The Rainy Season

by VeryWellAged

Corrected and Revised
A Republication

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Third Edition

Format Update 23 April 2017

A Novel.

Third Edition

First published as a serial in HTML format on the ASSTR website starting in September 2013. The final chapter was posted online in June of 2014.

The first self-publication in the PDF and ebook formats, of the complete book has a publication date is 14 June 2014. Subsequent releases have followed to correct deficiencies in the original text. The PDF and ebook versions differ in placement of, the number of, and the numbering style of, the footnotes. Photographs set as hyperlinks in the HTML are now included in within the document, at the end of the chapters where the item is first mentioned.

The second release and revision has a publication date of 02 January 2015.

The third release and revision has a publication date of 24 May 2015. Photographs are now set as hyperlinks in the HTML are now included in within the document, in the images section at the end of the book.

Format update 23 April 2017.

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Prologue

I have known her since she was a babe-in-arms. By the time she was five, she would walk from her Lola's[1] home to the market with me. When she was eight, she came down with her first bout of Dengue Hemorrhagic Fever. It was so bad, the platelet count fell so low, that multiple transfusions were required to keep her alive. I paid for that blood. She is my niece and I'd be damned if I would allow her to die because I had been too cheap.

She had been a self-assured skinny little snip of a thing. Now at ten years of age she is still a skinny imp but there was something else appearing in her face, stature, and demeanor. She is becoming a young lady.

Her breasts have yet to develop, but the outlines of a young adult have formed. She will be a lovely one. She already is lovely.

Her name is Noime and you pronounce that ***noy-Me***.

I was sixty-six and I had a crush on Noime. I would fantasize about her as I fucked my incredibly beautiful thirty-five year-old wife. That makes no sense, but it is the truth.

Noime lived with her mother, father, brothers and sisters about half a KM from here along Arradaza Street. Her parents are good people. Though poor, they get food on the table, kept the clothes clean, and manage to send five kids to school every day. Noime's mother is a sister to my wife. I see the mother and kids often. Noime's father works very hard and I see him less often as the years progress.

What I am about to tell you, started in the middle of the Rainy Season. For those of you who don't know about the climate of the Philippines, a bit of digression is in order. The Philippines, at least the part I live in, is within the tropical zone, only seven degrees north of the equator.

Summer: The pain-in-the-ass know-it-alls from temperate climate, who have never been here will say things like, "there is no such thing as summer there!" But in fact there are seasons here. In the period of the year when it

[1]Lola = Grandmother

is hottest and driest, between March and June, we have 'summer.' That's when we have summer break for schools... between March and June.

Rainy Season: Immediately following 'summer' is the start of the Rainy Season. It starts in June and runs through October. If you check this out on Wikipedia they end the rainy season at the end of September. That is wrong. It continues through October. You can prove that to yourself by just checking the number of Typhoons that ravage the Islands in that month. The months of mid-July through most of October are the coolest of the Rainy season as the sun is to the North of us until September and the rain with the overcast skies helps reduce the temps further. Daytime temps can be in the 70's or low 80's if you use Fahrenheit as your scale. Of course in Celsius it is from 25 to 28. From November through May is the Dry season. According to Wikipedia the coolest time of the year in the Philippines is in December ... BUT not in "Gensan," (more formally called General Santos City,) where I live. December may be coolest in Manila, at thirteen degrees north of the equator, but here December can be very HOT compared with July through October.

Another thing you need to know is that Dengue fever is carried by mosquitoes. The fact that things are dry seven months of the year here, means that there is a five month mosquito season that coincides with the Rainy season. Dengue Hemorrhagic Fever, the nasty version of the illness, is a killer. It attacks the blood and drops the platelet count until the sufferer starts bleeding throughout the body and blood pressure drops. Treatment runs from a simple dexterous solution drip to blood transfusions. The illness can kill, even if treated.

Noime's family home had no screens, at least none that would keep anything out. This was normal, as was the open windows. Living with mosquitoes is, for the poor, a way of life. On any given day in the Rainy season, the hospitals are filled with children and the aged struggling with the fever.

And so it was this July, in the middle of the Rainy season, when my niece was admitted, with the illness, for the second time in her young life, to the first, second or third best hospital in the City, (depending on whom you ask,) Doctor's Hospital.

To say that I was a little ticked that Noime was stricken again, is an understatement. All it takes is a fucking oscillating fan to ward off

mosquitoes. Why in God's name did they not use that at home? Noime had almost died the first time and here we were again.

My wife and I spent time at the hospital to bring food to Noime's mother, who stayed at her daughter's hospital bedside. The hospital provided food for the patient but not the mother. Rice, pinakbet, adobo, homemade avocado ice pops... all found their way to the hospital.

In the middle of all this, my wife put her foot down. When Noime got discharged, she was to stay with us. To say I agreed with my wife's decision is to state the obvious. Still, in the beginning I said nothing, other than to let my wife know I was in concurrence.

Initially we got word back that Noime didn't want this. She had, over the years, gotten a little shy and was embarrassed that her English wasn't good enough to be around me. So the next time we visited the hospital, in front of Noime's mother, another of Noime's aunts and my wife, speaking directly to Noime, I told her that when she got out, she was to live with me. She could visit her mother, and her mother could see her – through me – but from now on, she, Noime, was mine. Not a moment later her mother told Noime that, this is the way it would be. I turned again to Noime, and stroking her hair, said: *You are mine now.* Not a soul disagreed.

§ § §

Chapter 1: Establishing 'mine'

It was a full week later before the platelet count rebounded from a low of 60 and Noime could be discharged. She was still not in great shape. Her mother and my wife, took her from her bed in the hospital ward and brought her to a bed in our home.

Once the child was settled, Noime's mother took her leave of us to return to the rest of her brood.

Our home is filled with air conditioners and closed windows. No mosquitoes here. Noime would no longer be drinking unsafe tap water. Instead she would be drinking safe water that we bought by the five gallon container.

While she got better, there was no school for the child. She just hung out in bed. Care for the child rotated from my wife and our maid, and then to me when the others were out of the house, which happened for hours each day.

Taking advantage of those times, I sat with Noime. Beyond bringing her food; I would brush her hair; I talked to her about her life now that she belonged to me. I started by asking her if she understood what it meant to belong to someone. She didn't. So I started by pointing out that her parents, and my wife didn't say, she was living here with her uncle and aunt. They didn't argue that she belonged to her parent. *Remember,* I said, *they agreed that from now on you, Noime, are mine. Just as your Tita*[2]*, my wife, is mine, Noime, you are mine too.*

Noime's eyes flew open, *Same has Tita, Uncle? I am same as Tita?*

Yes.

[2]Tita = Aunt

As I continued to brush the hair of my ten year old Noime, she looked back over her shoulder at me. She was silent. I said no more. She was still recuperating. This was not the time to go any further.

Once Noime's health improved, she returned to school, leaving at 7:30 every morning and returning at 4:30 every night. I was busy with other matters and I allowed the girl to settle into her routine here for a couple of weeks.

It was mid-August before my attention returned to the young girl. It was a Saturday. Rain was coming down in what could without any exaggeration be termed as buckets. The rain roared, streaming off the roof as if sent by a fire hose. As the storm progressed the power dropped out. This was not unusual. Power fails here frequently for a variety of reasons. A storm of this intensity was certainly a basis for the loss.

The sky was dark, the lights of the house vanquished by the loss of the requisite juice. My wife was in the kitchen with her back to me and the sala[3]. Noime and her younger cousin Gina, aged 8, were sitting on a couch in the sala. I approached them. Noime was sitting with her legs spread akimbo. Leaning over the child I stroked her hair with one hand and placed my other hand on the inside of the girl's thigh. There was no response, neither for nor against the contact. Continuing the stroking of her hair I moved my other hand up to and firmly against her panted crotch. I ran my finger over the outlining of her lips of her pussy through the fabric. All Noime did was look up at me. I smiled down at the girl, hand on clothed pussy and watched the girl smile back at me. That was how it started. It didn't last long. It was 'first contact.'

I had been concentrating on Noime. What had Gina actually seen in that darkened room? She didn't seem traumatized or scared. Might she be jealous of the attention her older cousin was receiving? Gina was two years younger than was Noime and not the object of my desire. I had never considered Gina. But now I began to reassess that disinterest.

[3]Sala = Living Room

These were busy days and for the next week I had precious little time or opportunity for any furthering of my interest in Noime. Gina didn't live with me, and while I saw her on occasion, it was never in a situation where I could continue with my budding interest in the younger child. However, there was a new friendliness in Gina each time we met. Something had indeed changed with this one.

Here in the Philippines 'family' is an expansive term. It encompasses many individuals, far beyond what might be called the 'nuclear family.' Grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, nephews, nieces, ex-in-laws... and those attached to the ex-in-law families. The occupants of a house are not a matter of static count. It is a dynamic matter and in the following week there was rarely a time when there were fewer than fifteen people in and around the house through-out the day. As I sit and write this history of what happened there are five kids here and five adults of an extended family nature who spent the night last night, two of whom just left. But yesterday there were also times when there were seven more adults and two more kids. In any home it is hard to have out of the normalized sexual contact with anyone when there are that many people wandering around!

Still there are moments when the ritual, of what approaches a weird type of courtship, does occur. The next 'moment' for Noime and me was at a very odd time. At 2AM one night I needed to piss in the worst way. The house has a common CR[4] inside the house and a real one made of concrete block and a flush toilet outside as well. But at 2AM you just don't go wandering outside. Also at 2AM you don't assume anyone is up and so I left my bedroom quite naked.

Normally we lock the bathroom door when inside, but, it being 2AM, I did not. Nor did I turn on the light in the room due to another power outage. Standing over the toilet with my shins against the bowl I just guessed at where I was aiming.

I had just finished pissing and had flushed but not yet washed my hands when Noime, opened the bathroom door and entered. As she closed the

[4]CR = Comfort Room, a room with a toilet, a bathroom.

door behind her, she was startled to find me there. Before she could leave or say I word I shushed her and told her to be quiet.

Do you need to pee Noime?

Opo[5]

Good child. Sit on the seat.

I pulled down the pajama bottoms she was wearing and physically moved her to the toilet seat and sat her down on it.

I can't. I am shy! she whispered.

I will help you, I whispered back. And with that I got on my knees, pried her legs apart and placed my right index finger over her pussy and where I guessed in the dark, I would find her clit. As I did so, Noime struggled a bit to get up.

Noime do as I require and stay put! I had said it quietly but firmly. The squirming stopped.

Her clit was just a little nub. It was dry. I dipped my finger down between her legs, into the water of the bowl, wetting my finger and returned to her pussy. The water had wetted my finger and that wetted her clit. But the water was a bit cold and the cold on her clit shocked her system a bit. Pee started to flow as I continued to play with Noime's clit. Noime was peeing, and she was moaning. She slouched back against the lid which was in the vertical position against the tank. Her legs spread further apart, muscles relaxed.

As the pee concluded Noime was moaning and accepting the stimulation to her clit without any sign of resistance. She began to push her hips as best she could, up to meet my finger as I continued. Finally I sensed a slight shutter of her thighs and Noime slumped back.

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[5]Opo [Pronounced Oh-POH)= Yes Sir or Yes Madam
(A combination of Oo = Yes and Po = Sir/Madam [as pronouns in Tagalog have no sex])

I kissed her on the forehead, grabbed a bit of toilet paper, and wiped her bottom. I stood up, cradling her head and stroking her hair. I brought her head forward, against my loins. I whispered, *We can do this again tomorrow night if you want.* I pulled her up from the seat, raised her PJ bottoms, flushed the bowl, and sent her back to her room.

It had been only fifteen minutes since I had initially awakened to go to the CR as I crawled back into bed.

When morning came, I did not see Noime until I exited the shower. The child was sitting at the dining table eating some breakfast, already in her school uniform. There was neither a big smile, nor a look of dismay. If anything it was a look of confusion. She said not a word and eventually went off to school.

The rest of my day was unremarkable. There was little, if anything to differentiate it from any of the days that preceded or would follow it. I worked, ate meals cooked by my quite beautiful wife, texted contacts and went about my life. Night came, but I remained busy and but for a few moments didn't even see Noime before she went off to bed. Two AM came and once again my bladder argued for relief. Once again – sans robe or towel – I trundled off to the CR. The power was on and I did turn on the light as I entered the CR. I did not lock the door. Why I did not do so was in the unlikely hope for the return of my young love.

Relieving the pressure by evacuating the piss, I flushed and was washing my hands as Noime entered the bathroom. Her head was down and she would not make eye contact with me. But she raised the lid on the toilet seat and sat down.

Do you want me to leave the light on?

Opo.

Do you need to pee?

Opo.

Her face was level with my now semi-erect member as I bent down and kissed her forehead. I knelt down, and spread the child's legs. I told her to suck on my middle finger and get it good and wet, holding it in front of her lips. Noime leaned forward and took the middle finger of my right hand into her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it and deposited saliva on it.

I removed my finger and as my hand approached her pussy, she spread her legs a bit further than they had been. Gently rubbing her clit, the child's pee started to stream into the bowl below. Her eyes were closed and her head was reclining in a backward fashion as if she were looking at the ceiling. Noime's breathing was in short gasps, then holding the breath before quickly expelling the breath.

Her pee stopped but I did not. She didn't want me to stop. Noime was sliding her crotch forward seeking more from my finger. I continued on a little less gently while leaning forward and taking her left nipple, which was flat against her chest, she not having developed breasts yet, in my mouth. My tongue played with her little nipple and she moaned.

I slid my single digit into her vagina and quickly pierced the hymen. A small yelp escaped the child's lips though her face was buried on my shoulder. Blood dripped from my finger and into the toilet bowl, mixing with the light yellow pee water. *It will never hurt again. It's over. You are my young woman now. We had to break your hymen before I can make it feel even better for you.*

If Noime was unsure of this, my action of my digit, now fully inserted and massaging her inner pussy along with my thumb that was rubbing her clit and my renewed attention to her nipple, brought a new awareness to the possibilities of a world yet to come. I continued to work the child's most sensitive sexual buttons until she had her small but quite real orgasm.

Having achieved that, I backed off and let the little one settle as I wiped her bottom once again. But before I pulled her up, I asked, *Would you like to make me feel as good as I made you feel?*

Opo.

I stood up in front of her. My member now rigid pointing at her face. *Take it in your hands like this and suck it with your lips and tongue like a lollypop at the same time. I will get harder, I will shake a bit like you did and then my love juice will shoot out the end. It's not pee so don't worry. It's pretty salty and a little bitter. It will make your breasts grow large if you swallow it, though that will take some time and you have to swallow a lot of it in the coming years to really have it work! OK?*

Opo.

Her little hands took hold of my manhood. Her mouth engulfed the head. Her pumping was all I needed. It was so erotic and I was so horny that it took just a few minutes before I was cumming in the child's mouth. I warned her when it was about to start and so she was neither startled nor worried, having been assured that this was not pee.

It didn't taste good Uncle.

I know, but it is really good for you and you made my body very happy. When you feel it inside you down in here, I fingering her pussy again, *it will feel really good inside you too! Better than anything you have felt so far.*

Really?

Yes sweety, really. Now it is time for you to go back to your bed.

I pulled up her PJ bottoms and sent her back before cleaning up and heading back to my bed and my wife.

The next morning I ran into Noime once again as she was eating and getting ready for school. *Good morning Uncle!*

Good morning to you! Did you sleep well child?

Yes, yes I did! Well time to go. See you later Alligator!

And so began the day. It was a fine day. My wife and I visited friends and were engaged in pleasurable endeavors throughout the day. I thought little

about Noime as I went about my day's activities. My wife and I got home after Noime had gone to bed. She had been fed by the maid and there was no concern for her welfare.

Once again at 2AM I was awake and once again I slid out of bed for the trip to the bathroom. As I opened the door I had a surprise. Noime was there and she was naked.

Do you have to pee Uncle?

Yes, I do child.

Can I hold you while you pee? Can I watch?

Do you mean 'May I' Noime?

Opo.

Yes you may. Hold me like this.

And so, with Noime holding my growing penis, I urinated.

Should I wipe it or wash it?

Well if you are going to suck it again, you can use that wet wash rag and clean the tip.

OK!

And she did just that.

Uncle, do you want to kiss me? I mean when you love someone, aren't you supposed to kiss?

Yes, you are correct. Do you love me Noime?

Of course Uncle and now that I am your girl for real, I think you should kiss me.

I closed the lid on the toilet, lifted Noime so that she was standing on the lid and brought her lips to mine. I was not sure what to expect, but I guess that TV and movies these days leave little to a child's imagination. She put her arms around my neck and gave me a kiss that I will never forget. As the kiss continued I started to finger her pussy which was amazingly wet. My first digit slid in. She wiggled with delight. I slid a second finger in and Noime moaned. The third digit was a fight to get in, but I did get in to the first knuckle.

Noime was not comfortable and I backed the third one out. All the while I was playing with her bum. There was no anal intrusion, at least not yet, but I did want her to get used to my hand back there.

The medicine cabinet was within reach of my left hand and removing the hand from Noise's rear I flicked open the cabinet door. There just inches away was tube of Vaseline. I knew it was better to use KY, but that was my wife's and it was in her nightstand. There was just no way to get the KY. I grabbed the tube and with the free hand, squeezed some out. I anointed Noime's pussy with some and then I covered my cock with the rest. Now all this time, Noime and I had been kissing and at this point I broke the kiss.

Wrap your legs around me above my hips as best you can. I will hold you up. OK?

Yes Uncle!

Put your arms around my neck.

And she did. I held under her bottom with one hand and guiding my cock with the other I centered it under her pussy.

Noime I am going to put my cock inside you. Allow yourself to side down as I lower your bottom.

And so standing in our CR at a little after 2AM, on this third night of discovery, ever so slowly, my member entered fraction of a centimeter at a time until a third to half my cock was embedded in her pussy. My hand

holding her up was on one cheek and the index finger was touching her little rosebud.

How do you feel little one?

Oh Uncle, it feels so good, but can you move it a little?

Yes child, I will bounce you up and down on it. Are you ready?

Opo!

My cock was being squeezed pretty damn hard by that little pussy. I could not have been more than half way in with my cock as I started to lift and drop her back down on my rigid pole. Her arms had a death grip around my neck. But she was ecstatic whispering, *more Uncle, harder Uncle!* The hand that was holding her ass had, just by the normal movements, caused my index finger to eventually be pushed up, to the second knuckle, into her rectum. My cock was going deeper and deeper into her pussy.

As light as she was, it was no problem for me to continue and continue we did until a massive orgasm wracked her small body. Clamping down on both my cock and the finger in her rectum.

I had wanted her and thought that there would never be a time and a way to have her. Certainly not as the little flat chested imp that she was. Now I was fucking the shit out of her, with my imp as a very willing partner. I was over the moon. This little one was mine, as mine as it was possible to be. My cock exploded deep inside Noime. And the moment it happened, while I was out of my mind in ecstasy, Noime whispered in shock and overwhelming satisfaction, *Uncle! Oh Uncle! Oh my God Uncle!*

We just froze in that position for a bit. Both of us getting our bearings and not wanting to let go of the moment. Then I set her back, feet on the lips of the stool and kissed her a good long and honest kiss. *I love you Noime.*

I love you too Uncle.

I cleaned Noime up and sent her to bed, before returning to bed and explaining to my wife, who asked a little sleepily, *Are you OK? You've been gone a long time hon.*

Cramps.

Oh. Better now?

Yes.

Good.

The next morning as I stepped out of the bathroom from taking my shower I ran head long into Noime. There was no one else in view as she leapt up into my arms, kissed me and said, *Good morning Uncle!* Before running off to get ready for school.

Huh! Now what do I do. I have a beautiful wife who loves me and an Imp who loves me and has discovered sex!

Chapter 2: Adjustments

My day proceeded as all my days do. There was just nothing remarkable. Life here in semi-retirement is easy and life just flows along. I frequently am unaware of the doings, obligations, comings and goings of those who live under my roof. I certainly was unaware that this would just be a half day of school for Noime. I was on the couch reading a book, my wife was stretched out next to me with her head on my lap sleeping when my new love entered through the front door. She was adorable in her starched shirt, pleated skirt, and her white knee socks. She had taken her shoes off before she entered. She just smiled at me and went to her bedroom.

A couple of moments later she came back out and sat down next to me on the opposite side from my wife, placing her back against my side and stretching her legs out on the couch away from me. My arm was in front of her not behind her shoulders. She gently took hold of my hand and guided it between her legs.

I slid my hand up under her skirt to discover that she had removed her panties. Her clit was damp. There I sat, book in one hand, my wife's head on my lap and my finger under the skirt and inside the pussy of my ten year old little love.

I played with Noime's clit until a little shudder let me know she was going to be OK before withdrawing my hand and settling it down on her hip outside of her skirt.

However the little shudder may have been felt by my wife who started to rouse up just as my hand settled outside the other's skirt.

Mmmm, did I sleep long? Her eyes not fully open yet as she shifted a bit.

No but we two are now three. Noime is home from school.

My wife turned a bit, saw Noime and asked in Tagalog, *How did the test go this morning child?*

I think I did good Tita Ann. I know all the answers.

Good! Are you hungry?

Yes!

There's some fried rice and corned beef with egg on the table, go eat.

Yes Tita. And off she went, skipping.

Lewis, how long did I sleep.

Oh, an hour I guess.

I hate your shoulder. I always just go to sleep! And up she got, off to do something, I knew not what.

This was a Friday and that meant we might have many others joining us for the weekend. It was still afternoon, but in a few hours the house might be filled.

And fill it did at least a little more. Gina and her parents joined us for supper. Gina would spend the night with Noime. I already figured out that I would not be seeing Noime at 2AM this morning when the child sidled up to me and said quietly, *Not tonight Uncle, OK?*

Yes, OK.

It was 5:30AM when I realized my wife was not in bed. Rubbing my eyes I saw her getting dressed. *Why so early?*

To make a long complicated and pretty uninteresting story short, she, her sister (Gina's mother) and Gina's father had to make a run out to their mother's home in another town that morning. They would all be back at dinner time. Evidently my presence was not required. The fact that this was why Gina had been brought over last night and the other plans had not been communicated to me seemed to be no big deal to her and maybe she was right. I wished her a good day and went back to sleep for another hour.

When I did get up, my wife and the others were gone. Noime and Gina were in PJ's watching cartoons in the Sala. After showering and dressing, I had my breakfast and wandered into the Sala to say good morning to the girls. I had no ulterior motive. But as I did, Noime jumped into my arms and asked, *How long do we have before Tita Ann and Tita Nelvie get back, Uncle?*

They should be back around 5PM I guess, why?

You mean that give me and Gina all day with you?

What do you mean 'Gina and you?'

I told Gina what we do and she wants to learn.

I didn't know whether to cry, scream, piss my pants, praise the lord or cum right then and there.

Gina, what did Noime tell you?

Uncle, she tell me about you rubbing her down there, about your thingy and how you put your thingy inside of her and how she suck your thingy.

I see. And you want to do this?

Opo!

Will you tell your parents we do this?

Hindi![6] Never!

I see. Well some things I cannot do with you until you are a little bit older because you are just too small right now, but we can do some of them.

Thank you, Uncle!

[6]Hindi [Pronounced: hin-DEE] = No

I led them back into Noime's bedroom and sat on the bed. The two sat down next to me.

Noime, I think the first thing is for both of you to get out of your clothing. And as soon as I said it, the two of them were naked.

Now you Uncle! announced Noime.

And so I stripped. My member was at attention. As I sat back down and before I even knew how I would start, Noime told Gina, *I will teach you how to suck him.* Though Noime was far from being an expert, what she lacked in finesse she made up for in enthusiasm. Noime's head was bopping up and down and had me damned close to losing my control when Noime stopped and invited Gina to take her place. The little 8 year old, with coaching from her older cousin began to master the art of giving head on my dick. God is indeed Great! Never in my wildest imaging could I ever have foreseen this moment. And yet here I was and there this little 8 year old Gina was, sucking me off for all she was worth.

I typically have pretty good control but these little ones were pushing my boundaries. It was making my fantasies vanish for the reality that over took them. I gave Gina warning I was about to send my love juice her way, but she didn't flinch or stop for a moment. When I let loose the little one took it in better than had Noime. She sucked me clean and then with a big smile on her face, asked me, *Uncle, I do OK?*

It was Noime who responded. *You did great, Gina. Now it's my turn!*

Noime then whispered in my ear, *Uncle are you going to take Gina into the bathroom.*

I whispered back, *Ask her if she has to pee!*

Gina didn't and so staying on the bed, *Gina, I am going to do something for you I haven't even done for Noime yet. I bet you like it.*

I opened Gina's legs wide and slid between them, my face close to her pussy. Spreading her pussy lips, my tongue took its first taste on young

pussy. The first touch produced giggles from both girls. But the second more firm lick elicited a moan from Gina and then a gasp from Noime. Working my tongue on the young one brought forth a surprising result. Gina popped her legs up and over my neck, pushing her pussy as hard as she could into my face. Her hips were in the air, suspended below my neck and head. The child started making rutting sounds, followed by a high pitched squeal as she seemed to orgasm. I had doubted the ability of a child that young to cum, but no more. No, I was sure. It had to be the real deal.

I lowered her torso to the bed, but she would not let go of the lock she had on me. Finally as I pinched her little flat-chested nipples, her legs finally released me. But now Noime wanted the same action, literally pulling me to where she could put her pussy under my nose. My jaw was aching a bit from the workout it had just gone through, but I attached my face to Noime's pussy and was instantly plastered with her female juices. I grabbed Noime's ass and snuck a finger into her rosebud. Rather than complain, she moaned with pleasure. I kept up the tongue action on her clit and started fucking her ass with my finger. She bucked and grabbed and clawed at the sheets as she gulped air. With the hand that wasn't in her ass. I played with the nipples on her flat chest. That did it. Noime exploded in orgasm. If I didn't know better I would have thought it was an epileptic seizure.

For a while the three of us just lay on the bed and napped. We must have slept a couple of hours when I was awakened by Noime. *Put it inside me Uncle. I want to feel your love juice inside me again.*

Suck on me and get me hard child and I will give you what you want. Gina, go into my bedroom. On Tita Ann's side of the bed, in the top draw of her night stand, there is a tub of KY jelly. Please bring it here.

Noime's mouth took the head of my dick. Her hands pumped the shaft until I was hard. I then used the KY on my member and Noime's pussy before mounting her from the rear. Pushing my way slowly into her pussy, I was also playing with her clit, with a finger still covered with KY.

Gina watched in rapt amazement as my cock pulled back from and then repeatedly disappeared fully into Noime's pussy. *Gina, play with Noime's nipples!* And Gina did what I had told her to do. To keep from cumming too soon, I tried to think of what my wife would do if she found out about this. It helped marginally, but my cum just refused to be held back and so after no more than two or three minutes of fucking, I flooded Noime's pussy. In the meantime Noime had been having what seemed like a nonstop orgasm for the last minute of fucking. When I finally came all she would say over and over was, *Thank you, Uncle. Thank you, Uncle. Thank you, Uncle.* My cum was dribbling out of her pussy. It looked so sexy, so debauched. But maybe not debauched enough because at that moment I instructed Gina to use her tongue to lick my member clean and then for her to lick Noime clean. Now that was fully debauched! These two were now my girls in every way imaginable. The question in the back of my head was a simple, *Now what?*

It was barely lunchtime. My wife would not be home for hours. But rather than thinking about more sex, I was thinking about what to do with Gina. Having Gina was fun, but she didn't live with me and having her turned on to sex, she needed a more immediate outlet than waiting for a time to be alone with me which might not happen for another year. While I was certainly enjoying her, I decided to gift her to her father, regardless of whether or not he wanted the gift. It would be best for Gina if it worked out. If it didn't, to save her marriage, Gina's mother might gift my wife and me the child. I didn't want to break up that marriage, and suspected the marriage would hold, while Gina's dad enjoyed the gift too.

Gina, I am glad you are here today, but you will go home tonight and if not tonight, by tomorrow you will want more of this. I will not be there, so we have to find someone else for you. [pause] Don't cry, it will be OK. Don't you love your father?

Yes, of course I do, Uncle!

Do you think I am the only man who likes to have his penis sucked?

I guess not. But I don't want you to give me away!

I am not giving you away because you are not mine, Gina. You belong to your father.

But he won't let me do this with anyone!

And that's OK child. What you should do is, do it with him.

I should play with my father's thingy?

Yes, you should make his penis feel good. If you do that, I bet he will make your pussy feel good. You can let me know how it is going through the IM sessions you have with Noime. She will pass you my messages. It is important we give your father the right to take your virginity. And if you are lucky, you can have sex with him every day!

OK I guess, Uncle. But I wish it was you. Maybe he isn't any good at it?

Then we will find a way for you to teach him how to do it right.

OK, I guess.

We will spend some time now learning how you can get him to have sex with you. You will have to take it slow in the beginning. Do you ever sit on your father's lap?

Opo.

Do you ever put your head in his lap?

Opo.

Good! I will teach you how to start, but first we need to shower and get dressed!

I sent the girls in to the shower and then took one myself before dressing and beginning the lesson that any adult might not need, but an 8 year old clearly did. For three hours we practiced how to sit 'innocently' on a lap and cause an erection. And we practiced how a head on a lap can directly

stimulate a cock and how her breath can even be used to arouse her dad. We talked about the value of using the wetness of her pussy – if she gets wet – to her advantage with her father. We worked on how to take it further and how to get to his cock while still in his pants. Noime thought the whole idea both a hoot and totally cool. Gina was fearful that her father would hurt her. We tried to allay her fears, but in truth it was possible.

By 4PM the lessons ended and I sent the kids to play on a computer, while I got busy with my usual activities. When my wife returned home, there was nothing untoward to note. Gina's parents stayed with us for supper before going home at 7PM.

I had told Noime earlier that there would not be a 2AM meet this night. She was a little disappointed but accepted it as realistic.

I braced myself for blow back from my Gina plan.

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Chapter 3: 80% of luck is preparation.

While I waited for any word from Gina and her family, I had to resolve how to normalize my relationship with Noime without blowing up my marriage. To call my wife territorial would be accurate. She allowed no other woman close enough to stake any claim. She wanted me to be a one woman man. The fact that I was clearly finding that impossible was something of which she had no knowledge.

I decided that what might work for Gina and her father, with some alterations might work for me. I needed to get my wife used to Noime's sexual presence with me. I would have to seem like the innocent recipient of Noime's overt attention. Noime needed to seem like she was behaving normally for a person who needed a male anchor in her life. Over the following week, whenever I could find time to talk with and conspire with Noime, that's what we did. The plan was hatched.

If I sat down on a couch, Noime would eventually sit down next to me and find some reason to put her hands somewhere on me. When she went to school and came home from school she started demanding hugs from me. When it was time for her to go to bed, once she had changed into her bed clothes, she would seek me out for a big hug. If she didn't feel well, she would demand that I check on her and take care of her. If she needed to go shopping she would insist I come with her to help her pick out whatever it was. If she could not sleep, she was to ask if she could sleep in our bed – between me and my wife.

I was to remain clueless as this went on.

Noime got creative on her own. She conspired with my wife to tickle attack me. One, on each side of me, on the couch one night. That gave her free access to touch me all over with my wife approving and cooperating. Noime started "confiding" to my wife that she needed to feel close to me. She was getting depressed when she couldn't. Since we are talking about a 10 year old, my wife's response was to tell me to spend more time with the child.

When Noime asked my wife if she might sleep with us every night, my wife came to me with a problem. If she allowed it, my wife and I would have far fewer times to engage in sex. I agreed that it seemed like a problem. I suggested we not allow it, and put my wife in the position to suggest we try it for a few weeks, hoping that Noime would grow out of it.

As all this was occurring, I awaited hearing any news from Gina. For three weeks we heard not a peep. Noime had not even seen Gina on line. I was getting very worried when all three, Gina and her parents came for supper one day. Normally parents sit at the table and the children sit on the floor in the Sala, watching TV as they eat their meal. This time it was different. Gina not only sat at the table, she sat between her parents. I took that as a good sign. I was curious as to why Gina took four napkins from the holder on the table. I was less curious as to why when I started to see Gina's father squirm and I was able to only see the child's hand that was on her mother's side. I almost laughed out loud when her father dropped his spoon, groaned and slumped at the table. The damn child had given her father a hand job while we ate supper. The napkins where to catch the semen! She was 8 years old!

Quite innocently, I turned to the guy and asked, *Are you OK? Do you need to lie down?*

He assured me he was OK, it was just a momentary thing. Oh how true that was!

After dinner, I pulled him aside and spoke to him in a way that did not allow him to say anything. *Look, you keep on enjoying your little girl. I know she will want you to fuck her, but she is too young right now. Enjoy the hand and blow jobs. Lick her pussy if you like, but nothing goes into her pussy until she is two years older. You hurt her by trying too soon and I will make sure you regret it.*

Gina's father's face was ashen. I continued, *Send Gina over after school tomorrow. She will stay with us for the night. I need to speak with her... don't ask why and don't ask Gina. Be a good boy and you will continue to enjoy the fruit of your loins for a long time. Understand?*

He just nodded and I walked away.

The next afternoon, when Gina's school released, a tricycle[7] brought her to our home. My wife was at the market shopping as the imp walked in and came over to me. She had already slipped out of her shoes and was in her socks as she entered the house. Gina took hold of my hand to honor[8] me and I blessed her.

Come sit down child.

Yes Sir.

Is your father treating you well?

Sir?

Has your father hit you?

No Sir.

Has he tried to put his penis in you?

Yes Sir, but I did what you told me to do. I told him it was too big for me and that he should wait until I was ten to do that.

What happened?

He ask me how I know that.

I told him, just like you tell me. I tell him that if I tell him, then bad things will happen to him and me. I then take him in my mouth. He cums then. We not talk about it again Sir. Gina paused and a puzzled look came over her face. *Sir may I ask a question?*

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[7]Tricycle = a motorcycle with a cab structure built over it. I seat to the right of the driver and two benches behind. It can carry three Americans or eight Filipinas.

[8]Honor = to "honor" an older or respected person. You take the person's right hand with your right hand and bring the back of the hand to your forehead. Very often a mother can be heard telling a small child to do this but saying, '*Bless, Bless.'* This is a sign of deep respect.

Yes of course. What is it?

Well, maybe I imagine, but now I think I understand the look of a man when he wants me, I see that in other men sometime. Is that wrong? Am I right that maybe other men also want me? I am little Sir, not like a woman. I am a little girl.

Who do you think wants you?

I am scared to say Sir.

There is nothing to be scared about, Gina. Who do you think wants you?

You won't tell him?

No Gina I will not tell him or anyone else either. Who is it?

The Principal of my school, Sir. He looks at me like my father looks at me now that I do things to him. But I never done anything to the Principal, why he look at me that way?

He likes you Gina. Do you like him?

Sir?

Do you want to play with his penis?

Should I?

*Gina... **do you** want to?*

Sir? Maybe?

Well if you decide you want to, then you should do it.

How?

First, when you see him look at you, smile back really big.

OK.

Gina, are you sitting or standing when he is looking at you.

Normally standing, Sir.

Do you have a pencil or pen with you at those times?

Sometimes Sir.

When you see him looking at you, put that in your mouth… yes like that… and then open your mouth and run your tongue around it a little… yes just like that. If he comes up to you and you can talk with him without any one listening, ask him to call you to his office after school so you can meet him alone. Then he will be your boyfriend.

Really? My Principal will be my very own boyfriend?

Yes Gina, really. If he wants you like you think, based on his look, then yes.

I will try it Sir!

Good girl. Now you will stay the night and play with Noime.

Yes Sir!

And off she skipped. I do mean that, she skipped into Noime's bedroom. She and Noime would lick each other to orgasms that night, something that Noime needed after getting worked up each night as she cuddles up "innocently" in front of my wife.

