guess I am, as I just don't get it. If I ask Maricar, I will not get a good answer, as she is dedicated evidently, in me having more kids too. I

decide to ask Joy. She has no investment in this in any direction. I text Jake that I'd like to ask Joy a question.

One of the things I really enjoy about the Filipino culture, as I learn it from those I know, is that there is a directness in it, between those who otherwise know each other. So while they can be very formal and polite in some settings, in others it is downright in your face. When Joy calls and I answer, the first thing I hear from Joy is 'bakit,' which means 'why' or in this case why do I need to talk with her. Her next words translate to, 'what's the problem.'... I smile. 'Good morning to you' goes through my mind, but not out my mouth. I explain it all to Joy and I hear, silence. Finally, Joy says, *She will tell you when she is ready to stop.*

I guess in an elliptical way I have my answer. We, I, are, am, about to have more kids.

§ § §

Ann is fourteen years and zero days old. She is 146cm tall and 37K in weight (you don't know metric? approx. 4'9 ½" tall and approx. 83 lb). Her hair and eyes are black. She is slim. Her skin is smooth and neither particularly light nor dark as Filipinos go. Her teeth are bright white and perfectly straight. When she smiles, which is all the time, I get to see a lot of them. Her breasts are small buds and her ass is small. Her black eyes are big, as she looks at me with an open continence. To say that she is a virgin seems somewhat redundant except for the fact that in just a few moments she will no longer be a virgin. She is now naked and lying on my bed.

Her twenty-six year old mother, Lillian, is above her, also naked. Lillian's back is propped up on a pillow at the headboard. Ann's head rests on Lillian's belly. Lillian's legs spread out on their side of Ann's shoulders and arms. Lillian's hands rest on Ann's shoulders.

Ann looks like an angel. I ask her, is she is ready to become my girlfriend. She tells me she is. I have KY again on my dick. I place my manhood at the tiny portal through which I must enter. I am not sure I will make it into the girl's vagina. I am hard and I push. I am in and past what is left of the hymen. I must have shredded it completely.

Ann whimpers a little and Lillian strokes Ann's hair, and rubs the girl's temples. I have stopped moving. Ann is as tight as I have ever experienced. She is also dry. If it isn't for the KY, this simply would not be happening. As it is, I start in a little more and then back a bit. I hope Ann is getting some good feelings from this but at the moment I have no idea. I am afraid that it will be traumatic for the girl. Lillian continues to give a nice massage to the girl's temples. I am ever so slowly working in and out. Ann's face doesn't change but her hips are rocking with me a bit. She is getting a rhythm. I kiss her forehead and ask: *Are you OK?*

Better than OK Sir.

You like this?

I didn't when you started, but it's good now.

I know this is a dumb question, but it is what I asked. *May I kiss you?*

Yes.

I am stroking longer and evenly now as I go in for a kiss. This little one puts her arms around me and pulls me in for a good sexy tongue working, spit swapping, kiss. Ann is holding me tight as I continue to fuck her previously virgin cunt. I roll us over and show her how to control the pace and the energy of the action. She is a fast learner and in just a few moments of adjustment is pounding her pussy on my pole. Her small breasts hardly move at all, as her hair flies with her efforts. She is so tight that she is forcing a stimulation that makes my plans to last a long time somewhat futile. Just watching this young one quite voluntarily impale herself over and over on my member is erotic. She isn't dry any more. She is still the tightest cunt I have ever experienced, but it is now her juices that allow us to continue.

Lillian is just sitting on the bed. I reach out to her as her daughter is driving my pole up her hole. Lillian's bottom stays where it is but she moves toward me and I pull her in for a kiss. She rolls so that her head is over mine and my hand reaches the back of her head and brings her in. Her lips are a delight. Her breath is warm. Her hands on my head are soothing. My dick is ready to explode in her daughter and the mothers loving lips and hands are driving me crazy as well.

My member feels like it has swollen a bit and I hear new sounds from Ann. Gasps, moans, ragged breathing and then a yip as I feel the results of an orgasm on my dick. I feel the girl's cunt spasm on me, and the rush of hot liquid around my member. At the same time, I pull Lillian for more intense kissing. It takes just thirty seconds more for me to cum in Ann and make her entry into my life quite complete.

Lillian's lips are still one mine. I pull back a second and tell her: *Your daughter is now officially mine for the next four years and maybe more.*

She will be yours until you die Sir Lawrence. You will see.

And do you think you will be mine until I die too?

Yes, that is our plan.

I have Lillian clean up both her daughter and me. She does, but for the life of me I don't see any of my cum leak out of Ann. Ann is snuggled into my arms and I am holding tightly as her mother gives me head. *How do you feel?* I expect her to say good, or sore, or great or excited. What I don't expect is what I hear.

Pregnant.

What?

You asked, 'How I feel.' I feel pregnant.

You've never been pregnant, even if you were and I can assure you that you are not, how can you know what it feels like?

I don't know. I just know I am.

Why, why do I get hard as this? It's fucking nuts. But hard I am and Lillian takes the opportunity to mount my pole. The females have essentially reversed their roles. However just because I am hard again does not mean I am close to cumming. No, I am a long way from cumming, but I have Ann in my arms and I am enjoying her lips and the whispers back and forth, as her mother does her best to get off on my cock.

Ann tells me that she decided she loved me the minute she learned “I” selected her and her family. I do not disabuse her that it was more Maricar and Imee who did the selecting. It turns out Ann has been pumping Jovelyn for information about me. She has also been ‘babysitting’ in the nursery whenever she hasn’t been in school. She whispers that she will be good to Maricar and be happy to help as a maid for us, if I will let her. She tells me she just wants to be as close to us as much of the time as we will allow it. All the while Lillian is pounding away. I feel her juices. I have felt two orgasms she has had. Her pussy is an oven now and I am getting close as Ann whispers to me that she wants to be kissing me when I fuck her mother in the ass tomorrow. How she knows I will do that I will find out later, but the thought that this young thing wants to be kissing me at such a moment is a visual picture that sends me over. I send ropes of cum into her mother.

§ § §

When I tell Imee the next morning that it is OK to give Jovelyn and Ikay the fertility drugs and she can take them too if she wants them, she laughs. Why?

We have been taking them for ten weeks. I decided it was time.

Jesus, Joseph and Mary! What the hell is happening around here? *What do you mean you decided it was time? It wasn’t time ten weeks ago.*

Well it has been over a year now. The kids are over the age you set and we are ready. And it takes two plus months for the drugs to work, at least it did last time. So Jovelyn and Ikay are probably ready now. I took longer last time, so maybe another month for me.

I was going to excoriate her, and then I remembered Joy’s words and just let it go.

§ § §

This afternoon I ask for Ikay to join me in my bedroom. She arrives not sure why I called for her. She sees Ann in the room. Ann has been told to say nothing.

You want more children?

Yes Lawrence.

Well get your ass on the bed.

Now?

Is there a better time?

It's not very romantic!

And you taking drugs to get pregnant, for more than two months, is romantic? Get your naked ass on this bed so I can fuck you good.

Yes Sir.

Ikay strips and hops onto the bed.

On your knees.

Oh! Not in my ass! I want to get pregnant!

Don't worry. I would love to fuck you in the ass, but won't because I guess it is my job to get you pregnant.

Ikay has bloomed into a beautiful woman. She doesn't look a bit like her mother. I can only assume she takes her looks from her father's side of the family. Her pussy is tight but the birth of twins has had an impact and she is not nearly as tight as she was. Still I am not complaining as I stand at the edge of the bed and ram my dick into her while mauling her tits. After a while, I leave her tits alone, and motion for Ann to come to me as I stand at the edge of the bed, cock still pounding Ikay's cunt.

Ann approaches and I pull her in for a kiss before whispering to Ann: *Get your naked cunt in her face.*

Ann indicates agreement and proceeds to undress and climb onto the bed, getting in position to get eaten by Ikay. Ikay is no fool. When she sees a

pussy, in front of her, in my bed, she knows what to do. Ikay goes down on, someone I am beginning to think of as, my little Ann.

Ikay's mouth is busy, but Ann's is unencumbered and the girl has an uncanny sense of, what is going to get me off. *Make her pregnant, just like you made me. Just like you made all of us this week. Make us all pregnant! We are all on the damned drug. We are all pregnant. Cream her. Make another one! Fuck her and give her more babies. Give us all babies. You have a golden cock now. Give us all your seed. Oh Jesus! I'm cumming from her damned tongue. Damn she is good! Jesus. Fill her pussy L-A-W-R-E-N-C-E!*

And I do.

§ § §

Is it true? Has Imee been handing out the fertility pills to all of them? I find Imee in the nursery with her three toddlers. *Imee I need an honest answer. Have you given fertility pills to everyone in the dorm?*

She whispers, *Not in here, my love. Let's go for a walk.*

Imee calls over to one of the mother's from the dorm to assist her, speaks with the female for a brief time and leaves the nursery with me. We exit the gate in the direction of the nearest [sari-sari](#) store.

Lawrence, all the women were pressuring me for the pills. I know not to give them, but they push me every moment. So I go to the pharmacy... you know, the Mercury Drug on Aparente Street and I ask them if they have... what do you call them... sugar tablets? Yes? Well they do and they will sell me 100 for ₱10. I buy 400 and pay ₱40. I give the pills out to the females in the dorm and tell them they only need one a week. So YES they THINK they are on the pills. But I not give them real ones! Lawrence, you know how expensive those real pills are! I cannot do such a thing without you knowing!

Imee, you are a very smart mistress. I am lucky to have you.

Lawrence I am your forever Mistress. I am not going to do anything to hurt that. Everyone else may leave, but Maricar and I, we will always be with you. We, the two of us, are your “forevers.”

Do you want anything from the Sari-Sari?

Hehe, no Lawrence.

We turn around and go home.

§ § §

Every other night I bed a new Mother-Daughter pair. There are 24 dorm suites and each is filled. It takes 48 days just to work through them all. Each one of these females is too damned beautiful for old and, not handsome, me. Of course each one tells me I am handsome, but I know better than to believe such bullshit.

During the afternoons, I have been ‘servicing’ Ikay, Jovelyn and Imee. Maricar joins the bed the second night I am with each pair. But we have not slept alone for well over a month. I announce a week ‘off’ so that I can spend the nights with Maricar. That does not affect the afternoon activities. I gather there is some unhappiness from the dorm, but really!

§ § §

We have established a regular back and forth with Jake and his girls. Maricar, Joy, Rose and Imee have become close friends. I am curious about that, as Jake’s girls include other adults, Jun, Cherise, and (barely adult) Mitch and Abbey. But they are not part of this cross household group. Maricar seems to think that Jun and Cherise are more there for the children and the school. They love Jake, but for them it is different. The younger two have young friends. Their ‘man’ is Jake but their world is elsewhere.

Joy and Rose seem like wives to my two. They also seem the most protective of Jake. I find that interesting because I think Jake only sees Joy in that role. He tells me that Rose is essential to their household in many ways he had not even understood they needed until she joined them. He loves her, but doesn’t think she loves him, as much as she loves

the family and her sexual access to the other women. According to my Maricar, Rose is 100% dedicated and in love with Jake but thinks he doesn't love her. Oh fuck, my head is spinning. So Jake loves Rose and Rose loves Jake, but neither of them knows it. Only Joy knows it and nourishes it. Still they all make love with one another. Go figure! Are we as screwed up here? So they don't seem to know it, but it seems to us that Joy is the anchor over there. Why doesn't the guy marry her? He clearly thinks she is the best thing that has ever happened to him. Is that my bias showing through? My need to be married?

§ § §

The week has passed and I have sent word for Gloria and Corrine to join me. I get word back that there is a possibility that Corrine may be pregnant. Do I still want to see them? I suspect this is just wishful thinking. I do want to see them now, but I will wait a week, so I ask for Merlee and Laarni. I know Merlee can't be pregnant. I get word back that they think Laarni is with child, and would I please pick another. This is nuts. I ask for Ann and her mother Lillian only to hear that both have missed their last two periods.

Imee!

Yes?

Are you sure those were sugar pills?

§ § §

Chapter 12: The Tribe of Lawrence

***H**ow can they be pregnant? You were giving them sugar pills! I am not happy. Maricar is about to break out some champagne if she can only find some. Imee is frozen in place and seemingly unable to speak. There are twelve mothers and daughters in the dorm, who claiming that they have missed a period, and may be pregnant. I think this is a case of hysterical pregnancy. *Ikay, go to Mercury Drug and buy some early pregnancy test kits. Get thirty of them!**

If those females are truly pregnant, it is high time I get a vasectomy. This is crazy.

§ § §

Well, it is bad but not as bad as I had feared. Of the twelve who claimed to be pregnant four are, eight are not. Among the four are Little Ann, and Laarni. All four are daughters, not the mothers. Ikay and Jovelyn are also pregnant. I can expect Imee to become pregnant. The four new girls were on sugar pills, so the likelihood of multiple births is around zero. The last time my three produced seven. This time I figure I might see somewhere in the range of ten to twelve when adding the new four girls. We will see. I ask once again to see Gloria and her daughter, Corrine, but once again there is pushback. Even though the early pregnancy test does not say pregnant, Gloria is not convinced.

Gloria asks to come tonight with Merlee instead of her daughter. I agree. I have not cum in Merlee's pussy and based on how easily her daughter has gotten pregnant, I will stay out of her tonight. In the meantime, I decide to spend some time in the nursery.

It is the most amazing thing. These seven children are mine. To them I am something akin to a Godlike figure. All the females buzz around them all day: their mothers, a grandmother, a couple of aunts, and all the females from the dorm. The children see all the women as mommies. There is but one father. I am he and my arrival each time causes all other activities to suspend. So that the children get a head start on their language skills and as a way to make it easier for me to communicate

with my children, we have instituted a language regime. Tagalog is the language spoken in the nursery each morning until noon. English is spoken exclusively each afternoon. Visayan is spoken after supper. I arrive in the afternoons and so my English is not a jarring intrusion. Clearly, my accent is different from the Filipino English the kids hear from the woman, but my children understand me as well as they can based on their ages. This arrangement is working well and improving some of the English skills of a few of the mother's from the dorm.

Among the women in the nursery today are three of my pregnant girls from the dorm. They are not showing at this time. Each one looks fantastic. Is that a way of showing? I have heard it might be. About an hour into my presence in the nursery, they come to me as a group. Evidently, they want to know where they will be living now that they are part of my permanent household. As far as I am concerned, they are jumping the gun a bit, as there is a difference between pregnant and giving birth. They may lose the fetus. Still I do not want to mention that to these girls and so I have no cautionary note to sound. I tell them the truth, that the matter has not been fully resolved. There has never been a plan to make any of these girls pregnant and so I have not planned for the eventuality. Still it is clearly needed now and the matter will be resolved prior to the birth of the children. And yes, once the children are born, the mothers of the children go from girlfriends to lifelong Mistresses. Evidently, that is what they wanted to hear. I am smothered with kisses.

Ann is one of the three and of all the 'daughters,' she is both the youngest I have been with and the one to whom I am becoming most attached. I will have to process that.

§ § §

Dinner is over. Will Time, Big Time is over. I find myself in bed with Maricar, Merlee, Gloria and Imee. There is no way in hell I am going to satisfy all four of these women. They must know it.

Imee establishes herself first among equals. Merlee, Gloria and Maricar surround us, touching and caressing us, but it is Imee who is in my arms. It is Imee's lips that are on my lips. It is Imee's tongue in my mouth. It is Imee's hands on my cock. It is Imee who pushes me onto my back and mounts me. Other mouths are now on my mouth, and then the mouths are

withdrawn as Gloria's pussy is lowered onto my face. I reach up and maul Gloria's breasts as her pussy juices flow down my throat. I feel Imee reset herself on my pole and continue. I feel lips and teeth nibbling my ears. One of the nibblers has snaked a hand underneath my ass and is fingering my asshole. Imee's tight cunt is squeezing my dick in magical ways tonight. With the fragrance of pussy in my nostrils, tongues in my ears and the masterwork my cock is receiving, I am having a hard time holding on to the cum I have. I want to hold back. I can't. I flood Imee's hungry pussy. I know she wants another baby. Maybe this time will be the tonic. I am done. Gloria's pussy has squirted its last squirt for now and she dismounts from my face. I look down to see my Imee still astride me. But it isn't Imee, it's Merlee to whom I have given my deposit of cum! *Please tell me you have just had your period.*

No, I had it two weeks ago. This is my time to conceive.