Though tonight would be different as Noime would sleep with Gina, our regular, if temporary, sleeping arrangements now included Noime each night. For a number of nights, it was all innocent, except for the fact that Noime had a hard time keeping her hands off my member. She would slowly and without much noticeable movement get hold of the pole. Slowly she would work it. One time based on how we were positioned on the bed, she took me, without my wife having a clue, in her mouth. Noime was

having a ball, but that made things a little uncomfortable for me as there was no way to easily take care of it without going to the CR[9] and take care of myself! On the other hand, my wife was always the first one up. Morning after morning I would finger Noime to her morning orgasm. Twice I didn't finger her, instead I mounted her, and left my cum in her pussy, while my wife was in the shower. The fact that the KY was right there by the bed made things go smoothly, if you will allow the pun. Little 10 year old Noime had the tightest pussy I had ever been in and she was always ready to take me inside her thin body. As she had yet to menstruate, there was no concern about pregnancy.

In the morning, Gina went to school accompanied by Noime. Two happy little kids.

My wife and I realized in those first days of Noime's entry into our bed, that we could engage in sex together at moments during the day when we were alone in the house. With that discovery, our sexual life became more frequent and more satisfying. It also meant that there was no 'reason' to kick Noime out of our bed. Shortly after Gina's visit, my wife announced that Noime could continue to stay in our bed if she continued to want to do so.

About ten days into Noime's, permanent and official nightly entry into the bedroom, following that decision, I decided to change the rules. I told Noime to start snuggling up to my wife, stroking her and trying to be sexual with her. I had no idea what the results would be, but it was worth seeing what would shake out. Nothing ventured, nothing gained! It had some immediate benefits. If my wife thought the child was attracted to women and not men, then the child's need to be 'innocently' comforted by me in other things made more sense. If my wife enjoyed it, we could work with that dynamic to make it a three way.

The first night Noime's hands wandered over my wife, the actions appeared to be ignored. Noime's hand never actually invaded critical space, but she did hold onto my wife's left breast for a while. On the second night, Noime was a little more assertive with her touch. She started working my

[9]Comfort Room, Toilet, Bathroom

wife's nipples. Multiple times, Noime put her hand on my wife's vagina. Each time, my wife moved the child's hands to safer places.

I acted like I was unaware that anything was occurring. The next morning when my wife got up she looked distracted or troubled. I asked her if there was a problem. She said, *No, it is nothing.*

As soon as my wife left for the shower, I grabbed the KY, slicked Noime up and fucked her good and hard. We were both so damned horny. I was deep in her pussy with my finger deep up her ass. My mouth was battling tongues with this little girl. We both came hard. When Noime felt my cum, she whispered in my ear, *You are mine. You know that, right?*

We had taken too long, but my wife did not exit the shower for the longest time that morning. I guess we weren't the only horny ones.

On the third night, Noime repeated what she had attempted the previous night. She rolled my wife's nipples. But rather than dislodge the child's hand, my wife accepted, allowed and moaned in delight. It continued on for a good ten minutes like that before Noime switched which of her hands were on the breasts. Once she had the best hand free, and while my wife's breasts were still under attack, Noime opened up her attack on a second front. She put her hand on my wife's pussy, spread the outer labia, and found the clit. While I could not see a damned thing, I knew it had happened by the sound my wife made. I have caused that sound to be made many times. By now Noime had one nipple in her mouth, a hand on the other nipple and she was attacking the clit. My wife was going nuts. She wanted more, more. And she got more. Noime put her thumb on the clit and four tiny fingers up my wife's pussy. Not more than thirty seconds later, my wife came in a way that I strive to bring her to but do not always achieve.

Little 10 year old Noime had rung my wife's bell. The question was, what would happen now?

In the morning, Noime and I recapitulated what we had done the previous day but finished up far sooner. That was a good thing as my wife was out of

the shower far more quickly. Still all looked quite normal when she re-entered the bedroom.

Noime stayed in character as the morning proceeded. She got her hugs from me before she left for school. Once she was out of the door, I looked at my wife and said, *I think you and I need to talk.*

She ran out of the room and back to the bedroom. I waited ten minutes before going to the bedroom door. Finding it locked, I called out, *Hon, unlock this door.*

The door was unlocked and I entered. My wife's face was streaked with tears. *Tell me what happened last night.*

No! If I tell you, you will either say I am a liar or I am crazy!

Maybe, but I do love you. So tell me because there is no one who will ever care for you as much as I do.

You won't love me if I tell you.

I guess you will just have to take your chance on that. Maybe you are right, maybe you are wrong. Either way, tell me what happened.

I sat beside her and tried to put my arm around her, but she rejected that and moved a few inches away. She did begin to tell me what had happened to her. It was interspersed with many long sessions of tears. About half way through what she would end up telling me, she finally accepted my touch. By the end she was in my arms and we were rocking back and forth as I comforted her. Much of the details I provided above as to what happened I learned from my wife as she had told it to me.

Do you hate me?

No! Why should I hate you?

Because I am a criminal! Because I am a pervert! Because I betrayed your trust! Because I am evil, a monster!

I don't think any of what you called yourself is true. You are a loving woman who was dealing with a young girl who has discovered her sexual being and needed to explore it with you. I think you would have damaged her psyche if you had done any differently. You did just right.

How can you say that? I had sex with a child.

No, she had sex with an adult who was not going to exploit or abuse her. She was very lucky.

I have to think about that. I am so confused! I am **not** *a lesbian! But she made me cum like I was!*

Hon, I know you love me and love sex with me. I am not worried about that. The fact that you got off on Noime's touch does not change the fact that you get off on my touch.

So what am I? A freak?

Human. You are human. And a beautiful human at that!

You still love me?

Yes, I still love you. We are OK and we will continue to be OK. The question is, how do we allow Noime to express her feelings without getting into trouble outside the home with others who might exploit her?

I don't know and I am very sad for her. Lesbians, here in the Philippines, have a very difficult time.

Oh hon, I doubt Noime is a lesbian. At her age, it's just innocent experimentation. I suspect that if she has access to a cock, she will want that just as much.

No, if she wanted cock, she would have hit on you and not me!

Maybe. Maybe she figured that you would kick her out of the house if she did that. This house is her 'safe place' and she is going to protect that as

much as she can. By showing you love, maybe she felt she wasn't going to trigger your wrath.

So I am supposed to allow her to get me off every night? Really!? That can't be right!

I think we need to deal with this as a couple. She obviously has sexual feelings. She channeled all of it toward you. Clearly we do not want to have her channel all of it toward me! But if we deal with her as a couple; Allow touch, and teach her how to accept safe touch in return, as a couple, that might work. She will see that we love each other and no one can come between us. She will see how to pleasure and receive pleasure in a safe way. We can assure that she does not experiment outside the house. If we are successful, she will grow strong, self-confident and happy.

I guess. I need to think about it. Are you sure you still love me?

Yes. I am sure. Why don't you just go back to bed and sleep for a while.

OK.

I closed the bedroom door as I exited. I did not know what she would decide. It could go a number of ways. I sure as hell hoped she didn't run to the local pulis[10] office and turn herself in as a child molester! The nothing ventured, nothing gained, was maybe not such a good idea.

[10]Pulis = the Tagalog spelling for "Police."

Chapter 4: Judgment day

I did not see my wife until about ten minutes before Noime was expected home from school. When I did see her, I had not a clue as to her state of mind. She wasn't talking.

I stuck to my knitting. Best not to make what might be bad, worse.

Noime came in as if nothing was out of the ordinary. She was either a very good actor, or she really believed all was OK. Either way, it was probably for the best. As I was getting my regular after school hug, my wife called us both over to the dining room table and told us both to sit down.

Noime, when I was a couple of years older than you are now, I discovered sexual feelings inside me and I did not know what to do about it. I spent years confused about those feelings. I am sure that I would have had a far happier life if I had a way to deal with those feelings and a safe place to learn about my sexuality. I suspect that your Uncle had the same issues, though I doubt, being a man, he will admit it! What happened last night makes it clear to me that you have discovered your sexual self. It also makes clear to me that you need help and guidance in learning about your body and your sexual needs. But, and there is a 'but,' there are two things you need to understand. First, I am a married woman. I love my husband. I will never leave him for anyone. Second while I enjoyed what you did to me last night, I prefer men. It is my hope that you will learn to prefer men too! [pause] You may continue to be with us at night, but you need to learn about a man's body and while you may continue to touch me, you need to learn that I am part of a couple. That means you need to learn to touch your Uncle. It is my sincere hope that at some time you will decide that men are more your interest than are women. In the meantime, although I will ask your Uncle to touch you, he also isn't yours. He's mine. We will teach you. We will protect you while you learn. We will make sure you learn well and safely. You may not touch anyone else. Not until you are a lot older! You must not talk about this with anyone else. Do you have any questions?

Tita Ann, will you teach me how to use make-up?

Yes. Child, do you have any questions about the subject I was talking about?

You mean I can love both of you?

You already do love both of us. This discussion was about sex!

Tita, then I guess I don't understand. What I felt last night was love. Anyway, I think it was love. I love Uncle too, but I have been afraid to show it to him, because I think you will get mad at me. If I could find a way to crawl into your bodies and be inside you both, I would do it! Does that sound crazy?

Oh Noime! Sweet child. Come here and kiss me!

And Noime, true to form put a lip lock on my wife. That certainly was an education to the older female. After a few minutes of heavy breathing and some sexual manual mauling, (of Noime to my wife,) my wife broke off and told her to go kiss me. For the first time I was receiving in front of my wife, the kisses I had been receiving for some time from Noime. And my wife, will wonders never cease, was approving of it.

What my wife had missed was that Noime had told the truth. For her there was no dividing line between love and sex. She engaged with sex out of love and loved those with whom she was having sex. She would never consider having sex outside our home because she had no need to do so. This is where she was loved and this is where she got all the sex she would ever want. It would take a long time for my wife to come to that realization. But I am getting way ahead of myself!

What actually happened was that my wife waited for my kiss to be completed before telling Noime, *Come child and help me get supper ready.*

I withdrew from them and went back to what I had been doing while my two females teamed up to make our supper. I felt relieved but was a little

fearful that my relief might be premature. Still, it had gone far better than I had imagined.

Supper was an experience, but not because of the food. Oh, the food was fine, but the real doings had to do with a surfeit of questions that Noime had about her body. Menstruation, puberty, breasts, bras, makeup, what boys liked and why, how girls thought about sex, how Noime thought about sex, pregnancy, birth control, birth, medical exams... everything just spilled out of her in the form of questions. We sat at the table long after supper just listening to Noime and answering her questions. It was close to nine at night when we got up from the table and my wife suggested we all take a shower and head on to bed.

I was the last one through the shower. My wife had spent time on Noime, and herself, to make the night special for her and us. My wife could not have looked sexier in her oh so short red satin slip. She had Noime wearing one of her lace camisole tops. The bed sheets were pulled down and the overhead light was off, in favor of two candles. There were extra pillows on the bed.

Come lie down on the bed, husband. It is time I teach Noime about a man's body.

Well damn, I guessed I could play along and hoped that Noime would be able to do so as well. I hung up my robe. I don't wear PJ's or anything. So I was naked as I positioned myself in the middle of our king size bed. Two pillows were placed under my neck and head. My wife placed some scented oil in Noime's hands and on her own. Each was kneeling by me on the bed; one on each side. Their knees touching my hips. My member was if, not flaccid, not rampant either. My wife put her hands on my cock and started to play with it. Stoking it. Stroking my ball sack. She then sat back and had Noime do the same thing. Having my wife, put Noime's hands on my cock and assist her in stroking my member, brought old glory to full attention in a hurry. I had never even fantasized about such a thing. This was beyond erotic.

The manual stimulation went on for a while as my wife provided pointers and Noime appeared to be getter better and more competent. A couple of

times, Noime slipped out of her role and did something she had not been 'taught' yet. But my wife simply assumed that Noime was getting the hang of it and showed no concern. Every once in a while my wife would stop to discuss the merits of some technique. This was a revelation to me. I was unaware she had ever thought any of this through. The fact that she had theories about what she did was news to me! Every once in a while Noime would stop and ask a question about my genitalia. Were all men the same size? Did the same techniques work for all? How long could a man stay erect? Did it hurt when it was hard? She also asked about how long lovemaking normally lasted. She asked about how long a woman could remain stimulated. This was the oddest, most loving, intensely erotic and magical night of my life and it had just barely begun.

The oil was for sex play and edible. My wife explained this and then, I swear to God, showed the child, how to go down on me, something she had not done in a very long time. Once she had demonstrated, it was Noime's turn and this time because my wife had no way of knowing what Noime was doing to me inside her mouth, Noime did not stay with the program and almost got me shooting into the little imps mouth. Between the tongue play and the suction she created, I was almost a goner. But she seemed to know this and shut me down just before I blew. On her side she was tasting strawberry along with cock. When she stopped, Noime commented to my wife that strawberry cocks were good, but she was getting hungry. My cock wasn't giving her anything to eat! My wife almost lost it, not knowing exactly how to respond. I stepped in, regaining my composure, telling Noime that I might give her something to eat, but I would prefer to put it in her pussy if she and my wife would not mind.

That started what must be one of the weirdest conversations I have ever heard.

I'm not sure she can take you! You might hurt her.

I want him to try. I'll tell him if it hurts. OK?

Noime, he is not the biggest man, but for you he will be very big. You are too young!

No, I want to try. I want him inside me. Will you help me put him in?

You want me to help you take my husband's cock and put it in you?

Yes Tita! Will you?

Noime, promise you will tell me if it hurts. OK?

OK Tita. I promise.

I just lay there, member rampant, Noime, continuing to stroke me, and my wife playing with Noime's breasts and giving her little kisses as they discussed the possibility of Noime impaling herself on my dick. As Noime promised her Tita, the two entered into a deep and fervent kiss. It lasted for quite a bit before my wife broke off, nibbled Noime's ear and moved around to the back of her niece. She positioned the child so that Noime was looking at me, knees higher than my hips, so than as the child lowered down, her labia came into direct contact with my glans.

My wife, also straddling my legs behind the girl, reaching around her, was fingering Noime's pussy with one hand and guiding my cock to the child with the other.

Noime continued to play act as if this was her first time and had no idea that I would fit inside. My wife had no idea that Noime could easily accept my dick. Noime and I knew she could. But we played along, even to the extent that Noime made some noises of discomfort as she "tried" to accommodate me, and I grunted at the difficulty of entering her.

My niece was then and continues to be a tight fit for me. But fit I do. Slowly the bald little pussy pubic bone rested on mine. My wife continued to play with Noime's clit, which was clearly having an impact on the child. Noime was having multiple mini-orgasms and leaking on me.

My wife moved over to our side and on her knees, next to Noime, started kissing Noime again.

Are you OK? Is he too big for you?

No, Tita, Uncle is perfect! I love this Tita! At which point Noime started bouncing on me, forcing my member to slam into her time and time again. But as she did this she held on to my wife, with her hands on my wife's breasts, their lips locked. Seeing a possibility open, and being nothing more than a spring board for my niece at the moment, I snuck a finger into my wife's pussy and started playing with her clit.

Noime had already had many little orgasms and was not just getting a good fucking, I was close to blowing in her cunt. But as I worked my wife's cunt while Noime worked her breasts and continued to kiss her, my wife came hard.

As my wife's hot cum juices drenched my hand and wrist, I came hard in Noime, shooting straight up into her little cunt. That produced as ear curdling scream from the child and an orgasm that came damned close to squeezing my dick in two.

Noime canting forward, collapsed on me. My hand was still inside my wife and I pulled her forward by her pussy, to lay by my side. Now with my head and my wife's side by side, I turned toward her, kissed her and asked, *Are you OK?*

Yes, oh yes. I am more than OK. God, how do you even describe what we just did? Yes, I am fine, husband.

My cum soaked cock had slipped out of Noime, as we three lay there on the marital bed. And so, exhausted, funky with the smell and residue of sex, we slept as we were.

When morning did come, we were all still there. My cum was encrusted on Noime's pussy and thighs. We all smelled of sex. My wife was the first one to shower, after which she sent Noime in to wash up. I just lay there in my altogether, waiting my turn and wondering how the rest of the day would work out. It was weird enough commenting to my wife on her adventures, but now it was me, whose cum was inside our niece. Even though my wife had been a very willing participant last night, I had no idea what the morning would bring.

Exiting the CR and dressing alone in the bedroom, I was well aware that when I walked out into the rest of the house, I would be stepping into a new life. I just wasn't sure what life that would be. What had happened so far was so far from normal as to make any guessing now useless.

Leaving the bedroom, I exited the air-con[11] and into the warmth of the world of the Philippines. Large ceiling fans cool the rooms and they are generally comfortable, but the transition every morning still startles me a bit. Yet, dressed in a tropical weight short sleeve shirt, shorts, sandals and no socks, I was comfortable. On the table a mango was cut up and waiting. My coffee had been brewed. Noime was eating some fried rice and a frankfurter, all dressed up in her school uniform. She gave me a big smile.

My wife entered from the dirty kitchen with a sexy little top and shorts on. She came over, kissed me on the neck and said, *Good morning, mahal.*[12] *You look pogi*[13] *this morning! Doesn't he Noime?*

Oo![14]

And so started my day. But that is not exactly how it progressed. As soon as Noime was off to school, my wife grabbed me and drug me back to the bedroom, pushing me on to our bed which she had just made. Flat on my back, my wife just about landed on me. It is fair to say that she was as horny as I had ever seen her. Her kisses were beyond passionate. Her hand attacked my belt and shorts. If she could have ripped them off, I think she might have done so.

I had kicked off my sandals by the time she, getting up, pulled my shorts and briefs off. Before she jumped back on me she also pulled off her shorts and panties. I still had my shirt on and she her top. That evidently did not matter. My cock now in her hands, she worked me until I was erect enough for her to get me inside her. That was not difficult. She was dripping wet! Now inside her, she was above me as she grabbed me by my shirt and rolled us over. I was now inside her and on top.

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[11]Air-con = Air Conditioner
[12]Mahal [Pronounced: ma-HAL] = "Dear" as in a term of endearment or expensive.
[13]Pogi [Pronounced: Po-GEE] = Handsome.
[14]Oo [Pronounced: oh-oh] = Yes

The heat of her pussy on my cock was intense. She was breathing hard even though we had yet to really get after it. My wife is not a talker during sex. Well she wasn't up until that moment.

Fuck me hard Mahal. Hard! Do it now! I need you Mahal!

Her legs were wrapped around me. I pounded into her tight pussy. It might not be as tight as Noime's, but it was still tight. My wife is truly beautiful and it was not a hardship to be fucking her as she requested. Her small breasts bouncing, her straight black hair against the white pillow case, her lovely coffee with cream complexion, her cute little Asian nose, her dark black eyes looking at me in a way that might be 'pleading.' I am a foot taller than my four foot, ten inch wife. Just being with her was physical domination. And now as the domination was essentially complete, it was not hard to feel the emotion of desire, need, longing, affection and love, that I felt welling up in me, as I rammed my fully erect member repeatedly into her tight wet pussy. We didn't change from the missionary position once in those ten minutes before we both came in thundering orgasms.

I rolled off and we lay side by side for quite a while before my wife spoke. *Am I as good for you as Noime?*

What type a question it that? Jeezus!

I don't want to lose you mahal!

No never will you lose me. That is not possible. Noime will likely grow up find a boy her age and move on. We are connected for life and that's exactly how I want it.

But you want her too!

Yes and so do you it would seem.

There was silence for a while.

Let's shower and get dressed mahal. I need to go shopping and you need to work.

There are moments when you look around and everything looks both the same and totally different at the same time. As I looked out the window, as I looked around our home, as I sat at my desk, there was a sense that I had jumped though a worm hole to another dimension. This was my world and yet it wasn't. The same and yet transformed.

If luck is the residue of careful preparation, there still remains a dram of random chance that essentially describes all events in our universe. I had had no way of knowing exactly what and how Noime would be once things started with us. I had no idea what emotional mechanisms were at play in my wife's head as things progressed last night.

There had been the real possibility that things might have either shut down or gone totally wrong. It had been a massively risky proposition. My hubris at initiating the process was probably beyond foolish. I had risked everything that was dear to me.

And now, as I sit at my computer typing the events that had actually transpired, I wonder if I was dreaming all this or has it really happened? Are the fingers that are typing these keys, the ones inside my wife, as I fucked my ten year old niece, just twelve hours ago? How is that possible?

I work at my desk until noon. I am called to eat lunch by our maid. My wife is not home yet. A little panic sets in. Will everything be OK when she comes home? I just can't come to terms that the world has gone topsy-turvy in such as wonderful way! Yes I had wanted Noime. Yes I had never wanted to lose my wife. Yes I had wanted a way to have my cake and eat it too. Yes to all of it! But to have it actually work out? Shit! That is beyond my ability to fathom, even if I had put the damned thing in motion.

It is three in the afternoon when my wife reappears, all smiles and enthusiasm. *Come see what I got!* she calls out as she bustles into the bedroom. It doesn't seem ominous and a sense of relief courses through me. My wife is already stripping down as I entered. Off come the undies she had left in and on goes a sexy new set. *What do you think? Seksi*[15]*? I buy same for Noime!* Indeed, she has purchased matching undies for

[15]Seksi = Sexy (Tagalog spelling with a little different sound!)

Noime and herself. Here is the clearest evidence that I have passed through a wormhole! My wife has added Noime to our life and we are now officially a threesome of two adults and a child.

I take a good look at my wife. *I bet you we can fuck without ever taking any of that off.*

Try!

I am already hard and tenting a bit against my shorts. My wife is standing there, bare footed with little pink panties and bra. Nothing else. Dropping my shorts and briefs to the floor and stepping out of my sandals, I put my hands behind my wife's thighs and lift her up. She wraps her legs around me. With one hand I pull the crotch of her panties to the side as I slide in. She is soaking wet. I am rock hard. This is the second fuck of the day and I had been in Noime last night. I am no longer a young man. Holding my wife like this is good for a bit but I am already looking to put her on the bed. I am excited and she is so excited that it is hard to fathom. My wife's mouth is on mine and her tongue is deep in my mouth. Her arms encircle me and hold tight. Her heals beat a rhythm on me, as she bounces on my cock. My thighs are dripping from her juices as they flow out of her.

And then we pass through another wormhole as my wife pulls her mouth back away and yells, *She's mine tonight! You can have her later. Tonight she does me!* And with that my wife has one of the most intense orgasms I have ever experienced with her. The floor was now slippery with her juice. I am pushed into a higher gear. I toss my wife onto the bed and re-take her, throwing her legs over my shoulders and pounding her as hard as I can. She is yelling, *Harder! Harder! Fuck your old whore! Cum in your old whore!* And I do. Oh, do I ever.

Afterward, we just hold each other without words for a while before getting up and showering. I return to my work and my wife joins our maid in getting supper prepared. As I work, I continue to ponder what is happening in my world, not that I seem to have any control over it at the moment. Once set in motion, things move independent of my direction or control. It appears that later in the evening, I will be the observer but not a

primary participant. That is OK with me as I am pretty well spent. But the reality that my wife is lusting after Noime is a real revelation.

As the clock reads 4:30PM, we have a visitor. Gina walks in announcing that she is spending the night. That is a kink that we had not planned upon. I can see my wife is a little disappointed. But I am just off my balance enough, that what sound nuts comes out of my mouth essentially unfiltered. *That's great Gina. You will sleep with me and Noime will sleep with your Tita tonight. OK?*

Gina proves to be possibly the most unflappable little girl that has ever walked this earth. She looks up at my wife as with the biggest of smiles and says, *Wow, that's cool! Thank you Tita!*

My wife, looking at Gina and rolling her eyes says, *You're welcome child.* And closing her eyes, just shakes her head in disbelief with a small smile across her lips. She then looks up, over at me and silently mouthed, *Thank you.* I just nod an acknowledgment.

Gina sits down at her Tita's laptop and starts playing a game on Facebook. I once more go back to my work, wondering if I should text Noime and clue her in on the doings or just allow things to play out. I am still puzzling that over when at 5:30, Noime walks through the door. My little angel sees Gina and immediately engages in a conversation, during which Noime is informed that she, Noime, would sleep with her Tita and that I am sleeping with Gina, Gina taking that fact as a point of pride. Our maid heard most of this and shows me why we kept her, by ignoring everything.

§ § §

Chapter 5: A new normal

That night our supper is served, the children do what children do, my wife and our maid clean up the kitchen and I read a book for a couple of hours. At 8PM my wife tells the girls to shower and get ready for bed. She also puts Noime's new outfit on the bed in the master bedroom. I see that as I gathered up what I want before bring it into what is Noime's bedroom where Gina and I will spend the night.

I shower next with my wife following immediately afterward. We kiss gently and sweetly as we pass each other that night, me on my way to a bedroom containing Gina and she to take a shower and then to rejoin Noime.

Gina can hardly contain herself by the time I enter the bedroom. *Uncle! I must tell you! So much as happened! Hurry! Come here!*

All I have on is a towel around my middle that hangs down to my knees. Gina is on the bed, quite naked. I drop the towel and joined her. *OK, so tell me.*

Which first, Father or the Principal?

Oh, both? OK, your father first.

Remember when you talked to him? Well, when we got home, he apologized. He said we would wait to put his penis in me until my tenth birthday. But when he said it, Mom heard it! Wow! She screamed at him. I think he was scared. So I screamed at her and told her he was doing it because I needed him to and if he couldn't, I'd find someone else to do it! She stopped screaming and started crying. So me and Father, we hug Mother and tell her it's OK! We both love her. She pulled away and ran into her room and locked the door. Father sent me to bed. When I wake up, Mother is making breakfast and Father has gone to work. Things are sort of back the way they were, but I can put my mouth on Father's penis any time I want now. That is so cool. Father said that Mother would never

do that for him before, but she is doing it now! I think I am getting pretty good at that. Can I show you that tonight?

I am wondering if Gina will ever take a breath! It all just tumbles out of her in one non-stop exposition. And then silence as she waits for my answer. *Yes. Yes, I would like that. But what about the Principal?*

I did what you said. The first time, he turned red, turned away from me and walked away. I thought he was angry or I would get into trouble, but nothing happened. Three days later I see him looking at me that way again. So I do what you said to do again. This time he walks up to me and tells me in angry voice to follow him into his office. I think I am really in trouble now! When we get into his office and he turns around to talk to me, I can see his stiffy. His penis is hard like Father's and yours gets. We are in his office and there is no one else there. He starts talking to me in a mean way, but I ignore that. Instead, I kneel down in front of him, pull down his zipper and pull his penis out. Now he's not talking. Uncle, he is very big! He is twice the size as Father. And it is very thick too. Much thicker than you. So I take him in both hands and lick the head. He stops talking and moans. I am right, he wants me! He is so big, but I do what I learn from you and Father, as best I can. He puts his hands on the back of my head and pushes his penis hard into my mouth. It hurts a little, but I keep doing it. He pushed hard twice more and then cums big in my mouth. He is trying to pull away, but I do not let him. I suck hard and swallow all. He is gasping. I have his balls in my hands, and I squeeze hard and suck hard too until I think he is going to fall down on me. And then I sit back. Uncle, you should see his face! I think he is going to cry! He says to me "My God, Gina, why did you do that?" Hehe, I tell him, because I know he wanted me and I wanted to taste him too. He says, "You must not tell anyone." I tell him that he is being silly, I already know that. Besides, I tell him I want to do him many more times. If I tell people, I will not be able to do that. His eyes are very big and does not say anything. I ask him if he can give me a job to do in his office, so I can come there every day. He just gives me a quiet yes.[16] *So anyway, I am going to his office every afternoon now. Sometimes I hide under his desk and suck on him where no one can see if they come into the office. Normally if he is talking to someone when I am*

[16]Eyebrows raise up = a quiet yes.

under the desk, he gets soft in my mouth. Yesterday, I am doing that when my Tagalog teacher comes in. He is talking to her, but he gets even harder! As soon as she walks out of the door he cums in my mouth. I ask him why. Does he want her? He says yes, but she is a Lesbian and it cannot be. Uncle, she is cute. So that's what I wanted to tell you.

Breathe child breathe! She really is out of breath. *My God, you have had a busy time. I have to tell you Gina, I am very proud of you. You have done very well. Hey... slow down... you can take your time!*

Gina has flopped onto her belly and attached her little mouth to my pole. Her hands are on my balls and she is going to get me off. I have intended on licking her to distraction, but she isn't having any of that. She has decided to get my load in her little mouth and down her throat.

Eight year olds have yet to develop anything we can call a figure. She has a cute little ass and a mess of black hair, but that and her sweet little legs are all that was visible to me. Clearly having had some experience with a really large cock has resulted in far more confidence with mine. Her suction is quite surprising, and her hold on my balls centers me and causes me to respond in a very immediate way. Gina has my attention.

I am slowly building excitement, but how many times can an old duffer cum in one 24 hour cycle? Still I am enjoying Gina's attention. But then she does something that someone her age should not know anything about. While she continues to give me truly good head, she slides a hand under me and slides a finger into my ass, pressing on my prostate. Oh God! I blow cum down little Gina's throat. It is down her throat because not one drop touches her lips. I collapse. Gina giggles.

Uncle?

Yes?

What do I need to do to get my teacher?

Huh?

You know, my Lesbian Tagalog teacher. I want to lick her pussy. How do I do that? She will just see me as a little girl.

Oh. Huh. I don't know Gina. Let me think about it. OK?

OK Uncle.

I pull the sheet up over us, pull a pillow under my head and go to sleep.

Gina is completely sacked out when I get up, and wander into the shower. She is still asleep when I return to that bedroom and dress in clothing I had put there the night before. I wake her and get her going just before leaving the bedroom. She needs to get going as it is a school day.

Entering the kitchen, I find Noime eating rice and sardines. She looks like the cat who ate the canary, though I suspect it was the canary who has eaten the cat in this case.

How are you child?

Good Uncle! I think Tita will have a smile all day long!

Ah. You had a good time?

Oh yes Uncle! Very good! How about you? Did Gina make you happy?

Yes, she is an amazing girl.

That's good Uncle. She has finished her breakfast and is cleaning up at the sink. *I will go see her and we can go to school together today.*

I am finishing my last cup of coffee when I see my wife. She has a sheepish smile on her face.

Enjoy yourself sweetheart?

Maybe more than I expected to. We need to talk. I know I am not a Lesbian... I am sure I am not! I love you and your cock! But all I can think about is pussy! What's happening to me?

Huh. I seem to be saying that a lot lately! *Look we are married and that is for life. I am not leaving you and you are not leaving me. But I think you need to figure out how much you need females in your life. I gather by your comments, that it is not just Noime's pussy that is exciting you.*

That's the problem. I think I do want to be with a woman, but how can that happen?

I am not sure, let me think about it. OK?

Thanks. Thank you for being supportive and loving me instead of walking away from me.

I love you. It's easy to be supportive when you really love someone.

I get a hug and a kiss, but I sense that she is pretty sore between the legs.

As Gina and Noime walk through the sala on their way to the front door, I call out to Gina. *Invite your Tagalog teacher to come with you to our house for a nice dinner. OK?*

Yes Sir, Uncle! Thanks! And out the door they go.

I work through the morning as if nothing has changed. As lunch time approaches, my wife comes to me. She is dressed nicely but conservatively. She has a pillow in one hand. Tossing it down in front of me, she kneels down on it, unzips me and takes me in her mouth. Her hot mouth surrounds me. Her tongue swirls around my member. Her hands are on the back of my shorts, holding my ass tightly as her head bobs up and down. I cannot help comparing this to little Gina last night. Clearly my wife is a beautiful woman and here she is on her knees in front of me. She takes me far deeper and more completely.

She has rarely given me head these last few years and here she is again. Now these lips will be eating pussy as well as sucking my dick. Rather that feeling inadequate, I find it exciting. The more I think about it, the more excited I become. Her spit is coating me. Her little nose is tapping my body as she bobs her head up and back. My cum boils up and fills her

mouth. Her cheeks were bulging as I say quietly, *Noime swallows.* And she does.

When she finishes, I guess I sort of hold her down on her knees as I speak to her. *I am going to bring a Lesbian to supper here. You need to do what I say and hopefully you will get to have her in your bed. OK?*

Yes husband. I will do as you ask.

Now, how did we get here? We have never had that type of relationship. As I use my hand to signal her to help and assist her to rise back up, I admire her sweet ass. Maybe the next time I poke her, it would be in there.

But for now, she leaves to finish making my lunch and I return to work.

About 3PM that afternoon, I get three texts. One is from Gina's mother. *Is it OK that Gina is spending so much time with us?* I answer that, *It is fine. Why?* The answer comes back immediately, *She wants to stay with you tonight again.* I answer, *That's fine.*

The next text I get is from Gina's father. *Gina wants to stay with you tonight. OK?* I answer, *I suspect she meant 'us.' Yes it is fine.*

The last text is from Gina. *Bringing teacher!* My answer is simply, *Good.*

Mahal, I call out, *we will have both Gina and a guest for dinner. I suggest you dress sexy.*

Why?

The woman is a Lesbian. Do I have to explain further?

No! Thank you, husband. What should I do?

Stay near her and not me. I will stay close to Noime and Gina.

Mahal, we need to do something about the maid. I think she is getting uncomfortable.

Give her the night off and suggest she visit her family. When she comes back, we will figure it out.

OK.

Do we have any of that sweet red wine you like?

Yes, there are two bottles in the cupboard. Why?

Put one bottle in the refrigerator. If she likes wine, most likely she will want it sweet. You Filipinas want it sweet. You know that.

OK.

Also, send the maid to get some Tanduay Ice drinks and put that in the fridge too.

OK. What do you want to eat tonight?

How about Pancit, Humba and Pinakbet ?

OK. I will make a list and give it to the maid. She can leave for her time off after shopping. We need to get cooking fast! I have what I need to make the Pancit and the Humba but we need okra, and kalabasa[17] *for the Pinakbet .*

By 6PM our guest arrives. Both Gina and Noime are there and have been 'read in' to the program, much to my wife's amazement. I almost laugh out loud when Gina approaches my wife and assures her that the Teacher is really pretty. What Gina did not say is that the Teacher is only 21 years old and a fucking knock-out. When I see this beauty, all I am able say to my cock is, 'down boy.'

[17] A type of squash. Wikipedia references the wrong squash and calls it calls it Calabaza, but the entry in the History section does reference the Filipino spelling. This is what a Kalabasa looks like!

At the dinner table, I sit on one end and we put Noime and Gina on either side of me. At the other end sit, my wife and the Teacher. I purposely ignore my wife, and spend time with the girls. My wife and the Teacher are engaged and interacting throughout the meal. True to my guess, wine is the order of the day and between the two of them, they finish a 750ml bottle of Carlo Rossi Sweet Red. Now, to me, that type of wine is only a few steps above MD20/20, but they love it. Who's to say?

As the meal progresses and the wine disappears, there is more and more physical contact between the two women. It is innocent contact, but touching never the less. And then there is the time that the Teacher brushes my wife's hair back from her cheek. And then when my wife plays with the Teacher's ear by pretending to be interested in her earring.

The girls and I leave the table, they to watch some TV and me to do some work. It is getting late when I send the girls to bed. My wife, still sitting, now very closely, their knees touching, at the table with the Teacher, says, *It's late. Too late to go home safely. Stay here tonight.*

Oh I couldn't. That would be an imposition.

Nonsense. You can stay with me in my room and my husband can sleep with the children. There is a moment of silence and then my wife says, *I want you to stay.*

That seals the deal. For the very first time in our marriage, the dishes are not cleaned up before bed. The two almost sprint to the bedroom. They do not use the shower, nor do I see them until the morning. I do shower and then enter the girl's bedroom. Both were still awake and excited. Do I think the Teacher and Tita will have sex? I say I suspect that they will.

In the meantime, it is my having sex that was on my mind. I want to be inside Noime. Both girls have night clothes on. I tell them to strip. Lying on my back I have Noime mount my member. Gina is kissing Noime and playing with her cousin's clit as Noime goes to town on the pole.

It is hard to explain how tight a ten year-old's pussy is. It is hard to understand how a child of that age can get so wet. My cock knows it is

home and that is where it belongs once deep inside. For Noime's part, she thinks I am hers and not my wife's any more. As of tonight, I begin to wonder if she might not be right.

Her breasts will start sprouting the beginning of adult breasts soon. As she fucks herself on my pole I hear a chant… *You are mine, you are mine.* The sound is muffled by Gina's thighs against my ears as I go to work licking the child's little pussy.