I am pissed, *Imee! What the fuck are you doing?*

But it isn't Imee who answers. It is my wife, *Lawrence, I do this. I choose this to happen. I want Merlee pregnant. Her daughter is already pregnant, so they are staying anyway.*

Why? There are enough children!

Maricar, Imee, Merlee answer in sort of unison, *Not for us!*

I lay back spent for the moment as the four females pleasure each other. Eventually Gloria moves over toward me and takes my manhood between her lips, attempting resuscitation. Twenty minutes later, she has succeeded. Taking her prize in hand, she repositions herself above me and mounts the newly revived pole. Imee will have to get her cum another time. Gloria refuses to get off when requested. She wants cum in her pussy and she'll be damned if she is going to be denied that. This beautiful woman riding my old dick, is a sight to behold. In what world does a stunningly beautiful girl ride an old man's cock while arguing with other beautiful women about who has rights to his cum and then looking that man in the eyes, tells him, no demands, that he get her pregnant? Well, that is happening now. I doubt I can cum at this moment. I decide the best plan is to get Gloria exhausted. I tell Imee and Maricar to suck and play with Gloria's breasts and to play with her clit as she pounds my pole.

§ § §

It is a Saturday evening. Maricar will spend the night in the nursery. I have invited Eve, one of the mothers, from the dorm, whose eldest daughter, Marissa, did not become pregnant, to join me that night with Marissa. Eve walks in to my bedroom, with her youngest daughter. The girl's name is Nicca. Nicca is twelve. I have not touched a twelve year old and Eve knows this. I am already in bed when Eve and Nicca walk in.

Eve drops the wrap she had on and is naked beneath it. Nicca also has a wrap. It is still in place as her mother climbs onto the bed with me and with ultimate confidence takes my member into her mouth and starts giving me head.

Eve, what are you doing? Nicca should not be here.

Eve, my member lodged in her mouth, says nothing. She says not a word to me but gestures to Nicca who now drops her wrap and joins her mother on the bed. Here is a diminutive version of Ann. She is shorter, lighter, and thinner. Her hair and eyes are perfectly black. Rather than being repulsed, which is what I want to happen, I am enthralled.

See? I can see you want her Lawrence. I dare you to send her away now that you see her like this. You are going to take her and I will help you. But when you do, we get to stay here forever. Do you understand? We will not give you children, but we will stay because you will take Nicca.

All while she was talking, she was positioning her daughter on my member. I am on my back because Eve has been giving me head. Now while still on my back, Nicca's KY coated pussy is perched on my member. Her breasts are puffy little nipples. There are modest signs of development. A moment later, there is no sign of her hymen as she shatters it on my pole. The KY allows the entry, but the channel is so tight that it is a little painful for me. I am being squeezed so tight that I don't think I can cum. I wonder what type of damage I am doing to the girl as she uses me as her private pogo stick. How does Jake do this? She is so small and tight! I am afraid of getting blue balls. I want to explode into this imp, but doubt I can, when I feel Eve holding my balls in her firm grip with her right hand. Eve's lips are on my lips. Her left hand is on my head and playing with my hair. Eve whispers in my ear: *Nicca is yours. She will do anything you ask, anything you want. You want her*

pregnant? Make her pregnant. You do not want? Give her the birth control. You want to give her to your friends? You do that. She is yours. You own her. We are yours and we stay with you now, forever.

Call me perverted. Call me sick, but the words and the lips and the girl's pussy so completely and effectively devouring my cock pushes me over the edge, stranglehold on my member, not withstanding, I unload into Nicca so heavily that I am quite sure the load is pushed into every space in the girl's uterus. If this girl does not get pregnant, it is not because she wasn't completely and thoroughly drenched in a volatile sperm count. I might have poor swimmers, but this girl has swimmers everywhere inside her and it only takes one. What the fuck am I going to do with a pregnant twelve year-old?

I have cum but Nicca is so tight and I am so far in that her pussy muscles are holding me in, not ejecting me. Nicca collapses on top of me. I stroke her hair. I kiss the top of her head. Her arms encircle me. And I fall asleep.

§ § §

The morning finds me in exactly the same position with Nicca also so engaged. I open my eyes to see Maricar standing by the side of the bed looking at the scene. Seeing my eyes open she asks, *Don't you think she's a little young for you Lawrence?*

Evidently not, was my less than inspired reply.

§ § §

In the days that follow, every mother in the dorm knows what it took without pregnancy to become a permanent member of my household. Maricar is asked a number of times, am I requiring them to bring me their younger daughters? Time after time Maricar tells them I am not.

Imee tells me there has been a meeting called of all the mothers. She does not know what the meeting is about. With some level of fear, she calls Joy. Twenty minutes later Rose shows up and announces she is there to attend the meeting. Imee isn't sure that her attending is a good thing but I disagree and send Rose over to the dorm without Imee.

The following is what Rose texts to us, embellished by my debriefing of her after the fact. I do not know which mother asks which question so I will use DM to signify some dorm mother is speaking.

The meeting is in progress when Rose enters.

DM: *Why are you here Rose?*

Rose: *Because there may be a problem. What has happened?*

DM: *Lawrence has changed the rules. He now requires we give him our little ones for sex to stay here.*

Rose: *You were never supposed to stay here once your daughters aged out. Does he require you to do anything new to see your child through her school years?*

DM: *No.*

Rose: *I don't understand what is this about the twelve year-olds?*

DM: *If we wanted to stay here beyond that, we could, by our older daughter or ourselves having a child by Lawrence.*

Rose: *But Lawrence has weak seed and needs his women to take fertility drugs to get pregnant. How did you expect to get pregnant?*

DM: *We convinced Imee to give us the pills too. It worked for some of us.*

Rose: *OMG, did Lawrence agree to you getting the pills?*

DM: *No. Imee said he would be angry.*

Rose: *Let me see if I understand this. Lawrence would never kick out a woman or her family if she had a child by him, so even though he did not want you to have his children you tricked him into giving you babies. When he found out what happened?*

DM: *He ordered Imee to stop the pills.*

Rose: *So where do the twelve year-olds come in to the problem?*

DM: *Eve brought little Nicca with her to Lawrence's bed and told him that if he took Nicca, they would always stay with him. He took Nicca.*

Rose: *Eve, since we are talking about you, did Lawrence agree to your claim?*

Eve: *[no answer, silence]*

Rose: *Eve, I think we deserve an answer.*

Eve: *He didn't say no, and he took Nicca, both that night and the next morning and for the next three days. She is still with him there.*

Rose: *I see. And yet, if you do not give him your daughter, you can stay until she graduates or leaves school, whichever comes first?*

DM: *Yes.*

Rose: *So what is the problem?*

DM: *I do not want to give him my little one.*

Rose: *So, don't! He doesn't require it. What is the problem?*

DM: *But we want to stay here!*

Rose: *That was never, ever, an option. You are asking for something that was never to be available to you. If I was Lawrence right now, I'd throw all of you out and ask Joy and Jake to find him mothers and daughters who would be happy with the deal that was offered. I am sure they have many ready to take your place. And just so you understand, every twelve-year-old, who stays at Jun's school has sex with Jake.*

DM: *Are you going to tell him to throw us out?*

Rose: *I won't have to. You girls seem to be doing a good job of making the people over in the big house really unhappy. You have taken advantage of the goodness of Lawrence's heart. And you turn on him when he has done nothing other than keep his word, even when you scheme to change the rules.*

DM: *But Rose, we really do want to stay here.*

Rose: Then stop complaining about what it takes. You know that when your twelve year old reaches the age of fourteen, Lawrence is going to take them anyway. You are behaving badly and acting as if you are special. None of you is special. End this meeting, go about your normal tasks and apologize to Imee, Maricar and Lawrence.

§ § §

The apologies do come. Along with that, however there is frankness about the hopes and dreams of these women. In truth, for each and every one of them, they have nowhere to go once their girls finish with school. Their current housing, food and quality of life is so far better than anything they had experienced, they don't want to lose it. I am sympathetic but once again, I am neither the government nor an NGO. This is beyond the scope of my obligation to these females. I am at least allowing their younger daughters to get a high school education. That is far more than they would have had otherwise.

§ § §

The night after Rose attended the meeting, one of the dorm mothers, Rosa and Eugeni come to my bedroom as previously established. Along with them, they bring Cheri (really, that is her name). Neither Rosa and Eugeni are with child and so they are on the track to leave at the end of Cheri's schooling. I have not promised anyone that if I take their twelve year old to bed that they can stay longer. Still that appears to be what they believe, even after Rose has spoken to them.

Cheri is a sweet child. She seems incredibly shy.

Cheri, do you know why your mother has brought you here tonight?

Yes Sir Lawrence.

Do you want to be here?

[Silence]

Rosa, Eugeni, please go home. I will speak to Cheri more after you two leave. If she returns shortly, after you return there, accept her with open arms.

Eugeni is about to put up an argument, but Rosa, shuts her daughter down and they walk out of my bedroom.

Cheri is standing in front of me, shaking.

Would you like something to drink? A Sprite? Yes?

I leave the bedroom along with Cheri. In the kitchen, I get a large bottle of Sprite out of the fridge, pour the girl a drink and put it on the supper table. Cheri is just standing there. As I sit down, I motion for her to sit as well.

Cheri, wouldn't you like to go back to the dorm and just have a nice quiet night, forgetting that your mother ever brought you over here? Cheri is looking at me, with a mix of fear and confusion. She is not saying anything but does continue to sip her soda as she watches me intently. I am not angry with you. I do not want to hurt you. I do not want you to do anything to you or with you that you don't really want to happen to you. If you are afraid of what your mother will do or say if you go back without anything happening here, I will protect you from any problems and make sure she does not punish you. Would you like to go home now?

No Sir.

Why child?

Am I ugly?

No, you are lovely.

Really? You are not just saying that to me to make me feel better?

Yes I mean it.

Then why don't you want me?

I feel that taking the virginity of someone so young, is, well, not always the best thing.

But you will if I want you to do it?

Why would you want me to do it?

We can stay here forever if I am your lover? Is that right?

Is that what you want?

*Sir, me, my family, we never had enough rice to eat before we come to live with you. We never have a good, safe place to live before we come here. I never have a bed of my own, or a clean place to get water to drink. Sir, do you know how much you mean to us? We will do anything for you. We – maybe we wouldn't do it if we were big celebrities – but we are not. Maybe if I am a princess I find a young handsome prince. For us, you are, all of us, our prince. You want more girls, so long as you still take care of us, OK, have more. You want babies. We are happy to give you babies, then we are your family. You want us as mistresses, all of us, OK. Take care of us and we are gladly your mistresses. I may be only twelve Sir, but I am not stupid. You save us from where we were. Our life has never been so good. You want to put yourself inside me and make me yours. I **want** to be yours! Truly Sir. I want it. My mother did not make me come tonight. I begged my mother to allow me to come. Make me yours and save me and my family for real. I want to be yours. Truly.*

When a twelve-year-old little beauty speaks in paragraphs as clearly and succinctly as Cheri has, there is little to say that makes any sense. You, in your first world home, with your elevated sense of ethics and propriety, can say whatever you damn please. You can talk about how this child actually has other options, because of charitable organizations and governmental help... it's all bullshit. None of it is really there, not for most of the people. You can talk about how I am abusing my power and I should not take advantage. I can take care of her without taking her. Well OK, maybe that last piece is right, except for the fact that where there is no quid pro quo, they don't trust it. This is a bargain that they understand, and I commit to, not out of 'some holier than though' bullshit, but out of self-interest. You say I am a monster? OK... so why is your dick hard? Don't have a dick? Is your pussy wet? You know what I am about to do, don't you?

§ § §

Chapter 13: The Age of Consent

Cheri and I are alone. This is different. Maricar is with Imee in the nursery. Ikay and Jovelyn are lying together in their shared bedroom. Ann, Laarni... all the rest are elsewhere. I am alone with this small girl. Cheri is not trembling. She is not nervous. She seems sure of herself now. I decide we should shower together first. Cheri has never had a warm shower in her life and this will be an event. She just doesn't know it. We cannot run out of hot water, as this is a poor man's on demand system, in a matter of speaking. The water heater being electric and sitting on the shower wall with the showerhead attached to it, we can shower for as long as we want. The cost of this extravagance was ₱7000 at Supreme hardware... that's \$175.00. I could have purchased a less expensive one, but what the heck, I splurged.

I want the shower for two reasons. I am not sure what the hygiene of a twelve year old is and it will give us a chance to get used to each other's bodies in a non-sexually charged way. Cheri is surprised by how warm and comfortable it is to take a warm water shower. We play around, soaping each other up and rinsing each other off. I have a chance to explore Cheri's body. She is exploring my ball sack with some thoroughness.

By the end of 25 minutes, there are two things I can say for certain. We are both clean and there will be no nervousness about touching when we get to bed. And that is our next stop as we finish drying off and step out of the bathroom.

You sleep in this huge bed alone Sir Lawrence?

No Cheri, I am almost never alone! But it is a large bed, isn't it?

Yes Sir, it is the biggest bed I have ever seen. How many can sleep on it?

*You mean, how many pretty Filipina's can sleep on it if I am not in it?
Oh, I don't know, seven or eight I guess.*

How many with you each night, Sir?

Two or three, plus me, sleep here each night normally.

But tonight it will be only you and me, Sir?

Yes Cheri, just you and me. Is that a problem for you?

No Sir! No, I am just curious. I think it is nice that you like me enough to have only me here.

Cheri, do you know what we will do tonight?

I think I do, Sir. My mother and sister tell me things. But I don't think you will suck my breasts, because I have none! [giggle] They say there will be a little pain when you put your penis inside me, but I will forget the pain quickly. I hope that is true. They also say I need to learn to suck your penis, Sir. Is that right, or were they teasing me? They say I should suck it until stuff comes out of it and that I should swallow. I am really supposed to swallow your pee, Sir?

It is not pee, Cheri. It is the thing that makes babies when I put it inside your pussy. It is healthy for you to drink.

I pick up Cheri and place her on the bed. Am I one lucky guy, or one sick bastard? Is it possible to be both and for the same reason? I know what I am doing is wrong. I am supposed to be scarring this girl for life, but for the life of me, I do not see how. From what I have seen of Jake's girls, none seem scarred. Maybe I am just going through a rationalization so that I don't feel so guilty. Cheri is too young to even be considered jail bait.

I hold her close to me and she is holding on to me too. I kiss her forehead. I kiss her cheeks. It is my skin against her skin. We have no clothing on as we lie on the bed covers. The room is warm and we are comfortable. I play with Cheri's little puffy nipples. At first, she giggles, but the giggles give way to moans in quick order. And that is just my fingers. I decide to show Cheri that she does have something worth sucking on and I move down on the girl and place my mouth over her right nipple. I suck it in to my mouth. That does it! Now she understands how good it can feel.

I do not want to confuse the girl with what she will see as ‘delaying tactics’ even though I would prefer more foreplay, she needs resolution to her quest. The foreplay can and will come after the fact. I use KY to prepare Cheri. I get on my back and position her above me. With my hand, I push my cock up and down over the gash of her labia, transferring KY to the required area.

With my cock centered at her love tunnel, my hands are now at the top of her hips, and I pull her down onto my pole. The initial resistance is her hymen, which quickly gives way as she impales herself on my dick. No matter how many times I experience a tight pussy, the feeling never loses its majesty for me. Cheri is perfect and the loss of her virginity seems to be something to celebrate not to mourn.

There is blood on my shaft as the little one continues to pound her pussy on my pole. I am doing very little as Cheri rides me. Still I am getting highly stimulated. Cheri’s tight cunt is driving me crazy.

Evidently, word has slipped out to Maricar and Imee that I am with Cheri. They appear at the bedroom door in their colorful silk wraps and slippers. They approach the bed, losing the wraps in the process, slippers shed as they climb on to the mattress.

Cheri, who has been pummeling my pole, suspends and shows fear.

It is Maricar who speaks and she is speaking to Cheri, *Calm yourself child! We are not here to hurt you or stop you. Does he feel good inside you?*

Yes!

Good! Good! Keep going. We will help you feel even better! And with that Cheri commences her pounding. Imee and Maricar position themselves on either side of Cheri. Each takes a little puffy nipple in her mouth while Imee starts playing with the child’s clit as the child continues to pump the pole. A week ago I did not think a twelve year old could orgasm. I know better now. But Cheri’s orgasm takes me to a place I have never experienced before and my gonads demand release. Beyond that I can’t say I remember much.

§ § §

I can't say that life has settled down. With the new daughters and their mothers, of whom Merlee is included, added to Imee, Jovelyn, Ikay and my wife, life at home is like nothing else I have ever experienced. Luckily, the little children are a huge distraction for the females and my girl's demands for my time are relatively minimal. What I am supposed to do with such a large brood, I have not a clue.

On top of that, Eve is pregnant, so her issue with bring Nicca, is now a non-issue. She is staying.

I find that I am spending most of my time and many of my nights with Ann, Nicca and Cheri. Maricar is indulgent in this matter. (In fact, Maricar is spending most of her time in the nursery these evenings.)

Throughout Ann's pregnancy, I kept her close to me. Now, Ann is about to turn fifteen next week. It is less than three months since she gave birth. She is asking for a birthday fuck without birth control. It is too soon.

I spend most nights with some girl from the dorm.

§ § §

We now have the four apartment buildings, and as a consequence, we have plenty of cash to meet any, and all, contingencies. There comes a time when the cost per kid becomes a marginal issue because of hand-me-downs and other matters of scale. With all the female help, we have no coverage issues.

§ § §

I continue to see my friends. One of them has taken a mistress and the wife... one of the fat ones... cannot handle the competition. She has left to live with her mother, and so this guy was left with just the mistress at home. His response was to add another mistress. Now his wife is even more royally pissed, than she was before.

Two other guys have taken mistresses and their wives are staying, at least for now. I gather things are a bit awkward in each home, but they are

making an effort to make it work. Both my girls and Jake's have reached out to the wives and mistresses to help them learn how to be with each other. Jake and I are providing guidance for the guys. Jake has far more experience, than I have, but his taste for the very young makes him less a comfortable fit for my friends.

§ § §

It is now six months since the last of my nine new teen mothers, and adult mothers have given birth, and they all gave me a child, five girls and four boys. Imee, Ikay, and Jovelyn gave me eight more! So that was bad enough, but Merlee gave me a child. Eighteen! Eve is still pregnant. I am not the human version of Secretariat, but I am treated as if I am.

Imee, Joy, Maricar and Rose approach Jake and me individually to ask if we might have another party. This time it will include those other couples who have added mistresses and my one friend who has lost his wife and is now with mistresses only. Jake is fine with it so long as we hold the party here. I make the following alteration. Five of the six couples who have not added mistresses will be contacted. These five include John and Susan. The same Susan that Maricar wrote about earlier. The sixth, Howard and Flor can't, as Flor died two months before the last party. Howard has let me know he isn't interested in getting out socially just yet.

We will inform the five extra couples that while, they are invited, if they choose to not come, we will understand. I will continue my friendship with the husband but not when the women are present.

To our surprise, all five of the other couples accept.

Susan tells Maricar that Maricar should contact Howard's new girlfriend Nene and provides Maricar with Nene's cell number. Within minutes of the first text message between Maricar and Nene, there is an acceptance, however it will not be just the two of them, it will be three of them: Howard, Nene and Nita. This will surely be interesting.

The party gets even more interesting when Jake shows up with his contingent. This time Abbey and Mitch are in tow. They then insist that Ikay and Jovelyn be at the party too. What the hell. I acquiesce. Time to

raise more eyebrows. I am just happy that Jake didn't bring Rosemarie and Anabel. I sure as hell don't want little Ann at the party right now. This is dicey enough.

At this point, the three guys who have moved into new relationships, and their girls, are all aware of Jake's girls and mine too. Introductions are made between the five couples who haven't added anyone, to the new mistresses of the three men and then of course, to Jovelyn, Ikay, Abbey and Mitch. But the real surprise is when Howard walks in with his girls entrain. There is fourteen year old Nene and sixteen year old Nita.

All these things happen at the same time. Joy texts Rosemarie and Anabel to get a tricycle to come here immediately. Ikay and Jovelyn dash off to round up all my other mistresses including little Ann. (Luckily, they know better than to include Nicca and Cheri!) The other mistresses are surrounding Nene and Nita, wanting details. Evidently, Susan and Jasmine take on the role of bodyguards and assistants for these two waifs. They must know the girls. My other male friends, except Bill and John, surround Howard and want to know what's up. These two have been holding out on me.

When Jake's young ones and my young ones enter the scene, more pandemonium ensues. Jake drifts over to me at one point and quietly says, *Where, pray tell are your two precious ones? Cheri and Nicca?*

Do you really think the rest of these folks are ready for that?

No, I don't and it is good they are not here. It is good for both of us. The young ones are a wonderful, but others will not see it that way and make trouble for us.

Exactly, and that is why they are not here.

During the evening, Susan approaches me. *Lawrence, last time I was appalled at what you were doing to Maricar. I apologize. I have honestly never seen her so happy. And if it weren't for you, maybe I would not have been able to accept Howard's situation, but Nene is a blessing to him. It was Nene, who pleaded with Howard to add Nita. I would not have understood that either, if it had not been for you. I told John that he could add another girl if he really wanted that. I felt guilty keeping him*

from what his friends have and I must admit I sort of am jealous of the friendship these girls have. John does not want it. So we are 'just us' because John wants it that way, not because I tell him he can't. I am not afraid for my marriage any more. At which point, she kisses me on the cheek and walks off, smiling.

§ § §

It's evening. Last night's party was a big success. Everyone seemed to have a ball and the fact that all my mistresses, not just the adult ones, were able to attend, has engendered extra goodwill within the household.

Tonight, four females surround me. Only one of them is over fifteen years of age and two are thirteen. My cock has been at least briefly in each of them. Blessed be Viagra. I can stay hard and it delays orgasm. There is tickling, laughing, snuggling, kissing, fucking, sucking, licking, and there is love. There is real love.

You ask, 'how can that be?' I tell you, I do not know. All I can do is point out that two of these girls is a mother of one of my children. They now share a bond with me that can never be broken. To both I owe my loyalty as they owe the same back to me. The tether that holds us all together cannot be broken. The other two? I took them so young, and yet they were so willing that I cannot understand what goes on in their brains. All I do know is that they are attached to me deeply and completely.

And now, if little Nicca would please remove her big toe from my ass, I might be able to save my load for a few more minutes. If she doesn't, Ann is about to get it all. It is the middle of Ann's cycle. I really do not need any more children and this is too soon for her. She needs more time between children, even if she is to have more.

I have been trying to cum in their mouths or their asses. For fear of additional pregnancies. God forbid a thirteen year old gets pregnant. It can't be good for them and though Jake tells me he has a discrete midwife we can use, I just don't want to take the chance. Further, I can't believe giving these young ones birth control is a good idea either. Unfortunately, these girls **want** to get pregnant and so it is a challenge to make sure the cum goes only where I want it.

Right now, I am a few heartbeats away from drowning a pussy with cum. I am partially on my back but Nicca has her ankle and foot underneath me. She has wiggled a toe up my ass. Cheri is kneeling over me and squatting her pussy down on my face. The problem is that her legs have my shoulders pinned down. The only one who is not aiding abetting Ann is Corrine, as she is above my head and messaging my temples. The only problem is that it tends to make me come ‘compliant.’ It sort of like causes me to zone out. And so she isn’t helping either.

Nicca wiggles her toe just as Ann slams her tight, well lubricated, and by now, experienced pussy down on me once again. It’s too late to stop now. Ann gets her cum. I grunt, Ann whoops! Corrine keeps on massaging.

§ § §

I have not had a stream of twelve year olds. Yes I did take Nicca and Cheri, but there was no one after that. Rose’s talk did have the desired effect. The twelve year olds are now thirteen and some will be fourteen soon. So the girls I said no to before will start entering my bed soon.

Rose texted me just a few minutes ago. She and Joy would like to meet with me without anyone knowing. Can I meet them at the food court at Robinsons? Yes, that will be a good place, as no one here likes the place so it is unlikely we will be seen.

§ § §

OK I’m here. What do you want to talk about?

Does Maricar know you love many of the women in the dorm?

Rose, what makes you think that?

Joy and me, we talk to the women. They tell us about what you are like with them. They tell us you go to the dorm and spend time with them. You play tong-its⁷ with them. Instead of staying away or asking someone else to do it, you care for them when they get sick.

⁷ A card game.

I don't hide anything from my wife. You should know that.

Lawrence, Rose does not say you are lying to Maricar. She asks if Maricar knows. There is a difference. We see Maricar. She is always in the Nursery. She is always with the children. She spends very little time with you. That is not your fault. We do not say you do anything wrong. But we know you fall in love with women in the dorm. This is true.

Joy, these are good women. They work hard and their life has not been easy. Yes I care for them.

Lawrence, are you lying to yourself? Do you not know? You more than care for them.

So you two think I am in love with some of the women?

Yes.

How many of them you think I love, Rose?

Five. You love five. I know them. Do you want me to name them to you?

Huh. I guess not. I will have to think about this. What do you expect me to do?

First, you must tell Maricar. Then you must tell the women. All five of them. They love you Lawrence. You need to tell them that you love them too. But with Gloria, there is more than that. You know what it is.

No, I am not going to do that Rose.

You love Gloria and Corrine. Corrine is constantly with you. With the exception of Merlee, who as had your child, Gloria is with you more than any of the other mothers. Gloria wants you to. Corrine wants you to. Lisa wants you to, even though she waited until she was almost fourteen before you took her. They all know Alissa wants you to take her.

No. I will not. The child is barely eleven!

The difference between Alissa and Nicca when you took her is ten months. Remember when Rose and me tell you that you would start taking the younger ones?

Yes.

We wrong?

No.

Lawrence, we not wrong now. Gloria and her family, they yours except Alissa. Alissa knows this. She needs to feel your love. Gloria needs to hear you tell her you love her. She is without a baby and is depressed that she will lose you. Tell her. Tell the others. Tell Rosa! She one too! Di ba? She afraid she lose you, even though you take Cheri. ... But first, tell your wife. She needs to understand that she should be with you more. It is good she loves the children, but she needs to be with you more and the children less. You cannot tell her that, but she needs to understand that things are happening while she not with you.

Yes. I understand. Please say hello to Jake for me.

§ § §

Chapter 14: Advice and Consent

I have reviewed what I have written here. It is curious. I have omitted the names of four important women from this account. Joy and Rose were scolding me for failing these very women. Gloria is mentioned, but that is because I mentioned her prior to these feelings. I have not mentioned her since. I never mentioned Alissa. I only mentioned Rosa when she brought Cheri to me. But I didn't explain how I felt about her. I just call her a dorm mother. But the reason she brought Cheri was out of fear she would lose me.

I have been censoring myself, omitting things here, playing a game of denial. Joy and Rose are right. The females in the house are all taken up in childcare and seem to have little time or interest in me. The children are their world. I neither blame them for that, nor do I regret having the children, but it does leave me in a weird situation.

As I have said from the moment they all came into my life, the women in the dorm are exquisite. Their beauty is hard to ignore. While not all of them are my true fans, as the uprising Rose quashed proved to me, some of them were and are special for me.

Argumentative Gloria has become over the last almost two years, one of my staunchest defenders and supporters. She has gone so far as to tell some of her dorm mates to pack up and leave if they don't like the deal I offer them. While fertile Merlee got my seed, she could not have done it without Gloria's energetic assistance. Gloria is a team player, but at the core of it, she has fallen in love with me, and I evidently with her.

But Gloria is not the only one. There is also Rosa, Gina, Jessica and Mary. Why have I not mentioned them? Am I confused? I am already surrounded by women. I still love Maricar deeply. I know she still loves me. Maybe I feel guilty that I have fallen in love with these females due to my wife's absence from my bed. I don't know, but the warning from Rose and Joy is a wake-up call. Whatever my initial motivations, there are real world realities and consequences.

§ § §

Maricar is in the nursery. I had expected nothing else. My appearance there is not unprecedented. I drop by almost every afternoon. The nursery is noisy, but that is the norm. Children make noise and we should rue the day when they do not.

Every time I appear, there is a rush of these young'un's around me. Each gets a kiss and a hug. I have started a pattern of settling them down around me as I read a book, or chapter of a book, to them. I think I enjoy it as much as the kids do. Maybe more.

I need to speak with Maricar, but that will have to wait. Even for me, when I enter the nursery, the children come first. Today, we are in chapter 6 of **The House on Pooh Corner**. Tomorrow, I will read **Mike Mulligan and His Steam Shovel**. It is one of my favorites and the kids love it too. These children are half Filipino, but I make up the other half. They need to hear from my side too!

The Pooh story takes some time to read and the young ones run out of patience before we come to the end. And so, when we do come to the conclusion of chapter 6, all are ready to abandon ***Tatay***, me, and engage in other play.

Getting out of my chair, I walk over to Maricar, who is finishing attending to an issue of two of my boys who need to learn to cooperate a little better. I wait, slightly bemused, as she finishes up and sends them off to play.

You are in your glory, sweetheart.

Well, they are not mine, but they are ours. They give us our future, and look at them, Lawrence! Are they not wonderful?

Yes. Yes they are. They make me proud. You make me proud.

But? Lawrence, I can tell there is a 'but' here. What is it?

I don't know if it is a 'but.' I don't think it is. I do not want you to be doing anything else. I don't know if you had been doing anything else, that I still wouldn't need to speak with you. This is not about you. This is about me, and my limitations I guess.

What limitation Lawrence?

My inability to limit whom I love.

Ah, I have new women in our life?

Yes and no. You know all of them, and have loved me, with them, in our bed. But for these females, I have developed a strong attachment... no, more than that ... I love them, Maricar.

By your face, your arms and in your words, I think, you still love me. Is this correct?

Oh yes, Of course yes! I could never stop loving you. I do not want to hurt you by having anyone say anything to you that you do not know of and do not understand. I have not told these women that I love them. I think it is best we talk first.

So you want to deal with this love as a couple, you and me, and not as a single man?

Yes! I guess, I didn't understand that, but yes, that is what I want.

Lawrence, you are a different man than any other I have ever heard of. I am lucky that you are mine. Do I understand that these women are not pregnant and not going to get pregnant?

Yes. Exactly.

OK, I see clearly why we need to talk. These women will become very close to you and will never have more children to divide their attention away from you. Their children are grown a bit, and are in your bed. How would you like to tell them?

If I tell each one individually, some may get the wrong idea that they are the one and only. If I tell them as a group, it sounds so unloving. I do not know what to do.

How many are there, Lawrence?

Five. Gloria, Rosa, Gina, Jessica and Mary.

Good, I like all of them. I am glad you do not fall for the ones with bad attitudes or with gossips. May I speak with them first?

Yes, of course.

OK I will do that and then we will all get together for a celebration?

A celebration?

Yes Lawrence, these five join the household, leave the dorm and become your mistresses. We must celebrate with them.

OK, so when am I supposed to tell them?

I will tell you after I meet them. Then you can tell each one, alone. After that, we have the celebration.

Thank you, sweet wife.

You are welcome, dear husband.

I have one other problem.

Yes?

Gloria wants me to take her youngest, Alissa. I have been saying 'no.' Will you tell her the same please?

Alissa is eleven?

Yes just barely.

What does the girl want?

What does that matter, Maricar? She is too young.

Twelve is too young too. Still you have Nicca and Cheri who started at twelve. I will speak with Gloria and Alissa.

§ § §

It is morning and I am in my office, catching up with emails, updating our accounts receivable ledger with the rents collected yesterday. My talk with Maricar was yesterday afternoon. Last night was spent with Cheri and Ann. I have not seen any of my five yet as I wait for Maricar to advise me.

I look up from my desk to see Mary and Jessica walk in together. Both have smiles so broad that their good humor is instantly contagious. *Good morning, girls!*

They both murmur a ‘good morning’ and both climb on to my lap, each taking a leg. I get a kiss on each cheek and a bunch of giggles. It is Mary who speaks for both of them. *Maricar says you love us. This is true Lawrence?*

Yes, it is true.

True love? You not send us away? Ever? Even if we grow ugly? You want more than just sex from us?

Yes true love. I will never send you away, but I cannot require you to stay. I will be dead long before you grow ugly! And Mary, yes, I want your love, your loyalty and your companionship. That is true for both of you. But I also want your loyalty, love and respect for Maricar.