The heat of Noime's pussy is not mitigated in the least by her juices. My cock is baked in her hot tight pussy as she saws up and down, up and down. Clearly too young to get pregnant, she is seemingly addicted to me and my cock. I am clearly addicted to this child. As her naturally bald pussy engulfs and releases my cock over and over, the erotic sight finally pushes me over the edge and I unload inside of her.

Sleep soon follows and morning arrives unbidden.

As we get going in the morning, Gina asks, *When will I be able to eat Teacher's pussy?*

I'm working on that child. Have a little patience.

OK Uncle.

Exiting the bedroom and entering the kitchen I encounter both my wife and the Teacher. I kiss my wife and say hello to the other. The Teacher looks at me and says, *Thank you for the loan last night. If you two were not married, I would try to make your wife mine and mine alone. I guess I have to share her.*

Well, that might be possible.

Yes that is what she said. Look I am never going to stop being a Lesbian. I dream of women. But I have nothing against have a cock inside me every once in a while. I would like to try it. Your wife says if I come back it will be three of us in bed. Can you do that, or will it turn you off see a woman

pleasuring your wife. Can your male ego handle it? Men talk a good game, but most can't really perform.

What did my wife tell you?

She said that you have some experience with this and you won't have a problem.

I think you should believe what your lover tells you.

Ah! Ok. When may I come back?

Is tonight too soon?

Really? Both of you are OK with me coming back tonight? I looked at me wife and she was glowing. I turned to the Teacher and said, *Yes, we are both OK. Come back tonight.*

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Chapter 6: String Theory

Do we talk about these things? I'm not sure how this plays out. It was true. I had set things in motion but the number of possible outcomes to any particular starting point seems beyond count. And as at each turning point there seem to be uncountable possibilities, I have come to realize, this was not chess. This was way beyond that. The butterfly effect was small potatoes compared with this.

I'm as unsure as you, but I think we should share. If we don't, I'm afraid either I will lose you or you will lose me. Yes, we should talk about it. In fact I'm a little afraid about tonight!

Why?

Bakit[18]*? Are you crazy? Because she's young and beautiful and I am old and pangit*[19]*! You will want her and not me!*

I know I am not supposed to laugh and laughing at that moment would have been beyond the worst thing I could do. Still it is very hard to not laugh.

Wife, how old am I?

Sixty-six.

And how old are you?

Thirty-five. See? I am old!

If you are old, what am I?

Pogi! Hehe.

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[18]Bakit = Why
[19]Pangit - Ugly

You are not old. You are thirty-one years younger than I am. Yes she is, at least with her clothes on, quite beautiful, but I have seen you with and without clothes and you are incredibly beautiful. Plus, she's a lesbian! She is yours and not mine. And finally plus, we are husband and wife and that will never change. Never.

I'm not sure. What if I am a lesbian too? I mean, if she and I become a couple, which one of us will be your favorite?

If you become a couple? Huh, well I admit I have never considered that, but I guess it will either be you or both of you as a couple. I don't know, but we are not there and that is purely speculative. But from that comment, I gather last night was special for you in a good way?

I am not sure you can call it good. The sex was great. Maybe too great. How is it possible to feel, the way I think I feel, about someone so quickly? I mean, it can't be love. Right?

I don't know. How does she feel about you?

I afraid to ask.

Do you still think you love me?

Silly! Of course yes. Husband, I will always love you.

Then I see no problems that we can't solve.

Hope you are right. Please tell me you didn't have sex with Noime in front of Gina?

No I didn't have sex 'in front" of Gina. I had sex with Noime and Gina.

Husband! Gina is 8 years old! How could you?

Well I could ask you to ask Gina's father, how he could have taught the child to give him head like she does... or you could ask Gina's mother,

your sister, how it feels to watch your little one go down on your husband in front of you. Do you want to ask them?

Oh my G! Ganun?[20]

Yes really.

Oh husband, my head is spinning.

Mine was too. The only truly good part is that I have spilled the beans about Gina and it looks like, considering everything else that is going on, this will not be the cause of a blow up. It also, possibly, paves the way for the fulfillment of Gina's desire. Once again, only time would tell. Just because my wife hasn't freaked out, does not auger any specific result, especially when it comes to the Teacher.

So tell me about last night.

Mahal, I don't understand it. I know I am not Lesbian, but I had to have her. When we get into bedroom, I think I just about rip her clothing off. Mahal! She is truly beautiful. I do not have breasts like her. I do not have hips like hers. My skin is not flawless like hers. She is fourteen years younger than me. I think you will love her more than me. I afraid of that! [pause] You know her clit? It pops out of her pussy! Oo! I had to suck it and lick it. I drive her crazy with that. Then I suck like a baby on her breasts. Hehe, I wanted milk! And then, Mahal, I kiss her. Mahal, I kiss her and it feels the same way in my belly, like we kiss. I think I will faint if I standing. She shows me something called 69. You know that thing Mahal? Yes? Really? Huh, why you not show me that? She do that with me. It great. We do each other and I cum twice. Hehe, I get her to cum four times! She says I am the best! Mummm, that was nice. But then we stop and just hold each other when we sleep. I kiss her this morning again. I can't stop Mahal. I am happy with her.

[20]Ganun? [Pronounced gah-NOON] = Is that so? Or Truly?

And I am happy for you. I give her a kiss and she kisses back with fervor. I cannot tell if it is out of love or guilt for the passion she feels for her female lover.

Oh, Mahal, I will also change the sheets. She does something that is almost like pee. She says it is called squirting. I know it's not pee because she do it into my face when I am sucking her clit. It comes from her pussy and not her pee hole. You know about such things?

I have read about it, but never seen it.

Hehe, maybe you will see tonight. But it happens sometimes when she cums. Cute but wet and messy with the sheets! I will put towels on the bed before we start tonight.

As the day progresses, almost on an hourly basis, my wife seeks me out for a hug. I am not sure if she is trying to reassure me or herself. I am not sure she knows either.

My wife had sent the maid off, for the week. The cooking, cleaning and shopping duties fall entirely on my wife, who this first day of flying solo, is ruing her decision in regards to the length of the maid's leave. I suggest that my wife text the girl and ask her to return sooner, but she doesn't want to do that, for a couple of reasons. First, now that she has given our maid the week, she feels it would be unfair to shorten it and second, she isn't sure what is going on here and doesn't want to have to deal with the issue of the maid in the middle of everything else.

To lighten her load, I suggest we go out for dinner, but that gets a negative response. So tonight it will be Chicken Adobo with sitaw, grilled eggplant, yesterday's Humba and, of course, rice. There will be more sweet red wine too.

Tonight Gina will not be with us and Noime will be sleeping alone. That is a little unfair to her. In the afternoon, when she gets home from school, I explain to Noime that there is a possibility that both she, and Gina, might get a chance to be with the Teacher, if things continue to go well. That

seems to settle her down, but Noime asks a question that gets my attention. *Does that mean you love the Teacher, Uncle?*

No Noime, but it seems that Tita does. Since Tita and I am married, if Tita is going to be with Teacher, I will have to be as well.

Uncle, I think you need to find love in your heart for Teacher, or it will be bad! And maybe I need to find love for her too. If she joins you, then she must join me! You are mine Uncle.

This is part of my learning curve about what is happening in Noime's brain. Her thought process seems more healthy and intelligent than is mine.

The Teacher arrives at 5:30PM with an old and dull orange overnight bag. As she enters the door, kicking off her heels and setting the bag down, she walks over to my wife to gives her a peck on the check. My wife was having none of that and moves in for a serious tonsil tackle. But the Teacher breaks off, *Ann! The child!*

It's OK, Noime is fully aware of what's happening.

She what?!

I tell you it's OK! Now I need a kiss!

My wife gets one, sort of, but the Teacher is still a bit on the hesitant side.

Now sweetheart, I think you owe my husband a kiss too.

The Teacher's head snaps up. I don't think she is ready for that, but I gather she isn't going to cross my wife. That is a revelation. My wife is the dominant one. Who knew? And so the Teacher, a little more than shyly comes over to me and leans in for a peck. But I figure what is good for my goose would work for this gander. I pull the female into my arms for a real kiss. She resists briefly, but following my wife's lead, I whisper sternly into her ear. *Do as I require. You are ours now.* Yes, I know, it is a risk. But I have been taking a number of risks lately. And anyway, I figure, if we don't establish the rules now, I will both have problems in my marriage as

related to my wife's connection to this female and have problems completing the mission I have set for myself, regarding Gina and probably Noime.

My gamble pays off. The Teacher gives me the smallest of acknowledgments and then melts into my arms for a real kiss. Lesbian or not, she will comply.

I haven't described her yet. She is taller than my wife by a good three inches. Her breasts are bigger. If not C cups, they are a generous B. Her legs are graceful, and muscled, but those muscles smoothly taper down to make a damn fine example of a swim suit model. Her hair and eyes are shiny and black. Her skin is fair, as fair as my wife's, and my wife's is remarkably fair for a Filipina. The Teacher has a long lovely neck and an oval face with skin that is flawless. Her face is simply lovely. And that face is, as ludicrous as it sounds, plastered to my lips. My hand reaches around her back and I grab her ass. She pushes her legs wide enough so that my right thigh now presses against her pussy. As the kiss breaks, she whispers, *You don't have to worry. I'll be fine with you in bed. Thank you for sharing.*

I think we better eat now, or it will never happen! So speaks Noime. That gets us all laughing and moving to the table. Once we get to the table, as we are all filling our plates from the serving dishes, Noime finds her voice again. I had cautioned the Imp to cool it and not let on as regards her well rounded knowledge in the area of sexual practices and sexual politics. But she will claim to me later, that our own actions prior to sitting to the table, gave her license to break that prohibition. *So Ate[21], yesterday you munched on my Tita. Today it looks like you will munch on Tita* **and** *Uncle. Is this just a fling, or are you joining the family?*

My wife almost loses it and I am a little nonplussed. But Teacher, knowing evidently how to deal with precocious young girls, takes a breath and gives, as good, as she got.

[21]Ate = Pronounced ah-Teh. A sign of respect for an older sister and more generally an older or respected female.

Noime, I am not sure for myself, and I have not been asked to join this family. To do so would be a very serious thing. What do you think?

Well you made Tita happy but also confused. I think Uncle stays with her, no matter what happens. That is just the way he is, you know. Just like he will never leave me either. Me and Tita belong to Uncle.

All of this is happening completely in front my wife and me, as we sit mute.

Why do you think your Tita is confused?

She does not think she is Lesbian. But she likes it with a girl and she very much liked it with you. So if she is Lesbian and she is Uncle's asawa[22], that is confusing. Hindi[23]?

Noime, yes it is, but women aren't always one thing or another. It's sort of like when you eat Lechon[24]! You know, there are some people who only want that wonderful crunchy skin and there are others who prefer only the meat. But most of us like both. It's just that we like one a little more than the other. Of course, because of how we are raised here in 'the land of the morning sun,' we are told that to be a Lesbian is a bad thing. So if we women have those feelings, we hide them from everyone. We even hide them from ourselves. So we live our lives not even allowing ourselves to discover an important part of us. I like both men and women, just like your Tita. The only difference, if there is any difference, is that I prefer women more than men. It may be that your Tita prefers men more, or maybe the same as women, or maybe women more, but she still loves her husband. Maybe it's too soon to know.

So if I have feelings for both boys and girls, that's normal?

Do you?

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[22]Asawa = non-gender specific, husband or wife. Your marital partner.
[23]Hindi = Pronounced hin-DEE. Means "No.'
[24]Lechon = Literally means roasted, but when used without a second term refers to a whole roast pig on a spit. For instance Lechon Manok means roast chicken.

Talaga[25] *Teacher, talaga! Thank you for explaining. That makes me very happy!*

And then from the other side of the table comes a more adult female voice. *It makes me happy too. Thank you for explaining that! I guess I just like most of us Filipinas. I hiding that part of myself. You are right too. I do not know yet how balance will be. The only thing I sure of, I love my husband and I never leave him.*

I respect that of you. I know you are honorable and that is a good thing. I tell you, I have been jealous of women who are so happy in our legal marriages. I want a woman, but such arrangements cannot end in marriage. It has been so frustrating for me. Also, I am jealous of the stability of a marriage to a gwapo[26] *foreigner. You have it all. I will never have that. Now I am here and you are welcoming me. I hope this works out and we find a way to stay together.*

My wife, seems deep in thought for a bit before speaking

You did something to me that I only start to dream about in the past week. Such things only now come to my mind. I dream about being with a female. I tell my husband and he don't leave me. He help me find you. He do that! He make you happen for me. If he want you to stay, then, so long as you want to stay, you stay. If he want you to go, even if you and me, want you to stay, you go. Yes he is my Pogi guy. I am very lucky.

I will do my best Ate. May I ask, how this little one knows so much? How does she learn this?

This is getting a little too serious and too deep for dinner table conversation, especially as we have not even eaten our food yet. *Ok girls, time to eat. We can deal with the rest of this in the privacy of a bedroom. And as for you Imp, we will deal with your attractions to boys and girls tomorrow.*

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[25] Truly.

[26] Gwapo = Handsome in Cebuano and Ilonggo languages (remember Pogi means the same in Tagalog).

Promise Uncle? Tomorrow?

Yes, Noime. I promise.

After supper all three females cleaned up the kitchen and dishes. I sit at my computer, committing as much, as was said, down in writing. I am still typing away when it is time for me to take my shower. The showers start at 8:00 with Noime and 9:00 with the Teacher and my wife. I follow at 9:30, entering our bedroom at 9:45.

Entering the bedroom, candles aglow once again, I find both, the Teacher and my wife, wearing night slips. At that moment I am convinced, I have indeed slipped into an alternate universe. For in the universe I had previously inhabited, in no possible scenario, was it possible that I would ever bed two females as beautiful as these two together, of their own accord. It is not that is wasn't probable, it just wasn't possible. Yet here they, and I, are.

I remove the towel I am wrapped in and hang it by the door on a simple hook. By all rights, at least one of them, if not both, should be running for the exit. Instead, my wife comes up to me and lays a lip smacking kiss on me. That is as much of a dare, as it is a claim of ownership. As the kiss ends, the Teacher moves in for her turn. Standing, she insinuates herself so tight to my body that I have to put my arms around her to keep her from falling backwards. As we are about to kiss, she breaks it off and tells me, *Since you are about to make love to me, please call me by my name. Please call me Gladys.*

Huh. Gladys, what's your nickname?

Joy2x[27]*.*

Joy2x stop talking and kiss me.

And kiss me she does. In the process, she grabs hold of my member. Her lips work mine without hesitation. I respond by mauling her definitely C

[27] Joy2x = Joy-Joy.

cup breasts and her delightful little ass. I wonder. Would a Lesbian want a child? Why not? My wife is unable to have children. Would Joy2x want my children? Just the thought of this, as I hold this beauty queen in the most intimate way, is causing me to discover a passion to impregnate her. I am fantasizing about watching her C cups become D cups, filled with the milk my wife so wanted to drink.

§ § §

Chapter 7: Educational Theory

I still have Joy2x in my arms when I extend an arm for my wife. She joins us. As she does so, I pull back and put the two of them back together. This is their time. I will participate but they need to understand that I know that this is their passion for each other and I don't need to be humored. But neither of them will let go. It is my wife who speaks. *Mahal I have done a great deal of thinking today. I am sure. This will only work if you are part of this... completely part of this. If you can't find love for Joy2x and if she can't find love for you, then it will not work. But* [pause] *if you both can find love for each other then it might work.*

Had she forgotten Noime already? *There is another snag Ann. You know that.*

Yes I do, but I think it will be OK if we find the love. I know how I feel about Joy2x right now. You two need to find each other in your hearts.

Huh, OK, I have a question for both of you females, and it may require some soul searching on all our parts.

It is Joy2x who responds, *I agree, we better be honest and deal with as much of this now. I do not want to fall deep in love and then find the road goes nowhere!*

Joy2x, do you want children?

What?

Keep in mind that I am naked and these two beauties are in slips as this conversation progresses. The '*What*' has come from my wife. Nothing has passed Joy2x's lips.

Ann, you and I know, you are unable to have children. We have both accepted that as part of the life we would lead. But Joy2x may want kids. I, as we know, am fertile. We deal with this now, before we talk about long term commitments.

Ann is ashen. Joy2x was crying.

Joy2x? Do you?

I [pause] *never* [pause] *thought* [pause] *such* [pause] *a* [pause] *thing* [pause] *was* [pause] *possible!* [pause and through gushing tears] *I never permitted myself to consider it. It was one of the things that made me saddest. When I see a baby I am sad.*

Ann?

If she gives you children, you will leave me!

No he won't! I won't let him!

I will speak for myself Joy2x. Ann, you are my wife and nothing, no one, will ever come between us. If we have children, we do it as a group.

She is more beautiful than me! And she will give you children!

But you are her love, sweetheart. And you are my wife. [pause] *Joy2x, are you on birth control now?*

No Po. All of a sudden I am 'Po.' I am not sure how to take that.

So if I cum inside you, you might get pregnant. Correct?

Yes Po.

Ann, do you see why I asked?

Oo. I never realized! I am bobo![28]

No, you are not. It is understandable. With the exception of our nephews and nieces, Children have not been part of our lives.

[28]Bobo = Stupid

Yes. I am bobo! I am bobo!

There are a number of things in my head at this moment. First is that we need to spill the beans, sort of, related to Noime, and the second is that my wife has decided, not just wondered, that she is in love with Joy2x. Additionally it appears that Joy2x does want children. Both women were now crying. Joy2x reaches out to her lover as they seek solace in each other's arms. Joy2x begins talking to my wife, *It's OK my love. Let your man give me children so that you and I can raise them together. It will be good my love. You will see. It will be good.*

There are times when the best policy is to withdraw from the battlefield. This is one of those times. These are matters better resolved between the two of them. My presence is a distraction. But I cannot leave without an explanation. That will create a different type of wreck. So I speak my mind first.

Listen, I have something to say before I camp out on the couch in the Sala. You two have done the normal thing that people do when they fall in love. They forget about the realities of life. But if this is going to work, and I do firmly believe that you both want it to work, you are going to have to do something that is completely unnatural. You are going to have to really come to terms what it will be like in a home with more than one wife. This is for the two of you to figure out. You need to consider whether this is what you really want and if it is, how you will do it. Afterward, we can talk about whether I can live with what you have come up with. That is, if you do decide to try to stay together. Wife, I know it was your idea to make me as infatuated with Joy2x as you are. But if that plan had actually worked before you figured this out, you might have created more problems than we have now. You need to talk about having babies, about how you share me, about whether even Joy2x is enough for you Ann. Whether you really want to be in a marriage Joy2x. Take as much time as you need. A day, a week, a month. But be sure, before you cement us all into this.

Joy2x is silent. My wife asks me if I was really going to sleep on the couch. I know the subtext of her question. *Yes. Tomorrow is still a school night and if I slip into Noime's bedroom I will really screw up her sleep.* That

gets an odd look from Joy2x but I ignore it. My wife, just signals her assent to my plan and I put a robe on and leave the bedroom.

Luckily the couch is comfortable and I get a passable night's rest. I wake up once at 3AM to take a piss. As I pass the bedroom door, I note that the lights were still on in there and I could hear their voices. I am getting more sleep than they are. I awake at 5:00AM, toilet, shower and shave, and exiting at 5:30. I keep a few clothes in Noime's room. A just in case of sort this of thing. So I slip in, and quietly grabbed a pair of briefs and shorts. No shirt, but I can get that later. Walking to the kitchen, I decide against coffee and take a tea bag from a little crockery jar in which we keep such things. Twinning's English Breakfast Tea goes into the Asian styled Corelle cup, then some Sue Bee honey I picked up from the imported foods isle at the KCC supermarket. Finally I put the cup under the hot water dispenser of the water cooler. Instant tea if you like. In a few seconds the cup is filled with dark tea.

Outside the morning's Philippine Inquirer (printed mostly in English) is waiting to be plucked from between the wrought iron scrollwork bars on the front gate. Sliding the inside bolt lock and releasing the lock on the door knob, I saunter out into the early morning sun and gentle heat to collect the paper. I will settle down with the paper and the tea. But first I turn on the rice cooker so that there will be warm rice and I reheat the Pinakbet. Noime will have something to eat this morning. At some time today I will see the females. I assume Joy2x has to go back to work.

I am still reading at 6:45 when I put the paper down to get Noime going, explaining the situation of the moment to her as well. I see her out the door at 7:40AM. Still no sign of the females. At 8:30AM I get a text from Gina. '*Is Teacher OK? She not here. They say she called in sick!'* I text back, telling her not to worry. I mean that. My best guess that so long as they are in there talking, that things were OK. I have not heard anything break and there have been no screams. I just figure that reality has hit and they are taking this seriously. Considering the mess I probably am responsible for creating in my wife's head, I can only hope for the best.

By 10AM I have finished with the newspaper and have decamped from the dining room table and wandered over to my desk, turning on my

computer. I am doing my best to record these doings. I get about an hour's worth of: typing, and just thinking, in when I hear the bedroom door open and footsteps to the bathroom. And then again the same sounds, followed by the shower. At 11:45 they appear, together, my wife is in a dress. Joy2x is in the same slip she was wearing the night before.

Mahal, please come to the table. We need to talk. That is probably the understatement of all time. I do as requested. My wife now continues. *Look this has happened so fast that I am sure there will be things I learn about Joy2x that will be a challenge in the future. I know she will have the same problems with me. But we do think we love each other. I doubt I will ever have a better chance of holding onto a woman I love and my husband with any other girl. Joy2x wants what married life offers, but she needed a wife and not a husband. She figures that she will never again find a life like the one she can have with us. She does want children, if, and only if, it is you who can give her those children. She wants no other man in her life. In you, she has found a man who loves someone else and will not expect her to be his one and only. And yet, you will not cheat. You are, for her, the perfect answer, when added to her love for me.* [pause] *Did I say that right Joy2x?* Joy2x answers with a silent yes. *I have to accept the fact that there will be times when you are with Joy2x when I am not there. That you will make love to Joy2x when I am not there. This is not a matter of trust. It is a matter of making our lives work. I already know I can trust you. Now take this girl into our bedroom and make love to her. I have errands to run and you don't need me in there now. You will not have me tonight either. I will lay with Noime. Yes, Lewis, Joy2x knows about Noime. You were right about that too. She had to know. Tomorrow night Joy2x will lay with Noime and you will lay with me. After that we will have a family discussion about how this will work.* My wife, not waiting for comment, gets up, kisses me, kisses Joy2x and walks out the front door.

I sit there at the table across from Joy2x. What do you say at moments like this? Has there ever been a moment like this? Yes, I had put the balls in motion. But I fell like the programmer in ***Tron*** who becomes but a piece of the puzzle he has created. She is quite beautiful as she sits there quite silent.

Joy2x, you really want this? You want to essentially become wife #2? The wife who will have my children? A wife, who because she bears my children, must never leave me? Even should, God forbid, something happen to Ann, if you are here with our children, you are going to have to stay with me. This is want you really want?

Lewis, even should Ann die, I will not be alone with you. You know that. Noime is here. And you love Noime too. Is that not so?

Huh, OK, Yes. And you are OK with that?

I have a secret. I have carried it around for years. I told Ann last night. Now I tell you. I have always wanted to make love to someone Noime's age. It is a part of me that always frightened me. But it doesn't frighten you, does it!

No it doesn't. But it does surprise me. So we are a better fit for you that even you imagined.

Yes Lewis, yes. I gather that I can be with Noime. What about Gina. I am embarrassed to tell you this, but I have wanted that one, all school year.

I am speechless, dumbstruck. All I can say is, *I don't think that will be a problem.*

Lewis, I am sure I want to do this. Do you?

Joy2x, I think I do, but you know, I do not really know you. I find you attractive. I know from just speaking with you that you are intelligent. I know you share the same desires in ways that I do. But there is so much more to learn about you. But still... since my wife loves you, I want to too.

Shall we cross the marital threshold and consummate our marriage?

That is probably a good idea. Do you want me to carry you?

No silly, I can walk. I should tell you that while I am technically not a virgin, my hymen is not there, but I have never been with a man. You will be my first and my only in this life.

There are no candles in the bedroom now. The light is steaming in and the bedroom air-con is working to keep the temps down. No one else is home, but I close the bedroom door anyway. Turning to look at Joy2x again, it is so hard to believe that this could be happening. I approach her and remove the slip, the only thing she is wearing. If Joy2x is stunning in clothing, she is more so without clothing. There is no way to describe beauty like this. They might airbrush photos in the mags. They might use heavy makeup to mask imperfections on the TV or in the movies. There is nothing to mask, nothing to airbrush. Joy2x is the most beautiful creature I have ever known. Everything is perfect. I have seen breasts like hers in moves and always assumed if they were C cups and stood out like hers did, they had to be silicone jobs. But her breasts are natural and amazing. Her shaved pussy, perfect. Her waist was sweet and small. Oh shit, she is so beautiful and she wants to be mine. Go fucking figure.

She unbuttons and unzips my shorts. She pulls down my briefs and pulls me onto the bed. I run my hands so lightly over her body, as she lies there, that I barely touched the skin. And yet I do touch and as I touch the inside of her thighs, they give way to allow me access. Her nipples are sticking out. I play with them. She sighs. I kiss her as my hand finds her clit. As I pinch her clit, she moans and bites my lower lip.

I slide down and take her clit between my lips. It protrudes into my mouth allowing my tongue to play with it. She shudders and grunts. So I do it more and again, egging on her primal needs, until... until her legs clamp both side of my head, and I fell her grab my hair and pull me up. Up I come following my hair. But having pulled me up, she pushes me over to my side and then to my back. She is kneeling over me now. She slides down over me, still kneeling, her feet, even with my feet. Reaching down she takes hold of my family jewels. *I have never touched these before. I never knew the sack is so soft! Ah, but your cock is not soft! It is stiff. Lewis, will you put this inside me now? I want to feel you inside me. I want to feel what Ann feels. I want to know what Ann will not ever give up.*

You do it Joy2x. Center yourself over it, position it on your pussy and slide down on it.

She does as instructed. She is wet but is tight. She takes her time, with little motions up and down. Finally I am inside all the way. The pussy that had never had a cock inside it, has one now, and I have a ring side seat. She is facing me. I see every expression she makes. I watch my member embed itself deep in her. And once she has accommodated old glory, she starts the inbred rhythm that nature gives all its creatures. I know that Joy2x will always dream of women and girls. I have no illusions that a stiff cock will fuck the Lesbian out of her. But I also know that she now knows, cock feels good inside a pussy. As she is fucking herself on my pole, I reach up and start playing with her breasts again. This causes yet more excitement from her. The bouncing on my manhood gets more furious. It is right at the moment, when I remember my wife's caution about needing a towel, that I get a drenching. It feels like an 8 ounce glass on hot liquid had just been thrown on me. But at the same time, Joy2x leans over me, grabs my head and hair, cussing like a Filipino sailor. Damn. She is probably done, but I have yet to cum.

I roll her over onto her back, take hold of her ankles and hold them spread wide and high over her head, as I re-enter her and start pounding her pussy for all I am worth. I am going to give this girl a deposit to remember. As I fuck her, all I hear is incoherent noises. My need to dominate her, to fuck her hard, to cum deep inside her overwhelms me and cum boils up, shooting down, into Joy2x's deep cunt. The hot cum shocking her and causing more squirting and screaming.

We are a mess, but we were now joined.

Lewis, how does Ann walk after you do that to her?

Chapter 8: Unintended consequences.

We are alone in the house. My wife will be back... when? I have no idea. Noime will be home in two hours. I get up and pull Joy2x up too, pulling her along with me to take a shower. Yes we could have gone separately, but I don't want to lay anymore on sodden sheets. I guess that she doesn't either. Well... that is my altruistic reason.

My other reason is that I am enjoying the view of her body way too much to walk away from it. How often have you been able to soap up a beauty queen from head to foot? This is a first for me. I cannot keep my hands off her. While I am enjoying the process, I am aware that if I don't stop soon, it will be a problem as she really is a Lesbian and this will eventually cause her to pull back.

But when you desire, like I was desiring at that moment, you look for loopholes. So as I soap Joy2x and finger her pussy at the same time, I whisper in her ear, *Noime will be home soon. Do you want to taste her pussy? Do you want her on her knees, licking you? How do you want her Joy2x?*

She doesn't answer me. Not verbally. She has an orgasm and squirts all over her legs and the floor. The shower still washing us with its spray, it matters little on one spectrum. On the desire spectrum, it matters quite a bit.

We shall do her together. She is mine, and you have her only so long as you remain mine. You can have her whenever there is my cum in your pussy. Do you understand Joy2x?

Opo.

Who do you belong to Joy2x?

You Po.

And I'll be damned, she squirts again. If I could get hard, I would put her on her knees right there with the water cascading over her head as she took me orally, but there is nothing, so frustrating, as a woman who has a soft dick in her mouth that will not get hard. I am 66 and that is the reality of a man my age.

We finish in the shower and return to the bedroom. This time Joyx2 dresses in something other than the slip. I strip the bed and put the sheets in the hamper before dressing. My new love is hungry, or at least she now admits she is hungry. She asks if she might make something for herself. I just looked at her for a bit. Evidently I must have frowned, or some like expression, because fear comes to Joy2x's face, before I say, *You live here now. You do not need my permission to use your kitchen. Go!*

Tears start to well up in her eyes. She quickly gives me a kiss and runs out of the bedroom.

I finish up in the bedroom and wander out into the rest of the house. Hearing me, Joy2x calls out, *Will you eat, Lewis?*

Have you made for two, or will you be splitting what you made for yourself?

I make for two! Ann told me you eat our food, so I just add extra to the pot. I am warming up the rice. It will be ready in five minutes. Do you need to check your computer while you wait? Maybe we can talk?

Talk is fine.

OK, good. Do you want me to call you Lewis? I hear Ann call you 'husband' mostly. Not often she calls you Lewis. But if I call you husband outside of this house, that is a problem.

What do you want to call me?

I don't know. 'Lewis' is OK for now?

Yes.

OK, good. Lewis, do you like all little girls, or maybe just Noime?

Huh, interesting question. I love Noime. She is mine in every way. But if you ask, do I find little girls desirable? I do. I gather you do too.

Yes! Oh, it is so hard, being a teacher of these girls and not being able to have them! I thought being a teacher would make me happy, being with them all day long. But it makes me want more. It is a curse. The school watches out for the male teachers that they do not touch the girls, but no one pays attention to me. Still, if I try with the girls, I will go to jail.

Joy2x, how soon can you move in here?

You sure I should move in?

Yes, it is best you do.

I have a room. Not much in it. I am paid for the month, but I can move today if you want.

Yes. After you eat, get enough for a few days. Tomorrow is Saturday. We will help and move you in the morning.

Thank you Lewis. Lewis, I think you are the 'boss' here. OK if I call you, Boss?

You can try and we will see what my wife thinks of it!

OK, Boss! Boss, if you want more girls, I think you can have them. I am pretty sure I can help you.

What do you mean?

You are gwapo foreigner and you speak US English. Mothers of some of my students would be happy if you spend time with their daughters.

I will think about it, but it sounds dangerous. I am also not sure that my wife would be happy with it. I do not want to lose her.

Once you see some of them, maybe you change your mind! Your wife might want a little extra girls too! I think the food it ready. I will get it.

While Joy2x puts our plates together, I text Gina, and her parents, that I wanted her to come here for the evening. I text my wife about that as well. I got back three "OK's" as the plates are put on the table.

The food is good, but I eat only a little. We are well into the afternoon and I will eat my wife's supper meal, if she makes one.

After Joy2x is done I send her off to get more of her things. I text my wife to tell her just that and get a reply saying she would return in an hour.

As I wait for four females to repopulate the place, I sit down at the computer and update my journal of these events. Things are happening so quickly. I figure if I do not keep a contemporary record, it will be lost to the fog of events to follow. I am probably more right than I realize at the time.

My wife returns first. She is loaded down with packages. Among them are three extra sets of bed sheets. That only makes sense. There are also some large bath towels. Once again, it makes perfect sense. There are feminine articles, for her and for both Joy2x and Noime. That is a bit of a surprise. The rest are bags of food. I, as usual, offer to help unpack. I am told, also as usual, my assistance is not desired. It is a point of pride with her that she takes care of the house in all aspects.

While she works her way through the bags, showing me what she bought for herself and others, and as she puts away the groceries, we talk about Joy2x. We discuss my wife's many hours with our new addition as well as what transpired after my wife left. I brought up Joy2x's comment that my wife might want other girls. She sighed, turns her back to the kitchen counter, leaning her back against it and looks at me with an expression I cannot read.

Husband, I know I love you. I know I love Noime. I think am in love with Joy2x and am pretty sure I need her for life, just like I need you. But I feel like my eyes have been opened to a new world. I don't want to feel that,

now that I know it's there, that I am shut out of sampling the tastes and textures of it. I am anchored and want to be. But I also want to be free to discover. I will never touch another man. You are and will always be my husband, but I need you to allow me to taste. Joy2x is the same as me. She wants this marriage of the four of us.

Four?

Yes, of course, four. You, me Noime and Joy2x.

Ah, OK. Go ahead.

Yes she wants to belong to this family, but she want to taste too.

Do you know she offered to help me have other young girls?

No. Do you want others?

I never considered it. And it raises lots of potential problems. How would you feel about it?

Well, if you asked me last week, I would have said, 'no!' But now I am not sure. I am not sure because I am asking you for freedom and because I might taste some of what you find.

I think Noime will have a problem with it. She does not separate sex from love. I don't want to hurt her. Let's talk about this after she and Gina have been with Joy2x. They can spend time together after supper and before our bedtime.

My wife seemed to agree. *OK, she can be with them until 10PM and then she goes to you and I will have the girls tonight.*

And down the rabbit hole we go! *Wife, Ann, are we going to be married in name, but not in bed?*

No, I will be in your bed. But from now on, it must be your bed, not ours. I am one of your females, but I also have girls. I am your wife, and we are

the only ones legally connected for life, but our marriage is now changed. You must see that! How can it be any other way?

So, I say who is in my bed?

Yes mostly. But I ask you to give me room. I need it.

You have it up to a point. But I want you in my bed tomorrow.

OK. Thank you. [pause] *Why isn't Joy2x back. I though you told her just to bring a few things and we would help her move tomorrow.*

I don't know why she isn't back. Yes that is what I told her.

Please text her. Ask her what is the problem?

I do and get back, '*walang problema.*'[29]

That is unhelpful. So I followed up, '*When will you be here?*'

I get back, '*kalma ka.*[30] *Look outside*'

As I do, a tricycle roars up. In the front seat of the cab is Joy2x. In the back are two old red suitcases.

I walk out to the terrace, slip into my outside sandals and jog out to assist Joy2x. The bags are heavy and I lift each one through the manhole[31] in the gate. Joy2x grabs one and I grabs the other. *What took so long?*

I have everything, Boss. No need to go back.

Ah. OK. Well then, welcome home.

Maraming Salamat[32] *Po.*

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[29]Walang problema = No problem
[30]Kalma Ka = Relax or calm yourself
[31]Manhole = Gates open to let a vehicle through. To allow individuals, rather than open the large gate, either a smaller door is placed within the gate or a smaller gate/door is adjacent to it, in the compound wall. Such openings, as they frequently do, do not open to the ground. They must be stepped through.' That's why it's called a manhole.

Walang anuman[33] *Joy2x. You are going to be very busy tonight.*

Bakit?

You will spend time with both Noime and Gina after supper, but return to my bed afterwards. My wife will lie with the little ones for the night while you lie with me.

Will you lie with Ann while I am with the girls?

No, I don't think so.

Really? Why?

She didn't actually request it, but she was pretty clear that I was to save myself for you tonight. That is all I can say about that. However she also asked that I give her freedom to be with other females, and to give you that freedom too. Is that what you want?

If you agree and OK it, then yes. But if I will lose you by it, then no.

Ah, since she doesn't seem to worry about losing me, she feels free, but you, to whom I am not legally married, needs permission. OK, I think I am getting it. Look, I am worried about the young ones getting us all into trouble. Noime was supposed to be the only one. And then Gina asked to be included. That was difficult enough. Adding others scares me. So if it can be done safely, yes. Otherwise no.