We stay! We stay! We give all to you and Maricar. But Maricar say there are others? How many more Lawrence? Is one Gloria?

Why do you ask about Gloria?

Because we all think you love her and she will die for you Lawrence. We all know she loves you very much. She will be good to you.

Yes, Gloria is one of the others. There are two more. I do not want to mention their names until Maricar has spoken with them.

OK, we can wait to find out the other two, but I think we know who are the others. We have to go to work now. Maricar say we will all get

together and celebrate this Friday night. Lawrence, are you going to take Alissa? We all know she wants you to take her.

She's too young! Now off with you, or you will be late for work!

And with a little more kissing and goodbyes, they are gone.

Fifty minutes later, I am closing the accounting program on my PC. This journal is open and I am posting in it when I hear something. Looking up from my desk, I see Gloria standing patiently. *Good morning, beautiful.*

Good morning handsome.

Ha! Gloria you need glasses!

Mahal, my eyes are perfect, but you need to clean your glasses.

If I do, you will only look more beautiful. What can I do for you this morning?

Tell me what I so want to hear, Lawrence.

What would that be?

Don't be difficult! You know!

Yes I do know. I stand up and go to Gloria. I take her in my arms, but not tightly. I want to look her in the eyes when I say it. She is looking at me. Her body is trembling. She appears to be holding her breath. *I love you.*

Gloria gasps, blinks twice, almost passes out before she expels the air in her lungs and then: *Once more, Lawrence. Say it once more please?*

I love you, Gloria.

She looks at me in a way I have never seen before. She nods her head in an affirmation not explicitly stated and then closes any distance between us, grasping me in, what only can be called, a bear hug. I feel something wet on my shoulder. Gloria is crying, sobbing, and gasping for air, trembling in my arms. She is holding on for dear life. Still holding on and

between the sobs: *Maricar tells me, this morning, you love me, but I do not believe it can be true. You never tell me. Why she tell me this? So, I come to you. Now I believe it. Thank God! Thank God! I be yours* Lawrence.

I take my love to the bedroom and slowly undress her. Gloria is no average Filipina. From her perfect face, her long neck, her C cup perky breasts, her trim waist and flat belly, hips that flair fair more than the average Filipina, to thighs and calves that are flawless, Gloria is a beauty queen. On top of that, Gloria is smart, loyal, and a truly decent person. No one anywhere could ever say I was worthy of this female. Yet, here we are and she is mine. Mary is right, even though I will never ask it from her, Gloria will stand between me, and any danger. To that extent, she is a pit bull. It was the pit bull, I met first, with Corrine backing her down. Now I am the one she protects and defends.

We take each other's arms. Neither is leading, we are in harmony, as we join, for a soft and long embrace, lips gently meeting without cue or hesitation. We taste each other, feeling the other's passion. Naked, Gloria breaks the hold to undress me before we embrace again, skin against skin. Neither of us are in a hurry. My right hand glides down her backbone to her perfectly proportioned buttocks. The diminutive globes are firm in my hand. We find the bed together and together, bodies entwined we find our way onto the mattress. Gloria is whispering things in my ear that no woman in her right mind would ever think of me and so I will omit them from these pages. I rather be accused of false humility than held up for ridicule by anyone who might know me!

I am hard. We have plenty of time. I want to take our time, but now Gloria is insistent. *Tell me you love me as you cum in me! Please! Do it!*

I am inside her now. Her pussy is so hot, it's running a fever. She isn't just wet, she's gushing pussy juices. The bed sheets are being soaked, as is the mattress. Her nails rake my back. She is biting my ear lobe and I swear if feels like she will bite right through. Gloria lifts up her head and starts screaming: *Now, give it to me now.*

Not yet!

Now Lawrence! Now! I am yours. Make me whole. Complete me.

And I do. I fill her up. I drown her cervix, while telling my Gloria, *I love you.*

We lie exhausted on the soaking sheets. I am on my back. Gloria is lying face down across me with her head on my opposite shoulder. My arms encircle her. *I really am yours. You know that?*

Yes, I do.

Everything I have is yours, Lawrence.

I know.

Alissa, she is yours too, Lawrence.

She is too young.

Yes, you are right, but it is OK because she wants you.

I don't know. It's not right.

We sleep for an hour. When I awaken, I coax Gloria awake and we shower before dressing and leaving the bedroom for a bit of lunch.

§ § §

After lunch, it is my time with the kids. I don't know how many times I have read this story to them, but they seem to love it as much as I did as a kid so many years ago. They have never seen a steam shovel in real life. They have never seen a boiler. They have no reason to ever want to heat a building, and yet with all those things not working for it, the story holds them, in rapt attention as Mike and his shovel finish the first corner and then the second and then the third as evening begins to set. Will he finish on time?

As I close the book, and my kids drift away, I see Maricar standing to the side and smiling a gentle, dreamy smile. I get up and walk up to her, taking a left hand offered to me with my right in a loving grip. Swinging the arm back and forth in a lazy reverie. *If I ever had doubt about you being a good father, all I have to do is watch you with your children and*

any question I might ever have had vanishes. My doubts about whether you wanted these children also disappear. I am glad all this has happened. She paused, looking out a window on to the lanai. The afternoon sun shining down on it where it can make its way through the slatted roof above. I didn't understand how much they love you Lawrence. I missed it all. These women can't breathe without thinking of you. Why didn't you tell them you loved them? Every one of them almost tried to kill herself when I approached each one. God only knows what they feared from me! That I would tell them to stay away from you! I could never have done that, but they did not know I guess, because I have not been around. I am sorry Mahal. I am sorry I have not been there for you. These children, I love these children so much that I failed to be with you. I do not say that the love you have would not have been there anyway. This love is good. Good for you and for them. Maybe good for me too. But I need to be with you, and with them more. I am sorry. This is the second time I failed you.

You have not failed me. I have no criticism of you at all. As to why I did not tell them? I did not even tell myself. I was in denial I could love them like I do. It is my fault. I should have known what I was doing. I should have talked to you and to them long ago. I hold my wife tight, and just let the feelings wash over me. I do love my wife so very much.

You can go and see them now. I have spoken to all of them.

Mary and Jessica came to me this morning before they went to work. Gloria spent two hours with me this morning after the first two left. I will go find Gina and Rosa now I guess. Is there anything you have to say about any of them?

Don't break their hearts. They love you every bit as much as I do.

It was that clear?

Yes Lawrence, it was.

§ § §

May I come in?

Lawrence, you never have to ask that question.

Of course I do, you might not be wanting company.

Lawrence! You are being difficult! You know what Maricar, she tell me?

No Rosa, what did she tell you?

She say, if you give me trouble I should punch you in the belly! She say, that I am as much a wife to you as she is.

Are you?

Will you allow it Lawrence?

Rosa, I do love you.

More than all the other women here?

No Rosa, more than most of the women here.

Who else you love?

Shall we start with Maricar? You should know that I truly love her.

Of course, yes! I know that.

OK then add Gloria.

Yes, it is true. I know she loves you. I am glad you love her too.

There are three others, who are not in my household now. Can you guess who they are?

Only three more?

Yes.

Then yes, I know who we are. I am glad for them. What is going to happen to us? Does this mean we do not leave when our children age out?

Yes, that is part of what it means.

What else?

I will tell all five of you at supper tomorrow. Dress nice, we are going out to a nice restaurant tomorrow night. There will be nineteen of us. The five of you and your daughters, Maricar and me.

Lawrence. May I be with you tonight?

Yes.

May I bring my youngest, Anita? She has not been with you yet.

Anita is how old?

She is thirteen. Her birthday is in three months.

Does she want to be with me?

Yes! Until now, I tell her not yet. But, I think now is the right time.

OK, bring her.

Thank you! May I ask a question that is not my business?

I don't know. You never do this before. Why now?

Because she will be one of us and I... well Gloria's Alissa. We all know she wants to be with you. We know Gloria wants you to have her. Why you not take the girl?

I see. Rosa, she's too young!

Maybe I think you are right. But Alissa, she disagree with us!

Yes, you are right. Rosa, I must go now and speak to one more.

Who?

Who do you think?

Well it can't be Jessica or Mary. They are still at work. I think Gloria probably knows already. I see her earlier this afternoon and she has this very happy face. I guess Gina.

You are a smart girl. Come to the house for supper. Bring your family. All three of you will be with me tonight. OK?

Yes Lawrence. May I kiss you now, as a wife kisses her husband?

Yes, of course.

And she did. God damn she is a good kisser.

§ § §

Chapter 15: Changing of the Guard

Gina is in the hall as I exited Rosa's dorm rooms. She smiles. *Did you tell her Lawrence? Do you tell her she is one of us?*

One of what, Gina?

Oh you! If I didn't love you so much! Come into my room and kiss me.

And that is exactly what I do. Gina is on her A game. The kiss, is no little peck. It sends shock waves right through me. As we stop both for air and maybe to talk, I just take a step back and take her all in with my eyes. You know, you can't appreciate her beauty as well while your faces are smashed together.

So Gina, what do you think is happening?

Uh-uh. It's you who have something to tell me and I have been waiting to hear it for a long time. Now's the time. Let's hear it!

I love you.

That! That! Why did it take you so long? Why did Maricar have to come here and prepare me? I have been waiting for this moment for months Lawrence.

It's complicated; but at the end, before I told you I loved you, I needed to tell Maricar I loved you.

OK. That I believe. You are the good guy I know you are for doing that... but why did she come first?

Two reasons. So that you understood that you were not cutting in, you are joining... and because there is more than just you. I didn't know exactly how to deal with that.

You think we do not know about each other? Really? When you are not around, the five of us sit together and cry on each other's shoulders. We

have been supporting each other for months now. Rose and Joy have even been with us. Oh!... You don't know that? Oh... my... God!

It's all becoming clear now.

So you know? Ah. Well, we decided, you know, we decided about Alissa. We think you should...

Damn it Gina! She's too young!

Stop being difficult Lawrence. We all decided. Rose and Joy agree too.

Rose and Joy agreeing is supposed to be an endorsement? Do you know what Jake does? Jesus Christ Gina. Why is everyone so insistent I deflower an eleven year old?

Deflower? What does that mean?

Take the girls virginity.

Ah, OK. Well because she would be the only one you didn't bed. You have taken us five. You have taken our older daughters and the ones who started in school at twelve. Of the five, Gloria is the only one of two with a third daughter and Alissa is the youngest. She will be the only one you have not taken if you take Rosa's. You will take Rosa's? Diba⁸? You need to take her.

That makes no sense. ... You say you all talk with each other?

Yes. Why?

I want you all to come over to the house at 5:30PM tomorrow. I want you to tell all the rest, except Rosa, who already knows. We are going out to dinner as a group. Bring your daughters.

§ § §

In case you missed the math previously, there are five women and twelve daughters coming to the house and then out to dinner tomorrow, add

⁸ Is this not so?

Maricar, and you have eighteen females. Of the eighteen, I have bedded sixteen. Tonight I will bed Anita and that will bring the number bedded to seventeen. Have I said I live in a lecher's candy store?

Right now, Rosa and her daughters are in my bathroom taking a shower. In walks Gloria. I am in a robe and waiting for Rosa and family to emerge. This is less than a comfortable moment. I am gathering my thoughts and am about to open my mouth when Gina walks in. This can't be by accident... can it? I am sorting that out in my fevered brain when Mary and Jessica enter. OK this can't be an accident. Once again I reorder my thoughts and am about to speak when... in walks Alissa, in a robe and clearly recently showered. At about the same moment, Rosa and her girls enter from the bathroom.

I take a deep breath, let it out very slowly and then finally utter the only thing that makes any sense, at the moment. *OK, who would like to explain what is going on here?*

It is Gina who appears to be in charge. She actually steps forward from the group and puts herself squarely in front of me. *Lawrence. We know you are married and Maricar is our boss. But Lawrence, we are your women. We will not be having other children and for the rest of your life, it is we five, who will take care of you. Maricar, Imee and the others, they will see to the children. We have this talk with Maricar, and she agrees except that she will join us with you sometimes. ...* She pauses a bit before continuing. *... There are two of our girls who you have not bedded yet. That we fix tonight. You love all of us, we will not compete with each other. From now on, we are your team. Tonight, none of the five of us will lay with you. Anita and Alissa will lay with you. We will go back to our dorm rooms tonight. We say this as your forever mistresses.*

Do you think I get any say in this? Gina? You think you can just tell me, who I will lie down with? Alissa is a very pretty little girl, but I told all of you that she is too young. She may say she is ready, and she may be ready, but I require her to wait until her next birthday at the earliest. I am not negotiating, I am telling you. I am not Jake. Anita will stay tonight if it is her wish to stay. Regardless of what you, or even Rosa, wants, I require the person I am with, to want to be with me, without any outside pressure. When the rest of you are gone, I will ask Anita. If she shows any hesitation or confusion, I will send her back to Rosa, without

touching her. Rosa, you stay for now. The rest of you, go. This is not a good start to things. I am disappointed in each of you. Now go!

What happened next is not a happy scene. It is both insane and sad.

It is insane, simply because these are five of the most exquisitely beautiful women, and I have berated and ordered them out of my room. It is sad because they are crying, terrified and coming apart at the seams. I have enough of this. *Stop it! I never said I don't love you. I do and no one is going to be shut out from that. Being disappointed with a loved one is not the same as saying go away forever. I will see all of you tomorrow. Tomorrow we will discuss how things will work between us. You are all my forever mistresses. Go, but do not be frightened. Just understand that it is not you, who will make final decisions here, it is I, who will be the one to make the final decisions. Only if you fight me on these things and try to work against my wishes will I ask you to leave. I will listen to you, but, if I say no, it is no! Now each of you come here for a kiss before you leave.*

They all do leave. That includes Rosa's older daughter. I send Rosa to my office. There are two easy chairs in the master bedroom. I sit Anita, who is in a silk wrap, on one and I sit on the other.

We both know that the rule is, when you turn fourteen I will expect you to join me or leave the dorm. But because I do love your mother, you will never have to leave, even if you do not want to join me. This makes it special for you, and also for Alissa. Neither of you ever needs to join me in my bed. Everything will be perfectly OK if you would like to go back to the dorm. OK?

Do I have to?

Do you have to what?

Do I have to go back to the dorm?

If you do not truly want to share my bed, then yes you do.

But if I do?

If you do what Anita?

Want to be with you?

Do you?

Yes.

Why? You can stay here without entering my bed.

I know, but I think I should.

Should is a word I wish was not in the dictionary. No Anita, you probably shouldn't. Go back to the dorm.

No.

No?

Yes! No!

Ah. Why?

I... don't ... know... but I want you to take me to bed. Please.

Damn.

Go to my office, send your mother in and wait there.

Yes Sir.

The transition from the daughter to the mother in my room takes all of a half a minute. I take a long and appreciative look at Rosa. I am going to tell you what I will tell the rest tomorrow night. Do not tell them what I tell you tonight. Do you understand Rosa?

Yes Lawrence.

Without either Anita or Alissa ever entering my bed, all five of you and your families will no longer be living in the dorm. You will live in this

house. Your children will never 'age out.' I will treat them as my family and they can go as far as they want in their schooling without financial worry. You will be with me, I hope, forever. There is absolutely no need for Anita to be in my bed. I am asking, not demanding... Will you please send her back to the dorm tonight and stop this campaign to have me take the child? I have no need to add her to the women I lie with.

No.

OK why?

Because she wants to be with you. I cannot take that from her. Are we really moving in here? Maricar knows this?

Yes and Yes. OK bring Anita back in and you stay here with her.

Once again, to me, this is nuts. I have more females than any man might ever want. There is no economic advantage for Anita or her family. There is no ***quid pro quo***. Never the less, Rosa, at my direction, places KY on Anita's labia and inner lips. I have Rosa give Anita lessons on how to suck my cock. I am remaining passive, and on my back, as mother and daughter collaborate on learning a craft on a canvas of cock. That is not to say I am not rock hard. How could I not be? This is erotic on so many different levels that just to catalog them is enough to get me hard.

Rosa decides it is time to complete the coup de grace and places Anita on my upright member while I continue to lie on my back. Rosa holding my cock amidships, she slides my member from top to bottom and back again between Anita's labia finally centering in under the girls hymen. Rosa whispers in Anita's ear and the girl just drops on to my loins, impaling herself in the process. Anita lets out a pained moan and a tear is on her right cheek as she just sits on me, her legs spread wide and probably uncomfortably with her thighs across my hips.

For me, there is no pain. I am being squeezed incredibly tight. Anita's pussy is hot and the KY has made what is probably a dry tunnel, well lubricated. I swear I feel her cervix on the end of my member. I am looking up at small but real breasts and a lovely girl about to be fourteen soon. There are only small hints of childhood. This is very different from Alissa who is only a few months into her eleventh year. This pre-woman,

this young teen has nothing to be ashamed about in the ‘looks’ category. I am enjoying the view, but sad for the girl as she is clearly uncomfortable.

Rosa whispers again. Was it encouragement? Was it instructions? I do not know. Anita pulls up, pauses, and slides back down. I see blood on my cock. Anita wipes a tear from her face and her expression changes from discomfort to a question. She repeats the motion and a little smile begins to emerge. With each of these movements, my cock is getting maximum, tight but not painful stimulation.

Anita begins fucking my member in earnest. I reach up and pull the girls face down to mine. I start kissing the girl. I roll her over. Still kissing the little beauty, I start my fucking of her as she wraps her legs as best she can around me. The KY is just a memory now as vaginal liquids flow over my member and onto Anita’s thighs.

Anita starts biting my lower lip. She is bucking her pubes into me as I pound down on her. Her hands are on the back of my head, her fingers entwined with and pulling my hair.

I am ready to cum and decide not to try to hold back. I do not want to make Anita sore, this being her first time. My cum fills the girl, and squeezes out of her pussy as I continue to fuck through the experience. Finally, we are at rest. Anita’s arms encircle me. Her lips pressed to mine. Her tongue is in my mouth. I feel her warm breath. *Happy Anita?*

Yes Sir.

Call me Lawrence please.

OK Lawrence.

You will be sore for a while, but it will go away.

I am not sore.

Yes I know, but you will be soon.

Really?

Yes. Do you want to spend the rest of the night here, or back in your bed.

I can spend it here?

Yes.

Then I want to be here. And with that, Anita slides around so that her head is pointing away from the headboard, her ass is pushed upward with feet are propped up on the bedstead. I ask her why she is doing this.

Joy tells me I should do this to get pregnant.

It will not work and besides, I do not want you to get pregnant.

I will do what Joy says and I do want to get pregnant.

Since it will have no effect, I decide to leave the matter alone. Pulling Rosa to my other side, I drift off to sleep.

§ § §

I awaken to Anita giving me head. Rosa is by my side, watching. I pull Rosa in for a kiss and hold her there as the kiss lengthens into a deep sensual session, my emotions flowing out into her mouth, as my cock is being worked; milked, of its emotions, by her daughter. I am not thinking. I am only feeling, and then I am cumming. It is an interesting way to start the day.

§ § §

[Barako coffee](#) has its own unique flavor. It may not be to everyone's taste, but I find it enjoyable. There is no half and half in the stores here⁹ and so I mix heavy cream with milk for my own version of the substance. It's probably a little more cream than a real Half and Half, but what the heck, it works. There is a bowl of fried rice on the table that

⁹ Half and Half is a North American product. There was nothing approaching an equivalent but you can mix milk with cream to create your own.

others are taking portions of as their morning meal, but I am having a fresh mango, and slice of [cassava cake](#).

I am relaxing and proceeding at a leisurely pace through my morning meal when Maricar joins me. *How did it go last night?*

What portion?

Ah. The portion with Anita.

I see. I gather you know I sent the rest back to their rooms?

[giggle] *Yes. You were right, but they are scared.*

I tried to send Anita back too.

And?

She insisted she wanted to stay. Rosa was not in the room when I questioned the girl and she still insisted. I let her stay. Everything is OK with her and Rosa.

OK, good. I will be with you tonight, husband.

Good! I am glad for that. What do we do with the five tonight?

You will see! I have an idea.

Maricar, I would like to go visit Howard this morning. Would you like to come with me?

She does and off we go, getting out of the house and away from all. Just the two of us. I need that this morning. The good lord knows, I still love my wife.

Howard lives about 5KM from our home. There was a time when all the roads between us were under construction at one time and getting there was a real chore. But now, with the new roads, it is quite easy and quick. As we pull up to his gate, I give a brief honk with my horn, Nita appears, and opens the gate. We pull in and park as Nita closes the gate behind us.

I have not been here since before Flor passed away. Maricar and I loved Flor. She and Howard had been a good pairing. Neither pulled the other along. They had been in harness together. When Flor passed, I tried a dozen times to reach out to Howard, but he just wouldn't have it. Now things are different. Howard is different. You can see, this is Howard without Flor. I can see that Nene and Nita both adore Howard. Howard clearly loves the two girls, but they are not in harness with him. They circle around him, making sure he is OK. He loves the comfort they afford him, but you can see it in his eyes. Those eyes still look for Flor.

Maricar is talking to Howard about replacing his refrigerator. They are deep in conversation. I turn to Nene but before I can say anything, it is Nene who speaks: *Can you see it?*

Yes. I think I can. But Nene, he is not unhappy with you.

I know. I know he loves me. I think he loves Nita too. I do not think he will ever get over losing Flor. Was she as good as Howard thinks in his heart?

Yes Nene, I think she was. But it is in a way that does not compete with you. I think it will take years for the loss to stop hurting so much. You and Nita are doing a good job and Howard's hurt will lessen. May I ask a personal question?

Maybe. What is it?

Do both of you lie with Howard? Or is Nita a maid?

Ah. We both lie with our Howard. We are both his maids.

Susan and John tell me you are not a maid. They say you are like a wife to Howard.

Maybe I am, but there is not a legal marriage. I am here because Howard allows it.

You can marry him when you are eighteen. Ask him. I bet he will say yes.

Nita becomes eighteen two years sooner.

I know, but you ask him tonight if he will wait for you to turn eighteen and see what he says.

I can't ask that!

Why?

It would be rude! If he wants, he will ask.

The morning drifts into a lunchtime meal that Nene and Nita prepare as Marciar and I continue to visit with Howard. For all I see in Howard's eyes, it is also perfectly clear he is happy and his life is back on track. I am not worried about being rude. I have known Howard way too long for that and so out of the hearing of his girls, I ask: *Howard, are you going to marry Nene?*

Howard is not offended by the question at all. He smiles. This is something he clearly has given some thought to and his answer shows it: *Yes, if I am still alive when she turns twenty-one and if she still wants me.*

Why not eighteen? I am sure her parents will approve.

Lawrence, her father is dead and the whereabouts of her mother is unknown. She must have parental consent prior to age twenty-one. You know the law here. There is no way to get it.

You can get an exception. In the case where neither parents are known, or not alive and the same is true for the grandparents, you can get a judge to act in place of a parent. Nene will still need to get 'marriage counselling' from a minister, but I believe from what Jake told me, he has a 'counselor' available for such situations and will refer you to a helpful judge. All you need to know is in Executive order Number 209.

I'll be damned. So I can marry her in just about three years?

Yes you can. Why don't you ask her if she wants to marry you? I bet you will make her the happiest girl in town.

§ § §

Chapter 16: True colors

Maricar and I get back home in time for my story time reading with the kids. It's the one time in the day I see them. I guess that makes me a horrible father, but I must say I enjoy the time with them.

Afterwards I wander over to the dorm. I do this often and so it's not unexpected. Gina, Gloria and Rosa are in the hall and fall silent upon seeing me. I point to Gina's rooms and indicate that they should follow me in. Once within her rooms, I close the door to the hall. *Well?*

It is Gina who is speaking. *We don't understand. Are you angry with us? Are we in trouble? Rosa tells us nothing.* Rosa's face is a study in controlled fury as Gina continues to vent. *You send us away. We talk to Joy who says we are stupid and you may send us away now. Rosa will not say what you are going to do. And you leave for all the day until now. We are going crazy!*

Rosa, come to me please. She approaches and I take her in my arms and give her a kiss. I sincerely hope she feels it right through, all the way to the ends of her toes. Finally we break. *Thank you for doing as I requested. I bet you need to get ready, so go do that. I will see you in the house.* Rosa smiles, gives me a kiss on the cheek and walks out, head high.

Now, the two of you have disappointed me a second time. Did I tell you last night that I was disappointed, but that was all, and that I would talk to you all today?

Both Gina and Gloria acknowledge that I did.

Did I tell you, to "go, but do not be frightened."

Gina and Gloria acknowledge that I did as well.

Gina, did I give you instructions yesterday evening before you all came to my room?

Yes.

Did you pass them on to the others, as I told you to?

Gina's eyes got real big.

Did you Gina? ... Jesus Christ! I stop talking and text Jessica and Mary with the information I need them to have. I get texts back saying they couldn't as they weren't home yet and had made other plans. I text back and told them to get their asses back here now.

Gloria, do you know what I told Gina to tell you?

No.

Tell her Gina!

That we five go to the house at 5:30PM today. I should tell all except Rosa, who already knows. We are going out to dinner as a group and we are to bring your daughters.

Gloria, if you knew that, would you have been afraid?

No Lawrence.

Gloria, would you have come over last night, if Gina had given you that message yesterday?

No Lawrence.

Would you have badgered Rosa.

No. But Lawrence I didn't...

Gloria I don't want to hear excuses. Look at the time. What do you think you should be doing right now?

Knowing the limited time she has to get her kids and her ready, she runs out of the room.

Gina, you are not to attend. You have screwed up three times in 24 hours and I have had my belly full of it, and I walk out.

§ § §

*As I walk back to the house I text Jessica, Mary, Rosa and Gloria giving them an extra hour to get to the house. I text Maricar that we will be delayed. As I hit send, my cell is ringing with an incoming call from Rose. I don't answer with a hello. I answer, *Why!**

What will happen to Gina?

Why is this your concern?

You are my friend Lawrence and she loves you.

She loves power more than she loves me.

Ah, so you reject her?

Yes.

I see. Maybe you will change your mind?

Why? She has done many things that have made me angry with her. Why should I change my mind?

She is smart. She will learn to not do that again.

No. She will just get sneaky and I will not be able to trust her.

You are really angry with her.

Yes.

I will promise you, she will not be bad again and not be sneaky. I promise Lawrence.

How can you promise me that, Rosa? You cannot live her life for her.

You trust me Lawrence? I ever lie to you?

You have never lied and yes I trust you to do what you say. It is Gina I do not trust.

Lawrence, do me one favor, OK? I will talk to Jake and ask him to call you. If he says you can trust me when I tell you that I can make Gina behave, you will accept that?

I don't know. Maybe.

OK... I will find Jake right now. Bye! And the connection terminated.

Gina had not done as I asked. Instead, she had followed her own agenda, battered Rosa, who was doing exactly what I had asked her to do and behaving faithfully. I will not accept that from any other of these females.

Jake does call fifteen minutes after later. *Lawrence, I hear you had a dust up over there.*

I guess you could say that.

Can you give that girl any slack?

I gave her slack the first time, last night. But she failed to communicate a message I instructed her to do and then because of that or at least regardless of the content of the message, she verbally battered one of the other girls who was doing exactly what I asked her to do. I was willing to give her slack last night, but what happened today was a direct disobedience of specific instructions I gave her yesterday. She was willful in her disregard of my instructions. She caused another girl to also get involved wrongly, by her manipulation. So no, I have had it with the female.

Rose didn't tell me it was that bad.

I am not surprised.

Look Rose has whipped some females with fairly difficult attitudes into shape here. You sure she can't do that for you?

She might be able to, but I will never be able to trust that it has really taken and that I am just not dealing with someone who has learned to be sneaky. She is very smart and while I like brains, I don't like the ones who think they know better than everyone else. We must be a team, and teamwork only seems to work for her if she is the leader. I need team players and she has proven, the moment she had a sense that she was in an advantageous position, that she can never be trusted.

What are you going to do?

Her daughters can stay with another 'mother' here if they like, but Gina is out of here as of tomorrow. But those girls will leave as the young one age's out.

Shit. OK I will tell Rose and Joy to stay out of it.

Thanks.

§ § §

I am in a bad mood when I enter the sala. The four girls, and their daughters, are waiting for Maricar and me when we enter. Maricar knows what has occurred and is supporting my decision fully. Maricar tells the girls to sit. That we have something to talk about before we go out. Rosa asks if we should send the daughters off before we talk, but Maricar tells her that they should stay and hear what is to be said. My wife nods at me, indicating that I should go ahead.

There were to be five of you tonight, plus your daughters. I had left instructions with one of you to tell the others. I also told that person that I would be with Rosa last night and would see you all tonight. But that person, never told you. That person and the rest of you appeared in my bedroom last night. It was that person, who spoke for you. What she said was completely unacceptable, and I told you that last night. I sent you back to the dorm last night, with the expectation that you knew we would all be together tonight. Today she and Gloria here verbally batters Rosa, demanding Rosa tell them things I told Rosa not to divulge. I pause before continuing. I am unhappy with all of you, with the exception of Rosa right now. I am very unhappy with you, Gloria. But Gina has simply gone too far for me. She will not join us tonight. She will never join us.

While her children may stay until they age out, if some other mother – not any of you – will take them in, Gina will have to leave the dorm tomorrow. I pause again and ask one of the daughters to bring me a glass of water. I was going to tell you all tonight that you were forever more entering this house as my forever Mistresses. Further that your daughters would never ‘age out’ and could stay here as long as they wished. The events of the last twenty-four hours have changed things for three of you. What I was going to offer to all I offer to Rosa and her family tonight. There are gasps. Jessica and Mary, you both will enter this house, provisionally. By that I mean, if there are no other issues, after a year you and your family will be here permanently. Gloria... as to you, I need to speak with Rosa. I do not understand your role in what happened this afternoon. Based on what Rosa tells me, you will either be treated in the same way as Jessica and Mary or you will stay in the dorm and leave when your daughters age out. Do you all understand?

Jessica and Mary have been spanked hard but they have a clear path forward. They are chastened and indicating their acceptance. Gloria is a mess but no one is coming to her aid.

Rosa, come with me. And I lead her out to the dirty kitchen. What part did Gloria take this afternoon?

Sir Lawrence, she try to calm Gina down and tell her to not yell at me. I think she is afraid of Gina, but she do this anyway. Please do not send her back to the dorm. I think she will be good to you now. Please?

OK. And I lead Rosa back into the sala.

Gloria, you are moving into the house with the others and you have Rosa to thank for this. Do not forget how close you came to not getting this. I pause once more. I have love for all of you, even Gina, but you must remember this. This house must be one of peace and happiness. I will not accept dissention and game playing between you. Also you must always remember, none of you is equal to my wife. She is my wife in more than the name. She is my wife in my heart. No one should ever think they can replace her. None of you can do that. I expect that, when I give you a task, that you will follow it through, or tell me why you cannot. Finally, you four do not get to set the rules of this house. Are you clear on that?

Eyebrows went up on all.

Good. I pause, and then a little sad in my heart, I continue. This will be a little less of a celebration than the one Maricar and I had planned, but, you are all still becoming part of this house today and that does deserve a celebration.

*Before anyone moves, Maricar speaks to the girls. I told you all that I will be back more in my husband's life. Gina twisted my words. Let me be clear with you, you are here forever... **maybe**. If any of you twist my words, like Gina did, I will kick you out. I do not have to ask my husband's permission. He loves you. I know and accept this. But you may not act against me. So long as you are good to that, you will find that I will do everything I can to make sure that you stay forever and are happy here. The truth is, I want Lawrence to be happy with you for many years to come. Do not doubt me. I owe Lawrence everything good that has happened in my life. If you make him happy, that makes me happy. Now let us go and see how many crabs we can eat!*

And with that, we all get going. Outside there is a [jeepney](#)! Maricar has arranged for this tonight. We are a bit fewer than she expected, but it matters little. Our jeepney is like a chauffeured limousine for us. It waits while we are at Grab-a-Crab and then takes us home again. These females have never been to so fancy a restaurant and so there is a little bit of explaining to do from time to time throughout the meal, but we do devour sixteen crabs and a lot more along with it. By the time we are done, I feel like waddling out, as walking is not an option.