That is a wise and good answer. Thank you, boss.

We enter the house, me first with Joy2x immediately behind. I see my wife's expression change to joy when she sees Joy2x, and not until. At that moment I realize that I have probably already lost my wife. We might well remain husband and wife until death did part us, but she is no longer mine.

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[32]Maraming salamat = Thank you very much
[33]Walang anuman = Supposedly, You're Welcome, actually 'It's nothing' as in the Spanish 'da nada.'.

I am quite sure, that was not what I wanted. But it seems that is what my schemes, changes and plans have wrought. What's the old rule, 'be careful what you ask for, you just might get it.'? There is nothing I can do about it now. I remind myself that things are still in flux. I will just have to be patient and ride it out.

Just as Joy2x and my wife start talking, in through the front door come both Gina and Noime.

Pandemonium is the best way to describe what comes next. I have no way to create a synopsis of everything that is said as it is all said in a jumble on top of everything else. I can definitely say that it breaks up as Noime and Gina drag Joy2x away to Noime's bedroom, leaving my wife and me alone in the Kitchen.

Ann, how do you see this all working out?

Pogi, don't worry Pogi. I am yours. I always will be yours. But now that I know about love of females, it is like... 'OK, this will not hurt my marriage and this is fun!' I want to find out about this! You know, for the first time, I think I understand men better. Why you think you can have a wife and a mistress. See I have a husband now and a mistress... and I am free to find other girls. This is exciting, pogi!

I have no idea why, but my mind flips back to the ***Little House of Horrors*** and the plant which was saying quite emphatically, '*feed me Seymour!*' And then as if I was in an acid flashback, I hear a voice saying to '*never feed a Mogwai after midnight.*' All I can think at that moment is, oh how true.

Snapping me out of my flashback I hear my wife ask, *Pogi, was it good with Joy2x?*

Yes. But as soon as I say it, it regretted it. I mean, taking about sex with another woman in front of your wife is not simply a matter of not cool, it is insane. I can feel my heart rate going up. But then she giggles, *oo, for me too. I like sex with her. She is very different from what happens with me and Noime. That is good too, but not the same.* [pause] *Do you know,*

Joy2x say that she has only been with a woman once before. She have very little experience with sex. I was her second time to have sex and you are her first man. She is very innocent, Mahal.

She told me I was her first man, but I didn't know about the other. Are you sure you love her, Ann? It has been a very short time.

Pogi! I know about you, that I want to marry you, the first day I meet you. You not remember?

Huh, I thought you were flattering me. It is true?

Oo!

So you are sure about her?

OO!

OK, OK, then she is ours and she is a wife to me. That is what you want? Correct?

You are correct, Pogi!

I'll be damned. Never in my lifetime did I ever expect to say, what I have just said, and never would I have expected an answer to that question, as I just got it. *So what now? Why do you want me with Joy2x tonight?*

Hehe, because I want to Noime tonight. I do not want her to think I replace her!

So I get Joy2x, mostly because you want Noime?

Hehe, oo!

And why don't you seem to want me right now?

Oh Pogi! I am sore! I need a little time before we do it again.

Joy2x made you sore?

Very much! I not used to what she do.

Well before you lie down with Noime and Gina, you will probably need a fresh set of sheets. And please put out the towel you want me to use as well.

OO, I do that now. Then I get supper ready for the table.

And off she goes. Off I go to write as much of this down as I can remember.

By the time supper is on the table, there is still no sign of the three in Noime's bedroom, so I knock on the door, advising them that they will have to stop for a meal. I heard muffled noises of affirmation and ten minutes later a Sprite, and Imp and a very confused looking #2 wife appear from the bedroom. *Should I ask you, wife #2, how things went?*

Hey! She is not wife #2! I am. She is Wife #3, uncle.

Oh, I see. Thank you for that correction Noime.

Wife #3, how did things go?

Joy2x just stares at me and stammers, shaking her head.

Wife #2, how do you think it went with #3?

I think it will work out great, uncle. She sure is one of us!

§ § §

Chapter 9: Horizons

My wife, without prompting, opens a new bottle of sweet red wine she has just purchased and pours Joy2x a tall glass of it on ice. Joy2x downs half of it, as if it were soda pop. I figure we need to allow #3 to get her bearings before anything else is asked of her.

Noime, just what happened?

Uncle! It was great. Me and Gina do her good. First I eat her, and Gina sucks her breast. Uncle, I am sad. I do not think I will ever have breasts as beautiful as Teacher's! Truly. They are so big and pretty. Hehe, we make her shoot her juice. Gina has towel Tita give us. We wipe her. Then Gina eat her and I suck her other breast. We make her shoot juice again. Then my turn. I eat her again. Hehe, Gina sucks on her, but no shoot. Gina tell me, put a finger up her bottom. I do that. I eat her same time. She shoot juice again. So we use the towel and then Gina does her pussy and finger up her butt. I suck her breast. Hehe... we go back and forth. We make her shoot seven times! Then Teacher says she is too sore for any more and asks us to please stop. I squat over her face. Teacher eat me. She is good! I cum and dribble stuff on her chin. I off Teacher's mouth. Gina climbs on. Gina does not dribble anything but she does have a good time. Then Gina says to me, suck her breast and I will finger her bottom. We do that and she shoots again! We were trading places to share that again when you call us to supper. It was great. Gina and I thank you Uncle. We like having Teacher here!

Gina had not said a word, but she is beaming. Joy2x is just dazed. She is fumbling with her spoon and for all the world, seems totally out of it. I have seen enough. *You girls start eating. I will be back in a second. Joy2x may, or may not, be back. We will see.* I get up, walkover to Joy2x, take her by the arm and lead her to my bedroom. I put her on the bed and tell her to just rest. She nods in an absent headed sort of way. I turn the light out as I leave the room, closing the door behind me.

When I get back to the table, all eyes were on me. I sit down and proceed to eat my supper. There is nothing to be said. At least there is nothing I want to say. Each of these females will have to sort out this one individually. Added to that, Noime and Gina may have, via their description of the session with Joy2x, given notice to my wife as to what is in store for her later tonight. I am a spectator. Not a voyeur. Just an observer. Roles had been reversed. I am putting no balls in play now.

We never see Joy2x during the meal.

Following supper, my wife with assistance of the two Gremlins clean up and I venture back to my bedroom. Joy2x is sleeping as I enter and I am about to turn right around and leave when I hear her move. Turning back to Joy2x, I look down at eyes looking up at me in bewilderment. Only two worlds escape her lips, *How? Why?*

I sit on the bed next to her and stroke her hair. *We don't have to do anything tonight, if you are not up to it.*

She looks up at me. She seems like she was struggling to speak before the answer comes out as a completely formed thought. *No, in truth I need you inside me. I need to feel that from you again. I need to know that I am safe in this bed with you.*

Are you not safe with Noime?

Ha! I was the Lechon! [She shaked her head.] *Oh my G! Who taught them that stuff? They are little girls, but not like any other little girls. What did you do to them?*

They did that to themselves. I didn't teach them to do what they did to you. Joy2x, do you want to rest more?

No Boss. I want you inside me. I need you inside me. Not hard like earlier. Slow and easy and for a long time. OK?

OK.

I stand her up, undress her and myself, before joining with her on the bed. I remove the KY from the nightstand and anoint Joy2x's pussy and my cock with the lubricant. Her labia is red from the attention given it previously. She is tender there. Her nipples also show some redness and irritation. She doesn't need or want foreplay. She wants a cock. She might love women, but her one experience with a cock taught her the sense of being centered. A dildo might have done the same thing for her, but she doesn't have one. I am not flattering myself. I am simply a safe harbor.

Still, to be a safe harbor to this incredibly beautiful female is not a punishment. My cock is now deep in a very hot, very wet, but tender, pussy. I am in no hurry. We have all night. It is early. We fall into a slow gentle motion. A smile appears on her face. Her eyes are close. She moans and her hands roam the sides of my body.

We were still working that rhythm when Jo2x asks, *Boss? If Ann leaves you, may I stay? Even if I don't have your children?*

Why do you ask that? I thought you love Ann.

I do Boss, but I am afraid she will leave me. I think she is in love with being with females, more than she is really in love with me.

I don't share the thought, but it parallels my concern about my wife's attachment to our marriage.

Why me? I thought you want females.

I do but I can have that if I stay with you.

Noime? Gina?

Yes and maybe far more than those two. If I am with you, I am no longer alone. Girls, they don't want to be known to be friends with Lesbian. This is better for me.

Joy2x was dripping wet.

Then Joy2x, if my wife leaves, you must stay.

I feel Joy2x give my cock a little extra squeeze as I continue to slide in and out. We had not been building towards orgasm. We had been maintaining a stimulation. Joy2x's hands reach up to my head and pull me down for a prolonged and intensely passionate kiss. As she break off, *Who do we fuck next Boss? Who do you want? I will help! We will be a team!*

I am getting worked up. Joy2x's hips are thrusting up to me more. Her breathing is becoming ragged. I increase the tempo. She asks, between breathes, *You want the pretty little girls in my classes and their mothers? Yes? You want that Boss? I want that Boss! I want to have them with you! Oh Boss!*

I paint the inner walls of Joy2x's cunt with cum. *I'll take that as a Yes, Boss.*

We lay there talking about how she would day dream about, the girls in her classes, her desires and her frustrations. Then she says something that I sure as hell wasn't expecting. *Boss, I don't think I have ever been closer to anyone than I am to you. I love your wife. This is true. But I feel there is a wall on her side. She needs things she cannot talk about. You have no wall. You are not looking for me to make your life complete. You know what you want of me and you tell me. You hide nothing. Boss, I think you will be my best friend ever.*

What do you do when someone tells you that? I just hold her, kiss her forehead and allow the minutes to pass. After a while, it occurs to me to ask her a question that she probably does not expect. *Do you know why you were invited over the first night.*

Yes your wife told me it was for her need to be with a female.

That is what she believes, that is true. But it is not the reason.

Please explain Boss.

Gina heard that you were Lesbian and she told me she wanted to be with you. I was considering how we could make that happen when my wife said

she wanted to be with a female of more years than Noime. So without telling everything to my wife, I asked Gina to invite you to supper. I decided to give my wife the initial connection with you as it would be less frightening. I wasn't sure how to get Gina into your bed, until you told me you wanted her. But it was all because of Gina.

Wow! So Gina got her wish this afternoon! [pause] *Boss, how did she know I am Lesbian? It's a secret! No one at school knows.*

Your Principal knows.

Really?

Yes.

How do you know that?

Because when you walked into the Principal's office after school the other day, the Principal's dick got harder in Gina's mouth rather than softer, which is what normally happens.

What!?! You are saying that Gina is having sex with the Principal?

Yes.

No! That cannot be!

Well, it is true. She was under the desk when you came in to ask about the chaperons for the cheerleaders on the trip to Marbel. After you left, she told me she asked the Principal if he wanted to have sex with you. He said yes, but that it would never happen because you were Lesbian. She is with the Principal every night after school.

Oh, my, G! You are not asking me to have sex with the Principal. Correct?

Correct. Do not have sex with him.

Good. [pause] *Boss, I have an idea. We now maybe have an easier way to have the girls we want.* [pause] *Boss, how do I take you in my mouth? What do I do?*

Joy2x, you don't really want to do that, do you?

Boss, I have decided. I love girls. I want you to always make sure I have girls to make love with. You know that, but I belong to you. So I will do this. How do I start?

Joy2x, this is not a good time to learn. My cock is covered with your juices and my cum. Plus, I have just cum and I will not even get real hard for a while. We will do this another time.

No, I want to start now. I am OK with your penis like it is. Tell me how boss!

Ok, OK. Normally you need to wet it with your saliva, but it is already wet. Look there are just a few rules. Never, ever put your teeth on the cock. Always suck, like you are sucking a buko[34] *shake through a straw. Work the cock up and down, as deep as you can take it in your mouth or even down your throat if you can. If I cum, shallow it and keep on sucking. That's all there is to it.*

OK! I will try now. Please lie on your back Boss!

If you find this improbable, all I can say is I do too and yet her lips are on my member. The heat of her mouth warms me. I am the furthest thing from hard. As soft as I am, all of me fits in her mouth without taking anything down her throat. At least that's how we start. She is stretched out on the bed perpendicular to me. As she attaches herself to my member, we describe a T-square. She picks her head up to ask, *Is this correct?*

Yes. It is correct, but I have just cum. I doubt that I will get hard now.

It's OK.

[34]Buko is young coconut.

She keeps it up for ten minutes and I'll be damned but Old Glory does stiffen up a bit. Not rock hard, mind you, but an erection. Enough of an erection that requires Joyx2 to adjust and it isn't fitting in her mouth unless she is going to take it down her throat. As I grow, Joy2x becomes more encouraged and more active, her mouth moving up and down of the shaft. She is clearly not the most skilled at giving head. Gina could give her some lessons. But I am not complaining. One thing I am sure of, is that I will not cum. It is too soon.

It isn't too soon for Joy2x to disengage her mouth and mount me as I lay there. She rocks on my member, a big smile on her face. *See you are not too old!* She is enjoying herself, and seems to have no interest in getting off. Having my dick in her is evidently the equivalent of scratching an itch because she continues her conversation mid-fuck. *Mmmmm. Boss, do you like little ones better than me? I mean it's OK if you do.*

Nnnno. Just... forbiddennnn. Sssswweettt innnnocencccccce. Ohhh Gahhhhd.

Ah OK. Hehehe. You want to maybe fuck both mother?

Issss thatttt possssiblllle?

Yes! I think so!

Ahhhh shiiiittt. I am getting harder and harder and I can feel a welling up in my scrotum. It will be a dry cum. Surely, I am played out.

Boss! You are getting bigger! I can feel it. You want those girls? We will have them. I will eat the mother and watch you fuck the daughter! You like that Boss? You want that Boss? Oh Boss!

That last part was because I have just cum. It could not have been much, but evidently it is not a dry cum.

Joy2x lies back down next to me. I get up, turn off the light and lie back down next to her. We sleep.

According to the clock on the nightstand, it is 2:30AM, when I am awakened by Joy2x who has once again affixed her month to my member. She already has me hard and I wake up in a very randy state. Randy and a little more aggressive than I am normally. I reach over to the KY which is already lying on the top of the nightstand, and smear a glob on three fingers which I use to transfer the same to Joy2x's asshole. That gets the girl's attention, though she doesn't stop her current task. That is she doesn't stop until I pull her head up by her hair.

I move behind the girl, grab her hips and lift her up so she is on her knees. Grabbing my KY, I smear some on my cock. *Joy2x, this is what you get when you wake me up the way you did.* And I ram by dick all the way in before she even understands what is going to happen. She lets out a real yelp. I reach around her pelvis and find her clit with my fingers. I start playing with her clit and moving just ever so much in and out of her rear. She moans. I continue and she moans more.

Oh Boss! What are you doing? Ugh, oh Boss! Oh, Ugh, oh my, Boss! OK Yes! Boss! I, oh, oh, Boss! Boss, ugh, oh Boss!

Now you are truly mine Joy2x. Now I own you. You understand?

Uh-huh, ugh. OK Boss, I, ugh, agree. I belong to you.

It is dark and I can't see Joy2x's C cups hanging down and swaying as I pound her ass. I will have to wait until another time to enjoy the visual aspect of her being taken. For now though, it is done. I have not taken the little ones this way as they are not big enough. But Joy2x is a different story. She will always be a Lesbian, but I will own her ass, literally.

I pound away through two squirts which go on to the bed and not me. When I finally dump my cum inside her, she shudders and collapses. *Thank you, Boss. Thank you.*

I move over to a dry spot and go back to sleep.

I wake up at 6:00AM to a shit encrusted cock, and a wreck of a girl next to me still sacked out. It is time for a shower. Exiting the shower and

returning to the bedroom, I find Joy2x still sacked out and that is the way she remains as I leave the bedroom, fully dressed.

In the kitchen find Noime and Gina eating rice and drinking Milo[35].

Where's your Tita?

[both] *Sleeping.*

You girls do the same to her that you did to Joy2x?

[both] *Opo! Hehehe*

Holy shit. How long did you do that with her?

I get blank looks. They have no idea.

Uncle?

Yes, Gina?

Thank you. That was the very best day of my life!

Child, you have many more days ahead of you.

I know, but that was great.

You are welcome.

I have some breakfast and retreat to my computer to write this all down.

At a little after 8, I hear a bedroom door open and then the bathroom door close. Which one of them is up? I wait but no one appears. I hear another door, and then, another. Still I see neither of them. No wife and no Joy2x. It is close to 10:30 before they both appear, dressed and a bit bewildered.

[35]Milo = a drink similar to Ovaltine.

Good morning girls.

Good morning husband. Lewis, the three of us need to talk.

OK. What about?

Us!

OK Ann, please explain.

Lewis, I love you. I married to you. But I think I addicted to pussy. She [pointing to Joy2x] *loves women. She not married but she feel you own her. She addicted your cock. It very confusing! I think I get more pussy if you have more pussy. So I change my mind on you. I want you have more girls to fuck. Joy2x help you that way.*

Boss, [Joy2x has taken up the messaging,] *I will be the one to help you find other girls.*

What I wanted was a way to bring Noime into my life. I had not wanted this. All I can see now is an hourglass that will run out of sand and a prison term when it does. If I don't feed my wife's habit, she will likely disappear from my life. Is she really a pussy junkie? As to Joy2x, I have never entertained having a Lesbian beauty queen mistress, and now I have one. Out of control does not begin to describe my world.

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Chapter 10: Free Agents

My wife, and Joy2x are still there with me and I am pulled out of my fearful reverie by my wife who is speaking again, ... *so though I will be with you alone now, this morning, from now on you will sleep with Joy2x. I will be with Noime tonight. If you want Noime too, you need to bring me more girls.*

So what part of marriage is left, Ann?

Give me room Lewis. I need time to figure this out.

Huh, OK. How does Noime feel about this?

We haven't told her.

I think you had better. Do not tell her I agree, because, fundamentally I do not, though I will not stop you.

I see. OK, I guess I needed to hear that. What if Noime does not agree?

That is exactly what I expect to happen. And I do not know what you will do.

Joy2x is beside herself. *Wait! Ann, tell her it is only for two or three days and Boss, you agree to that short term agreement. I will make sure that it does not need to last longer than that!*

I looked squarely at Joy2x. *How?*

I have an idea. Don't worry. I will take care of it.

How?

Be patient Boss! Trust me!

Trust me? Huh, that's what used car salesmen say as they are screwing you! Damn. This whole deal sucks. My wife is leaving me while not leaving at all and my Lesbian Mistress is telling me to cool it. Is there anything right with this picture?

Wife, is your pussy not tender from last night?

You mean last night and this morning? Yes I am.

So there is no way I want to bed you right now.

But I want…

Yes I know what you want. We will all be together tonight. We can fit four in our bed. You will be with me and Noime and Joy2x this evening. That is not open for negotiation. That is what will happen.

Yes Husband.

Good decision Boss.

Thank you both. Now, please, no more craziness today!

I walk off and toward Noime's bedroom where the two girls are hanging out. *Gina, it is time for you to go home sweetheart.*

But as Gina is in the process of acknowledging me, Joy2x speaks from behind me. *Little One, we need to talk for a few minutes before you go. Come to Uncle's bedroom.*

Sige, sige[36] *Ate.*

I turn around to look at Joy2x and get a kiss along with, *It's OK Boss, just girl talk!*

[36]Sige = OK ; Sige, sige = Ok, continue, or OK OK, (I think we are done)

Huh, I bet. Oh well, I go back to my computer and return to my journal writing.

The rest of the day, my wife treats me in a way that I guess I have not seen since we first dated. My best guess is that she feels as out of control as much as I feel the marriage is in jeopardy. Neither of us wants to be the cause of a blow up. Mid-afternoon Noime comes to me. *Uncle, have I done something wrong?*

Why do you ask?

Tita is acting weird.

You have done nothing wrong Noime. Nothing at all. Tita is trying to work out a problem and she is just distracted. That is all.

OK Uncle. Thank you.

It's OK... Noime, we will all be together tonight. All four of us. OK?

Wow, really? Uncle? Do you love Teacher?

I don't know, little one, I don't know.

Why?

Well, do you understand that Teacher can only love girls?

Truly?

Yes.

Huh. That's weird Uncle. I love both men and women! I know she prefers woman to have sex, but why can't she love both?

I do not know. I think Teacher may not know either.

I am confused Uncle. Why she not know?

Noime, do you know why you can love both?

What do you mean?

Little one, you don't have any idea what allows you to love both and I bet Teacher does not know why she can only love girls.

This is confusing Uncle!

Yes it is. It is for me too.

My wife and Joy2x leave for the market and are gone most of the afternoon. Noime takes a tricycle to Gina's house for the afternoon and returns for supper. I write some of this down, answer emails, and just surf the web. A week previously we had invited two couples over for dinner and this was the night, so by 4:30 the groceries have been purchased and the cooking is underway. When we had issued the invitation, we had assumed the maid would be here. Now she is not, and for the life of me I do not see how we can keep her anymore.

Supper is a noisy distraction. Instead of the male/female seating patterns by couple as it is done in the USA, here, the men sit on one end of the table and the women on the other. When expats get together, it is impossible to keep politics out of the conversation. I hate it because the differences in political leanings seem to be amplified here and so there is always the potential for ugliness. Never the less, even when it is jovial, if the expats are from the USA, it is politics. I try to moderate it when we send out the invitations by including an expat from Greece as well as an American expat. It just makes matters more complicated as we are now into international politics! Oh, good grief. Arguments about Suleiman, the Ottoman Empire, Bosnia, Cyprus, Macedonia, the Slav's and the nature of national identity as a function of racial identify, are all given a good airing. By the time we usher our guest out of the door I am exhausted.

The dishes still need to be cleaned and the kitchen set aright. That takes another hour and by then we are all tired. We will sleep together but this night there will be no other activities. There are times when real life intrudes on the agendas we have. This is one of those times. Still when we

get to bed, I find myself between Joy2x and Noime with my wife on the other side of Noime. What does that tell you?

Monday comes early and it being a school day, there are bodies in motion long before I have access to the shower. By the time I have completed the three S's, both Joy2x and Noime are gone from the house. My wife is cleaning the house from top to bottom and clearly unhappy to be doing so without the assistance of the maid. We chat briefly as the work continues. Regardless of the fact that the maid is missed, neither of us think we can have her return. Things at home are far too *unusual* now for that. How that will be remedied is clearly a matter of concern. I offer to help clean and am told in no uncertain terms that I cannot clean in a manner up to her standards and that it will be best if I just stay out of the way. On any normal day that would not have been an unexpected response. I had just thought that as this is an unusual situation, she might relent. She does not and soldiers on. Monday is a 'cleaning' day and she will do it.

I text an expat friend and arrange to meet at a Mall for coffee. I need some fresh air and time out. Things having gone sideways, I am unclear about where I stand. It seems to me that I have gone from the center, orchestrating the action to fulfill my dreams, to a prop for the needs of others. Yes, I am promised females to fuck, but not the females **I** want to fuck! At least not my wife and maybe not Noime either, though I suspect I would hold on to the little one for now. But for how long would that be? This was a mess.

Traffic as it normally is in the city, is light, and I park at the Mall close to its morning opening hour. Never the less, as I walked in, the mall was already teeming with people, mostly females. Normally I don't pay much attention to the crowds, except to be polite and navigate through to my destination. This day is different. Feeling adrift, I am looking at faces, at figures, at dress. I do so not for any particular objective in mind, but I am looking. Many females are not going to rock anyone's world. But there were plenty who as far as looks go, have the potential. As I smile at them, I get plenty of smiles in return. But I keep on walking to the coffee shop. Once there – and noting my friend has yet to arrive – I order a drink and sit down to wait, both for my friend and for the drink to be made and delivered to my table. But before the drink arrives, my cell phone buzzed. My friend is

now reporting that something has come up and he will not make it. That is definitely how my day was going when the girl delivers my drink.

Here you are Sir. Sir? Is everything OK?

Yes, yes, everything is fine thank you. Why did you ask?

Sorry, sorry Sir. You have a look in your face. I sorry Sir.

No, no need to be sorry. I was just thinking. So… what is your name?

Maddie Sir. May I ask yours?

Lewis, I am Lewis, Maddie.

Nice to meet you Lewis.

Nice to meet you Maddie.

You alone here Lewis?

You mean alone in the Philippines?

Yes, I guess.

Not officially Maddie. I am married, but my wife thinks she prefers others to me. So I am now half alone maybe.

I do not understand Lewis.

I laughed. How does one explain it? *Maddie, I am married but I see others. Why do you ask?*

Maybe you want girlfriend?

Huh, how old are you Maddie?

Eighteen Sir.

You are eighteen now? I ask this because sometimes you are told the age they will be next birthday, or the birthday after that!

Yes Sir.

Why do you want an old man for a boyfriend?

Why you ask that Sir? You are not old.

Are you a virgin Maddie?

Sir that is private! Why you ask?

Maddie, do you understand that if you become a girlfriend to a man like me, you will not be a virgin anymore?

Yes Sir. I know. It's OK. You want?

I must digress for a bit here. If you are reading this journal of mine, and if you do not live in the Philippines, this may sound farfetched. Trust me, it isn't. I typically ignored those around me so as not to attract just this type of invitation. The problem is that if you do hook up with a girl just this way, it is not for an hour or a day. She will expect you to always be her boyfriend. So you had damned well better be sure you want the girl. Maddie is a lovely young girl. Nothing sticks out as not belonging. She is neither very light nor very dark. Her straight hair is in a bun that the store evidently requires. Her complexion is perfect, her face open, pretty and happy. Her figure is trim but not painfully skinny. Her breasts are smaller than my wife's and she probably stands 4'9" barefooted.

Maybe I want. I do not know you enough Maddie. Maybe you do not want me! Maddie, maybe I am a bad man.

No Sir, I know you are not bad.

Oh you are sure? Maddie do you have a younger sister?

Why you ask Sir?

Just answer Maddie.

Yes Sir, I do.

How old is she Maddie?

Fifteen Sir.

Is she as pretty as you are?

Yes, I think she is very pretty.

So Maddie, I will take you as a girlfriend if I have your sister as a girlfriend too. And Maddie, I will make love to both of you.

Why you want that!?

See I am bad, Maddie! Now, do you still want to be my girlfriend?

Why you want two?

Because one is not enough! Maybe two is not enough.

I do not believe man needs more than one!

Well I do.

You be good to us?

If you do as I say, yes, I will be good to you and your sister.

OK I talk to my sister.

Do you have a picture of your sister?

On my phone Sir, you want to see her?

Yes.

Just a second Sir.

She fumbles a bit with her smartphone of Chinese manufacture and produces the pic of a sweet pretty girl.

I look back up at Maddie, *Good I will stop by here in a few days to hear her answer.*

Give me your cell number Sir!

Not until I hear the answer about your sister. If it is yes, then you get my number.

OK Sir, stop by tomorrow OK?

OK.

Sir, I get off in an hour.

Where do you go then?

Home normally Sir.

You want to be with me today?

Yes Sir.

If you come with me, I will get a hotel room for us. You want that?

You be gentle with me?

Yes.

You understand we are not boyfriend and girlfriend yet?

Yes, but maybe you will want to be after that!

Give me your number Maddie And she does. Following which she goes back to work and I consume the drink in front of me before taking my

leave. I am free to do this. I have been freed to find other girls by my wife just this morning. There is no reason to not do this. Why am I hesitant? I drag my feet for a while, walking about the Mall, before driving to a hotel and securing a room for two nights.

Driving back to the Mall I am still unsure if I should go forward with Maddie. I park and walk into the Mall, still unsure. Purchasing some KY at the Mall pharmacy I am not sure I will be using it. Standing in front of her place of employment I wonder if it might not be smarter to just walk away. But I don't walk away and eventually she comes out the door, takes my hand in hers, looks up and says, *I'm ready Sir. Where we going?*

Maddie holds me tightly as we walk through the Mall and out to my car. She says not a word as we drive off and toward the hotel. I have already checked in and viewed the room previously. So with key in hand I lead eighteen year old Maddie to her destiny. She will enter a sweet virgin. She will exit something else entirely.

Maddie's uniform is a short brown dress with gray piping at some of the seams and two inch heels. I unzip the back of her dress. Dropping it down, Maddie steps out of it. Her padded bra is pink. Her bikini panties are red. There is no slip. Still in her heels, I undo the bun her hair is in and allow it to drop. It comes down to the middle of her back, straight and shiny black. I turn Maddie around and take her in my arms. I kiss her. She kisses back with enthusiasm, her hands going around the back of my neck. While kissing her, I undo her bra clasp and the bra hangs loose between us, trapped by our embrace and suspended by Maddie's outstretched arms with hands clasped behind my head.

I reach up for her left breast with my right hand and encompass the entire feminine orb in that hand. Maddie pulls my head into her lips tighter. I lift the girl onto the bed forcing through the process a relinquishment of the lip lock. She is now on her back with the bra draped over her middle. I take her bra from her and slide my hand over to her hips, curling my fingers under the band of her panties, relieving Maddie of those as well. She was now a lovely young nude, laying and awaiting me.

I kneel down at the edge of the bed, grab her legs and slide her bottom down so that it is at the edge of the bed, I lift her legs up and draped them over my shoulders. Lowering my head I take my first taste of her pussy. The taste is fresh, even after all that day's work. Her moans indicate that she is enjoying my attentions. This being Maddie's first time, I determine to go slow and give her something to really remember. I continue to work her pussy by mouth and play with her breasts manually. She gives every indication that she loves it and I continue for a good ten or fifteen minutes.

I will teach her to give head another day. Today I am going to take her cherry. I pull Maddie up and tell her to undress me. She giggles as she does this. She lowered my briefs, which requires being pulled out a bit to get over my engorged member, and she gasps a bit. I am not that big, but Maddie looks up and asks if all that is going into her. I smile and stroked her hair.

Putting her back on the bed, I anointed her pussy and my member with some KY jelly. Missionary style I position myself over Maddie. My hand on my cock, I move it forward and back over her labia major. And then I plunge in. A yelp in my ears greets me. I stay still for a bit before moving. But when I do there were no yelps. There are moans of pleasure. Maddie's arms encircle me as best she can. She spreads her legs as much as she can and I fuck her as hard and as long as I am able. There are streaks of blood mixed in with the KY on my cock as I slide in and out of Maddie's tight recently virginal pussy. Her legs now wrap around me as well, I am unable to fully pull out due to the leg lock the girl had employed. But I am not complaining. I ram in and she grunts her approval. Not a word is said. The only sounds are the most elemental sounds of coupling as we continue. Finally I feel my cum inside me well up and the moment is imminent. I grab her legs, pinning them up against her shoulders, and pound her fully exposed pussy for all I am worth, painting her uterus with semen. As the hot semen hits her, she bucks and screams in orgasmic ecstasy.

Oh my God Si... May I call you Lewis?

Yes Maddie, please call me Lewis.

Lewis, that fantastic.

Yes Maddie, it was.

You my boyfriend now?

No Maddie, I told you. Bring me your sister. If I take her too, then both of you are my girlfriends.

But why. It was very good. Was it not?

It was very good, but I require both of you.

OK, OK. I bring my sister. When we do this?

Tomorrow? Can you bring her tomorrow?

Yes I think so.

Good! Now Maddie, if you are going to be my girlfriend, you need to learn to clean my cock off with your mouth after our sex.

How I do that Lewis?

It's easy Maddie, just do as I tell you now.

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Chapter 11: Confusion in the ranks

My wife greets me at the door with a kiss. I suspect she is feeling guilty, but what she tastes is pussy.

Who is she?

Someone I met. You don't know her.

When I meet her?

I do not know. We will see.

What she look like? What her name? Where you meet her? How old she? Lewis!

If I bring her home, I will tell you everything. But before I bring her home, I want to make sure I want her around.

Lewis, that not fair!

Ann... that is the way it will be. I do not want a female in this home that I do not like or want here. And she may not be willing to join you. This has to take some time. Be patient.

Then go back to her until you deci....

At that moment, the door bursts open with Joy2x and Noime exploding through it in a state of excitement.

Uncle! We have news for you!

Good evening to you too, little one.

Hehe, yes Uncle. Uncle, Teacher and me do something this afternoon!

OK, what did you do?

I eat Teacher pussy in front of Principal of Gina.

What?

Truly we do that!

Joy2x, just what the hell is happening?

Boss, calm down, it is OK.

I'll calm down later. What happened?

Boss, I want to get you access to the girls in my classes. That is how I will complete my promise that I made yesterday. This way you can bring more girls to Ann.

What?! My God Joy2x! How does what you did give me access to more girls? How does giving me access to more girls, give Ann more girls?

While all this is happening, Ann is fuming, but I really do not care. I guess, to me, it seems like it serves her right. But then I am probably being a bastard.

Relax! Boss I explain! First let me tell you what happen. Then I explain the rest. Before Noime and me start with Principal, Gina is already with him and under his desk. She is sucking his dick. She has phone of Noime with her, but he cannot see it. All he knows it that she is sucking him real good. She texts me, 'OK to start.' We walk in to his office. Noime and me cannot see Gina. She under the desk with Principal cock in her mouth. I tell Principal that there is something I want him to see. I pull up a chair in the middle of the room and sit on it. I pull my dress up. I have no panties on. I finger my pussy. Noime kneels in front of me. She spreads my legs and eats me. I am so wet! Noime eats me good. Principal can see everything. Gina is sucking him hard and Noime is doing me good. I say to Noime so Principal can hear me, 'Suck me hard just like Gina is sucking Principal. Make me cum!' I cum hard. So does Principal! He moans loud. He moans saying 'Oh God!' After I cum, Noime still licking me. I say to Principal, 'Do not question anything I do from now on and I will not tell

about you and what you do to that little girl.' Gina is giggling. We hear her. He just says OK. I tell him, ***you, Boss,*** *will be my advisor to girls and mothers on American English lessons. He says, OK. I tell him that he is to give you a room at the school. He says OK. Then we leave.*

Holy Shit! I can't believe you did that. That was so risky. But how does that get me girls?

I will select girls who are pretty, who have pretty mothers, where the mother is not with a husband and she is poor. There are many such girls like that I have in my classes. They will do anything you want, you know that. So you can fuck them, and their mothers, right in the room at the school. If you think they are good for Ann, you bring them home for Ann. I think they will not fuck a woman, unless they think they do it for you and so that they can fuck you again. If we fuck enough of them, maybe we discover another lesbian.

How many girls you have in all the classes you have?

Boss? Maybe 300. Why?

You expect me to fuck 300 girls and their mothers?

Hehe... no Boss! Maybe only thirty or forty.

And my job is to fuck them so that I can find a lesbian or two?

Hehe.. Yes!

No! Fuck No!

Boss!

Don't 'Boss' me Joy2x. I was pretty well pissed off. Looking at my wife I asked, *Ann, are you my wife for real, or just in name? Because if it is just in name, then we should separate.*

Ann looks like she is about to cry and then runs off, closing the bedroom door with a loud slam. Joy2x looks at me and the bedroom door and then at me and then the door. Clearly she does not know what to do. Noime ran to her own room. The only one I felt bad for was Noime. Calming down a bit, leaving Joy2x standing there, I went to Noime.

Little one, we need to talk.

I sorry! Please don't hate me! Please!

I don't hate you. I love you. Nothing that happened is your fault.

But it me and Teacher that did it!

No, it was Teacher who had you do it with her. It was her idea. Not yours. You are not at fault. And the reason Teacher did it was because she loves Tita too much. Tita is having a real problem. Tita is confused and that is causing Teacher to panic and make bad decisions. None of this is your fault.

You not hate me?

I love you.

You love Tita?

Yes, but I do not think she really loves me anymore. I think she sees me as a problem in her life.

Oh Uncle, I sure she loves you!

I wish it was so. But for now, all she can think about is bedding and loving girls.

Then give her that Uncle! Give her the girls. If you love her, let her go. Give her girls. You are mine now. If you fuck other girls for Tita, I forgive you that. It is because you love Tita. Let her find a girl she loves and let her go, Uncle!