Arriving back home, Maricar tells each family to bring their primary personal effects from the dorm, over to the house, where each gets her own bedroom. During the process, Rosa slides in the office, where I am updating this journal. *Gina is gone. Her rooms are empty. Her daughters are gone too. Do you know where she goes?*

I do not and tell her that. Picking up my cell, I call Rose. When she answers, I ask her if she talked to Gina again. She had. What did she tell Gina? She told Gina that she was out. Did she tell Gina, that her children could stay? No, she had not known that. I am irritated, but this is not the time and Rose is not the person to whom I should be scolding. I simply tell her what the options are for her children and get off the line.

Maricar has come into my room. *Husband, you were wrong to be angry with Gloria.*

Why?

When Gina was attacking Rosa, Gloria was defending the girl.

Yes, Rosa told me that.

Did you know that Gloria had fought against their all coming over here last night?

Are you sure? This is what Gloria tells you?

No, this is what Jessica tells me.

I see. I need to go find Gloria.

No need to do that. I already asked her to join us tonight.

Thank you Maricar.

You are welcome. You know Gina has taken her girls and left?

Yes, I talked to Rose and found out that Rose told Gina I was throwing her out. She did not know about what I have decided about the kids.

Rose had no business!

Yes, I know. Maybe the best way to handle this is between you and Joy. In the meantime, I told Rose to contact Gina and tell her that, she, Rose had spoken without all the information. Rose should pass on the option for the children. It may be too late. I don't know.

Maricar grabs her cell phone. There is an animated conversation and I gather she is speaking with Joy. That is confirmed when Maricar hands me the phone. Jake is on the other side. *Good evening again my friend. Joy put her phone on speaker, so I know what Maricar has said. I am very sorry. Neither Rose nor Joy should ever have interfered like this. Joy is very sorry. I will speak with Rose later about the mess she has made.*

Joy has just left and will go with Rose to find Gina. At least, her girls should not be punished for her actions. I tell you Lawrence, I think Rose is as responsible for this mess as is anyone else. I know you are angry, but I wish you would allow Gina to stay as a mother in the dorm.

You may be right. Just a second, I want to ask Maricar a question. I mute the phone. Jake says I am over-reacting and should allow Gina to stay in the dorm. That was enough of a punishment. He wants me to back away from what I have done. What do you think?

Maricar doesn't want to offer an opinion but I ask her again and she grudgingly responds: She can come back only if there are no more problems. But if I hear of anything else, you tell Jake that I will kick Gina out. I will not ask you, Lawrence, she will just be gone. I do not trust her.

I communicate that to Jake, who takes so long to respond that I wonder if the connection has been lost. Lawrence, once again, I do not think that Joy appreciates how far Gina has crossed the line. I think you were right and it is best that she not come back. I had assumed your action was one of pure anger, but Maricar is your wife and if she feels as you say, then your actions were to protect your marriage. I will see to getting the kids back and safe, if it is possible. As far as Gina goes, we are done with that conversation.

I thank Jake and get off the line.

Why isn't Maricar threatened by Gloria, and the others? Yes, Maricar is beautiful, but still it is beyond me why she is so able to understand that I will always be hers while at the same time, I want others. Still, here she is making sure that Gloria joins us tonight.

*I am sitting back against the headboard of the bed, watching Maricar disrobe and get ready for bed. She is just simply lovely. I never get tired of looking at her. I sense more than see motion by the door and turn to look. Gloria is standing there just watching Maricar who has not noticed Gloria. Gloria slides over and quietly sits on the bed next to me. She whispers in my ear: *she is so beautiful*. I couldn't agree more. We are just sitting there on the bed when Maricar turns and sees us.*

What are the two of you looking at!

All Maricar gets back are two smiling faces. My wife climbs on to our bed and joins us, getting kisses from both Gloria and me. Of all the women from the dorm, Gloria has been with Maricar and me, more than the rest. The playful foreplay continues for a few minutes. There is no real agenda tonight. If all we do is kiss and play before sleep, I will not be unhappy. These are simply two women I love and I am happy to be with them.

We are just fooling around and I am lost in thought when Maricar announces: *Lawrence, you owe your Mistress an apology.*

I certainly do, but before I can begin, Maricar added: ... *and when you are done, you need to make it clear that Gloria is not here provisionally, she is here permanently. Tell your Mistress she is here forever.*

Clearly, Gloria is hearing all this as she is right here next to me. She is wide-eyed, as she looks at Maricar. Maricar is done talking, and Gloria turns to look at me.

My wife is right. I do owe you an apology. I now know that not only were you not badgering Rosa, you were trying to protect her from Gina, but I also know you argued against coming up here last night. I am sorry for the angry words I had for you. My wife is also right. Because of how you have acted, you are here forever. I need to listen better before I act.

Gloria draws my face in closer to hers, kisses me lightly on the lips, and slides off my lips so that she can whisper in my ear. *Tonight I want you to fuck me and leave your cum in me. Tomorrow I want a ring on my finger. I will never be your wife, but as a forever Mistress, I want a ring.* Gloria scoots down and takes me in her mouth. Maricar slides up to kiss me. Goddamn, I am in heaven. I am not close to cumming. I am just enjoying the crap out of the wet suction on my dick coupled with my wife's sweet kisses. Gloria is laying on her belly as she gives me head and I have a great view of her lovely back, shapely ass and sexy legs. Maricar's hands are on my head. Her fingers are tousling what hair I have up there. Her lips are insistent. Intermittently her teeth nibble my lower lips. Gloria's hands are on my ass cheeks, pulling at them as she sucks my fully inflated member. I am luxuriating in the attention when Gloria reaches over with the hand closest to Maricar's calf and taps it gently.

Both then disengage and reposition. I am looking up now at Maricar's ass and pussy as she lowers herself down on my mouth. I notice Gloria's knees pointing in my direction and touching Maricar's, as she positions herself on my pole. They are face to face. Both have of them have their pussy's being serviced and I lay odds that they are in each other's arms and kissing. I am licking Maricar in lazy way with most of my attention diverted to Gloria's pussy muscles, as they squeeze my dick. She is moving up and down on me, squeezing as I slide in and out of her canal. The feeling is sooo good.

Maricar is leaking on my face. My loins are similarly wet. Gloria's motion freezes as I am at the deepest point in her and I feel her body convulse over me, before her motion begins again, only to repeat the convulsions soon again. Her pussy is super hot, I am bathed in her cunt juices. She starts pumping again and this time the heat, and need take their toll. I am fully charged and barely holding back when Maricar's pussy lets loose right on top me, letting loose a heavy flow of pussy juice. She is smashing down on my face, as she clearly cums.

I can hold back no longer and fill Gloria's pussy pumping rope upon rope into her vault.

Both collapse onto the bed, to my side, in each other's arms. I am a juicy mess and eventually I extricate myself from the bed to take a shower.

§ § §

Imee hasn't been in my bed for a long time. She is the superintendent of the nursery. It is a role well suited for her. Maricar had been gone from my bed for a while, but it seems like she may be back. Gloria and Maricar are real friends and I hope that bodes well for the future. All would be well in my eyes, except for the fact that as we got back from dinner tonight, Ikay pulled me aside and asked: *Are we being replaced?*

§ § §

Chapter 17: Balance

I kay has been learning what it takes to be a mother, by being a mother. She has five children. Triplets and twins. Does she look like the dewy faced youngster I first bedded? No. She looks like the beautiful young woman she has become. She is mother of my children and I love her dearly. She will always be with me, and so her concern that she is being replaced, is rhetorical. It is not possible. But, I do know what she is asking. She wants to know where she fits into my world and my bed. It is a legitimate question and one I need to answer, for her, and for me.

I need to take stock. When I received my immigrant visa, it was because I was retiring. We would have just enough to live on and when I checked out, I would leave Maricar with a stable income, a house, a way to pay the bills and her dignity. That was my plan. I didn't foresee there being four apartment buildings, the dormitory, a myriad of women in my bed and a nursery of children I have fathered. I didn't think I could produce any offspring.

Now, we have more money than I expected to have, more pussy than any man other than Jake and Genghis Khan has ever had, without investing heavily in prostitutes. To say that this situation is abnormal, is no more helpful than to suggest that there seems to be more stars in the sky than is possible to count on one hand. It is both true and meaningless. It doesn't give me a clue as to what I should do with all these women I do actually love. Love, damn it. Not sex.

Yes, I love the sex, and don't want to be without it. But I could have that without feeling the love I do feel for these females. Each of these women is endearing in her own way. They are friends. They are fun to be with. They challenge me. They make me laugh. They make me think. They make my life far richer for their being in it. I have learned that Jake actually has limited the females he considers part of his life. The rest are pushed through a system that gets them away from him in under a year. Even if he were to really like or love one of these other females, they are quickly gone. He has built a wall that protects him from the very problem he, Joy and Rose have saddled me with, not that I am really complaining, because I could never give up any of these females.

This is the morning after the night before. I am awake, but Gloria is still sleeping on the left side of the bed. Maricar is giving me gentle mouth to member resuscitation. Actually I am not sure she is trying to get me hard as much as just give me quiet pleasure. Either way, she is succeeding as I am drifting in very pleasant thoughts while, Willy is becoming stiff Willy. And what is Willy thinking? Willy is thinking about fucking Ikay. Nineteen year old Ikay.

Yes, she has turned Nineteen. With five kids in her brood, her body shows none of that. True, her pussy is not as tight as it was four years ago, but that goes without saying. Ikay is taking college classes and being a mom, so her days and nights have been very busy. I didn't stop fucking her because I was tired of her. I stopped because there is a limit to what her schedule will allow before crashing. Still she is feeling left out. The only thing she has been left out of is my bed. That will have to be rectified.

I am now hard as granite though the skin on my tumescence probably more resembles the smoothness of polished marble. Maricar decides to make use of what she has wrought and climbs aboard. She is smiling, eyes closed and seemingly just enjoying the feeling of the member deep inside her. She is just rocking slowly, gently back and forth on the pole. Looking up at my beautiful wife, her breasts pert but swaying, her trim figure, pulls my mind away from Ikay for the moment and to this special woman who has mounted me.

Maricar's pussy is a furnace, hot and wet. My member is happy in this home.

Gloria stirs, snuggling into me. She slowly awakens to see Maricar riding me. A smile transforms a pretty face to a beautiful one as it comes down on my lips. Gloria's tongue entering my mouth, her hands on either side of my head.

With tongue in my mouth, a hot wet pussy enveloping my cock, I close my eyes and envision... Ikay... then Ann... then Cheri... and then Alissa... and I bust a nut deep in Maricar. Oh shit...

§ § §

I am and will always be the only one in this house who eats a green salad for lunch. Everyone here think's it is the weirdest dietary choice. The lettuce at the store is pathetic, the cabbages are small, the tomatoes just don't look like ours in the USA. But with all that, the girls make sure I have a nice salad every day. I am about to sit down to a nice one that Ikay has made for me. She will eat a sour mango and shrimp paste.

Thank you for lunch.

You are welcome. Have you thought about what I ask you last night?

Yes and no.

Huh?

Ikay, you ask if I am replacing you.

Yes.

That will never happen.

But you have more here now and they will not have babies. You will be with them more.

Maybe, but that is up to you. If you want equal time with me, all you have to do is tell me. I was giving you room so that you would have enough time with your children and you were able to keep up with your school work.

Truly? That why I am not in your bed?

Yes.

Ah OK. I see now. When can I be with you?

This afternoon, tonight, tomorrow... when do you want to be with me?

Tonight! I want tonight!

Who else do you want to be with us?

I get to choose?

Yes, this time you do.

I want Maricar with us.

I will talk to Maricar, but I am sure she will be happy to agree.

Thank you Lawrence. You want some of this mango? If you don't want it with shrimp paste, I can pour some vinegar for you. It better than that silly thing you eat.

§ § §

Red hat, blue hat, big hat, small hat, the kids love it. Me? Well, I get a kick out of the kids. It's like getting a jolt of happiness.

Maricar and Imee are talking when I approach. Both get kisses and then without being asked, Imee excuses herself to look after something, leaving Maricar alone with me. I must have looked confused because Maricar told me something I should have known but had not. *She doesn't need to be my master or your bed companion any more Lawrence. She has given you babies. For the rest of her life and the lives of her kids, all will be OK. There will never be a landlord threatening to evict her. She will never need to worry about work, or food. Her life here, taking care of the children is her work, is her life love and commitment. She has returned me, to my place as your exclusive wife. She will never interfere again. She knows you need to talk to me about the new women and so she gave us that space.*

How did I miss that?

I could say the same things about you and the new women.

Yes, and for much the same reasons... no?

Yes, for the same reasons. Now it is time we both fill in the gaps.

Speaking of gaps, let's talk about Ikay.

Ah, so it's not the new ones you, want to speak about!

No my love, it isn't. Ikay asked me last night if I was replacing her.

How could she think that? It isn't possible.

You know it. I know it, but evidently, she didn't.

So?

She will be with us tonight.

Us? Really?

Yes. She asked for you, but I like her choice immensely. It seems right to me. Maricar, you need to be with me all the time. I know you have a strong affection for the children, but I want you in our bed at night.

Thank you. You are a remarkable man Lawrence.

You are a remarkable wife, Maricar.

§ § §

I am walking over to the dorm as I text Jessica and Mary that I will see them tomorrow. The dorm is relatively quiet this time of day. The younger kids are in school. Many of the mothers have jobs. Some of the older daughters are around, doing housework, cooking evening meals, taking in laundry that was hung up this morning. This day seems unusually quiet. I catch one of the older girls, sixteen year-old Kayla and ask her why things are different today. *They are afraid. You send Gina away. Gina was a very important mother here. In one day, she is gone. No one knows why. Her kids go too, but they come back this morning alone. There is a meeting tonight of the mothers, to see with whom they will stay. Some of the mothers think you will be angry if a mother accepts them.*

Where are the children now?

In Gina's place. They are in their old rooms.

When is the meeting?

At six tonight.

Thank you Kayla. Please know that no one will be in trouble and Gina's girls are not in trouble. Gina is gone because she tried to replace my wife, chose to lie, by withholding information from others and being mean to another woman here who was doing what I had asked of her. No one else need fear me, unless she chooses to work against me. The worst I can do is say it is time to leave here. For anyone who works against me, should she not deserve that?

Yes sir.

Ah Kayla. Do not worry. You are a good girl. Now go take care of that pile of clothing you have. I will tell Gina's girls that I am pleased they have returned.

The two girls are hiding in a closet. I feel so sorry for them. Two innocents, swept up in a whirlwind.

Come out of the closet, you two. You are not in any trouble. They exit the closet but are trembling. Have you eaten today? They have not. I give them some pesos and send them down to the nearest sari-sari store for three Nestle Ice Cream bars. One for each of them and one for me. I tell them I will be sitting here waiting for them to return. They run out of the room and in no time at all have returned with the bars. They open the paper wrapping, only as I tear mine off.

Did you think I am angry with you? Two sets of eyebrows go up twice. I am not angry with you. I am sorry that your mother had to leave, but you two do not. I will not require you to leave these rooms, but I do want another of the mothers here to be responsible for you. That is only so that I know you two are OK. You are return to school and your other tasks. Neither of you will ever need to enter my bedroom. Just go about your schooling and growing up. You are safe here.

May our mother visit us? That was the older one, Lori.

Lori, you, and your sister, may visit your mother at her place, whenever you want. I do not think it is wise for her to return here. But you can and should see her as often as you like.

We chat a little more and I give them an allowance of sorts before I leave them. It will be enough for tricycles and food at school for a week or so. After a mother has been selected, I will see that, the mother has enough to cover those needs.

As I walk out of the dorm I text Maricar again about this meeting tonight. Would she like to join me there? Yes she would. Do I want supper before or after? I choose after.

§ § §

By the time of the meeting, the tension has given way to curiosity. Word that I had spoken to the two girls, and welcomed them back, is known by all, as is the knowledge that Gina had tried to supplant Maricar, and had engaged in bad behaviors to one of them. Their cell phones have been busy with my four new mistresses as they sought verification of that last charge. They get confirmation from, all four, of my new mistresses. There is not a one of them, who is taking Gina's side any more. Some want to know why I have allowed Gina's girls to stay. But then, there are the smarter ones who have the decency to point out that these poor girls are victims not transgressors. Most of the conversation revolves around the care of the girls. Once that is resolved, the meeting adjourns quickly and Maricar and I walk back to the house.

As we enter the sala, we encounter Rose, Joy and Jake. We also spy, two Chooks-to-go rotisserie chicken, four San Miguel Lagers, and a cake from Goldilocks.

I look at Jake. *Peace offerings?*

Well, hell Lawrence, neither of us smoke, so these will have to do.

Why do you need to bring me anything?

Maybe I don't, but my women sure as hell do and if they do, I do too.

I take two glasses from a shelf, open two SM's and pour Jake and me our beers. Maricar, looks at me, purses her lips toward Rose, to indicate that Rose needs a beer as well. I am in no mood to pour anything for Rose. Rose must see it in my face as she tells Maricar that she does not need a beer. Jake grunts. I hand him a beer and indicate we should sit down.

The room is filling with many of my household. If all who are my mistresses were here at the same time, we could not seat them all. But most eat with their children in the dining room we built onto the nursery. Tonight my tribe contains Ikay, Jovelyn, Ann, Cheri, Nicca, and my four new entrants into this house. Including Maricar and me, that's eleven. With Jake and his two we are fourteen. The table holds twelve, but we will squeeze the extra two in. I am not surprised to see Jovelyn. I will need to have her join me soon.

I look at Jake. He has come for a reason. I give him the opportunity to say what needs to be said. The man is not usually uncomfortable. Tonight he is. *Joy and Rose should never have been meddling in the affairs of this house without a direct request from you for assistance. It will never happen again. I do think they should set things back correctly in the dorm, if you will allow it. I gather there was a dust up in the dorm and a meeting there tonight. How did it go?*

There was a dust up earlier. Maricar and I cleared the matter up and it is now resolved, requiring no further attention.

Rose wants to know if there is any way for Gina to come back.

No. There is none.

Rose interjecting: *But Sir Lawrence, Po, it is my fault. I put bad ideas in her head.*

I am having none of it. *And rather than use her own head to say, that is bad advice, Gina took it and ran with it. She owns her own actions. This subject is closed.*

Rose is pleading. *Maricar, please I am sorry. It is my fault she think you are gone from Lawrence's bed.*

I was! I was gone from his bed. If Lawrence had chosen Gina, it would have been my failure to take care of my husband. I didn't decide Gina should go, Lawrence did. It is Lawrence, who asks me to return to our bed together. Rose, I think you do not understand. Lawrence thinks that marriage is for life and his commitment to me is for life. I do not make him think that. When someone says she is going to replace me, it is Lawrence who says, no, that can never be. But even then he did not kick her out. He kicked her out after she attacked Rosa and failed to be honest with the other girls. That make him angry. Lawrence say this subject is closed. I will not argue with my husband. Stop your arguing now!

Jake just shook his head. *Lawrence, she is a hardheaded woman. I apologize again.*

Apology accepted. Let's eat.

What happens next is a bit comical. Nicca and Cheri run to the table and grab the chairs to the immediate right and left of me as I sit at one end. Maricar chooses to accept that and sits next to Nicca. Ikay sits next to Cheri, with Jovelyn on her other side. Gloria sits next to Maricar. Rosa is next to Gloria. Jessica is next to Jovelyn and Mary is on her other side. This all happens before I even get to the table. At the far end of the table, Jake takes a seat with his two companions. Jake looks at me, smiles. *Are they all as protective of you?*

Yes, those in the house are, and most in the dorm are too.

We are very lucky men, Lawrence. My girls are as protective of me as yours are of you. No one in my home would think about getting between Joy and me.

And with that, the subject was finally put to rest.

§ § §

Roll over Lawrence, we will give you a massage.

If you do, I might fall asleep!

Ha! I will not let that happen and if it does, I know the nicest way to wake you.

Ikay does want me inside her, but more than that, she just wants to belong to me. She wants to be partners with Maricar. As the mother of my children, she will always be mine, but this, tonight, is an affirmation. It is slow, gentle. It is sexy and it contains things that can only happen with a woman with children. I suck milk from her breasts. Maricar sucks milk from her breasts. As Maricar sucks, I suck on Ikay's clit and finger her ass. Ikay is in heaven and I am happy. Maricar slides over so that she can get my member inside her while all this is happening. We are a human triangle. All is in slow motion, but the pleasure is great.

But I am not inside Ikay and she very much wants that. We disengage and I lie on my back. Ikay mounts my pole, facing me. Maricar straddles my legs behind Ikay and reaches around Ikay to grab Ikay's left breast with one hand and Ikay's clit with the other. Maricar is going to make sure that Ikay gets launched into space, no matter how tired I might be. That is a good plan as I am a bit tired and probably not in good form tonight. For Ikay, it doesn't matter or she doesn't notice. With my cock inside her and Maricar's stimulation, she rockets into three orgasms.

I have yet to cum. I tell the two of them it is not important. They beg to differ. Maricar texts someone and the next thing I know, Alissa whose bedroom is just doors away from this one, is in the room and on the bed. I am about to argue, loudly, that this can't be, when Maricar's pussy smothers my mouth; and a new and incredibly tight pussy mounts my manhood. Ikay whispers in my ear, *She's so young*. She is and she is bouncing on my dick. Pussy on my face, a tongue in my ear and my cock deep - inside this little one, it doesn't take much before I deposit my offering deep inside pretty little Alissa. I thought Maricar agreed that she was too young! Now we had added a new girl to my bed. What's next?

§ § §

Chapter 18: Tectonic Plates

Alissa's hymen is no more. The bloody evidence is on my cock. I have just deflowered a girl not even twelve yet! This is fucking nuts. This is beyond weird. On a multitude of levels, I did not want this to happen. Clearly on at least one level I did, or my cum would not be intermingled with her blood. Ikay is in my ear again. *Did you like her Lawrence? Is she as tight as I was that first time? Will you make her a mistress? Do you want other young ones now? We have some open dorms. We could work with Joy to get some families with really young daughters. Would you like that Lawrence?*

Ikay, how much trouble are you trying to get me into? And you, Maricar, why did you do that?

Maricar says nothing and motions toward Alissa. My wife is correct. Any such talk will have to occur outside of the child's earshot. I shift around and take the little one in my arms. This must be the right thing to do, because Alissa now in my arms grabs tight on to me. And so with Alissa and me holding tight, Ikay at my back and Maricar to her back, we all fall asleep.

§ § §

I have always believed that mornings are useful in finding the path forward. That has always been true both on a simple physical level, and on the theoretical level. This morning, physically I am seeing things in no better a light than I did last night. I would say I was in a tight spot. In this case, the tight spot is Alissa's pussy, which I am so profoundly inside that there can be no question as to my intentions. This small faerie and I are engaged in some straight forward fucking. She has her legs wrapped as well as they can around my middle, her arms are around my neck. My head is above her so there is no kissing. Alissa is beneath me. I am keeping my weight, as best I can, off the girl, but smashing my dick into her does come with some of my poundage. Alissa is egging me on. She is a talkative partner, telling me how I have stuffed her. How she will always feel empty when I am not in her. Telling me, she needs me, just as

much as her mother needs me. Telling me, I have been a bastard for making her wait so long for this.

Her vaginal walls are squeezing me. Her vaginal juices are actually flowing. Clearly, she is old enough to have her body respond. It is not her body I worry about, it is her mind. The fact that I did not seek this out, that 'it took a village,' is of little comfort. The concern, the worry, is probably prolonging my ability to resist cumming. Is that good or bad. Would it not be a lot better for me to just cum, and be done with this?

Alissa is breathing hard below me. I am now worrying about how sore she will be later. I am about to ask her as we continue this mating dance, but she is now yelling, '*Cum in me! Cum now!*' Hearing that from a girl I am inside, who is squeezing the bejesus out of my dick inside her hot wet pussy and who has yet to turn twelve, is enough. I give Alissa her morning load of cum.

§ § §

Barako coffee, my milk/cream concoction, a pandesal roll and a mango is on the table for my breakfast. I have had a shower. I am in my usual shorts, short sleeve shirt and inside the house sandals. Down toward the middle of this long table, there is a bowl of shrimp fried rice and a bowl of chicken adobo for others who might wander through. The room is empty of others and I sit there, enjoying the breakfast and pondering over all that has transpired. I think it is necessary to be honest here. Why else write any of this down.

I found myself immensely enjoying fucking Alissa. Maybe I should say, 'age not withstanding;' but I don't think that is it. Because age was a part of the enjoyment, part of the excitement... no, no, not the thought that she was that young! No! It was the youth itself. Her appearance. The physical nature of it all. Her size. It was... awesome. It was so, so wrong. I know I should not have enjoyed it. I did. Just as I wondered last night, I am sitting here wondering again... what happens next?

The morning has not brought any clarity. I decide to, not decide. I decide to leave any thought of what should be done, what has happened, what will happen, and put it all aside for now.Or at least that is my intention as my cell phone rings.

Hi Jake.

Lawrence, I hear you had quite the time of it these past few hours.

Loose lips sink ships. Whom do I get to fry for this?

[Jake is laughing on the other end of the connection] Sorry, but I don't think you want to fry little Alissa just yet do you?

You mean she called you?

No, I mean she called Rosemarie who promptly ran in here and told me.

Jesus. OK, so no one gets fried. And you called because?

Well as you are no longer a virgin, I figured you needed a little pep talk. It can, sort of, freak you out, taking a girl that young, or do you disagree?

No disagreement. I am there right now.

Well I figured as much. You know what the hardest part is?

Yes, I do. It is that I liked it and will want to do it again.

Bingo! Always knew you were a bright one!

Ha, ha. The other part is that I got shanghaied into it. I had no intention of allowing it to happen.

Who shanghaied you?

Maricar and Ikay.

Hummm, I can see that. They were establishing the right to set your table as your prime mates. No one can, except Maricar. Ikay with Maricar... that is a potent combination.

I guess that makes sense. I never intended to cede that right. But I guess Maricar has the right inherently. I will have to think about that.

You do that and don't be hard on anyone this time!

Huh.

Come over next week for a foursome dinner... you, me, Rosemarie and Alissa. We will take our girls out to [Jollibee's](#).

Good grief... OK. See you next week.

Time to go upstairs and try to write some of this down.

§ § §

My God, the kids are raucous today. It is impossible to settle them down for reading time. Someone gave them some sugary candy after lunch. That is not a good idea. I growl pretty damn hard on the females and see to it that it does not happen again. Maricar looks on in stunned amazement.

*When I am done with them, I grab hold of Maricar's arm and walk her out of the nursery. *We need to talk about what happened with Alissa. I want to know why you did what you did.**

You enjoyed her, so why do you ask?

Maricar, I have not gotten angry with you, even when for all those years, things were not as good as I had hoped for. But right now you are making me angry. Why did you do it?

Because Alissa begged me. Because you were really making the child think there was something wrong with her. Because you wanted to but were afraid. Why were you so afraid of the child?

I was afraid that I would like it.

Huh?

I was afraid that I would like it. If I did, then would someone bring me an even younger girl? Might I like that? How young would they become? It has gotten out of control.

Oh. I do really wrong?

Yes!

Because you liked it?

Yes, because I REALLY liked it... and now I am thinking of even younger girls!

How young?

I don't want to say.

I am sorry Lawrence. I do wrong.

§ § §

I am in the SM Mall. All around me are the average Filipino shoppers. Many of them with their children in tow. Many of the children are pre-adolescent females. I never even looked at such a child before. If the child was not mine, I had no reason to do so. But today is different. Today, this retired old doffer is scoping out the little girls. I no longer see innocence. I see untapped potential. All around me, I see little angels I want to fuck. It is like my brain has been rewired. This is not good!

§ § §

I am struggling to understand what is happening. I used to think of Jovelyn and Ikay as young. Now I am thinking of them as women... but then I rationalize, they are 19 and 18, they are women... OK but Cheri? She is not a woman, yet her breasts, small though they are, exist as does a little flair at the hips. On the purely rational level, I know they are children, but there are portions of my brain that are arguing, they are no longer children. And that same section of my brain is seeing pre-adolescents as desirable. In the last week I have bedded Ikay twice and Jovelyn three times. I have been with Alissa, and Ann and Cheri and Nicca and Anita. None of these seems young enough anymore!

Today I am both frightened and excited. Maricar and I have a small 'loan' business. We loan money on short terms with significant interest.

Typically, we secure some type of collateral. Today, Lisa, a relative of Maricar's is coming over to the house to ask about a loan. I suspect she has no collateral. She wants ₱40,000 for three months. In the past, I don't think I would be interested in providing the loan. But she has a cute eight year old, named Becca. Something inside just seemed to click and I agreed to see what can be done. I already know this is wrong. I already know I should say 'no' to the woman and just walk away. She will be here any minute now. I am fidgeting. I am getting an erection. Shit.

I hear commotion in the hallway; Becca and her mother enter my home/office. I should be ignoring Becca and addressing Lisa. The opposite is happening. I invite both into the office. I point to a chair for Lisa and tell Becca that she will be happier on my lap. Up on to my lap she comes. My arms arranging themselves around the girl. As Lisa explains her need to me, I am stroking the inside of Becca's right thigh, in full view of her mother. My hand is sliding underneath the hem of the child's short dress. Lisa continues on with her presentation. She clearly needs the money and there is even a chance I will get my investment back. But there is significant risk and she has no real collateral. My hand is completely under Becca's dress and inside her panty. I am doing this in front of Lisa. I make no attempt, to hide my actions. Lisa must know where my hands are, but makes no move to tell me to stop or get my hands off her daughter.

What thing will you give me to provide me with assurance that you will pay the investment back? I am saying this at the same time that Becca's dress has ridden up and in plain view of Lisa, my hand is inside Becca's panty and on her pussy.

I have nothing Lawrence.

I push down Becca's panties and remove them from her legs. Her bare pussy is in full view of her mother. My hand fingering Becca's pussy is in full view. *You have an older daughter, age 18, you call 'Lovey,' is that right?* I slide my finger all the way into Becca's pussy, breaking her hymen. There is blood on her thighs and my hand. I am now frigging the girl.

Lisa acknowledges she has an older daughter. She is watching my finger fuck her 8 year old daughter. She is saying nothing about this.

I will keep Becca here with me until the loan is paid off. Then she may return to you, if she wants to do so. If you fail to make an interest payment, you will send Lovey to me. Do I make myself clear? Do you still want the loan?

Yes Sir Lawrence. I will do as you say. Yes, I still want the loan.

Good, now come here, get on your knees and teach your daughter how to suck my cock and swallow my cum. But before that, take off your clothing and take off the rest of your daughters clothing. Lisa is neither pretty nor ugly. She is plain and I have no desire for her. Becca is cute. That does not mean she will grow up to be cute. Most likely she will grow up to be plain like her mother. I do not intend to add Becca to anything permanent here, but I am going to fuck her for a few months before I return her to her mother. Maybe she will fill the need I feel. The thing about Lovey, is more to motivate the mother. I am sure Lovey is probably a virgin. I know she is in College. My taking Lovey at the girl's prime and Lisa's only other daughter, is the inducement to not screw up.

Lisa and Becca are naked, squatting, in front of me. Lisa doesn't seem to know much about giving head. But, at least she is taking the fear out of the process for her daughter. I stop them, hitching up my shorts, I walk over to the office safe and remove ₦40,000 from it and hand it to Lisa. I tell Lisa to go and on her way out ask someone to send Cheri to me right away. Becca is still naked. I am in my shorts, as Lisa, now dressed, leaves the office with her loan.

I put Becca back on my lap and frig her some more until Cheri enters. The sight of my frigging an eight year old stuns Cheri for a moment. She gathers herself together before asking what I need.

Strip down, come here and show Becca how to give me head. Giving head is something at which Cheri is very good. She is also sensitive to the limitations of this smaller child. Cheri instructs on the concept of actually sucking. She teaches the girl how to hold my balls. My nuts are getting tighter and tighter. Cheri knows me well enough to make sure that it is Becca's mouth, that is on my member when I blow. And blow I do, sending ropes into that little mouth, Cheri right there by her ear, reminding the child to swallow which she does.

I am not fully hard, but also not fully soft as the last of my cum is being milked of the remaining cum. Cheri runs across the hall, quite naked, retrieving my tube of KY jelly from my nightstand. Squatting down again she greases up my member and Becca's labia's, both major and minor. She positions Becca on the edge of my desk, her ass barely on and her legs hanging down, and then signals for me to finish up. As I approach Becca, Cheri is stroking my member. I am hard but not fully inflated. Cheri, my member in hand, introduces my cock to Becca's pussy's outer lips. I take it from there. I have no way of knowing if I will fit into this child, but my desire overrides any sense I have and I ram my dick into the girl's pussy.