Little One, she wants you in her bed alone, until I find her a girl.

It is OK. You find her a girl and then we say goodbye to her. I will sleep with her a few days. I will keep her happy until you do that. But Uncle, do it fast!

When your little niece has more good sense then you have, it is time to climb down off the ledge and admit you were wrong. Clearly, I am wrong.

OK, we do it your way. I will tell the others.

Thank you, Uncle.

I don't see anyone, but I heard talking from the master bedroom. I knock once and walked in. Two faces turned to me. I am not sure I would call the looks welcoming. Rather than investigate the full impact of that, I launch in to what I want to say.

I have been informed that I am wrong. And so I will agree to this. While I am finding a girl, or girls for you, Ann, Noime lays with you in her bedroom each night. Do not come to me anymore. Joy2x, you will be with me each night. If I am with someone else and want a threesome you will be the third one. If I am with someone else and do not want a third, you will join Ann and Noime. Any questions?

Neither say a word. After a few seconds of silence, I continue. *I met someone today and will meet with her and her younger sister tomorrow. She may be a fit and probably may not. That likelihood will be the reality in every case until we find the right one or ones. Ann how many girls are you wanting?*

I not know! Lewis! I not know what I want! I just know I need to find out. I love you!

Ann, you love me like a friend and not a husband. Don't you see the difference?

I not know. Maybe you right. Joy2x saying that to me before you come in. She say I not love her either. She say I will find someone else and leave all you.

I think Joy2x is right. Noime thinks the same thing.

Ganun?

Yes.

Oh my G.

Joy2x, how do we do what you have in mind?

Come to school tomorrow at 10AM and I will introduce you to some of the mothers and daughters as a special teacher assistant. I will show you the room you will use. We will figure out the rest later. OK?

OK. Ann, go to Noime now. I don't think we have any more to say to each other. Take what you need for tonight. Joy2x and I am going out to supper. You have your meal with Noime.

Ann does gather some things up and exits the room like a whipped dog.

Boss, you didn't have to be so hard on her.

Maybe, but I am disappointed in her. I love her and have lost her. I have not lost her to a person, but to any and all women. Was all our life together a lie?

Oh Boss. That is unfair. She did not know! If she was lying, it was to herself.

Humph... So tell me, did it turn you on, performing for your Principal?

Hehe... Boss! It was such a turn on. I cum so hard. I never be exhibitionist before. I do not think I want to do it in public. But I loved what we do.

Hehe... Boss, Principal, his face! Oh my G! Hehe. I know he never give us any problem now.

Amazing. Joy2x, you know you have already lost Ann, correct?

Yes Boss, I know.

So why do you stay here?

Because of you and Noime. And because after Ann is gone, we will have a good life. And maybe there will be another girl after Ann in our bed. Boss, I am not leaving you.

Go figure. OK, let's go eat.

I take Joy2x to a nice Filipino restaurant in a mall and then to a movie in the mall cinema. We get back over three hours later. The house is dark and silent as we enter. I think, 'welcome to the next part of my life.' My life with Ann seems to be over. Looking over at Joy2x, I wonder how long Ann will even be with us.

This is not a romantic night. I have eaten too much as has Joy2x. We both take showers and climb into bed quite chastely. Still I pull her into my arms as we pull the sheet up.

Lewis, fuck me please. Ann has you as her husband and even if she leaves you, she will always be married to you. I am yours only until you kick me out! I never want that to happen. So fuck me and let me know I am here to stay with you. I dream of girls, but I will never leave you. I am not Ann.

Doesn't sound very romantic,... does it? But maybe it is what I need to hear. Joy2x is not damp in the least. I grab the KY and make the passage slick. If I am hard, and I am, it is maybe what you might call a revenge fuck or an anger fuck. I am fucking Joy2x, but physically venting my feelings towards Ann. For years Ann had told me she was mine forever. Little did I know that 'forever' had an expiration date. Now Joy2x is telling me 'forever.' How soon will that expire? How soon will Noime's forever last? I pound Joy2x's pussy with hard, fast, mean strokes. And then, not caring for

one second about her happiness, I let the cum out, deep inside her. At that moment, I don't think I care about anyone except myself.

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Morning once more comes with two females exiting the house before I get out of the shower. I am dressed and pouring a cup of coffee when Ann starts to talk to me. She is trying to explain something, but it isn't working and I just don't want to deal with it.

Ann, just stop. You have no idea what you want, what you feel or what you will do later today, not to mention what you will think tomorrow. All I know is that the Ann who was my loving wife is no longer here. So give it a rest and let's just get through this and figure out – at the end – how it ends.

She nods her head and just slumps down into a chair.

In case you are thinking that I am not aware that all this has come about because of my desire for Noime, you are wrong. I am painfully aware that this is a self-inflected wound. Still, my desire has never turned me away from Ann. Ann is not angry with me, she has decided she doesn't want a husband, she wants a wife.

Things remained awkward right up to the time I leave for the school and my meeting with Joy2x.

I approach the entrance to the school and an armed guard inquires about my business there. I say I am assisting Joy2x, but use her formal name as I explained. The guard lets me pass, and gives me directions to where I will find her. It is a big school and I make a number of wrong turns before finding her at about ten after ten.

I climb stairs to the second floor and as is the case with all public schools, the stairs and hallways are al fresco, the classrooms are without air-con and are cooled with open windows and fans. It is a warm day. I am perspiring

as I enter her classroom. Still a smile is on my face as I gaze on Joy2x and this room full of very pretty mothers. There must be forty females in there.

Joy2x addresses me as 'Sir Lewis' to them and proceeds to speak to me, *I was just telling them that you will have to choose how many of the children you will be able to assist as there are too many here today. It is up to them and their children to impress you with their desire to have you help them. And even then, you will pick out the best of those. I also told them they could not look at you as marriage material as you were married, even though you were separated!* (A number of the mothers giggled and one said, *ah mistresses then!*)

Thank you Ma'am Gladys (Joy2x's real name). *You are correct. I cannot assist so many. It is important to know that I cannot assist a student without also assisting the mother. So each mother needs to be as able to work with me as well as her daughter. I will deal with each as a mother daughter team. If any mother here thinks that she cannot give me her full and complete compliance, then she should just say so. In that case I will not waste her valuable time. Are there of you any here who think this is not right for you, please raise your hand now.*

Seven of them do raise their hands and we thank them for their time and say goodbye to them. Those that leave are neither the prettiest nor the plainest. To me it is no big deal.

I think a second before speaking again. *Ma'am Gladys. I think we might be able to assist each of these mothers and daughters by the end of the year, or maybe by the end of the next year, if they can be patient. We can take five at a time. So long as they can comply with my expectations, I see no reason to exclude anyone. However compliance is required.*

There was clapping of approval from the mothers. Go figure. Joy2x had a bowl filled with slips of paper and numbers. Each pulled out a slip of paper and we wrote down their number. That gave us the order in which they would be selected for 'assistance.'

All the mothers learn their place in the order and all but the first five left. I look at these five with real appreciation. They are all quite attractive. I only

hope that their daughters are equally as attractive. *I will meet with each of you once a week. The day of the week, will be the same each week until I am done assisting. So if you are on Thursday this week, then we will be together only on Thursdays. I will not meet with two on the same day. So if I am to meet you on a Thursday, you cannot get half a day away from the one who has Friday. If you have a conflict on your day, you may not switch with someone else. I will see you the next week. Understood?* I saw some blank faces and Joy2x explains it all again in Tagalog and then a third time in Visayan.

We all then troop over to the room I am to use. It is pretty spare and I say as much. There is a discussion about what is needed. I say as I am doubtful we can get a couch from the school, maybe we could get some foam and use that as couches. The mothers all seem to agree, especially as I reach in to my slacks, pull out my wallet and offered to pay for the foam if some of the mothers can get the purchases done. And so, with the transfer of peso's, that is accomplished. Next I say I want to meet their daughters.

Lunchtime is at noon and we agree I would meet their daughters then. In the meantime they take off to get the foam while I chat with Joy2x.

Once the two of us are alone, Joy2x asks how long I can stay today? I am meeting Maddie and her sister at 4PM and so I tell her I will leave the school no later than 3:30. I ask her, how old are the daughters? The answer is 10 to 13 years of age.

It isn't thirty minutes later when the mothers return with foam for the couches and my change. I hand the change back and suggest that they add it to what will be spent for food this lunchtime. With that I get five kisses and the mothers scoot away again.

Good move Boss!

§ § §

Chapter 12: Musical Chairs

As each mother-daughter pair enters my 'room' with their food, the mother sends the child over to me and each 'honors' me. As the third child does this, the mother of the third child does it as well. The other two mothers in the room take that as a challenge I guess because they now do it as well. The fourth and fifth pairs are entering in at that very moment and so all follow the same procedure.

Every one of the daughters is pretty, precious, and I admit that I look forward to deflowering each of them. Still I am deeply aware that if I do that, they would be mine, even if their mothers don't work out with Ann. And so I put away any intention I have about the children for now. If the mother is not in Ann's bed, the child will not be in mine.

My challenge is to get the mothers into Ann's bed.

The daughters hang out together and the mothers gather around me, asking questions. They first one is both the hardest and the easiest. 'Why am I separated?' The answer I give is that while we still like each other, and though I still have love for my wife, she and I have discovered that she had needs I cannot fulfill for her. When they ask what that is, I simply said that it is too private to talk about but that there is nothing wrong with me.

All understand, as do all Filipinas, that there is no such thing as divorce here. They also understand that as I still had love for my wife, I will not seek an annulment. There is kidding that maybe they will need proof about my claim that there is nothing wrong with me. At that point things get a little raunchy. I tell them to quiet down about it in front of the kids unless they want the kids to be involved! One says in mock indignation, *You wouldn't!* I just smile back at her, in front of the other mothers and say, *Which one is yours again?* That gets a big laugh.

More quietly one mother asks, *Where does your wife live?*

In the same house as me.

Then why you say you are separated?

We have separate bedrooms. I think that is enough to say about it.

Sorry, sorry. Yes you correct. So your wife not mind if you have a mistress?

You want to ask her? That gets some nervous laughs.

We establish that the mothers will be with me from 1PM on, and that the daughters will join us at 3:30PM until 5:30PM each day on their assigned days. Following which we all say goodbye for the day and I leave for the hotel.

I am not expecting to see Maddie and her sister until after 4PM, but figure I will relax there until then. The option of avoiding Ann is a real motivating factor. And as I expected, Maddie is not there when I arrived. However, her younger sister is there, watching TV when I walk into the room. There is a bit of fright in her eyes.

Let me guess. You are Maddie's sister, Kim?

Opo

She is every bit as pretty in person as she looked in the photo. She is also on my hotel room bed.

Do you know what is happening?

My sister and me are your girlfriends.

That is your sister's hope. I said that she might be my girlfriend if I have you too, and like both of you. Then both become girlfriends. Will I like you Kim?

Opo!

You will do all I ask you to do?

Opo.

Anything?

Opo.

Kim, I am not sure I believe you. Is it OK if I test you?

Opo. Please test.

Take off all your clothing. Damned if she doesn't. Within twenty seconds she is naked and standing in front of me. I have not wanted to touch her as I don't want her to ever say I ripped clothing off her. I want it to be her actions entirely.

Take off my clothing Kim. And she does that too.

This fifteen year old has not flinched or backed away. Is she a prostitute? *Lay down on your back and spread your legs for inspection.*

As she does this she asks, *What are you inspecting, Po?*

I want to see if you are a virgin.

Ah OK Po. Yes I am a virgin. You can see that.

Her hymen is completely intact. She is a virgin.

Do you understand that if you stay, that very soon you will no longer be a virgin?

Opo.

Why are you willing to do this Kim?

We want you as our boyfriend.

Do you know I am married?

Opo. My sister tell me that.

Did your sister tell you I might have other girlfriends?

Opo, but we will make you ours.

No Kim you will not. As much as you might try, that will never happen. Knowing that, do you want to leave?

You be good to us? Make sure we have a place to stay? You make sure we have food to eat?

Yes.

Then I stay with you.

It will be hours before Maddie appears and little Kim is naked, legs spread and asking to be taken. I get down on the bed with her, taking a little breast into my mouth as I finger her clit. She is dry and I am afraid of irritating her pussy. I have brought a small tube of KY with me. It is in a pocket of my slacks. Getting off the bed and eliciting a complaint from Kim, I retrieve the tube and climb back close to the girl.

Kim has never seen KY jelly and has no idea what it is for. I explain all that, as I apply it to her pussy amid giggles and sighs. I then have her apply it to my cock, in the process, showing her how to stroke my member.

Kim are you sure you want to give me your virginity?

Opo.

You don't know me.

I know, if you want to hurt me, you not ask, you just take. Sister and me, we need someone like you to help us.

Kim is just about full grown, not like Noime. I mount the girl and handling my own equipment, put it in position to spear the girl. Pressing down just slightly is enough to meet the membrane of her hymen.

Are you sure Kim?

Opo. Do it.

And I do, 'do it.' She cries. It isn't for long, but there are tears. However even though she is crying, she is holding on to my arms and making sure I don't back out. Finally I ask, *Do you want me to get out of you?*

No! Do it to me!

I push in a bit. There are no tears. Instead, there is a sigh. I pull back, a whimper. I slide in a bit deeper. Another sigh. I pull back a bit. She sucks in some air. I push in deeper still. She sighs *Yessss.* Slowly we establish a rhythm. Kim starts giggling, laughing, talking to me... *more! Yes, more. Don't stop. Oh yes, deeper. Oh God, more.*

She is wet now. Her hands grip me. Her lips kiss anything they can reach: arms, shoulder, neck, cheek, lips. She does not know about orgasms and so is not expecting anything when it hits her. And hits her it does. It is silent, not like *When Harry met Sally.* But the muscles in her cunt are spasming and her pussy is gushing. And then she is exhausted. I have not cum, but that is irrelevant. I don't want to make her pussy raw. I don't want to take her too far this first time. And so we cuddle and stay connected and still for two hours.

After a while this little beauty, starts kissing my neck and cheeks. She climbs up on top of me and humps my legs while telling me I am theirs now. I say 'not so fast.' I still have to have both her and her sister together and then take them home to make sure they will do what I say with my other girls. With that I get a big surprised look.

I told you that you could not have me alone.

Opo, I know, but I did not believe you.

I did not lie to you.

Opo. Will we like them?

I hope so. It will be good if you do. But that is only if you and your sister do what I want today before I take you to the house.

We do anything you want. You see.

We will see indeed. In the meantime we take a shower and wait for Maddie.

We don't have much longer to wait. Maddie appears in her uniform looking a bit harried. Kim suggests she take a shower and goes into the CR with her older sister. About 15 minutes later they appear. Maddie was wrapped in a towel. Kim was dressed. They appeared to be under the assumption that Kim was leaving so that I could spend time with Maddie. I quash that and leave them both a little confused and nervous.

Take your clothing back off Kim.

She is confused but complies.

Kim, remove your sister's towel.

Maddie is a little upset and Kim embarrassed, but they comply.

I remove the towel that I am wrapped in and stand up. I tell both girls to kneel down in front of me. They comply.

My cock is hard and hardly hidden as it waves in their faces. I have not cum in Kim and my pride and joy is surely in need of some attention. I tell them both to cooperate and jointly lick and suck my cock. They are to allow their mouths to touch each other while doing this. Neither of them have ever given head before. Here they are, both with a mouth on my member. It is a sight to behold.

After a few minutes I tell them to get on the bed.

Kim, grab the KY and put it on and IN your sister's pussy.

In Po?

Yes IN her pussy. Make her feel good with your fingers.

Po, you are a bad man!

I know Kim, I know. I told your sister yesterday that I was a bad man. Didn't I Maddie?

Kim's fingers were inside Maddie as the older girl attempted to answer. She barely got out an 'oo' during the assault on her cunt.

Kim, with your free hand, play with one of your sister's nipples. Maddie is responding far more than she seems to want to respond. The more Maddie responds, the more Kim gets into the act. As Kim continues to follow my instructions, I reposition her on her knees while still on the bed and get behind the girl. Her pussy is wet and I mount the younger sister from behind, sliding deep into her pussy. Leaning over Kim I whisper in her ear, *make your sister cum.* As I tell her that, one of my hands snakes around Kim to play with her clit as I fuck her cunt. Kim is attacking Maddie's pussy for all it is worth and sucking one of Maddie's nipples and playing with the other breast with her free hand.

Maddie is headed into orbit with Kim not far behind. It doesn't take much more before Maddie loses all control of her body in an orgasm that is unmistakable.

At that very moment I take my free hand and pinch one of Kim's nipples very roughly, as I continue to play with her clit and fuck her. Kim loses it too cumming hard. This time however, my cum erupts deep in Kim's cunt, sending the girl into a second orgasm. In cumming so hard, she without realizing it pushes her whole hand into Maddie's cunt which sends the older sister into an orbit that is awesome.

I roll off of Kim and catch my breath as I watch both girls come back to earth. I pull Maddie over to me and whisper in her ear, *Suck my cum out of your sister's pussy and make her cum again.* She just looks at me, nods and gets to work on her younger sister. Not more than three minutes later, Maddie has brought Kim to her next orgasm.

I am thirsty as all hell and after a brief shower, leave the room with the girls still naked on the bed to get a soft drink.

On my way back from the hotel desk, I run into a foreigner who seems to be lost. Stopping, I asked him if he was OK. Evidently, he isn't. His name is Larry. He has come to the Philippines with the understanding that he was moving here to marry his girlfriend only to find her shacked up with her husband of five years. So here he is. He has just checked in and is in every way, except map-wise, lost.

I think hard about Maddie and Kim. Do I really want them? Don't they deserve better than anything I was going to give them?

Larry, don't get offended, but I'd like to ask you just a few questions. OK? He nods approval. *Ever hit a woman?*

No.

Where you from?

Yoder, Kansas.

Amish?

No. You know Yoder?

Yeh ... good place for pies. Do you use drugs?

No.

Alcohol?

I take a drink occasionally.

How often?

Oh I don't know, maybe a beer a two in a month.

Have enough money to support yourself and two women here for as long as you might live?

Huh?

Ride with me on this one. Do you?

Yeh.

Larry, this is your lucky day. I am about to gift you two very lovely girls who need a good man to fuck and live with for life. If you want to marry one, go for it, but I suggest you wait until the younger one gets to her 18th birthday and marry her.

What? Holy shit!

Relax. She loves sex and so does her older sister and no, they are not prostitutes. I was going to take them to my home, but they deserve better than me. What room are you in?

He tells me. I tell him to wait there. They will be coming there in 30 minutes. Following which, soft drink in hand I return to my room.

Girls! I found you a guy you can love, is not married, is from the USA and if you are good to him will be far better for you than I am. Do with him what you did with me here. Don't be shy and he will be yours forever. Go to him now. His name is Larry and he is in 214.

I watch them go down the hall and enter Larry's room. I figure it might be the only good thing I have done this year. As it turns out, I find out much later, that they do stay together but I never run into them again.

On my way home, I think about that and what is waiting for me at Gina's school. Noime goes to private school and there the families are more well off. But public schools are for the poor. These women will be very much like the two today, willing to do anything for a leg up. My concern is what will happen if some of them feel spurned or grossed out by lesbian contact.

As I pass by a Mercury Drug store, I stop and buy some Viagra. I am going to need all the help I can get.

I had showered and washed down a Sprite, so I don't smell of sex when Joy2x meets me at the door. Ann is there in the kitchen watching. After smelling me, Joy2x asks, *How did it go?*

They are not good ones for us. I said goodbye to them.

Ann just stomps off. Joy2x kissed me and says, *We will start with the mothers and daughters tomorrow. It's OK.*

Yes I know. Joy2x, I am scared. What happens if I fall in love with you? You can never love me. I love Ann and she does not love me. I love Noime, but she will grow up and leave me.

Shhhh. It will be OK Lewis. Don't worry. I am glad you will love me. That way you will not get rid of me like you got rid of the girls today. Later you will tell me why you did that. OK?

You are too damned smart, Joy2x, too damned smart.

Shhhh. Come have something to eat. I have food ready for you.

I don't see Noime at all that evening. I don't see Ann again either. After supper, as Joy2x cleans up, I sit here at my computer and write down much of what I can remember of the day and the recent days just past. Three hours later I noticed that the house is dark. I shut my computer down and go to bed. Joy2x is asleep as I crawl on to the mattress.

When I awake, Joy2x is gone, as is Noime. It is awkward with Ann. She wants to talk but there is nothing to say. After my morning coffee and newspaper, I sit at my computer, enlarge and correct what I had typed the evening before.

Ann makes me a lunch. I thank her. How weird things have gotten.

A little before 1PM I leave for the school and my first mother and daughter. This time the guard doesn't even ask, he just nods and lets me

through. The room that was so spare the day before has been transformed with coverings over the foam, and curtains and a table and extra plastic chairs and an extra fan. The walls and floor have been washed and the floor waxed. The first mother is Angeli, mother of Rezzini. Angeli is twenty-nine. Her daughter is eleven. Angeli is sitting on the foam when I walked in. She has a short skirt on and a pretty little top, pink high-heels, pink painted nails and pink lipstick.

You are looking very attractive today. May I ask you, who is the lucky guy you do this for?

You, Sir Lewis. I intend to be the one who captures you.

Angel, that is your name, correct? No? Ah yes, Angeli, you were told yesterday that I am married.

Yes, married but separated. I will become your mistress.

Ah I see. Do you think the others will have the same idea as you have?

Yes of course. That why I do not wait.

You don't know me. Maybe I am a bad man.

Sir Lewis, all men are bad. Maybe you want more than one. OK. I agree. Maybe you beat me, OK, just don't kill me. Maybe you like my daughter like you said to that other mother yesterday. OK you can have her so long as you take care of us.

I see. So you don't care about the lessons in English?

If that what you want, OK I do that too.

What if I want you to fuck my wife while I fuck your daughter? You still want to be my mistress?

Really? That what you want? That why you separated? She lesbian?

Maybe. Will you do that?

You fuck me too and take care of us?

Chapter 13: Almost but not quite

Angeli, are you serious?

Yes, of course.

What if all the other mothers offer the same thing?

Maybe, but I am first.

What if I agree but you and my wife don't like each other?

I will do nothing to make her feel that.

What if I think you are not good at sex?

Teach me how I should be for you. I will learn and get better.

You OK with me fucking your daughter?

Not really, but if you want. OK, we do.

What if I have many mistresses?

Really? You can afford that? Good. Makes my life easier!

Do you like sex Angeli?

Yes! Very much. Of course. Everyone like sex!

Do you have a boyfriend now?

No. No one. Filipino men do not want a woman with children. You want to have sex here, now? Is this why you wanted the foam?

No we will not have sex here today. But you do interest me. I will not touch your daughter unless I decide to keep you. But if I keep you, I will

take your daughter. Do you understand that? I will fuck your daughter and teach her to eat pussy too. Are you OK with that?

Yes Sir Lewis. You take care of us and I agree. I eat pussy now anyway. It is the only sex I get.

Who are you eating Angeli?

Belen, the mother of Carolyn. She is for you on Monday.

Are you a lesbian Angeli?

No. I do not think so. But we all need sex. This is correct.

Do you love Belen?

I am not lesbian, so how I love her?

I see. Does Belen love you?

I do not know. Maybe.

Do you think Belen will try to be my mistress?

Of course, we argue about that last night. She is angry because I get you first. Why you not want sex now?

It is too soon. But I do want to see your body. Will you show me your body?

You mean take off my clothes?

Yes, but do it slowly, and leave your shoes on.

Ah, sexy like?

Yes.

OK I do it.

And do it, she does. First she unbuttons and unzips the skirt before dropping it and kicking it away. Her hips and legs are lovely. Though Filipinas do not have wide hips as do Caucasians, she can hold her own. The little panty is cute and hides little. As there are no stockings, next she pulls up and off the top she had worn, revealing a simple but padded bra.

She unclips the bra from the back and slowly removes it. Her breasts were ample, a B cup, and the nipples were large dark and puffy, sticking out like little flags.

Her skin is flawless and while a little darker than is Ann's or Joy2x's, the mocha color is lovely to me.

All that is left is that little panty. Slowly off it comes exposing a beautiful bald pussy. The labia puffy and protruding. The inner thighs already coated with glistening moisture. Angeli is horny.

Walk toward me.

She walks right up to me and just about shoves her pussy into my nose. Her hands go into the hair on my head as she grind her hips into the air right in front of my face.

You like Sir Lewis?

I run a finger between the lips of the Labia Major. My finger is dripping as I remove it. I sniff the finger. No smell. I taste it. No taste at all. Angeli is as clean and douched as it is possible to be.

Make yourself cum Angeli.

Sir?

Finger yourself until you cum.

Standing inches from me she proceeds to masturbate as requested. As she proceeds, I talk to her.

Maybe I take you and Belen. Maybe I make you the lovers to my wife and take your two daughters as my lovers. But maybe I have you also fuck Belen's daughter. You want to fuck Belen's daughter, Angeli? Maybe I fuck you as you fuck Belen's daughter. Maybe Belen fucks your daughter and I also fuck your daughter at the same ti...

Angeli coats the tile floor with her juices as her orgasm rip through her at that very moment. She drops to her knees, kneeling in that liquid.

Now suck me off, Angeli.

She doesn't know how to give head and I have to walk her through how to do it. It is a competent job, but not much more. Noime is far better. As it is, she is not getting me off. I finally stop her and figured that I would have to wait until I got back the Joy2x to get some release.

What I do wrong?

You need some instruction. Maybe we will do that another day.

Teach me now. I will learn.

It turns out that while she had eaten many pussies, Angeli has never given head. I am fascinated about the fact that she has been eating so many pussies and as her "English lesson" for the next two hours, I have her tell me about all the girls she has been with, how she has gotten together with them and what they have done together. Toward the end of the second hour Angeli is at the end of her patience and at the end of her willingness to speak any more English. It has been hard on her. However, what I have learned is of real benefit. Angeli has been making it with girls since she was nine years of age. That's when her older female cousin started to play with her when she took what amounts to showers using a pail and a large ladle.

By the time she was thirteen, she was engaged in sexual intimacy with two Aunts and her cousin. The Aunts were married and did not see this type of contact as cheating. Angeli saw it as a way to fill the time until she met the right guy. Evidently, the guy who got her pregnant was not the right guy. Her daughter is already two years older than she had been when she was

first introduced to sexual play and so, while she 'knows it is wrong,' it doesn't seem to matter to her in any meaningful way. This 'wrong' was an outside concept, not something she has internalized.

I tell you all! Now teach me to suck your dick correctly.

Your daughter will be here in just a few minutes.

Teach me until she is here.

And so I give Angeli instructions and she does a pretty good job of following them. Her suction is established. Her rhythm is regular. She learns where to put her hands and fingers for maximum stimulation. I am close to cumming when the 3:30 bell rings and I know we have to stop. Angeli is naked and I need my dick inside my boxers, not waving in the breeze like old glory.

We get everything taken care of just before Rezzini enters the room. Rez is quite cute in her school uniform. However, cute was not what Angeli wants me to see and scoots the child into the room's attached CR along with a large bag she has evidently brought with her earlier. When eleven year old Rez exits the CR, she is no longer in the uniform. Instead she is on high-heels, with a midriff exposing top and a ruffled skirt that barely covered the girl's ass. Her lips have been given lipstick. Rez is only beginning to sprout breasts and little nipple bumps are all I had noticed under her uniform earlier. The cute ruffled and cropped top she now wears, obscures that enough so that there is no way to know whether or not there is any breast development. Along with the short skirt which makes her legs look long and more sexy, the boner I have stuffed away just minutes before is giving me some reason for discomfort.

Rez walks into the middle of the room, gives her mother a look seeking approval, seems to get it, looks right at me, smiles, and then twirls around. Holy shit. Angeli is not going to lose her chance. She is offering me everything she has, including Rez and truth be told, I do want Rez. I want her for 'all the wrong reasons.' I want to take the child's virginity in front of her mother and have her mother suck the remains of my cum right out of her daughters pussy. I am not in love with these two, but I know they will

be mine, like the chattel they seem to see themselves as, if I will just accept them and take them.

While the 'hidden reason' for being the special teaching assistant is to seduce some of these mother daughter pairs, I am supposed to be working on their spoken English skills. I am hardly doing that at the moment. Rez comes to me and sits on my lap. I can feel the warmth of her pussy through the cloth of my slacks. It was now only 3:50 and she, and her mother, are supposed to be with me until 5:30. I either needed to stop this now or I will be fucking this little one, and her mother, very quickly.

Angeli, your daughter is lovely, sexy and yes, I desire her, and I desire you. But I cannot commit to you that if I take either of you sexually, that anything will come of it. And because of that, taking you and especially taking your daughter right now would be wrong. As I am professing my better nature, my hand is betraying my less than better side as I caressed Rez's inner thigh.

There is some Visayan spoken between mother and daughter. I am about to complain that this is to be an English only room, when Rez gets off my lap, kneels down in front of me, pulls down the zipper of my slacks and slides her hand in, grabbing my manhood. I am at a loss for words. Rez is stroking me inside my slacks. Angeli comes over to me, kneels on the foam next to me and leans in for a kiss. She might not know much about giving head, but she sure knows how to kiss. All my intentions about holding off are crumbling. What is going to happen? This is only the first of some thirty three pairs.

Angeli is pushing me back onto the foam by my shoulders. Rez is unbuckling my belt and unbuttoning the top of my slacks. It isn't exactly rape, but I am the object and they are on a mission. In my current position, I cannot really keep Angeli from completing her part. She is succeeding in getting me on my back. As soon as she does succeed, she swings her legs over me with her legs under her and pinning me down with her weight on my shoulders. She then lowers her pussy right over my face.

At the same time, Rez has succeeded in pulling my slacks off, and pulling my boxers off. I cannot see what is going on but am able to surmise. Rez

has my member rock hard and mounts me. I have assumed she was a virgin until a moment ago, but in an instant, the assumption is academic as my cock is inside her. If she feels any pain, I will never know. What I do know is that a super tight pussy is squeezing my dick and just about ripping it off at the root as Rez bounces up and down on me. I can't say anything because I have a mouth full of wet pussy.

As horny as I had been before, my balls cannot hold back any more and I explode cum inside Rez.

Once things calm down and the females have climbed off me, I clearly see evidence of blood on my loin and on the cloth covering the foam. But I am not moving much. Angeli is on one side of me and Rez the other as I lie there both exhausted and confused. I am a little pissed, a little embarrassed, a little happy. But I don't want to show any 'happy.' Instead I tell Angeli to clean me up with her tongue. When she has done with that, still being a little pissed, I tell her to suck my cum out of her daughter's pussy and swallow it. That gets her attention, but she does it, and has the effect of giving her daughter an orgasm in the process.

Watching that gets me hard again. The Viagra I had taken earlier surely hasn't hurt. So in front of Rez, I mount her mother, entering the pussy from the rear. I tell Rez to slide under her mother and suck on her breast. The child does as I tell her as I fuck her mother. Having just recently cum, the fucking goes on and on, sending Angeli into orgasm after orgasm. As Rez is on her back as I am fucking her mother, Rez's pussy is in easy reach for me. I finger the child's pussy as I continue, sending the child into orbit twice. Finally as Angeli is cumming yet another time. Her hot pussy juices flow over my member. I gave her my cum.

And since I am an equal access asshole, I have Rez lick me clean and suck my cum out of her mother's cunt. That sends Angeli into two more orgasms in the process.

It is almost time to go home. But I will not go home alone. I take the two with me. I have the option of having Rez dressed as a school girl or as the wicked little girl she was upon exiting the CR. I choose the latter. I give the two of them twenty minutes in the CR to freshen up and get ready.

Knowing that they are coming home with me creates in them a little bit of a panic. They evidently had not thought so far ahead.

As we drive to the house, Rez asks, *we going to live with you?*

I do not know. However you may be living with my wife. We will see.

I can see Angeli's face in the rear view mirror. There is a look of shock in her face. I can't say that she doesn't deserve it. Her 'take no prisoners' approach may have produced a result she had not anticipated. The impact on Rez is unreadable. She is probably unable to process my response.

Regardless, they are both surprised when I open the door to the house and there stands... Noime. *Uncle! Tell me! Do I sleep with you tonight?*

Good evening to you too, little one.

Oh sorry sorry, Uncle.

From the kitchen two more faces watch intently. I quietly signal them to come. Ann and Joy2x join us. When Angeli and Rez notice Joy2x, there is real surprise in their eyes. Joy2x's eyes show both gratification and pleasure as she speaks. *Good evening Angeli! And Rez! I am so glad to see you. Boss, I am both happy but surprised you picked them to bring home.*

I smile back and then nod to Ann. *Wife, allow me to introduce you to Angeli. I think you will agree that she is lovely. I think that by tomorrow morning you will agree that she is a great bedmate, if only for a night, if not far longer. Angeli, this is my wife, who I still love and always will love. She needs a woman in her life. I need my wife to be happy. That does not mean you will not have cock too, but it does mean, if you are to stay in my home, that you need to fill in the needs that exist here. Do you understand?*

Angeli looks confused. I turn to Joy2x who explains in Visayan as Ann stands there a bit embarrassed and a bit horny. Angeli must understand now, because she puts her hand out to Ann and whispers in Ann's ear. Following which, the pair disappear in what was the maid's bedroom. Now there are four of us standing there. I speak to all three females. *Rez, we had a great afternoon. If you and your mother stay with us, I will have you*

many times. But tonight I will lie with Noime. Is it OK if you lie with your Teacher?

Rez's eyes get very big. *Teacher and me sleep together?*

I don't know about sleep Rez. I say 'lie' because from the look in your Teacher's eyes, she wants to have sex with you.

Really?

Ask her.

Teacher, we have sex?

If you want to, Rez. Do you?

Yes! Of course Yes!

Boss? What happened today? I didn't think either likes girls.

But you wanted them, didn't you Joy2x?

Yes! I did! I can't believe this is happening.

Well it is. Rez is no longer a virgin. We took care of that this afternoon. After we eat, why don't you use Noime's room. Noime will be with me tonight.

Sige, sige. You want to eat now?

Ask Ann and Angeli if they want to eat supper. If yes, even if we have to wait a bit, we eat with them. If they do not, then we will eat now. OK?

Yes. OK Boss. I'll ask.

And so about an hour later, six of us sit at the table. Ann is beaming. Angeli looks happy and is playfully warning all that we were all targets for her advances. Joy2x asks Angeli, if she could take over some of the housekeeping. Angeli is enthusiastic in her response. As far as she is concerned, that is great. Rez, who has spent about 30 minutes in Noime's

bedroom with Joy2x before supper is also jubilant. Noime, sitting next to me seems like the cat that ate the canary.

All is good, except, there were 32 other pairs and while we might now have a live in maid who likes to fuck any time and anyone, she probably is not the 'one' long term for Ann. Angeli wants cock. The only thing as far as the Ann issue is concerned, is that I have bought some time. I have not really solved the problem.

Chapter 14: Eeny meeny miny moe

Uncle, do they really like girls?

Yes, but both the mother and daughter are probably more like you. They like both. So I don't think the problem is really solved. But we get a maid, which we need, you are freed from your Tita's bed for now. Things will be quieter while I look for Ann's real new love.

Uncle, how can you find Tita's love?

I can't, really. I can just offer up women to her until she gives in and takes one or gives up.

I think you make Teacher very happy. She really wants Rez.

Yes, I think so too. But I also think she wants Angeli.

Ah, so a problem?

Maybe if I don't find someone else for Tita.

How about you? You want them?

Oh, they are pretty, and I will lay with them every once in a while, but no. They are not for me.

Who is for you, Uncle?

Good question, little one, good question. It was you and Tita. It is still you, but I do not know if there is anyone else.

It is hard to express how I feel for Noime, other to say what I have said before and which makes no sense since I am old and she is so young. I am deeply in love with her. If I didn't understand down deep that she would grow up and leave me, I would be completely happy and satisfied. But I

know she will grow away from me in the coming years. Each day I have with her is a stolen gift I prize.