Through all of this Becca has been silent and compliant. Not so now. If there was any hymen remaining, it is obliterated. Becca wales bloody murder. Then the wales stop and some quiet sobbing begins. I am all the way inside Becca. I remain still, for couple minutes. The sobbing has stopped. I pull out the briefest of amounts. Becca grunts. I repeat the action, and then again. I increase the stroke a bit each time. Becca is accommodating my size even as I expand inside her. I have never in my life been inside anyone so tight. If I had not cum by mouth, I would not be able to hold off. As it is, I am a long way from cumming. I motion Cheri to come to me. When she does I pull her in for a long kiss as I am fucking Becca. Cheri whispers in my ear, *How young you want them Lawrence? There are more you can have.*

I whisper back while fucking Becca, *What do you mean? There are more?*

There are... there are cousins, friends, sisters of friends. Oh Jesus! My pole is growing! I am going to blow... I grunt, I bellow, I ram into little Becca with no regard for her, and then I send ropes of cum into her under-developed pussy. Even after the cum is all spent, I am still pumping into Becca's pussy. Finally I calm down and pull out. Cheri, pulls Becca off the table, has the child squat and teaches her how to clean my member with her mouth. Cheri whispers in my ear again... *I will take your fuck toy and put her to bed.*

As the two walk out of the room, I pull up my shorts. They are just barely buttoned, when Maricar walks in. She looks ashen faced. *What you do to Lisa? What you do to Becca? Lisa say she and Becca your whore now.*

At this moment, by all rights, I should be so limp as to be useless. But as the thought of Lisa and Becca being whores, echoes through my brain, old glory starts to fly. I grab Maricar a little harder than needed, push her forward over the edge of the desk. Pull up her dress, pull down and off her panties, and grabbing the tube of KY still sitting there, anoint Maricar's ass. *Lawrence! What are you doing! Lawrence?! And I plunge my cock deep into my wife's ass. Ramming her as hard as I can. I pull her dress off her shoulders. I pull her bra away from her breasts and I continue to pummel her ass. I maul her breasts. I am out of control.*

Yes they are my whores now! Be good or you will be my whore too! And then, I let loose cum inside my wife's ass. Do not disobey me again Maricar. If I say 'No,' it is 'No.' You will do as I say. Do you understand?!

Maricar is crying, but not from hurt. I think it is from fear. *Yes, yes I understand. I am sorry Lawrence. I learn my lesson.*

Maybe you do. I do not know. But the damage you have caused cannot be fixed. Things have changed forever.

§ § §

Chapter 19: I feel the earth move under my feet. I feel the sky tumbling down, tumbling down

An eight year old is as far from what I ever thought I wanted, as it is possible to get. I don't find eight year olds sexy. I don't find them alluring. I don't find looking at them stimulating. It is the power, I feel. The power of taking these girls in front of their mothers, or with their mother's acquiescence, that I find sexually stimulating. It is perverse. I am perverse. I know this. I have not one excuse for it.

Still as Becca sleeps in a room, just doors from here, I am thinking about taking her again. I am wondering if Cheri is right about there being many more. I am wondering what I must do to avoid being arrested. Worse yet, it will be only a few more years before my oldest children are eight years of age. I have to get a handle on this! But, I also need to get a handle on 'my' females. They have too much freedom currently, the way we do things. I didn't want to be the Master, as Imee would have had me be. Now I see I must be some sort of Master. Things are out of control.

This 'retirement' has changed me in radical ways from the man I was when I first moved here. I need a 'time out.' I need to get out of here.

For the first time in many years, I need time away from Maricar. Jake has told me about a place he has, a little out of town. I call Jake to see if the place is available... it is... he asks how long I will need it. I tell him a month. I am to stop by and pick up the keys to the gate and the house. I can have it for the month.

I decide to take some of the girls with me. Using Cheri to convey the messages, Rosa, Gloria, Alissa, Cheri, Nicca and Becca are to pack and get ready to be with me. We will leave at 1PM.

I find Maricar.

I am leaving for a month.

Where will you be?

Away from here. I need to think.

You do not want me with you?

No. I don't.

When you leave?

In an hour.

You leaving me for good?

No Maricar, you are my wife. I will never leave you for good. But I do need some space to sort some things out. Things have to change and I need time away to understand what I need to do.

I am scared Lawrence.

We are both scared Maricar. That is why I am leaving. I need to figure out what must happen to keep us safe and together.

Will you text me?

Maybe next week... I cannot promise.

§ § §

The house is about 10KM out of town along the national highway, and on the way to the airport. It is far from Jake's own place. I understand that it is used, heavily, by Jun's school. The place needs a bit of cleaning. Under Rosa's watchful eye, all the girls go about making the place spotless.

I do not have a plan. I hope I will have some clarity and a plan by the time I leave here and return home to Maricar and all.

Of all the women, I lie with, and who do not care for the children in the nursery, it is Rosa, who will do as I say or even as I request, without editorial comment. That is what I need, for the moment. There is a TV

here, but no antenna. It connects to a Magic Sing karaoke machine. There are a couple of fat books in English. One is a biography and the other appears to be a mystery novel with an odd title. There is a pamphlet about the Filipino culture with a note tucked inside the front cover to a guy by the name of Sam. Evidently, Sam is someone Jake knows, as the note has Jake's signature at the bottom.

Maybe I will have time to read while I am here. It seems like an interesting prospect. The females are confused. They do not know why they are here. They do not understand what has transpired. Becca, without an understanding of what is normal around me is without wonderment. I cannot say that about the others. I see a little panic in their faces. What no one can understand is that there is a war going on in my head. It is not, what I want against what I should. If that had been the case, the result would have been easier to resolve. No, this is of competing wants and of a do not want. I both want and do not want Becca. I am revolted. It is by my own behavior. Without the anger component, of the mother sitting there, and me twisting the metaphorical knife via the daughter, I do not want Becca at all. I do not want a female who is too young to respond with her own juices to sexual stimulation. If they are too young to be so stimulated, then they are too young for me. And yet... and yet, my hands roam the child with impunity and unspecific desire. This is one of the things that needs to be resolved, but it isn't the only thing. My females, the ones I have already taken, must stop trying to please me by adding others to my bed. If they think they are currying favor, they are wrong. If they think it gives them power with me, it does not.

I chose Rosa and Gloria because they will not try to influence me. They already surely learned that lesson. The younger ones, less Becca, all do get wet when I touch them. They are, or at least have been, my lowest age limit. They *want* the sexual attention. Becca is simply too young. A number of parts of me knows that and truly believes that. It is not a fey claim, but, there is this one part that still lives within me that is touching the child in all the wrong places.

To have a plan, I need to first deal with my inner contradictions. What do I want? Without contradiction, I do not want Becca to associate sexual contact with fear, punishment or pain. I have probably failed at that already.

Can I turn that around? Maybe what I need to do is have her watch others enjoying sex. Sideline her from the painful (for her) parts and have her participate with the other girls as a little helper to the *Ate's*, *Tita Gloria* and *Tita Rosa*, who are now in her life. Well, at least it's an idea. I will speak with the others and see if they 'get' what I am trying to do. I will make that the 'reason' they are here, as their narrative.

§ § §

I have spoken to Rosa and Gloria. They know that Becca is not to touch me at all. She is to assist them and the other girls. They are to take Becca to the beach, to the market, to a movie in town... bottom line, make sure she has fun. Make sure she feels safe and welcome as much as possible. They are to talk about how much they want to lie with me, and how good sex feels when you get older. Make it clear that it is just too bad she is too young to enjoy it. They are also to explain the plan, in Tagalog, to Alissa, Cheri, and Nicca.

Rosa and Gloria seem to get at what I want and assure me that they can do this. I hope they are right.

§ § §

Only twenty-four hours have passed. Gloria and Rosa, have taken Becca to the mall and a movie. It is about 2pm. Alissa, Cheri, and Nicca are all in my bed. They have decided to give me a massage, all three at the same time. This will be a very different type of massage. I am on my back, my member tumescent. Alissa mounts me, face towards me. Nicca is kneeling, facing Alissa, her knees just above my head as she massages my temples. Cheri is somewhere below Alissa and is kneading my feet.

It would appear that they do not want me to cum. They just want to keep me hard. Their plan seems to be working. Alissa's wet pussy is heaven, as she slides up and down. Her visage is of an angel. Under other circumstances, her tight pussy, and her youthful beauty would push me over the edge. The massaging is keeping that from happening. I am not working much, as Alissa is riding me. We continue with this barely breasted beauty squeezing my dick as she gets off multiple times. After a good ten minutes, my loins are soaking from her female ejaculation. Alissa is wiped-out. She trades positions with Cheri who trades with

Nicca who mounts me. Nicca is every bit as tight as was Alissa. Nicca has a mouth on her and she is talking to me as she fucks me. *Do you want to see my belly grow Lawrence? Do you want to suck milk from my tits? Is my pussy tight for you Lawrence? God Lawrence you are so big in me. We are yours Lawrence. Yours for life.*

Watching lovely Nicca bounce her tight slick hairless pussy, up and down on my member is enough to send me into semen deposit mode. But the massage continues to do the job of keeping my fires banked as Nicca gets off big time.

Cheri finally climbs about as the other two fall into each other's arms and start a highly erotic girl-girl show for me as Cheri's tight cunt squeezes my cock for all its worth. Cheri is smiling and laughing between gasps and squeals. *I am going to get your cum Lawrence. You are going to give it to me. I am the one for you Lawrence. Give me your hot cum Lawrence. Fill me up Lawrence. A am your little fuck toy, Lawrence. Give... it... to... me...!*

And I do.

§ § §

When Rosa, Gloria and Becca return, I have just finished reading the pamphlet that Jake left for Sam. There is nothing there I do not know, but while it is a true characterization of the country, it is a view of the Philippines I have never read anywhere else. I wonder who, the hell, wrote it. Gloria has gone into the bedroom to change. When she comes back out to the porch, where I am sitting, she asks: *Did you have fun this afternoon?*

Yes, I did. Why do you ask?

Because the bedroom smells of sex and the sheets are soaked! Why you not tell the girls to clean up their mess when they are done?

Ah, OK good point. I will tell the girls next time. How was your day?

It was good. Maybe very good. We will see.

What do you mean Gloria?

Becca ask us questions. Rosa and I answered. I think it will all be OK if we do as you ask for this month... Lawrence, you know Rosa and me, we are with you for more than what you give us?

What do you mean?

Well, you give us safety and food and a home and that is all good. Any of the girls will take care of you for that. You know this.

Yes.

Well Rosa and me, we will be with you even if you poor and we have to work for to get you rice to eat. Rosa and me, we love you Lawrence. We not try to replace Maricar, but we love you as much as any woman can love a man. We know you trust us. That is why we are here. We know maybe there is a problem with Maricar. We know you will not leave her. We want you to know we will be good and do as you want, no matter what you ask.

Gloria, thank you. You should understand that I think Maricar, Jovelyn, and Ikay all feel the way you feel. The difference is that they seem to feel that they can make decisions for me. That has created a problem. It is something I need to stop. However, I will never leave any of you. I just have to fix a few things. And Gloria... I do love you too.

§ § §

A week has passed. I decide to text Maricar.

Hi.

RU OK? U love me?

Yes. All OK. Yes 143.

Truly?

Truly.

There is Gossip here, U leave me.

I will fix that.

TY. When U come home?

Not sure.

Soon please?

You must agree... no more deciding for me. Others must agree too. No more deciding who I should have. No more at all.

IC. You angry we set you up?

Yes.

OK. You stop the Gossip and I will tell everyone no sending you anyone.

Good.

Maybe U come back sooner then?

No. I am trying to fix the damage I do to Becca. I need a month.

Ah OK. U do damage?

Yes she is too young. Should not have taken her.

OK, IC. Good u fix this. 143 Lawrence.

143 Maricar. Bye.

Bye.

After ending the text session with Maricar, I find Gloria and give her instructions. She and Rosa are to text the females and tell them that I am not leaving. I am returning and that Maricar is not in any trouble. She is, and will always be, my wife. Gloria does not bat an eye. She understands

what needs to be done and launches into the task. I suspect that will fix the rumors.

§ § §

It is three weeks now. I feel relaxed. The craziness is gone. Becca is, if not repaired, going to be as OK as we can make her. She is having fun and not having any sexual contact with me, though she sees me fucking the others. She sees the others asking for sexual contact and me agreeing. She never sees me as the aggressor. I think that is important for her.

Last night she slept with the three young girls. Rosa and Gloria were with me. Lovemaking was good and I am just lying on the mattress with Gloria gently snoring at my side (I have not told her she snores!) while I am kissing Rosa who has just awakened. Rosa's lips play with me. Nipping my eyelids, my ears, forehead, my chin, and cheeks before returning to my lips. My mind engages in an old confusion. How is it that a drop dead gorgeous female as Rosa can be in love with an old man such as me? Rosa is the stuff of beauty pageant contestants. There is no way that she should even consider me as acceptable. Yet here we are. Her lips close in for a deep kiss as Gloria's mouth engulfs my soft dick. Jeezus that feels good! I get chills as her hot mouth sucks the crap out of my flaccid member.

Slowly my cock is coming back to life as Gloria continues her ministrations. The warm room with the air-con, on low, working against the morning sun, keeps the room warm enough to do away with covers or clothes, but not so warm as to need to avoid human to human contact. These two females are producing responses from me that have me just floating. Rosa's lips, mouth and tongue are truly pulling at my heart. Gloria's mouth is pulling at my balls. I have to conflicting thoughts... What a way to go! And... God don't take me now!

§ § §

I am home and have been for about three months now. The month I took off had been good. There will be no more additions to my bed. There will be no more children fathered by me. We are building two more apartment buildings. That will create more income for these females long after I am gone. I have told Jake that I will reserve the dorm as housing for my

children as they grow up. No more women are allowed to move in. I want no more drama. This is my retirement GodDamnIt. I want some peace and quiet, along with the abundance of pussy. I make it clear that any female who wants to, move into one of the new apartments, rent free, and leave me, is welcome to do so. I had half expected a mass exodus. Only five females chose the option. Go figure. However it did have the result of ending the intrigue that bubbled up, every once in a while, in the dorm.

Epilogue

My name is Nicca. I am one of the youngest of Lawrence's bedmates. Lawrence died many years ago. I guess it was a heart attack or something like that. We really do not know. Ikay was riding him. He put cum inside her, yelled something and seemed to pass out. He stopped breathing and that was that.

Maricar died in her sleep last week at age 88. Rosa, Ikay and I are sorting through things. Deciding what to keep, what to give to others and what to throw away. I found this book, that Lawrence wrote in, yesterday. It was in a closet, in his old office. Maricar had put it in a box with a bunch of financial papers. We almost threw it out.

It just stops shortly after we came back from Jake's bungalow, so many years ago. I do not know why he stopped writing, but I think that someone needs to put a real ending in it. We can give it to his great-grandchildren. We think that is the best thing to do.

Rosa says to put down here that Lawrence was right. Things did settle down after he wrote that last part. She says I should say that Lawrence told the truth. He never left Maricar and he never left any of us.

Gloria says that I should say that almost all Lawrence's children, and many of his grandchildren, got to go to college. Some even graduated.

Ikay say to tell you that because of all the property Lawrence and Maricar had, and developed, as apartment buildings, there is good income for all of us. She says to also say that Maricar made sure we were all included in her will. It was her land, not Lawrence's.

Now I want to say something. I am sixty-two now and I will never have children of my own. But I am an aunt to all of Lawrence's children. My life is full of love and happiness and good things. I would not have any of these things if it had not been for Lawrence. I know Lawrence broke the law. We all know that. We don't care. Lawrence and Maricar did things for us that no one else ever did. Yes I include Maricar. What other

woman would have done as Maricar did, even long after Lawrence was gone?

Oh, I almost forget. Becca never left us. She joined the family, when she was twelve, entering Lawrence's bed at her request. Lawrence could not say no to her. She is the youngest of all of us. And she did something we thought not possible. She gave him a son without taking any pills. She is of course quite important and famous now. You do not know her as Becca... or me as Nicca. Before we allow anyone to see this, we have changed all the names.

The End

Images



Jeepney

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