I have had so much sex earlier this day that I cannot give Noime much other than attention and caring. And so that is what I do. Sucking her nascent breasts, her tiny pubes, her sweet ass cheeks. I suck on her little clit and eventually help her cum. When she announces she needs to pee, I go with her and play with her clit as she pees, giving her a reprise orgasm, a reminiscence of our first times. She insists on giving me head before returning to sleep. I don't think that there is any chance I can cum. Noime, smirks. Once again, I am wrong and she is right. She swallows it all.

The next morning it takes even longer before I can get my shower. When I do get to the kitchen and the coffee pot, all have completed their ablutions. All have left except for Ann and Angeli. Angeli is not in sight. Ann informs me that she is washing the clothing out in the washroom, beyond the dirty kitchen. Following which she will go back to her own place and pick up a few personal items.

She bought some pandesal for you, Lewis.

Ah, nice. I will have that with my coffee and mango.

Lewis, thank you for bringing her to me, but you know she can't be the one for me, long term.

Yes, Ann, I know. But we needed a maid and she will fill that role nicely and give you some short term happiness while the search continues.

Thank you for knowing that and saying it to me. I don't deserve your kindness, but nice you give it me. Lewis, you know what she tell me?

No. What?

She say, you tell her you love me, but cannot give me what I need. You tell her that?

Yes.

You a good man Lewis. Better man then me a woman.

No Ann. I am not. I just love you.

Give me time, Lewis. I think maybe it will be OK for us.

I don't see it Ann, but yes, I will give you time.

She wants to fuck you.

Who?

Angeli, silly.

Oh. OK. Well I fucked her before I brought her home. She can wait.

No Lewis, do it for me. Take her tonight. I will take Rez and Joy2x can have Noime.

I will talk to Noime and Joy2x about that. But yes, take Rez, if you want.

Thank you. Lewis, how she know how to eat pussy so good?

Angeli? Oh, well she eats pussy all the time. She had a female lover. Still did as of yesterday from what I can tell?

Ganun?

Yes.

Who?

Another mother at school.

Ah! OK. We try her too?

Yes next Monday I meet the other.

Good! OK, I feel good now. I will go to the market and get food for a nice supper tonight.

And off she goes. I finish a cup, eat some pandesal and refill the cup before turning on the computer and writing some more of this.

I get about three thousand words down when I notice someone watching me. It is Angeli. She isn't as 'made up' as yesterday, but she has a hunger in her eyes that is unmistakable. *Horny Angeli?*

For you Lewis.

I save my work and turn off the computer. Taking Angeli by the hand, we walk to the master bedroom. This time I undress her. Taking off the blue shorts she is wearing. Taking off the yellow top she has on. Removing the bra I had first seen yesterday. Sliding down panties that I am sure came from Ann. Angeli is a beautiful Filipina. There is no flaw to be seen. Her smile was infectious. Her hands seek my arms. They seek the buttons on my shirt. They seek the belt on my slacks, the button on the slacks and then the zipper, then my boxers. Her hands roam over my body, telling me how handsome I am. I know better than believe I am handsome, but to her, I am and for that, at the moment, I am thankful. We lie down on the bed, seeking each other's lips, tongues joining, tongues jostling and playing. Our hands continuing to roam over each other. I breathing in her breath, she breathing in mine.

I roll her on to her back and slide my cock into her wet cunt. She grabs my hair and pulls my head in to her lips. My cock is deep in her. Our kiss breaks. She looks into my eyes and speaks. *I want you Lewis. I want you for always. Do not send me away. I will be yours.*

You cannot have me alone. You will have to share me.

I know. I do not care. You keep fucking me. You keep me. I be good to you.

Teacher Gladys wants to fuck you.

Good. I will drive her crazy. I know how to do that to lesbians like Gladys and Ann. I do what you need me to do, but I am yours Lewis. Fuck me hard. The one you have today at school you will not fuck anyway. She is scared of sex. Her daughter is pretty but bad attitude. You will see. Give it to me. You will not miss it later my love.

And fuck we do. In missionary, doggie, and a dozen other positions. Angeli is neither very tight, nor sloppy loose. What she is, is strong. Her arms and legs are seriously muscled and she is active in bed as a partner. I lose track of the number of times Angeli has an orgasm. She loses count of everything. She is just floating from one orgasm to the next. I am hard but for the longest time, not really ready to come. And then a picture in my head formed of Noime eating out Joy2x in front of the Principal. I explode with cum deep inside Angeli who seems beyond the ability to even understand what has just happened, other than that she is happy.

We lie together for a while, but I finally get up and shower before redressing, kissing her on the forehead and leaving her in the bedroom.

I make myself some lunch and leave for the school. I get there a bit before 1PM and stop in to ask Joy2x about the mother I will meet today, discussing Angeli's assessment of the gal. Joy2x is surprised by Angeli's comments but doesn't dispute them. Given what I clearly don't know, caution is called for. I also discuss Ann's request for the bed tonight. As I had already bedded Angeli today, I suggest that Joy2x take Angeli tonight and I will have Noime again. Ann will get Rez, whom she wants. Joy2x likes the plan, but asks, *When do I get you again? Boss?*

Ah, soon. Very soon.

As I am walking to my room in the school, I get a text from Ann. *Angeli is gone to get her things. She said she had you!*

Yes, Ann, she did. So Joy2x gets Angeli tonight and I will have Noime. You get Rez, like you want.

Good. Later. Supper at 6PM.

Angeli's warning is right on point. I have no idea what this woman is afraid of, but she is not to be considered. I have no idea why Joy2x included her until I met the daughter. The daughter is a 13 year old and was beyond a doubt, an old man's wet dream. The girl is exquisite. But as the mother is impossible, there is no way to play it. The daughter is frightened of the mother. I worked with them on English for a while and it got to the point where that wasn't even working. Returning to the caution I issued two days earlier, I spoke to the mother. *Do you remember the initial meeting?*

Yes. Why?

Do you remember I said that all need to be compliant?

Yes.

Do you think either of you are being compliant?

No. I will not be compliant for anyone.

Then why are you here?

I see.

And with that she takes her daughter and leaves. Good grief. What a waste of time. We will fill this day in with the next pair on the list. I am home by 5PM.

Ann is curious to see who I might bring home today. Angeli told her there would be no one, but Ann had not believed her. Joy2x, had stayed mute on the issue and Noime seemed to not care as she was sure she had me tonight again. When I walk in alone, I hear, *See?*

Ann asks. *What happened today Lewis?*

I tried to teach English, but even that proved impossible. I sent them home.

From the kitchen...*See?*

Ann, I think we are going to need to pay more attention to Angeli's assessments. She was completely accurate. She played me 100% right yesterday. She is cementing her role here from what I can see and she called the situation today exactly right.

From the kitchen... *Thank you Lewis.*

You're welcome Angeli.

Do we have an hour before supper?

Ann and Angeli both respond with, *Yes.*

OK I am going to make some notes until then. But Joy2x, you might want to talk with the school social worker. There is something wrong with that mother. The child is terrified of her.

Joy2x just nods. I go to my computer. About five minutes later a voice behind me says, *Am I in there?*

Yes, little one, you are.

May I read it?

I think about it for a little bit. Is there anything that I don't want Noime to read? I can't think of anything.

OK.

Good, can you transfer it to my phone please?

Hummm, I am not sure I want anyone else to see it, Noime. The phone is not safe.

Uncle, I promise to be careful and erase it as soon as I finish reading it.

I use the Bluetooth connection to transfer the files. I get a kiss on the cheek and then she disappears. I return to writing until called for supper. It is an exceptionally good meal, filled with things I ought not to eat often, if I

don't want to turn into a blimp with clogged arteries. After supper and after the dishes where cleaned, Joy2x and Angeli talk me into a game of Tong-its[37]. Ann and Rez have retired to what has become Ann's bedroom, previously the maid's room. As the cards are being dealt, Angeli asks Joy2x, *Did you enjoy Rez last night?*

Joy2x blushes and doesn't know what to say. Angeli is having a bit of fun and continues. *Good! But you haven't had what I can do for you yet. I'm going to mess with your head tonight little Teacher!*

Oh shit, I am staying away from this one. In many ways, Angeli is right. Joy2x is a bit of an innocent. Angeli is not. The card game is a fast moving affair. And we have played dozens of hands, fortunes have changed a few times as the clock turns to 10PM. I notice that Noime is still up in the bedroom. It being a school night and past time for bed. I end the game and seek out my little love.

Noime is lying on my bed reading what I had written. *It's past time to go to bed little one.*

Uncle just a little bit more. I think I am almost done.

No sweetheart. You can finish tomorrow.

OK, but we have to talk Uncle.

About what?

I read what you said about me. Uncle I will never leave you.

Litt..

No! Listen to me! It is different than you think. I am not like Tita, or Joy2x or anyone else. I know I enjoy sex no matter the sex. I am OK with that. I love you because we are something else. I can't explain it. But you must

[37]Tong-its = A three player betting card game.

believe me. Uncle. I will be the one in the end. Do you understand? I know you die first. I will be there Uncle. I promise.

Oh shit. What the fuck do you say to a child who tells you that? What do you say to your lover then? I can only think of one thing. *Noime, thank God, I married your Tita. Without that, I never would have met you and we never would have found each other. I hope you are right. Only time will tell. But I sincerely hope you are right. In the meantime I will assume you are right and act accordingly. OK?*

Good! I will take a shower now.

And that is the end of it. She does finish reading what she had of my writings the next day and deletes it from her phone. It never comes up again.

When Noime does slip into bed that Thursday evening, she makes a beeline for my cock. *Your little one needs you to fuck her good tonight Uncle.*

And I do. She gets me rock hard in no time. Just to be sure, she applies some KY to herself and I slide in to that tightest of tight canals, smoothly. Noime mews with pleasure at times and this is one of those times. *I want on top Uncle!*

And so we roll over without losing the connection. As Noime bounces on my cock, she decides that this is a good time to talk. *Ah, Uncle, You know, Tita thinks she wants girls her age, but she doesn't uncle. She likes little girls. Get her two little girls and she will be OK.* And then Noime starts slamming down hard on my cock driving on an orgasm which follows quickly. I roll her over again and take control, spearing her pussy for my benefit, running a finger up her ass and driving her crazy. Minutes later it is my time to cum, with Noime cumming again with me.

And Uncle, you know Joy2x? She wants a true woman to love, but she wants that woman to love you. She scared to leave you. She like me. She will not leave you.

So speaks the oracle… who promptly falls asleep.

Morning is a little different. Any morning that starts with a female sucking your dick deserves notice. Joy2x, Noime and Rez have all left to school. Ann is elsewhere. Angeli is practicing giving head and is doing a pretty damned good job of it. Her hot mouth and saliva have me in a highly excited state. Given a few more minutes like that and I will shot my load. But as Angeli gathered I am fully awake, she disengages her suction and climbs on top of me, putting my cock deep in her very wet pussy. She smiles down on me, a cat with a shit eating grin. She seems to know something I didn't know. *How does my man feel today?*

Your man?

Yes Lewis, my man.

I wouldn't say that too much in front of Noime. But at the moment, with my cock inside of your sweet cunt, I feel great.

Good! Lewis I will always share you with Noime. But you are mine too. So fuck your mistress real good and I will tell you how to seduce the mother and daughter today!

Angeli's hot pussy is leaking on me so much that my loins and the bed sheet are already soaking. The heat, the wet and the head I have gotten before have me on the edge. When Angeli offers to tell me how to seduce the next pair, the concept just drives me over the edge. I make a semen donation to her cunt.

We shower together. She soaps my back. It has been a while since anyone did that. As the shower continues, I ask, *OK, how do I, seduce them.*

You need a dog.

Excuse me?

You know, a dog with balls.

Explain Angeli.

I know her from school when we are little. Her family had a dog. She loved that dog and the dog loved her for real. I see it for myself. He would get on her back and fuck her for long time. Then she try it once with a boy, but he not as good as her dog. Still she gets pregnant. That's the daughter. She has not been with a man since then. You cannot fuck her. She has not had a dog since then either. She is embarrassed. So you bring a big dog with a big cock and she will go crazy for it. You do that and you can take the daughter without the mother. The daughter will do anything you want if she sees the mother with the dog. You will see.

Holy shit. Now where do I find a dog?

Chapter 15: Catch a tiger by the toe

I hear you sell German Shepherds.

Yes Sir. But I don't have any pups right now.

Do you have any full grown males that are not neutered?

You planning on breeding? I don't need any competition.

No and I'll be happy to take one without papers.

Well now, that makes it interesting for me. How much you offering to give for this dog?

How much you need to take a dog off your hands you don't really need?

Huh. Damn, OK. I think maybe we can make a deal.

I bet we can. Name's Lewis, what's yours?

§ § §

He's perfect!

I'm not sure. I have no idea if he knows how to fuck a female.

Well let's find out.

You planning to fuck him Angeli?

No but I can see if I can get him excited. This dog is far bigger than anything she ever had before. I think I can teach him to connect pussy smell with sex.

§ § §

Good afternoon. Your name is Sunshine?

Yes Sir Lewis. You like my name?

Yes I do. But I have a problem.

What is it?

My dog is named Sunshine too!

Hehe. That's funny.

Yes it is. I brought him to meet you. Maybe I can show him to you when we are done with our lesson?

Oh yes please.

I proceed with the English lesson for most of our time, but stop at 3:15PM.

Great, that was great Sunshine. Now it is time to meet the other Sunshine.

I had put the dog into the CR while I had waited for the mother. Now I bring the shepherd in, bringing his muzzle right up to her crotch. Sunshine (the mother, the dog's name was not really Sunshine) giggles and backs up a little. But the foam is behind her and she falls back. The Shepard slides his snout under her dress and licks the pussy. The look on Sunshine's face is precious. At that moment I announce I would be back in 10 minutes. I have an emergency and step out of the room. Sunshine is alone with the dog and has by my statement 10 minutes. It has been over twelve years since she had sworn off dogs. It had been over twelve years since she has had anything in that pussy of hers. And the shepherd wants her pussy. Sunshine cannot see me, but I am watching through the glass on the door which I have partially uncovered on the way out. It doesn't take her 10 minutes. It doesn't take her two minutes to coax him to put that huge dick inside her.

Sunshine had been with smaller dogs. Their 'knots' when the dick swells up was never so large that she could not disengage. Such is not the case

with a large German Shepherd like this. I wait until I am sure they are tightly stuck together before returning. I have a camera with me and I take some really wonderful photos. Sunshine is crying, and orgasming and thrashing. The more she thrashes, the more the shepherd fucks her harder and the more she orgasms. I stroke her head. *It's OK. You need this. Don't you?*

Yes. Is her weak and in truth pathetic response.

I am going to give you the dog as your lover. You want that, don't you?

Yes. Now she is crying.

Does your daughter know you fuck dogs?

No!

Well, she will in a few minutes.

Sunshine struggles to get loose, but the knot in the shepherd's cock is not going to allow that. The bright pink cock is embedded deep inside Sunshine. (Yes I know the pun but you will have to say it for yourself. I will not.)

Do you think you are the right person anymore to take care of your daughter?

Crying, *No.*

I will take care of her. You will tell her that because of your problem, you are giving your daughter to me.

What will you do to her?

Teach her to like a man's cock and not a dog's Sunshine. You have a problem with that?

No, but she is so young!

How old were you the first time a dog fucked you?

Seven.

How old is your daughter?

Twelve. OK, OK. I do what you say.

You know the shepherd is not done, don't you?

Yes. He hasn't cum yet.

I have not seen the daughter yet. Angeli assures me that the girl is worth it. I hope she was right. I slide into the CR before the child appears. It will be traumatic for the child but it is what is needed to separate the child from the mother. It is also what is needed to end the jail the mother had created for herself and release her to follow her true desires. At least that is how I was justifying this rat-ass thing I am doing.

A minute before the child walks in, the shepherd decides it is time and starts to finish off his mating. That 65K (143lb) shepherd pounds Sunshine. The girl is in her own version of heaven as her daughter walks in to hear her mother begging the dog to 'do her good, good and hard, to give it to her.' The child stands there mute, unable to move. She stands like that for a good twenty minutes. When her mother finally notices her, the most bizarre conversation occurrs. Sunshine is still tied up and cannot move, but has the presence of mind to be able to carry on a conversation. The conversation is very civil and completely understandable. When the mother tells her daughter that she is addicted to having sex with a dog and that she is not the best person to see to the daughter's best interest any more, it is perfectly clear that the mother is not hallucinating such a claim. Further, when the mother tells her, she needs to be with someone who can teach her about normal sexuality so that she doesn't go astray as her mother has, the child is ready to accept that as well. And so it is that this child is 'given' to me quite permanently until she might emancipate. The child's name was Moon. Go figure. [This is the Philippines.]

Is Moon exceptional? Yes. She is amazing. She is also a good friend, maybe the best friend, of Rez.

Moon and I leave Sunshine in my room, with privacy, to wait for the knot to lessen. The dog is Sunshine's to take home. They are a 'couple.' (Another bad pun?) I feel it is probably not a good thing to go back home immediately. Angeli has prepared the rest at home that I might not come home for supper and when I do come home, that I and the girl might need some space. So I take Moon to Jollibees, and buy some food "to go." I text all, as a group, with a short message saying that I will take this girl to my bed tonight. We need to be left alone until the morning when Rez and Angeli will link up with Moon.

Moon and I just sit in the car for the better part of two hours talking about human sexuality, deviations, honesty, safety, privacy and desire. Prior to seeing her mother as she had, she might not have been ready for this conversation, but she is now, following that experience.

Moon has a very light complexion for a Filipina. At twelve she is a little taller than the average at her age at 153cm (5'0"). She is trim and her legs go on forever. There is not a blemish, her teeth are straight and white. She is perfect. Moon is also demure but engaging. When I tell her that Rez and her mother live with me, she is excited. When I tell her she will spend the night with me, she is nervous. I tell her, that her mother and I discussed it and she felt, you need to replace what you have seen with a proper sexual experience. The sooner the better.

That seems to be enough and nothing more about it comes up.

By the time we get home, our way to the bedroom is unimpeded. Once in the bedroom, I undress the child without making a big deal. I just tell her that this is how we will start. Once her clothing is off, I am struck by the raw beauty before me. If she works out with us, we will be very lucky indeed. Angeli thinks she was worth it. I am learning to trust her judgment. I undress and bring Moon to the bed. With real care, and as gently as I can, I explore her body and teach her as much as I can about her sexuality and about a man's body and his sexuality. We talk about what will happen as we make love. I show her how her nipples respond to stimulation. She

giggles as she feels how hard and pointy they get. We investigate her labia. How it is dry to start and how it gets wet with stimulation. She loves the stimulation and is blown away by how her body produces its own lubricant. I show her the KY and how it can be used to assist when she is dry.

I use a mirror to show her the membrane which proves her virginity. I tell her to take a good look and say goodbye to it as it will be gone very soon. That gets both a giggle and a *bye-bye!*

I show her how a man gets an erection and how to touch a penis. I teach her to use the words, cock and dick, pussy and cunt, in place of penis and vagina. Finally I teach her to say, 'OK, now fuck me.'

Lewis, when do I say that?

Whenever you are needing a good fucking, Moon.

OK, Lewis, I have had enough education, now fuck me!

And which position do you want to start with?

What did you call it? Priest?

Missionary?

Yes, that one.

I check Moon's labia and if we were going to get right after it, she needs KY. So I start to apply it.

Lewis, let me. And she does, bless her heart.

Apply it to me too Moon. And she does.

I get a pillow under her head and neck, and make sure she is comfortable, before mounting her. Sliding my member up and down, between her Labia Major lips, I stimulate her a bit. Then centering my cock right at the

opening of her cunt, I pause and ask, *You ready Moon? It will hurt a bit this first time.*

I know. You told me. I am ready. It's OK. I need something else in my mind.

Indeed she does and I push through. My forth virgin in one week. She winces and gasps. I pause. *Tell me when you are ready,*

I am ready now. Go ahead.

She is ready and she works with me as I push in little by little. She is super tight and dry. Without the KY there would have been serious damage. She doesn't start producing copious amounts of female liquid until I hit bottom. But at that point it is like I have tripped a switch. Moon slicks up and from then on I am able to move in and out of her sweet tight pussy with ease. Moon purrs. Honest. She purrs.

Oh God, Lewis. This is great. How long can we do this?

I ignore the question and ram her pussy good and hard, over and over. Moon starts grunting. She growls. I fuck her hard. She growls more. Hard. And then her pussy shuts down. Or more accurately clamps closes so tight that if I had only been in half way I would have been pushed out. As it is, the pressure on my cock is great and Moon's nails dig into my flesh and breaks flesh. Moon is having her first orgasm.

My response, as she is about half way through this is to start pounding her pussy more, grabbing her ass. And pulling her in tight. Again her orgasm hits her just as the first one is passing. I slow down for a few seconds and then put it to her again. She wails, *Oh Lewis!* And as her body is racked yet another time, I make my deposit of hot love deep and as far down as her body lets me. She gasps, her head arches back and she says but one thing and one thing only, *Yes!*

It is done. If I have done right, she will be ours. If not I have bought us a shit load of trouble. In the meantime, I take Moon to the CR and shower with her. While she is taking personal and private time in the CR, I call an

audible. I send Joy2x to be with Ann, Rez and Noime to be together and Angeli to my room. I stand by the CR and when Moon comes out, I escort her to the room with Rez and Noime. She will spend the night with girls and bond with them. Ann will survive the night with her old lover. I need to talk to Angeli.

How did it go?

How did which part go Angeli?

All of it!

Well then I don't know yet. We will see in a few days.

OK. How did it go with the Dog and Sunshine?

Just like you predicted. She could not stop herself. She had to have that damned dog inside her. She will fuck that dog until the dog dies. She accepted that she is not a good mother to raise her daughter. She gave me her daughter, knowing I would fuck the child. Now, the question is, will she hold to that tomorrow or run to the cops?

Did you take the photos?

Yes.

Does she know that?

Yes. I showed them to her.

Then you are safe from that.

How can you be sure?

I am sure. Did you fuck the girl tonight?

Yes.

She enjoy it?

Yes.

But you thought it best she sleep with Rez?

Yes.

I think you are right. Good.

OK, now I have a question. Why did you want to split the mother off?

Before you get up this morning I speak to Noime about Ann. She tell me Ann needs little ones. We do not need more mothers.

And you listened to Noime?

Lewis, she is the smartest one here. She knows.

Smarter than you?

Angeli just smiles. I turn off the light and go to sleep.

I wake up Saturday morning to find my dick is in a mouth again. But this time it is Gina's. Now Gina gives head every bit as good as anyone in the world allowing for her small size. Gina also likes to swallow cum, a fact than never is far from my consciousness, allowing for the fact that I am conscious at the time. Watching this little one give me the suction that few can, and feeling the results, she has my cum down her throat in no time.

Why are you here?

Noime texted early this morning and said I was needed.

Really? Do you know why?

Hehe! Yes. We are going to do something to Tita that she has never had. We are going to keep her orgasming non-stop for as long as it is possible. We have lots of KY and we will do her in teams. I will do her with Rez and Noime will do her with your new girl Moon. Oh and Uncle, Moon is

soooo pretty! I am jealous! And if we all get tired, Teacher and Angeli will do her. By Sunday she will be done!

Who came up with this plan?

I think it was Noime and Angeli. I like Angeli.

When does this start?

It started an hour ago. Noime and Moon are doing Tita now.

Huh. OK. I will take a shower and then maybe, I will peek in, and see how it is going.

Cool! See you later.

And out she skips.

Once again I feel like I am in a world of which I have no control. The only saving grace this time is that my sense that what is happening is for my benefit. Noime and Angeli are scheming to make my life better. Angeli has been in my life for only three days and yet I have come to trust her more than anyone save Noime. Am I an idiot?

I shower and dress. On my way to my first cup of coffee I stick my head into Ann's room. The sight is amazing. Both Noime and Moon have strap-on cocks attached to them. One is in Ann's pussy and the other is up her ass. There are clips on Ann's nipples. Ann's wrists are individually tied to the edge posts of the headboard. Juices are squirting from her pussy. This is still Saturday morning. How much longer can she take this?

I close the door and venture off in the direction of my coffee pot. I am not sure that it is the stiff drink I need, but that is the one I take.

As I sit down at the table, Angeli brings me a Mango cut up for my breakfast plus a bag full of pandesal. Sitting down with pandesal in her hand, she looks at me, pensively before asking, *Do you think we have gone too far?*

Well, what I saw, scared the shit out of me, but I do not know if you have gone too far. I suspect I have no idea what you are looking to get out of this. Do you really think she needs 36 to 48 hours of this?

No, but I do think she needs far more than you think she can handle.

What happens to her? How does this change her?

This is hard to explain. All I can say is that when we are done, she will be compliant to you and things will be stable here. She will not leave and if life doesn't return to your old normal, it will be a new normal you can live with.

So we don't need any more girls?

Correct. Maybe except for Belen on Monday. It would be nice to have her here. I want to figure out if she is really a lesbian or not. If she is, she will be perfect for Joy2x and if not she will be great for you.

What do we do with the other pairs?

Teach them English?

§ § §

Chapter 16: If she hollers, let her in

Angeli, is Belen so special that we need to really consider adding her and her daughter?

You will like her.

I'm sure that are many I might like. But there are plenty of us here already. What makes her special?

I think she is a real lesbian. Lewis, it would make Joy2x happy to have her own love.

No I don't think so. You say you trust Noime's judgment. I want to ask the little one what she thinks. You may be too close to this person.

Like Joy2x says, 'you're the Boss.'

Thanks. So how long are you going to keep Ann going?

Relax! She will be OK. I know you love her and do not want to see her hurt. But she needs some hurt. It will be OK. But you are not being honest with yourself Lewis.

What do you mean by that?

Are you trying to control what Ann decides? Or do you want her to be happy? I don't think it can be both.

What are you talking about? She asked for time and I give her time. She asks for female lovers only and not me, I give her that. I even get her, her lovers! Why do you accused me of wanting to control her? Of course I want her to be happy.

Lewis she is scared of failing you. She is scared that she can no longer ever be what you want and she is struggling with that. Noime is not trying to help Ann come back to you. She is trying to help Ann build up her intense

desire to be with girls that she can never turn back. I think she will do it. I am helping her. Both of us think Ann needs to go. We think this, not to control you, and get rid of Ann. We do this because Ann needs to go and you need to let her go. Noime told you that. Right?

Yes she did. But it is complicated. Being married in the Philippines as you know means marriage is permanent.

Yes, but Ann is a 'Dual[38]*,' correct?*

Yes, she is.

She likes the US?

Yes, sure.

You were married in the USA?

Yes.

How long have you had your Permanent Immigrant status?

Almost six years. Why?

How good is your Tagalog or Visayan?

I'm better with Tagalog, but I prefer English. Why Angeli?

You know you can be a Dual too? You have lived here long enough, you are married to a Filipina, you probably have enough Tagalog.

Huh? OK, why do I want to do that?

Because Ann is going to go back to the States, divorce you and file to marry a girlfriend from the Philippines. It is possible now. But you need to be a citizen of the Philippines to own your land and home. If she divorces

[38]Dual = Dual citizen of the Philippines and the USA.

you, without you getting citizenship you lose the land and the house. You will, if you want later, get an annulment. You will have let Ann go. AND you must first become a citizen even if you do not think she will do this. Noime and I think she will find a new life in the USA. It would be hard for her to live here in the Philippines if she leaves you for a girl. I understand that life for lesbians is a lot better there than it is here. If you want, when Noime becomes 18, if she still wants you, you could marry her. No one will blame you! I bet she will want that. And me? Hehe, I am your forever mistress which Noime will always allow.

And what do you see happening to Joy2x?

Well you think I am wrong about her, so we talk to Noime first, OK?

And Rez and Moon?

They will grow up and find boyfriends. Maybe you and Ann, who will always be your friend, will help them find guys from the US.

Well I still don't see that what you are doing is helping Ann in any way. I also don't think Ann will like your plan. It's an interesting idea, but I do not see it happening.

Do you not want to marry your 'little one?'

Huh. I never considered the possibility and doubt she will want to marry me by the time she turns 18.

Hehe. If she doesn't, I will!

Angeli, you are clearly someone to pay attention to. But all that is too far in time from now. [pause] *Noime said that Ann wanted young girls, not ones who are older. How does she do that in the USA?*

Same way you are doing it now. By finding a girl with a daughter she can also fuck by marrying the mother.

Like Belen?

Yes, Lewis. That was the real plan and I think that was in Ann's head, even though she didn't say it.

Jeezus, I am so stupid some times. OK and you really think Belen is lesbian?

Yes.

And you think Belen can transfer her love from you to Ann?

Yes.

And you think Ann would/could love Belen?

I was thinking she was for Joy2x. Joy2x likes little ones too. But yes and her daughter to, who I have been fucking for a year. She's got a great tongue beyond being a top student at school.

Circles within circles. OK, no sense playing a silly game with Belen. Invite her and her daughter over for Sunday night.

Opo Sir Lewis. Good for you.

Maybe. I am not convinced Ann will ever want a divorce. In fact, I am pretty sure she does not. I will not push her to stay in this marriage, but I will be damned if I am going to force her out of it.

Oh Lewis, one of the nicest things about you is the trueness of your love for your wife, even now. It is impressive to me and to Joy2x. We don't think men are normally like this.

The pandesal and mango still sit on the table uneaten. I can't say I am very hungry, but I take a bite of the mango. The sweet flavor seems to sooth my ragged emotions as it fills my mouth with the complex flavors contained within the single fruit. I take another bite and can almost feel my heart rate slow down. I slide my hand into the bag containing the pandesal. The rolls still contain their warmth from the bakery's oven. The dusting of powdery flour on my fingers as I remove one soothes me anew. There is no

substantial substance to one of these rolls. They probably can be compressed in the hand into a little unappetizing ball of dough, but the light airy flavor of these little next to nothings is deceptively addictive. One, leads to a second and then a third. Mango, pandesal and coffee combine to help me find a center that my discussion with Angeli has loosened or at least shaken. There are too many moving parts in my life. Too many things in motion. Too many people with too many agendas. Add to that, as Angeli so clearly discloses to me, I really didn't understand my own agenda.

Going for a walk will not help. God forbid, I might meet someone new! I feel like that is the very last thing I need.

As I sit and ponder, my wife is getting pounded. Stripped of all essences except her most carnal nature. What does that do to a person? Will she blame me for not 'rescuing her?'

There is no one to talk with. Everyone has 'skin in the game.' (Another very bad pun.) I don't even notice the exact moment I finish the mango, or when I have emptied the bag of its little rolls. I only come back to reality when I realize my coffee cup needs a refill. Ruefully aware that I should not have eaten all those rolls, I get up, refill the cup and decide to commit this to writing. It is some form of confession even if I am denied absolution.

It takes a long time to record all of this. I am not a fast typist and need to consider each thing as it goes on to the screen. An hour passes without any interruption before I realize that Noime is standing there reading as I am writing.

Scroll back Uncle.

How far?

Not sure. I will let you know. Do it slowly. ... Stop! There. OK wait a sec. ... Ok down some more. ... Stop!

Done, little one?

Yeh. Angeli is wrong about Joy2x.

Is she wrong about Tita?

Maybe. I think you are right. She will never leave this house. She will never divorce you. But if she does, I will marry you when I get old enough! Angeli is right that Tita needs her own wife and little GF. I do not know Belen or her daughter. But if she is a real lesbian, then maybe that will be good for Tita. We need to add more bedrooms to this house. Can we do that Uncle?

What do we do about Moon, Rez and Angeli?

They are for you Uncle! So is Joy2x. Joy2x never leaves you. I am sure of that.

Noime, what do you expect me to do with all you girls?

Hehe. Fuck us? Love us?

I do love you.

I know, and I think you love Joy2x too. But you will need to love the others too. They are yours now. [pause] *Uncle, Gina told me something that is not important to us, but maybe you should know.*

I do not need more problems. Please don't tell me that this is a problem.

No, I do not think it is a problem. Gina says she is learning how older women look at other girls if they are 'interested' in them.

OK, and?

You know that the Principal's wife is a teacher at Gina's school?

No, but I gather she is from your question.

Yes, she teaches 6th grade section 4. She looks at Joy2x that way. She also looks at the girls in 8th grade that way. Gina thinks she is a lesbian.

OK, maybe that is interesting, but what has that to do with us?

Gina is Principal's GF, right?

Huh, Yes I guess so.

Gina says he likes to watch girls doing it.

So?

Gina wonders if he would like to see his wife doing it.

Do not, DO NOT, tell Gina to push this! Oh my God. Leave that alone Noime.

OK Uncle. I will tell her it's a bad idea.

Holy shit. That would be a mess. Clearly Gina just wants to please her Principal, but there is nothing good that would come from that.

Noime, how long is this thing with Tita going to continue?

We will stop in a little and all shower. Then we will eat. After that I do not know. I think Tita can't do much more.

OK. How did you get Moon to do this with you?

She told us that you talked to her about exploring of sexuality and I told her that Tita is exploring hers. Moon offered to help.

You like Moon?

Sure, she's nice. She liked sex with you and she said you were good to her. She was frightened when she saw her mother. Was her mother really being fucked by a very big dog Uncle?

Yes, a very big dog, little one.

Then it is good she is here. We will take care of her. [pause] *Uncle, your desk is bigger than the desk of the Principal.*

OK. I guess that is true.

Yes and you know what Gina does under that desk?

Yes...

Well, Uncle, move your chair out a little.

I do and Noime crawls under the desk, giggling as she proceeds. *Ok Uncle, slide in a little bit. ... Yep, that's good.*

My zipper is lowered and we find that I need to undo both the belt and button on the slacks for her to get access to my member. Noime says she will compare notes on that with Gina. Anyway, as I stare at the screen, Noime starts giving me head. I am enjoying all this when over the screen from the other side of the desk, I see Angeli with two others I think I remember from Gina's school. Angeli is introducing me, once again, I gather, to Belen and her daughter. Clearly Noime hears all this and chooses this moment to go into high gear. Belen is attractive, but no more so than anyone else in this house and she is a bit older than Angeli. The daughter is something else again. Angeli is reading my mind. She smiles and says, *Belen is for girls only, but maybe this one you want,* making a move on the girl, kissing her and playing with the thirteen year old's tits. Lifting up the daughter's top, exposing a breast sans bra, *You want her Lewis?* Angeli rolls one of the girl's nipples between her fingers. The young one sighs, and starts playing with her own other nipple, as she grinds her hips in the air.

At that moment, Noime fingers my prostate with one finger, squeezes my balls with the other hand and deep-throats me all at the same time. I throw my head back and yell, *Oh, shit!* as I blow my load down her throat. Angeli freezes. And then from under the desk, now disengaged from the object of her attentions, comes a giggle and a *gotcha!*

I regain my composure and say, *Nice to meet you both. I don't supposed you will like to help clean me up down there,* pointing to the area under my desk. That gets a laugh as I zip up and pull Noime up by the arm, her big shit eating grin in supreme evidence.

Angeli I am surprised. Why don't we go to the Sala and you can discuss what has transpired, with me. And Noime... that was... oh shit, I don't know. Just don't do that very often. OK?

She giggles a little more and indicates her assent.

Lewis, I heard what Noime said about how I was wrong and her idea about ending Ann's thing soon. So I think, what if Belen goes in as the little ones leave and cares for Ann. Maybe it will make a connection that would never be able to be made in any other way.

Angeli, from Ann's standpoint, it makes a great deal of sense. But what about you Belen? You love Angeli, do you not?

Angeli and I are good and close friends, but no I do not love her. Sir Lewis, I admit to being a bad person. I have been spying on you and Ann and your family here, ever since I learn Angeli will meet you first. Ann is very pretty. She is very attractive to me. I have listened to her voice. It is a sweet voice. I want to try with your wife, if you will let me. If you will let me, I will make her fall in love with me. This is what I want. Sir Lewis, please do not be hurt by this, because if you want to fuck me, I will let you, but I do not want you. I want Ann.

What does your daughter want?

Well, Sir Lewis, she is for you, not Ann. Is that a problem? I know you already have many and you tell Angeli, no more.

Carolyn, I am not sure this is what you want. So I will ask you to come out to the terrace with me so no one else can hear us, and we can talk in private. OK?

Yes Sir.

The terrace is on the other side of the wall, right outside the Sala. But an air conditioner running at a pretty good clip and makes enough noise so that no one inside will hear us.

Carolyn, you are incredibly lovely and I am not a fool. I suspect I could love you easily. But what do you want? Whatever your mother wants for herself, she can have without your participation in any way. Do you have a boyfriend now?

No Sir.

Would you like a boyfriend closer to your age who you could marry when you get older?

Sir, maybe if I marry, he gives me a baby and then leaves me alone with child and poor. I have lived poor with mother all my life. You are handsome and this is a nice house. If you can love me, this is where I will be. I know you will not marry me. But if you give me a baby you will not leave me. That what all Angeli tells me about you.

You have been making love with Angeli. Correct?

Yes Sir. I am sorry.

There is nothing to be sorry about. I ask because maybe you prefer to be with girls and not boys. You can live here and be with only a girl. Would you prefer that?

No! No! I am with Angeli only because I do not want to get pregnant and then be left alone!

Well, all I can tell is you must be as crazy as all the other females in this house. But if your mother and my wife fall in love, then you stay with me. OK?

What if they don't?

You want to leave your mother's house if she doesn't stay here?

Yes!

Damn, OK we will see how it works out. Maybe you will stay. Do you think I will learn to love you Carolyn?

I hope so, Sir. I will try my best.

Let's go inside.

When we walk back in, Belen is nowhere in sight, but Gina, Noime, Rez and Moon are. Clearly, that means that Ann is with Belen now. Also clearly, the only introductions to be made are of Noime and Carolyn. That being done, Noime asks me if they can use my bedroom. I agree to that, but ask Moon to stay back a bit. The others disappear behind my bedroom door. The smell of a meal cooking in the dirty kitchen gives evidence of Angeli's location. I sit down with Moon.

Sweetheart, I am sorry that you got involved with all that and Ann today. That was unfair to be done to you.

Oh, it was OK. Noime explained why Ann was so confused. I know nothing can be done for my mother, but if I can help your wife, I wanted to do that. Sir... Noime said something and Gina and Rez both said it was true. She say that we are your true wives now. That Ann is and will always be a lesbian now. They say that she needs help to understand that, because it is making her miserable now. She wants to be your real wife, but cannot do it anymore. So she is crying a lot. Is that true?

I am afraid that it is probably true. Only time will tell for sure if Ann is a 100% lesbian. I do not know. It is true that Noime thinks of herself as my wife. I do not know how Rez and you will think about me. I suspect you will want to find boys your own age. You are not required to be mine.

Is it true that Teacher is a lesbian but will never leave you?

That is what she says. Never is a very long time. I have no way to know what will happen in the future.

Sir is it true that Angeli is also your mistress.

I laugh. *That is what she tells me.*

So if I tell you I will be a wife too, that is OK?

Well, what if I help you find a good husband?

No.

What do you mean 'No?' You want to find your own?

No. I mean, I will be your wife and live here with my girlfriends. I like that better.

Moon...

Sir? Just one promise please.

And what is that?

Please do not bring any dogs into the house!

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Chapter 17: Ann? Where art thou?

I have no intention of purchasing a dog. Moon has nothing to worry about. I kiss the child on her forehead and send her to join her friends in my bedroom.

Joy2x is in my office, sitting in my chair and looking at a website when I returned there.

Of sorry Boss. I was just looking something up.

No need to apologize. I will leave you be. Just let me know when you are done.

Boss I am probably done now. May I ask you about what is happening?

You can ask, but I am not sure I know Joy2x.

Who is with Ann?

Belen, Carolyn's mother.

She is a lesbian?

Yes. I gather you did not know.

Oh my G! No! How do you know?

Angeli told me. Carolyn is a little bi, but mostly into men. Her mom is a lesbian. She has set her sights on Ann. We need to talk about that and about how that makes you feel. You were the real lesbian here who needed a lesbian lover.

Yes, really true! That is true boss. But I think this is OK and good. You think Ann will want Belen? Noime thinks she wants young girls.

I have no idea. Everyone has a theory about Ann. Except for Ann and me. She and I have no idea what she really wants. We will have to see how things work out. My concern is for you right now. Ann will have to find her own way. I am concerned your heart is being broken.

Me? You worry about me? Boss, I know this is a stupid question, but I think maybe you love me. Is this true Boss?

I suspect I do. But I know you cannot love me, so you should ignore my feelings for you.

Oh Boss. I do love you. I dream of sex with women. I admit this. I dream of what a woman feels like, how she will act, how it will be if we are together. Yes this is true. But it is also true that I love you. You know Boss, you are the only person in my life who wants to give me happiness. You are the only one ever, even though you believe it cannot be you. Yes Boss, I love you. I love sex with the girls, but I love you too. Boss, it is funny. I have never had so much girl-girl sex in my entire life as I now have. It is because of you.

So it's OK if Belen and Ann connect? I don't know that they will... but it would be OK if they do?

Hehe! Boss, you don't know! Do you?

Know what?

Me and Angeli! She may be your mistress, but she and I are a couple now. She's great. When she come to me she say, 'girl, when I am done with you tonight, you will be mine.' I think she is bragging. She not bragging. And this is good because neither of us will leave you. Angeli thinks Ann will go. Maybe she will. That will be OK. I and Angeli stay with you. Boss, Angeli and me want you tonight. OK?

I will like that Joy2x. [pause] *Joy2x, if you and Angeli decide to go off on your own, I will understand. She would be very good for you.*

No. That will not happen. I stay here.

I smile, shake my head and just gaze at this beautiful female. Yes, lying with Angeli and her is not exactly hard duty. What is hard is the number of people in the house. Joy2x gets up from my desk chair and I sit down, but ask her to take another chair. I have some things I want to discuss with her. She can share with Angeli. On a short term matter, Gina needs to go home. Tonight I need the four little ones, Noime, Rez, Moon and Carolyn to spend the night together. I want Joy2x to understand that I don't want to be with Carolyn, at least not now. If things do not work with Belen, best to send them both off. I know Carolyn will be unhappy, but it will be best.

There is the matter of the house. Maybe we do need more room. We will wait to learn what is happening with Ann, but we need to have a family conference about building on to the house.

As to the matter of children, I want them. Ann is not going to give me any, but I do not know if can with Joy2x, either. We have clearly already discussed this. I am now fantasizing about seeing her pregnant. I ask her if she might be willing to take fertility pills if she doesn't get pregnant in the coming months. She says she will be happy to do so. We will see how things develop. Joy2x raises the question of pregnancy of Moon and maybe Rez. Both might be able to conceive now or very soon. Clearly Carolyn could conceive from the looks of things. How should that be handled? Birth control is hard to get in the Philippines for minors. Pushing that matter off for later might be a bad idea. Damn, I have not one good idea other than to purchase condoms. I hate condoms. However I ask Joy2x if she would ask Angeli to purchase some today. Joy2x doesn't want to have anyone talk about her related to buying condoms as it might affect her teaching position. We talk in a desultory fashion about what a building project might produce, until Angeli calls all but Ann and Belen to a lunch meal.

Lunch is not a gourmet experience, but it is a joyous affair. The meal is a combination of rice, sitaw adobo, Filipino style corned beef, canned beef loaf fried with egg, and sour mango with bagoong. With eight at the table and missing only Ann and her current 'guest,' the table is filled with smiles and happy faces. Carolyn is having a ball with her friends. Noime though younger than three of the girls, is also recognized as the queen bee among the kids. She sits next to me on one side. Joy2x sits next to me on the other

side. I don't serve myself. The two will not allow it. If I need something, they get it. They fill my plate, making sure I am not given too much rice as I need to watch my diet. Though they didn't often use napkins, I am given a napkin. I typically have a large glass of water for lunch, and they get that... The other young girls just watched the way I am treated with a mixture of what seems like awe and appreciation. We have not all eaten together before. This was a special time and the fact that Ann is missing seems in some ways a comment on our new life. I guess I expect that this is how things might be from now on.

Shortly after lunch, Gina goes home, Angeli leaves to purchase a supply of condoms, Joy2x and the young-un's clean up the kitchen and I retire to my computer to write more. I am about 30 minutes into my writing when I hear the heavens opening and a torrent of rain washing the world clean. The power remains on, in spite of the possibility of an outage.

About 5PM both Angeli and Joy2x come to me. Ann and Belen had not been heard from all day. Should anything be done? The answer is easy. I tell them to leave Ann alone. She will appear when she is ready. But, they argue, what should we do about food? Ann has not had breakfast or lunch. It is a reasonable challenge to my decision. OK, we will put a tray together and place it by the door. Noime will knock on the door and announce the presence of the tray before withdrawing. We will return later to remove the tray if it has not been retrieved. What, I ask, will we have for supper? The answer, followed by giggles is, Filipino Spaghetti, a sweet dish that is loved here. There will also be hotdogs. I groan.

Off the two go. They have assumed adult control of the house and it is interesting to see it happen organically. I think I get about 30 more minutes of writing in, when Carolyn joins me. I save my work. Something tells me that this will not be a quick interruption.

Sir Lewis, why are you not having sex with me?

Good evening Carolyn. Nice to see you to! Now, what is this about having sex?

Rez say she have sex with you right away. Moon say she meet you yesterday afternoon and you have sex with her only a few hours later. I have been here for many hours, but you do not come for me. Noime say you like to have sex with girls my age. Angeli and Joy2x say I not have sex with you today or tonight. What is wrong with me?

Carolyn, how many females do you think a man should have sex with?

Well, I guess normally, just one. But this is not normal! Mother say this is not a normal place. And it is true. You have sex with many. Why not me?

I think there is a limit to the number, even with me. It is not an issue about you. It is a matter about me. Do you like sex?

Yes, very much.

But you have only had sex with girls. How do you know you will like sex with me?

Oh! I am sure. I will like it good!

Carolyn, I will have sex with Joy2x and Angeli tonight. There is a limit to how many times I can have sex in one day!

Is there anything wrong with me?

Nothing, child.

When will we have sex?

I don't know. Let us talk about it tomorrow. OK?

No, I want to do something now. May I please?

What do you want?

I want to feel you inside me. I need to have you make me one of this family. Mom is all I have and we are going different ways. You can see that. I need to be safe here. We can do it right here. I can sit on the desk and

you can do it here. She is just about to cry. That much I can see. The logic is the logic of a scared little girl.

Damn child. OK I will enter you but not complete sex to the end. That will have to wait. Go find Angeli and ask her for a condom.

No! No condom. I want to feel you inside me. Please!

Carolyn, you could get pregnant even if I just leak a little inside you. That would be a mistake. Get a condom.

No. Please show me there is nothing wrong with me. I want to feel a cock inside of me.

Damn. OK, just jump up on the desk and I will take off your panties.

Hehe. There are no panties.

And by God, there aren't. Carolyn lifts up her skirt to display a bald cunt, glistening with moisture.

Are you a virgin?

Yes Sir. You are my first.

And I am her first. The blood stains my desktop and the stain remains there as I type this. I had wanted to wait until we knew about Ann and Belen. But as time drew out longer and longer it seemed to me that something significant has happened. I have relented with only a few qualms. Carolyn wants to be loved, not just fucked. She wants to kiss me. She wants to make sure I enjoy her and is verbal throughout what follows. The glistening cunt is partially because the girls had applied KY to her before her appearance by my desk.

At 13, there is simply more to Carolyn than there is in any of the other young ones. Though Carolyn's breasts might continue to increase in size, they are already B cups. She is taller and simply damned hard to resist. But I continue to wonder how a young girls like this can want me. I know they

do. I have ample proof of that, but the intellectual knowledge didn't satisfy the gut. I can't internalize it. Still, Carolyn is facing me, her face inches from my face, her legs spread for me. Her arms reaching around my neck. Her heels trying to get purchase on my back to draw my body into her.

What is your nickname child?

I am not a child! My nickname is Iay[39]*. You will call me Iay?*

Yes. Iay, are you really horny for me?

Hehe, yes of course! Bakit? Why you ask?[40]

Never mind. Asking is useless. Understanding motivations beyond the most basic seem to be impossible. I swipe my finger across her labia, giving her a little thrill and transferring some of the KY to my finger and from there to my dick which is at this point waving in the air, my trousers and boxers around my ankles. The incipient tears I notice before are gone, replaced with eyes lit up in supreme anticipation of entry into the life of a complete woman. A smile is spread across that lovely face. As my glans press against her labia, her tongue briefly splits her lips before her mouth opens in an, *ah, yessss.*

I am as far as I can go without breaking her hymen. No sense asking again, I know what she will say. Putting my hands, behind her hips, to stop her from sliding back, and at the same moment pulling her to the very edge of the desk, I push in passed the hymen. Iay, sucks in a breath. The pain has been felt but there is no complaint. Instead all she says is, *Good.*

Slowly Iay and I work to get my dick fully inside her cunt. For as fully grown as she is, I swear she is tighter than is Noime. Maybe it would be easier if she was on her back.

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[39] Iay = pronounced ee-EYE (The I sounds like 'ee' or a 'hard' E. Ay is sounded Eye or a 'hard' I. The accent is on the second syllable.)

[40] Bakit means 'Why' but it is not uncommon to ask in a combination of Tagalog, with a repeat. So she is saying, Why, why you ask?

Finally after minutes of patient short stroking, we are pubic bone to pubic bone. Other than the lack of panties, I am now inserted fully in a fully clothed girl, and the only thing that is exposed is my bare ass and a little of my cock and balls! There is no movement, other than the movement of our lips as we kiss. Iay's tongue is in my mouth, doing an inventory of the territory. She seems intent to tell me in non-verbal ways that she is where she wants to be. If it is an act, I am fooled. The more we kiss, the more my member grows inside her.

As she wiggles her pussy on my rock hard cock, she makes a plea for completion. *We don't need a condom, Daddy. Do it. Do it please.*

I had cum in Noime's mouth that morning. I am not going to be a jack rabbit in any case. I start slow fucking Iay. She leans back on her elbows and just revels in the experience for a while. *Oh Daddy, that feels so good! Daddy, daddy, love me, daddy.*

I am enjoying the sweet and intense stimulation on my cock as it works in and out of Iay. After a while it seems to me that I want to see those pert breasts again. I reach in, get Iay off her elbows and lift her top off her. Gravity has no hold on these beauties. Iay's breasts are magnificent. Perfect B cup cones attached to her ribcage without any suggestion that there is any 'down' associated with mass and gravity. Taking her breasts in my hands as we fuck, only increases Iay's pleasure, but does not take her any closer to climax. As we keep on fucking, Iay kisses me again, pulls back and asks, *What do you think your wife and my mother are doing right now, Daddy?*

Female fucking?

Oo. And we are fucking to. Mom is making your wife, her wife, and I am making you mine. Finish me off, Daddy. Make us official. Give me your OR[41] *inside my pussy.*

What follows was a lip lock, a tongue attack and a clamping of her cunt on my rigid member. I return by pounding her hard and fast. Iay appears to

[41]Official Receipt = In a country based on cash and not plastic, OR's or Official Receipts become the only proofs of a transaction.

be hyperventilating before she sucks in a deep breath and holds it. Her cunt starts a complex muscle dance on my cock and I lose it, spewing cum and painting her cunt completely.

As the excitement ends I am still inside her. Her legs are still wrapped around my middle. Her arms are still wrapped around my neck. Her mouth is still attached to my mouth. Her breasts still press to my chest. She backs her head off a little and takes a love bite on my lower lip. *Good,* she says, *I am officially yours now. Daddy? You know? You feel really good inside me.*

It feels good to me too. As we kiss again, the rain continues to pound the roof and I have a vision of Belen pounding Ann, Ann's eyes rolled back and her breathing shallow as she commits her heart to Belen. Is that what is happening in reality? Iay wiggles her pussy on my fairly soft member. She nibbles on my lower lip. Iay is going to be a problem. She is too good, too beautiful and far too young to be this good at attempting to claim her own.

Chapter 18: Just a second hand emotion

Boss! I thought you said you weren't going to take the young one, at least not yet!

The voice is Joy2x's and she can't have been more right. I had certainly told her just that, no more than a short time ago. Yet here I am, standing at my desk, cock impaling the very girl I said I was not going to fuck. But before I could say a word, Iay is ready with the answer.

Daddy had to take care of his little girl, Teacher. You know Daddy's can never say no to their little girl!

He's your Daddy, Carolyn?

Oo, Teacher, he is now! And Teacher, he is getting big inside me right now! I think, he thinks, this is sexy!

I'm too damned old to get this hard this fast after cumming. Yet I am getting hard again. Here I am, cock deep in a 13 year old, as the child's teacher, a lover of mine, speaks to her. I have not said a word. It is these two who are having a conversation. I am not feeling like talking anyway. I am feeling like pumping this little one's cunt more. So that is what I started doing, slowly.

Ahhh! That is Iay making the noise, as her head falls back a little and she takes stock of the activity in her cunt. Joy2x decides to help, moving behind me, reaching around, with one hand playing with the spongy underside of my member as it slides in and out of Iay, and with the other hand, grabbing my balls tight. Iay is leaning back on the desk, so to get the most penetration. Joy2x's mouth is by my ear as she whispers, *I want her too Boss. I want this little one in my bed. Ann can have the mother. You and I will have the daughter. I have plans for this one. I have wanted her since I first got my teaching position. So fuck her good Boss. She is ours now, yours and mine.* Joy2x is nibbling my ear as she speaks. Her hand, that had been on my balls, moves back to my rear. In a swift move I had

not anticipated in the least, she invades my rectum and finds my prostate. The effect is mind blowing as I continued to fuck Iay. Cum spews forth inside the child and I almost collapse.

Jeezus Joy2x, where the fuck did you learn that trick?

You like it Boss. I read it on the Internet.

Oh my G, Daddy, is all Iay has to say. I think she has cum once or twice, but I have been so absorbed in Joy2x's ministrations, I have really not been paying attention.

I give the child a sincere if not chaste kiss, and send her to clean up, with Joy2x's assistance. But before Joy2x and Iay leave, Joy2x, laughing, tells me she had come to inform me it is time for supper. I pull my boxers and slacks up, fasten the belt and sat down for a second. Holy shit.

A tray of food is put at Ann's door, followed by a knock and the soft voice of Joy2x, informing the two inside the room, of the tray's presence.

We sit down to a supper that I can eat, even if it isn't exactly my favorite. Still it is filling and the rest of those gathered at the table are having a joyous time consuming their portions. During the course of the meal, Noime, gets up, ostensibly to go to the CR. When she returns, she informs the table that the tray was not in view. That news is the basis for endless speculation, until, from the area of the bedrooms, we hear Ann's voice, *You want to Tsismis*[42] *or want the real story?*

Ann and Belen are standing there wrapped in robes. I must say, I cannot read Ann's expression other than to note that she looks more at peace that she had in a while. I look at her and speak, before anyone else can do so. *Wife, I for one, desire nothing more than hearing the truth, if you are ready to share it.*

[42] Gossip.

Husband, all that the rest of these females need to know is that I am the wife, I am not leaving and I run this house. You and I need to talk, now and into the night. Whoever you had been planning to spend the night with, will have to make other plans. Joy2x, please make Belen welcome tonight. Husband, I will wait for you in the bedroom.

Ann has not called me 'husband' for a while. Her appearance and attitude are also different. The request for me to join her is a welcome development as is her announcement that she is not leaving. The bit about her being the wife, is more for the others to hear. I suspect she doesn't think she needs to inform me of that. My plans for Angeli and Joy2x are sidelined for now. I get up from the table, wash my hands at the kitchen sink and join Ann in our bedroom. At least I hope it is to be 'ours' again.

Did you have anything to do with these last 24 hours?

No Ann, I didn't.

Good. Thank God. I have had my guts ripped out; my world turned upside down. For a while, I was not sure of who or what I was. I guess I had it coming, Lewis. I have been a bitch and I have been wrong.

Ann, I don't think that's right. You have not been wrong. You had the world as you know it, ripped out from under you and that was not fair of me to do to you. You have been struggling with all this and it can't have been easy. I suspect it is still not easy.

Lewis, right through all of this, you have made it clear to me and anyone who would listen that you didn't want to lose your wife. Even I knew that, although it didn't make sense to me for a while. It does now.

Huh, explain Ann.

You and I will love many people in our lives. I love Joy2x. But I am not her wife. I think I may love Belen and I will not let go of her, but she is not my wife. Maybe they could have been, but I am already married. Lewis, I am your wife and we cannot, must not become separate. That destroys my soul and I think from what you said, it will destroy your soul. Sex and love

are great things. You and I will have lots of that with all these females we have in the house now. But a marriage is not sex and love. Yes, I know that is how it starts. But marriage is a lifetime commitment to a partner with whom you share a life. It is trust and respect and need. It is the person who will be there when you cannot have sex anymore. It is the person who will be with you at your sick bed. It is the person you do not have to be modest with. It is the person who knows all your dirty little secrets and stays anyway. That is what we are. We are married.

Does that mean no sex or love, Ann?

No silly. I love you more deeply than I could ever love these females. We will have sex. Maybe soon, but Lewis, I am so sore right now, I can't! I am sorry.

What's going on with you and Belen?

Belen is so nice! She is a real lesbian, but different from Joy2x. She will never be with you Lewis, but living with us and loving me fulfills a dream of hers for safety and stability. She will obey you, as a good child would. She will, with Angeli, be our maids. She will be faithful to me. I need that, Lewis. Joy2x loves me but needs you. Belen loves and needs only me. I guess I needed that. It fills a need in me, and I will give her love.

Ann, do you know Angeli wants me? She will not try to push you out. She is more like Belen, I guess, but needing me, and not you.

Ah, OK, that is useful to know. Lewis,... what do we do with so many people in this house?

Ah! You are reading my mind. I just brought up that issue earlier today with Joy2x. We need to add on to the house. Ann, can I assume that we are done looking for females for you?

Yes! Yes! No more!

Good. I will have Joy2x spread the word at the school that we are no longer separated. That should reduce the interest in 'English lessons' there.

We need to have a meeting with everyone here tomorrow. Otherwise evil rumor will cause problems. I am going to post a note tonight in the CR saying all is OK and all are loved. We will discuss everything in the morning but that no one need to worry.

Ann agrees and I do that before returning to the bedroom.

Ann and I spend the rest of the evening sharing our take on the events of the past few days. It feels good to be able to unload all that I was carrying alone. I also get to understand better Ann's journey of the past few days. We are getting ready to get into bed, for the purpose of sleeping, when there is a knock on the bedroom door. *Lewis, no one else, please?* I nod, in a very non-Filipino way, and open the door. It is Noime, in her night clothes.

I say not a word, looking from my little one, to my wife and back again.

Tita, I know you love Uncle. I know you love me, but not like Uncle. But Uncle is my husband too. He will always be my husband. When I am old enough, I will have his babies. I will be there with you when he gets old and can't do for himself, even if all the others are gone. I need to always be with you and Uncle. I know you want it to be just like it was before me, but I must be here, Tita.

Ann sits down on the bed and starts to cry. Noime stands her ground. I have no idea what to do. I have caused this problem.

Noime, come sit with me. If Ann had not fully regained her composure, she at least is pulling it together. *Little one, you are right. Uncle is not mine alone anymore. He is ours. Everyone else may leave us, but we are always together. If some other little girl would tell me that she would always be here with Lewis, I would not believe her, but, I believe you. Get into bed with us. Tonight we sleep. No sex.*

And so that night I lie on a bed with Ann on one side and Noime the other. There is no sex, and that is a good thing as I sincerely doubt that I have it in me.

§ § §

Morning arrives and with it, at least for me, a renewed sense of hope for the future. Ann gives me a playful kiss and swat on the ass. Noime gives me a sweet kiss in front of Ann and while Ann was in the shower, the imp starts by sucking me but finishes me off deep inside her pussy. She was very matter of the fact about it. Jumping back on the bed, she throws the sheet back, grabs my package and announces, *This is mine and I want it.* I am on my back, with little Noime looking right at me as she bounces on old glory with a big smile on her face. I reach her clit as she works me. That sets her off moaning '*Yes Uncle!'* Watching that little one going off in a big way on me, sends me off. It is hard to explain how sexy that is. There is cum running down her legs as she enters the CR for her shower.

I take my shower last. With all those that are now in the house, it is becoming very hard to time access to the CR!

§ § §

There are long faces, when I enter the Sala. Ann is already there, but doesn't want to say anything until I got there. *Look I don't want to drag this out. I still need my coffe...*

No you don't, Boss. I made it for you. As Joy2x puts a cup in my hand.

Well that being the case, and I take a couple of sips, *I have all the time in the world!*

That gets some good natured complaints. The tension that had been in the room has evaporated. I am ready to continue. *OK, here's the deal. Ann and I will live with all of you. You are all officially part of this house, until and unless* ***you*** *want to leave.* ...[pause]... *Anyone is free to leave, but no one is being asked to leave.* ...[pause]... *In truth, neither Ann nor I want anyone to leave. Angeli and Belen, will be responsible for the house, under Ann's guidance. Belen is Ann's and Angeli is sexually mine. Joy2x speaks for me if Ann and I am not here. If anyone has any doubt, allow me to make this clear now, Noime is a wife to me. No one fucks with Noime. Noime, will not fuck with you for a very simple reason. It will piss*

me off and she doesn't want to piss me off. Rez and Iay, you are mine. I will be sad if any of you leave, but will never require you to stay. Moon, you are mine and may only leave when you reach the age of 18. No one under the age of 18 may get pregnant. So no complaints about condoms.

No! That is Iay. *I am going to have your babies now!*

Me too! And that is Moon.

I am a little ticked and have no interest in going to jail. Joy2x signals me to leave it be. I just tell the two of them to talk to Joy2x. Ann is rolling her eyes. Belen was laughing. That gets to me. *Belen, just what the fuck is so funny? It is your 13 year old who wants me to impregnate her.*

Sir Lewis, I have three things to say. I would love to see Iay pregnant with your baby and if she want it, it will happen. I can't wait to be a Lola.

Ann, who has been quiet, speaks, changing the subject, for which I am grateful. *Belen is with me tonight. The rest of you work it out with my husband. Angeli and Belen, I want to meet with you as soon as this meeting is over. We have a large household to manage.*

That gets the eyes back on me. *Joy2x and Angeli are with me tonight. Noime and Moon tomorrow. Rez and Iay after that. Everyone clear? Oh, and if you jump the line, like Iay did yesterday, you lose your place in line and go to the end. Got it?*

So, this is Iay, *if I already at the end of the line, I can jump in and not suffer any damage?*

Every female in the room hoots and laughs. Iay has clearly already seen the loophole and is prepared to jump through it as needed. I announce the meeting over. No sense digging a deeper hole than I have already dug.

I want some breakfast and am opening the door to the fridge when Joy2x appears on my arm, instructing me that she needs to speak to me, privately after I eat. No sooner than Joy2x has left my side than Moon is replacing her. *Lewis, why you treat me different?*

How do you mean, Moon?

The others you do not say, stay until 18 and then you can leave.

Ah. OK. Where is Rez's mother?

Here, you know that, Lewis!

And where is Iay's mother?

Here! Why you be so makalit[43]*?*

Moon! Where is your mother?

Oh! You mean you are my father now? So you are my parent?

Yes, Moon. I am a parent who has sex with his daughter. And you cannot leave until 18. However, we can stop having sex, if that is what you want.

No. No I do not want that. But, yes, you are my parent. That I want. OK, I call you father now, not Lewis. Father, I have another question. Why do you like sex with young girls? Your wife is very pretty. So is Teacher, and so is Angeli. Why you want us young ones?

Moon do you have a favorite food?

Yes... but how...

And do you have a food you do not like?

Of course, but...

Can you tell me why you like one and not the other and yet other people might like or not like different foods from you?

Father, that is confusing. How I know that?

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[43] Difficult.

Well that is how I answer your question. I don't know why I like young girls. I just do.

Do you love us? Or is it only sex?

Moon, how long have I known you?

Two days, I think.

So in two days, even if I feel love, can I be sure it is real love?

Maybe.

And so 'maybe' I love you. Time will tell. But I do care for you. That much I know.

Thank you. Father?

Yes Moon?

I want a baby too.

Oh Moon. It isn't legal for me to give you a child.

I know but it happens all the time. It will be OK. And with that she gives me a peck on the cheek and skips off.

Finally a chance to eat my mango in peace. A full 15 minutes of peace.

§ § §

Chapter 19: A pecking order

Fifteen minutes is about all I get, before Joy2x is grabbing me and escorting me into my bedroom. It's not that she is angry. She is anything but that, as she kisses me on my neck and cheeks, nibbles my ear, grabs my member through the slacks and gives it a good squeeze. There is an insistency about her actions. It surprises me. After a very long and passionate kiss, I learn a bit of the reason for the passion.

Boss, I want Iay. I want her very much. It OK if I take her now and maybe for the night too?

Ah... OK so instead of being with me, which is OK, you want permission to 'take' Iay?

Yes Boss. That OK?

Maybe, but maybe not Joy2x. It depends on Iay. Iay must choose to be with you. You cannot just 'take' her. Do you understand?

Yes, but Boss, if you tell her that to be with you, she needs to be with me, she will agree. I know this.

What if I don't feel that way Joy2x?

Then I will be sad, but I am yours Boss. I obey you.

Well, I am not sure I will tell her what you want me to tell her, but I think you will have her. Send her to me and I will talk to her.

Maraming, maraming, maraming salamat[44]*, Boss!*

I am laughing when I tell Joy2x, *It's OK. Now go and send the girl to me.*

[44]Maraming, maraming, maraming salamat = Thank you very very very much.

It isn't three minutes later when Iay bounds into my bedroom and launches herself onto my standing form, knocking me back onto the bed. *Whoa girl!*

You ask for me to come to your bedroom daddy! Wow! Are we going to do it right now?

I just did it less than an hour ago. There is no way I can 'do it' right now. No, the reason I asked you to come here, was to talk with you about how this house works.

OK, you tell me how this house works and I will see if I can get your thing ready to do it with me.

Iay... she is pulling my zipper down as I am protesting... *there just isn't any way you are going to get me hard. While I have no doubt I will enjoy your attention, I need your attention to the matter I asked you to come to me for. Ahhhh...* she is sucking on old glory as she looks up to my face and signals her readiness to listen. *Ahhhhh... Look, you girls can't always have access... oh damned that's good... access to me. But you are horny a lot. I can't be with you for the next... oh God damn... few days. There's just so much I can doooo... So even though you want me, you will be having sex with others here. Iayyyyyy... girl, oh my,* I am hard and Iay is not letting up.

Iay climbs up on the bed, pulling up her skirt. There is no underwear. Her pussy is dripping as she climbs on top of me, centering my member under her pussy and sliding down on the pole. *Daddy, I want a baby. No condoms. Give me a baby and make me happy.*

Her pussy is hot, tight, wet and clearly ready for whatever will come. I roll her over, staying inside of her. She is beaming. Her legs wrap as best she can around my middle. I proceed to slowly but quite firmly fuck the girl, bottoming out on every stroke deep inside her. Iay is a talker. Some are, some are silent. There's no accounting for it.

What you want Daddy? You want to see my belly grow with children inside? I will do that. You want me to fuck your wife? What you want me to do? I do anything you want.

Will you have sex with your Teacher?

You want that? She allow it?

Yes, she will allow it. She wants it. Will you do that? You will keep her busy for me tonight? You will try to make her love you? Damn, Iay is cumming. She is going off big time.

Regaining some composure she speaks again, *Ugh…You want me to make her crazy for me, like I do with Angeli?*

Yes. I am playing with Iay's breasts as we fuck. There is little chance that I will cum, but my rigid member is giving Iay a ride to remember. I back out of the girl, despite her protests, drag her hips to the edge of the bed, bring her calves up on my shoulders and remount her as I stand on the floor facing her reclining form. In that position, my member was hitting places in her cunt that cause even more stimulation. Iay's eyes were wide open, her mouth forms a silent scream as her body reacts in ways she has never known possible.

Now daddy. Now! Give me a baby nowwwww. As her cum causes her body to spasm yet again.

Ohhh daddy. Again? Ohhh ahhhh. Daddy! And she just collapses. I have not cum, but she is well fucked and not complaining when I pull out of that love1y 13 year old brown skinned girl, with a red hairless pussy that is not wanting any further attention and with breasts that, heaving up and down, suggesting a female that is ready to feed any baby her body might produce. She is my wet dream and I am giving her to Joy2x to fuck now.

§ § §

Joy2x is sitting in the Sala, looking a little sad when I sit down next to her.

She say no?

Why do you ask that Joy2x?

She was with you so long. It is because she was upset, no?

You are wrong. She says yes. She is yours now. But I did fuck her, so her pussy is a little sore.

Boss! You are the best! Maraming, maraming, maraming salamat! I will go to her and put ointment on her sore parts. That is perfect!

And with those words, Joy2x is gone from the Sala.

§ § §

For the rest of the day, I sit at this computer and try to write down what has happened and make sense to it all. Angeli is busy as is Ann and Belen. Ann has gone to the open market with both for a while, showing them what she wants purchased and the quality she expects. Once they get back, there is cleaning, and the cooking of a more complete supper meal, more like what I had been used to before Ann had become withdrawn from me.

Supper is a joyous affair with tuna belly, kinilaw, bihon pancit with pork and shrimp, and pinakbet. After the meal, the young'uns are detailed with Belen to clean the dishes. Ann spends some time with Joy2x, I suspect mending fences.

I finally have a chance to speak to Angeli. The plans for the night have changed as Joy2x will not be with us. That pleases Angeli. She is getting me alone, which is what she wants. It however is not what I want.

I do not want Angeli to assume that she is the replacement wife, the supreme mistress who has primary access to my bed. She is my mistress, but in that role, I want her to make sure my own desires were front and center, not hers. I am talking to her out on the terrace. No one could hear us, as we speak of what I want and how things need to work.

We have another problem that none had considered tonight. Joy2x is to be with Iay. Ann is to be with Belen. I am to be in my bedroom, where at a minimum, Angeli would join me. But that left Moon, Rez, and Noime.

We had three bedrooms and even with the plan I had in mind for me, maybe we needed four. At that moment, I decided to call an audible.

I tell Angeli to wait on the terrace, and go inside to see if Ann and Joy2x were done talking. They are. I pull Joy2x aside and ask her how it went this afternoon. All I get was a big smile.

Joy2x, I have a favor I need from you.

Anything, Boss. What you need?

Tonight, it needs to be you Iay and Noime, in Noime's bedroom.

OK, I can do that. Boss, I want to keep Iay as mine.

Joy2x, we will share her, but mostly, if she is OK with it, OK.

Thanks, Boss. I will ask Noime to join us.

Good.

Back on the terrace, I tell Angeli that tonight, it is her job to make sure I get the best sex from both Moon and her own daughter. I want Angeli to get the girls made up with makeup, hair and sexy clothes. I want Angeli to get the two strap-ons that had been used on Ann earlier. I figure I only need one, but just in case I will have both. I am going to have Angeli fuck her daughter. I am in a weird mood and decide to go with it. Moon and I will watch mother fuck daughter. And then Moon will watch me, and kiss me, while I fuck the mother in the ass as the mother fucks her daughter in the ass. I don't tell Angeli all of this, but it is what I plan to have happen.

I will not cum in Angeli. I will finish ass fucking Angeli and fuck Moon, giving her my cum. That is the plan. Angeli, seems to understand that to be my mistress, she needs to serve me. The concept is not far from her now, but would have been lost if I did not make it clear.

I have not cum since I awoke and fucked Noime this morning. With the help of a Viagra I will stay hard and not cum for a long time with Angeli,

before giving Moon the prize she wants. Angeli takes off to find the two girls and get them ready for the night.

I have about an hour. I take out the original house plan and lay a piece of tracing paper over it. With a soft lead pencil, I sketch an addition to the house. It will give us three more bedrooms, one of them a new master bedroom, a CR for the new master bedroom, an extra sala and a common CR for the sala and two bedrooms. All this will be on the far side of the lanai. This type of a building project can continue without messing up with the main part of the house. We will also expand the dirty kitchen and the washroom.

Once done, the issues of space and showers will be a thing of the past. I will give Ann the old master bedroom, and take the one in the new building. Of the remaining four bedrooms, Joy2x, Angeli, and Noime will have their own rooms. Belen will stay with Ann in the old Master and the three other girls will share a room. I can have whoever I want without having to worry about who is with whom.

I am finishing up when Angeli comes to tell me the girls were ready for my review.

Oh my God, are they ever! They stand in the sala for inspection. Word has gotten out to the others, about what I have requested. Ann and Belen stand by the doorway to the bedrooms and watch the doings.

I get hard just looking at these sweet and sexed up young beauties, aged 11 and 12. Their hair is fixed. Eye makeup and lipstick have been applied. They are in sexy little midriff baring crop tops, the shortest skirts possible, and five inch stiletto heels.

I walk up to each and kiss them, seek out their tongues. My hands find that there is nothing under the skirts on their asses or their pussies. What I wanted is given without hesitation.

I have two fingers inside Rez as the girl stands there, when I hear Ann say, I presume to Belen, *It's a good thing he's married to me. There is no way, I or any woman my age, could compete with that, for Lewis' heart. This is*

what he really wants. Come girl, I need you to eat my pussy before I go crazy.

Rez's pussy lets a stream of pussy juice out of her cunt and over my hand.

I lean into the girl and kiss her again.

I stand behind them and have them walk to the master bedroom, turning around at the doorway and framing it with a sexy stance at the threshold, Angeli, behind them, just inside the bedroom and framed by the doorway. I take a picture of this and have it on the wall in my office area. It is one of the sexiest things I will ever see in my life.

Once in the bedroom, leaving the door open, I have Moon remove Rez's top. Then I have Rez remove Moon's top. I tell Angeli to take her own clothes off.

With Angeli naked, sitting on the bed and liquid dribbling down her legs, I give her a dildo from one of the strap-ons and tell her to fuck herself as she watches what comes next. Angeli complies.

I tell Moon to remove Rez's bra and then lick and suck the girl's nipples until they get hard. Moon never questions the instructions. Watching the girl sucking her girlfriend's nipples, is a sight.

Then it is Rez who is to do the same to Moon. Rez is clearly ready to comply. Moons nipples stand out clearly and sexily.

The same process is used to remove the skirts. This time, once the skirt is removed, the girl is to sit on the bed as her friend eats her cunt out until we see an orgasm.

We are not disappointed. As Rez eats Moon's cunt, I sit next to Angeli, playing with her breasts. Her job is to watch the girls and she is following instructions. I whisper in her ear, *You and Rez are mine. Tonight you will see how completely that is true. Tomorrow you will need to decide. Do you stay mine with all that it means, for the rest of your lives, or leave me.* And then I squeeze her left nipple very hard. Angeli shudders.

When both girls have been stripped of everything but their stilettos, and have both cum, I put a strap-on on Angeli. Placing Rez on her knees, I put Angeli behind her daughter and whisper in her ear. *Fuck your daughter.*

Angeli turns her head and looks at me. I look her in the eyes, hold her chin in my hand and bite her lower lip, gently. *Make her cum over and over.*

Angeli's eyebrows go up just a bit, showing acceptance and turns to her task.

As she does, I pull Moon to me. Her back to me, and her legs spread out away from me, I kiss her cheek and finger her cunt as we both watch mother fuck daughter. Rez is going from orgasm to orgasm. Angeli is not going to stop until I stop her.

I whisper in Moon's ear. *Tell Angeli to play with her daughter's clit and breasts while she continues fucking.* Moon slides away from me and speaks quietly to Angeli. Before Moon returns to me, she strokes Angeli's hair and kiss her cheek.

Now Angeli is attacking clit, and nip, while fucking. Rez is in a daze.

I stop them. Moving over to Rez, I kiss her. She seems to kiss back, but is clearly out of it.

I put a huge gob of KY on the strap-on dildo, and on Rez's asshole. I get a look of confusion from Angeli. I put the other strap-on on Moon, greasing up Angeli's ass and the other dildo. Angeli has a wild look in her eyes. Moving Angeli into Rez was slow going, but I got it done and give Angeli the instructions to fuck her daughter's ass. Then I give Moon instructions to fuck Angeli's ass. Moon doesn't question at all. She plunges in to Angeli, getting a cry from the older female.

I whisper in Moon's ear, *Fuck her hard.* Moon does.

I get behind Moon. With my rigid and greased personal pole, I plunge into Moon's cunt. As I do, I am greeted with a flood of juices. As I grab Moons clit and breast, Moon does the same to Angeli.

The Viagra has me hard but not near ready to cum and I saw into Moon's cunt for a long time, as Angeli and her daughter get reamed.

In spite of their fears, Rez and Angeli rip through orgasm after orgasm. They scream their needs and beg for more, until it seems, to me, they became insensible. And then as Moon's pussy clamps on me once more, I fill the little girl's cunt, with my semen, ending the session.

I get up, grab some towels wetted with warm water and proceed to clean up the females as they lie there, appendages spread akimbo. Once done, I close the door, turn off the light, return to the bed, and pull Moon to me.

Then speaking quietly, *Father?*

Yes, Moon?

We are to do what you ask at all times or not be with you?

Yes.

Maybe they will leave you.

Maybe.

I will not say, no. I am always yours. But why did you do that to them.

Because they needed to understand their position with me. Now they do.

Yes, Father, now they do.

§ § §

When I awaken the next morning, I am alone in my bed. It is a school day and all the young ones have been roused, showered and sent to school along with Joy2x. I take my shower, return to my room and dress.

§ § §

As I enter the kitchen, Angeli hands me a cup of coffee, kisses me on the cheek and tells me that there is pandesal for me along with a mango she has cut up.

As I enjoyed my breakfast, Angeli has left for the market and Ann sits down next to me. *You put her in her place last night. She is dedicated to you now, but will remember her place. Thank you, husband. I will have no reason to fear her place with you. You made that clear when you left the door open for me to see.*

Who else saw it?

Belen, Joy2x, Iay and Noime. We all see it.

How did they respond?

Belen says that she promises to never disobey. You make an impression on her! Noime was very happy. All she said was 'good.' Joy2x looked at me and say, 'he never do that to me.' I say to her, you won't. She say, 'what she do?' I say, 'thinks she is more important than she is.' Iay say, 'I think I better be good and not make Daddy angry.' I tell her, 'correct!' Husband, did you consider, she might have left?

Yes, I told her that she needed to make the choice today. Stay and accept her position or leave.

What did you want to happen?

I wanted her to choose. She did.

Chapter 20: Plans and other ephemeral things.

Just twenty-four hours ago I had explained, who I would be with, for the following three nights. In just this past, single day, all that, has been knocked into a cocked hat.

Considering the hash made of the plans, and regardless of the value achieved by doing so, though it is not time for recriminations, it is, however, time for reflection and a new assessment of what I want out of this newly constituted family.

I want to be with Joy2x and Iay, but that can wait a while.

I want to be with Ann and decide to talk with her about that this morning, but expect she wants a few more days with Belen first.

I need my dear Noime and something tells me that I should include Moon, even though I have just been with her.

Thankfully, other than Ann and Belen, no one else, is home at that moment. Only Angeli will be back before late afternoon.

There are more women and their daughters waiting to meet with me this week at the school, starting tomorrow. Today was to have been Belen and Iay's day with me at the school. What am I to do with all them? Joy2x will announce that I am back with my wife, but there is a nagging feeling inside that it will not slow these women down. It is an old man's perfect fantasy. In reality, it is proving to be a bit of a mess. I will talk to Joy2x about it again this evening.

Ann is talking with Belen in the dirty kitchen, as I, distractedly read the newspaper, drink my coffee and chew a few pandesal rolls. The ceiling fans move the air and kept the room pleasant and comfortable if not cool. It has been a weird weekend. The world as I had known it has been changed, changed so many times, that I am having the emotional equivalent of jet lag.

I am halfway through the Opinion Page when the two of them walk in together.

Good morning Belen.

Good morning Sir Lewis.

You look happy this morning. And indeed she does. Belen's whole countenance seems relaxed and cheerful. A smile of genuine contentment on her face. Ann shares that same look on her own face.

Yes, thank you Sir. I am happy. Thank you for allowing it!

You are welcome, but you do understand that we are sharing her, correct?

Hehe, yes Sir! I know Ann is your wife and will always be that.

Good. When do you think I can have my wife back with me for a night?

Husband! You not think that you should ask me that question?

Ann, you are being shared between your husband and your lover. I am negotiating with your lover, please be respectful of that! Belen and I need to learn how we will go about sharing you.

Lewis! I...

Wife....

Ann! Please! Sir Lewis is right! He and I need to learn to talk to each other about you because we share your love. If he never talks to me, but only through you, Lewis and I will become enemies. This way we can be friends. Is that not correct, Sir Lewis?

Yes Belen. That is exactly my view. So when may I have Ann in my bed?

Sir can you give me two more days before you have her back? I think I will be ready then.

Wednesday night then?

Yes Sir.

OK, it is agreed.

Husband, Belen, do I not get a say in this?

I look at Belen as she looks at me. We both, in our own ways, she with raise eyebrows and me with a nod of the head, indicate Ann does have a say. We both look at Ann and wait.

OK, I agree. It will be Wednesday. But next time, you have to ask me!

And that is done. Having decided I would spend the night with Noime and Moon, there remains the problem of three bedrooms and the need to a fourth. Joy2x will be with Iay. That leaves Rez and her mother without a bed or a bedroom tonight. Much to my regret, I decide to send Angeli to be with Joy2x and Iay. I will have Rez with me and the other two girls. Just what the fuck I will do with those three girls is a mystery to me. The need to add the extra rooms seems to be a pressing matter.

§ § §

Ann has a younger brother who, while he always seems to be gainfully employed, accomplishes it by aggressive freelancing. He never seems to have the same job whenever I meet him, but he is always working. I ask Ann to text Manny and ask him to come to the house.

I text the engineer with whom I had consulted when I built our house and ask him to stop by as soon as he can.

I ask Ann to text her friend who has contacts at the City Planning office. We will need her assistance. Ann asks her to stop by on Thursday.

I then drive to the SM Mall, and visit my BDO bank branch to pull out ₱250,000.00 from an account I have there.

Manny is waiting for me when I return home. I pour two mugs of coffee, adding cream and sugar for Manny. We sit on the terrace with him as I explain what I want him to do. I offer to pay him to be my construction foreman. If he accepts I tell him he will receive a salary from me better by far than what he normally gets, but he is putting his family honor on the line, a point I (and Ann) stress to him. Plus if he does it right, there will be a reward at the end.

We will make the concrete blocks on site. Manny will hire the workers, supervise the washing of the gravel, the screening of the sand, the proportions of the cement to gravel and sand for the blocks to give us a 60 block per bag mix. These blocks will be strong, not like those that fall apart when you look at them, that you so often find in the Philippines. He is to make sure the rebar is the correct type. He is to supervise the building of the walls, with the backfilling of concrete into the blocks, once set on the wall, with the rebar already inserted. He will, in short, watch over the entire construction project in a way, that even though I am there on the property, I would be unable to do as well. He is also to be responsible for being the front man to purchase the cement and rebar. There are two prices in the Philippines. One for the Filipino and one for the foreigner. I want the Filipino price.

Half an hour later, Manny has agreed to take the job and left, on his way to price and then purchase cement and rebar with ₱150,000.00 in his pocket.

Fifteen minutes after that the engineer rings the doorbell. I show the engineer my pencil drawings for the new work. In short order, he leaves, with a promise to return in two days with a drawing we might be able to submit to the city planner.

And so by the time lunch is served, we were underway, the initial actions to get the building project have all started. It will take time, but as we are only building one floor, I have hopes for some speed. There is also the fact that as I don't have to skimp on workers, we can speed up the project that way. The permitting process will be 'greased' by Ann's friend and the permits will be approved without any problems.

Work and email has piled up, that needs to be addressed, and so I sit down at my desk, and proceed to attend to my normal life's obligations. I send emails to friends, apologizing for dropping out of sight. The responses are a little dicey to answer as some, want to know what is going on, that has caused my absence. I plead family business and leave it at that. I make appointments to get together with friends, and even set up a date to play cards. The matter of whether it will be Pinochle, Hearts or Spades, undecided.

It feels liberating. I have my Noime. I have my wife. Neither will leave me. Both were OK with each other. The extra females in my life are an added benefit and I imagine that over the years, I will come to love some of them as I do Ann and Noime, but for now, things are as I need them to be, with the exception of the school issue. Joy2x and I will talk more about that tonight.

Manny texts that we would get delivery of the cement bags and rebar tomorrow. I thank him by return text and tell him to come for supper. He will soon enough learn of the expanded family here. We might as well, break the news now. I told Ann that Manny will be here for the supper meal. She looks frightened, and we talk about it for a while. I have hopes that I have calmed her down in reality, not just the surface stuff she is showing me.

Manny is married, and his coming means, his wife and 3 year old child, will also be here. I don't need to tell Ann that. It is part of what she is worried about.

I return to my work and am fully engaged when there are taps on both my shoulders simultaneously. Noime is on my left side and Moon my right. How can they have known I wanted the two of them tonight? They didn't. It is pure luck of the draw. As it is, it is a great way to be distracted. Gathering both in my arms, and sliding my chair back, we kiss and hug. Amid giggling, Noime nibbles my ear. Moon climbs up on my right leg, plays with the hair on my head and proceeds to hump my leg with a wet pussy, while whispering, *I want you father.*

Girls, the two of you and Rez will be with me tonight. But for now, get your homework done. We will have guests for supper. You will control yourselves while they are here. Understand?

They do understand and scoot off to complete their tasks. I truly love the attention I have just received but this is just not the time to proceed with what will come next.

I finish the task currently open and put the work away for the day.

Joy2x is home and so we sit and talk about tomorrow and the days that will follow at the school. I want a way out of it, but Joy2x is adamant that it should continue for two reasons. The first is practical. If we stop now there may be unwanted blowback from some of the mothers of daughters I do not meet. The second is that she truly feels I can help at least a few with their English. I complain that some will want sex. Her response is, to allow it there, but not bring it home and not allow it to become long term with any of them. That seems a tall order and I say as much. Joy2x leans over and kisses me. *Do it for Ann, Noime and Me.* And so ends my attempt at ending it.

Manny and his family are to arrive shortly and so Ann and I position ourselves on the porch. We will intercept them before they enter the house. As we wait we have a chance, for the second time, in the last couple of days, to just talk and muse about the changes in our life together. Ann is enthralled with Belen. She even suggests that, though Belen and I will never engage in sex together, Ann would like us both in bed with her at the same time. I am open to that and so we leave it as a plan to be engaged in at some point.

We are talking about Joy2x and her fascination with Iay, when Manny along with wife and child arrive. Their little one honors me and we ask them to sit for a second. They sit down with us with some trepidation on their faces. Ann quickly tells them there is no problem, but we need to explain something. The faces morph from fear to curiosity. As Ann and I agreed, the initial conversation will be in Tagalog, and as hers is far better than mine, she is the one to start. I will then speak after the basics are understood. In a nutshell, Ann tells them that we now have an expanded

family and it is no one's business how we live our lives. They are always welcome in our home, but we expect that there will be no gossip about our lives. Manny assures his sister that it will be so. I turn to his wife, *Do you agree? No gossip to anyone? That includes your own family?*

Manny looks a little upset but Ann cautions him with a look to be silent. I wait for an answer.

You are paying my husband for the work he does here?

Did he not tell you?

Yes, but you tell me please?

Yes I am paying him.

He will live here?

Yes, I will put a bahay kubo here for him.

Make it for all of us and we will never gossip. I do not want my husband to be gone for so long.

OK, I can do that. Ann and Manny will get a bahay kubo from one of the builders, along the highway to Tupi, tomorrow.

Yes, Ann, my husband and I will go.

I laugh. She is a bargainer, that's for sure. Still if she is going to live in it for months she has a right to agree to the specific one to be purchased. She is bargaining and promising but has no idea yet what is inside the house that they have yet to see.

The negotiations over, we five enter the house. All inside were aware we have guest coming for the meal, and who they are. Noime is anxious to see her little cousin, tito and tita. She comes running towards them as they enter the house, scooping up the little child and swinging the three year old around in glee. Eventually all introductions are made. Those under 18

years of age fill plates, sit on the floor of the Sala, and watch TV, while those of us of an older age sit at the table. The table was laden with lechon liempo, lumpia, pork on skewers, pinakbet, and abobong kangkong. Clearly there is far more food than needed! The females drink Sprite. Manny and I have San Miguel Pilsen beer.

As the meal progresses, Manny's wife, Coraline, teases out the details of much of what is going on. Her face goes from surprise, to shock, to disbelief, to being sure it is all a big joke and hoax on her, to disgust, to confusion, to fear that her little daughter is at risk, to assurance than the little one is safe, to fear that her husband will be contaminated by the atmosphere, to assurance that, he is also safe, to acceptance. As the meal comes to a slow end, I turn to Caroline, and say, *Remember. No gossip to ANYONE. Is that clear?*

Yes Sir. I understand. I will not talk. Promise.

We will see. I am not sure, but there is no simple way to deal with it, and it would have come out to her and her husband, in any case. This is probably the best of all the alternatives. As it is, the kitchen clean up begins.

Once the cleanup is nearing an end, Manny, Coraline and their daughter leave for their home.

All know where, and with whom, they are to be tonight. The showers commence, I, being the last, to get mine.

I enter into my bedroom, which contains: Rez, eager to regain some standing with me; Moon who has attached to me in the most unique of ways; and my sweet Noime, my little and true love. It is the stuff of fantasies and wet dreams. I take a Viagra, both for assurance and because it will delay my cum. My best guess is that I will be in all three pussies. I am not wrong. Both Moon and Noime, insist that I take Rez first, as compensation for the previous night's activities.

I take off my robe and place it on the bed. Rez looks a little hesitant. *Rez, because you and your mother stayed, you are mine forever. You have nothing to fear. Come here and put me inside you. I want to feel your*

pussy around my cock. With that, Rez, smiles, a faint smile, lifts her eyebrows once and climbs over me, centering her little hairless cunt over my stiff member. But before she can mount me, Noime tells her to wait. Noime has the KY tube in her little hands. She applies some to Rez and me, before whispering in Rez's ear to proceed.

Once again Rez's eyebrows raise up, before she lowers herself down slowly onto my cock. The heat of her pussy is stunning, as I feel her encompass my member, millimeter by millimeter. Rez is moaning, eyes closed, her head tilted back, as if looking at the ceiling through her closed eyelids. There is a look of concentration on her face. She appears to be trying to remember the sensation, for all time. Her weight is inconsequential and it hardly is noticeable, when she finally succeeds in enveloping my dick completely, her pubic bone resting on mine. My hands are on her smooth, small legs. Her body squats over mine, fully impaled. *Ah, Rez, this is so nice.* And it is, 'so nice.' Rez, fucks on my member until she has her orgasm. The smile, never leaves her face. Her eyes never open. As her cum dribbles over my loins, Moon and Noime, from opposite sides, kiss her forehead, stroke her nipples and with Rez still impaled, I play with her clit until she, gasping and crying out, has a second orgasm. Rez has been, by any standard, well fucked. She slides off me and lies naked, on the bed, exhausted.

I am about to ask Moon to go next, but Noime climbs on. As I am about to suggest to Noime that she should wait, Noime shushes me! *Uncle, I am too young to have a baby. Moon is not and she wants one. Moon goes last.*

Noime, Moon is too young!

It matters little. Noime is going to get herself off riding me, while Moon and Rez, play with Noime's clit and nipples. It doesn't take long at all for my little sprite to receive the launch code and fire her rockets. For Noime, and I know this, God damn it, it isn't about sex, as it is about love. Noime loves me. She doesn't need to go last to achieve her objective. She already has achieved it, me. She is fully aware that she is loved and nothing will change that.

As Noime dismounts my still stiff member, Moon climbs on. *Father, give me a baby.*

Chapter 21: Gago Ka!

As much as I am afraid of Moon becoming pregnant, and alternately convinced that I may not be able to make a baby, and if I can, it might be a long shot, and being terrified that I will go to jail if she does give birth, it excites the hell out of me. Moon asking me to impregnate her as her putative father, just sends me to another place entirely.

I have been in Rez and Noime already. I am well on my way when Moon climbs aboard. This stunningly lovely young girl is looking me straight in the eye. She isn't fantasizing some buff young man while she rides me. She is looking right at me, begging me to take her in the most complete way.

As with all my young charges, her cunt is tight, and hot. I probably cannot distinguish Noime's, from Rez's, from Moons. But each does have a different rhythm. Moon's is less bouncy, more controlled.

She is not smiling. Her gaze is firm. She pushes Rez and Noime away. She wants to feel me and only me. There is a single minded intensity in her, that I recognize from the young love of my life, Noime. Moon is just as committed. I see myself falling in love yet again.

In just five minutes I have obliged the girl as best I can. Her response is to lean down, kiss me and simply say, *Thank you, father.*

Noime and Rez, clean both Moon and me up, via oral activity, before snuggling in, settling in and falling asleep.

§ § §

I awake to an empty bed. All those who needed to be in school are gone. I arise and take a shower, while thinking about Noime and Moon. How can a man my age love these girls so intensely? I cannot write it off to lust. I just don't feel this way to all, but I do towards them. Joy2x is special to me, but not like these two girls. Only Ann ranks up there with them and I have at

least partially lost Ann. She will always be my wife and I will always love her, but I am not going to be the only love she will love.

All that was running through my head, as I finish toweling off, brushing my hair, and reaching for fresh boxers, when Ann and Belen, both robed and brushed, but not truly dressed, come into the bedroom, sans a knock. And so, other than being clean and brushed, I am naked in front of Belen. That was a little disconcerting.

You won't be needing those boxers for a while. Come to bed husband. As she says that, she drops her robe and turns to Belen. Pulling the sash loose on Belen's robe, she then removes that robe. Both women have only sexy small panties on and neither is wearing a bra. Ann reaches for my hand, guiding me back to bed. Belen is climbing on from the opposite side of the mattress. So much for the three days Belen asked for yesterday!

Belen is a stunningly beautiful woman, with large conical breasts that defy gravity. Her hips are more defined than are other Filipinas. Her skin is flawless. I get hard just looking at her. The knowing that I will not have her, is only mollified by the fact that I get to fuck so many females, not having this one, ought not to matter.

Ann pulls my head to hers and seeks my lips. The intensity of her kisses is real and thrilling. But the fact that Belen is at the same moment, eating my wife's cunt, gives me pause. Is the intensity directed to me or am I just the recipient of the intensity from Belen's assault on Ann?

Ann reaches her hand out for my cock and strokes it. My hand is on the back of Belen's head. From that position I sense her connection to my wife's pussy. Belen does not seem to mind. In my own mind, I perceive that I am orchestrating Belen's connection to Ann's cunt by that hand. In some ways it is a justification for feeling OK with the passion I feel from my wife's lips.

Belen has gotten to Ann. Ann, in the process of cumming, bites down on my lip. And then she goes limp. I am still hard and need release. Fuck it, I guess I'm an asshole. I grab the KY, grease up my pole, get behind Belen and without asking for permission, or getting her ready, I basically rape her

in the ass. Belen cries out to Ann, *He's taking me! Oh shit!* And 'Oh shit' is about right. Ann is panicked but afraid to stop me. Belen is grunting. Ann recovers a little, and reaches under Belen, to play with her clit while at the same time, kissing her female lover.

I reach around and grab one of Belen's nipples, mauling it.

I figure no one has ever been in Belen's ass before. Her ass is my virgin territory. I am horny but not near ready to cum, as I continue pounding her ass. Belen starts becoming more and more stimulated by what is going on. She is moaning now. Little orgasms rip through her body. Ann runs her fist into Belen's cunt. I know because I can feel it with my dick. And that does it for me. I let lose my cum inside the female's ass. Belen is just a quivering mess underneath me.

Ann looks at me and whispers, *Is this another one of your lessons to me and the girls here?*

I guess it is. What lesson have you learned?

You are my husband. I belong to you, just as you belong to me. That means Belen belongs to you too.

Then I think we understand each other.

I get up and take another shower.

§ § §

Today, I have the morning open, to do some things at my desk. This afternoon I will be at the school. I am dreading what is going to be many afternoons from now on. But before I go to my desk, I sit in the kitchen with coffee, something to eat and the newspaper. I normally have fruit; a banana or preferably a mango. Today we are out of both. Angeli has gone to the ***palengke*** but is not back yet. I scrounge around and find a pack of Skyflakes, a Saltine without the salt. Such is breakfast.

§ § §

Skyflakes consumed, I am at my desk, updating these events. Angeli is back. Ann and Belen are not to be seen. I am not paying attention to any, as I concentrate on my writing.

There is a tap on my right shoulder. It is Angeli. *Lewis, my God, what you do to Belen? They not tell me.*

Angeli, that is not for you to know. Come, look at this list of the mothers and daughters. Which ones do you know?

She knows about a third of them well and the rest in passing. I am relieved to know that most of these pairs will, by Angeli's reckoning, not pose a problem for me if I choose to not touch them. There are a few that she warns may want to push things. The bad news, is that today is with one of these few.

§ § §

I am concentrating on my writing again. Angeli is in the washroom with the laundry. There is a tap on my shoulder. It is Ann. *I am sorry husband. If I come to our bed, you have a right to my pussy. I give it to Belen. It is my mistake. I will not do that again.*

We kiss and then Ann is gone.

§ § §

Lunch is simply boiled saba banana with muscovado. I am still drinking coffee. The impending trip to the school is on my mind, when Manny and his wife arrive. Ann is to go with them to find a bahay kubo. Evidently Ann is ready and out the door she goes. Belen does not go with them but she is in the Sala, kissing Ann as the three leave.

Angeli, having finished with the laundry is sweeping up in the kitchen.

As we hear the gate to our compound rattle to a close, Angeli addresses Belen. *You should go with Sir Lewis today. He has Alyssa and her daughter Andrea this afternoon. Best if he not be alone with them.*

Bakit? Why not you?

You don't get upset if he takes them. Me I will try to cut the girl's throat. Hehe. You not jealous of him. You just protect him because of Ann. I kill them because he is my guy.

You know what he do to me this morning?

No. He not tell me.

I am not good to go either!

Bakit?

He own me now.

Ganun? [Truly?]

Talaga [really] *friend.*

OMG. Paano?[45]

Hindi bale.[46]

So you are the same as me now?

The eyebrows raise emphatically. Now understand, I am right there. They are talking about me as if I was invisible, but such is most assuredly not the case. I have not missed a thing. I understand the Tagalog.

Both you girls may be mine, but there is a difference. Angeli will happily suck my dick, but you Belen will not. True?

You want me to suck your cock now?

[45]Paano [sounded as pa-ano] = how.
[46]Hindi literally means 'no.' Bale means 'value.' So the literal translation is 'no value,' but it means 'never mind'.

Belen that is not what I said. Let me say it a different way. You do not want to suck my cock. Correct?

I will if you want.

Yes I understand. But is it not true that you do not want to do that?

I do what you say.

Ok, never mind. If you think I am not honestly transcribing this, you are wrong. There are times when it is quite impossible to get an answer regarding personal preference. It runs up against a deep cultural sense of obligation. Belen is obligated and I will never again know her preference if she perceives a conflict with her obligations.

The two girls are looking at each other and do not know how to untangle what they have. I have not asked either of these beauties to go with me. It was Angeli's idea. So I put an end to the matter by informing both that I am going alone. Angeli is clearly unhappy but has no alternative to offer. She accepts my choice with a resignation and a 'bahala ka.[47]'

§ § §

Alyssa and Andrea are waiting for me when I enter the room. Both mother and daughter are diminutive, dark skinned and lovely. I don't have a problem with any color, though the culture here prefers lighter color skin. If I was looking to fuck a female, these two look like they would be a lot of fun. But I am not looking for cunt. I am here to work on their English. But they are not. I try to 'stay on task.' It is not going well.

Alyssa keeps on interrupting me. *Is Ma'am truly back with you? It is true you have mistresses too? Is it true that Ma'am allows the mistresses? Is it true Ma'am is lesbian? Is it true, you like young girls? You like my Andrea? How many girls you have? You want children?* She is asking all this in English and when I point out that we are here to practice English, Alyssa correctly points out that, this is what she is doing. Have not all the

[47]Bahala ka [Pronounced: ba-Hala kah] = 'whatever you want' or 'up to you'

questions been in English? But, I complain, it is Andrea's English that is most important. Alyssa does not argue. Instead she nudges Andrea to speak.

Sir Lewis, may I suck your penis please? Oh, give me a break. Really? Two can play this game.

Andrea, that is an excellent example of where the proper word does not belong in the sentence. When we go to a doctor's office we do use the proper word, penis. But when we are talking about having oral sexual contact, we use a slang term. There are many slang terms for Penis. The most common are dick, prick, and cock. There are many, many other terms too. In this case you might ask me, 'May I suck your cock?' If I was to ask you about your vagina, unless I was a doctor, I might say, 'Show me your pussy.' Pussy is a slang term for vagina.

Sir Lewis, how you say 'kumantot' in English?

The word is 'fuck.'

So I would say 'Fuck my pussy'?

No, in this case, the word 'pussy' is understood. All you would say is 'Fuck me.'

Ah, this is confusing. So how I ask you to 'fuck' both mother and me?

Well, that would be either, 'Fuck us, or 'Fuck us both.'

OK Sir. Please fuck us both!

Andrea! I am lazy. Eat your mother's pussy?

Why you ask that?

Why did you ask me to fuck both of you?

We want you as our boyfriend.

Well, Andrea, I am not looking for more girls. However, even if I was, you would need to show me that you can and will eat your mother's pussy, and she eats your pussy, to even be considered.

Truly?

Yes, truly.

Sir Lewis, mother and I will have to think about this.

Yes I understand. But remember, I am not taking any new mistresses even if you do this thing.

Why you not want us? We not pretty enough?

No Andrea. Both you and your mother are very pretty. I have too many females already. That is all.

Maybe you change your mind. Will you touch us, here?

Why do you want that?

Maybe you give us mestizo[48] baby? We would like that.

You are poor. Why do you want another child?

A mestizo child, Sir Lewis, would bring us many good things.

I have heard that many times. I do not believe it.

It is true, Sir! My mother and I both want a mestizo child from you.

You are far too young Andrea!

No Sir! I am not! Please?

---

[48]Mixed blood child of any type. However a child of a Caucasian male and a Filipina is presumed by Filipinas to be a child for whom many doors will open, bringing potential good fortune to the entire family. This is both racist as all get out and unfortunately, as much as many I wish it weren't, true in many cases.

I am not sure I can give you any child. But even if it is possible, I do not think I should. I will think about it. That is the best I can say today.

Thank you for your honest consideration, Sir Lewis. Mother says, all here say you are a good man. Even Sunshine and you took her daughter from her!

OK, are we done with this? Can we get back to the regular work on English?

Sir I think my mother and I are getting nosebleed[49]*. Maybe we stop for today?*

§ § §

I arrive home a little earlier than expected. Angeli and Belen are on the terrace. There is a pedicure of Angeli by Belen in progress. A large tray of polishes are present. This is serious work and Belen does not look up. Angeli, whose feet are the object of the attention is not so encumbered and asks why I have returned so soon. I sit down with them and explain a very short version of the session.

It is Belen, though not looking up, who asks, *You do that for them?*

Why should I?

Because of the mestizo! Gago Ka[50]*!*

Angeli, is there anything you would like to offer that might be more helpful that Belen's comment?

Hindi. Corect sha[51]*. Just don't bring them home and make sure they have no disease first.*

---

[49]In the Philippines, having a nosebleed is just a slang terminology for a person who is having a serious difficulty conversing in English whenever Filipinos encounter somebody that speaks the language fluently either during conversations or discussions and meetings.
[50]In this case, means, you are being silly.
[51]Taglish for 'She is correct.' Taglish is a mash-up of Tagalog and English with a 'simplified' spelling.

Belen raises her eyebrows. Nothing more is said.

Ann is not home yet.

I go inside and turn on the computer, mix a Gin and tonic with Gilbey's Gin, Schweppes tonic water and a kalamansi. If I could get Bombay Original, I would use it, but have not seen it in the stores here. I know many say Bombay Sapphire is better, to that I say, uh-huh and those are the folks who also use an iPhone, iPad and a Mac Airbook. Yes there are more aromatics in Sapphire and that is the problem. It has gone too far away from a dry London Gin. The bottom line is that with the kalamansi replacing the lime, Gilbey's is actually a pretty good substitute.

There are a couple of invitations to card parties from friends. I used to attend such things with Ann, but haven't done so since we added Joy2x. I am not sure how to handle it. I had told some friends yes, just yesterday, now I am having second thoughts. I back burner it for the moment. Maybe I will talk about it with Ann and Joy2x this evening. I open up my journal and commit the dialog from today to writing before I forget it. I will fill in the details later. I am getting better at remembering the exact dialog as I continue working my journal. I am told practice does increase memory retention. I doubted it, but maybe it is true. For whatever reason, I remembered today's conversations pretty easily.

Once I get the dialog down, I go back and fill in the details around it, to stitch it all together. That is what I am doing when I have a quorum of underage pussy surrounding my desk.

Moon looks at Noime, who signals her approval. The other two are just standing back. *Father, Noime and the rest of us all want to be with you tonight. Noime, Rez and I know, that we have just been with you and I have been there a lot in the past few days. Iay has been with Joy2x and she wants back in your bed. Joy2x can be with Angeli tonight. Please can we all be with you?*

There is no way I can satisfy all of you! You girls know that.

Oo Father, we know. You will give your true gift to Iay tonight. We just all want to be together with you.

Do you think there is enough room on the bed for all of you?

It was Noime who had enough of my equivocating and spoke, *Uncle that is our problem, not yours! Just say yes please. We have homework to do and need to go do it.*

OK, Yes.

And they are gone, but before I take three sips of the G&T, Joy2x is here with a quizzical look. *Is it true that I am with Angeli tonight?*

Is that a problem?

No, but I was thinking about asking if Iay and I might join you tonight.

I will be with all the children tonight, Iay included, at their request. You and Iay can join me tomorrow. OK?

Thanks Boss.

Joy2x, I need to talk with you about what happened today with Alyssa and Andrea.

Is it a problem?

Sit here in my chair, read this file I have on the screen, and then we will talk about it.

I get up, take my G&T, allowing Joy2x to review what I have asked her to read. When she is finished, she looks up at me. I ask, *What do you think?*

I agree with Belen and Angeli. Why you have to ask more?

Huh. OK, never mind.

§ § §

Chapter 22: Read my lips; No new pussy!

Ann returns before supper and I ask that Joy2x, she and I talk about the card game and social issues.

What do we need to talk about?

Well, even if we go to someone's house, just the two of us this time, you know what this is about. We will have them all here for the next party, or the one after that. What have you been telling your friends, Ann?

I tell them we are very busy. This is very confusing Lewis. What we do?

I do not know, but maybe we should have Joy2x with us when we discuss.

No, not just Joy2x. Angeli and Belen too. We will talk after supper.

OK. Did you find a bahay kubo?

Oo. It coming tomorrow. Manny and Coraline come tomorrow too. Lewis, Coraline is afraid Manny will want a mistress. I tell Coraline, maybe that good for her! She thinks I am crazy now.

Supper is good, and the conversation revolves around the bahay kubo and where on our lot it will be placed. Angeli asks, *Why build on to the house? All we really need is a bahay kubo to solve our problems!*

She is technically correct, but we need more living space and extra CR's. The bahay kubo maybe even does that! So maybe I am being stupid, but I am also paying the bills.

We talk about *Coraline* and her fears. Most Filipinas do not accept, do not even understand, bi-sexuality in women. You are either a Lesbian or straight. So Coraline's brain is short circuiting when trying to understand, assimilate what is happening here. If it weren't for the fact that both Ann

and Noime are bi-sexual, none of this would have worked. That is a concept far beyond Coraline's ken.

My little ones are listening but not participating in the dinner table conversation. I suspect that *Coraline* will acclimate to all this after they move in here, as the females here are not going to seduce her husband.

Belen, it seems, doesn't get the message about waiting for the after supper conversation about the other subject and plunges right in, asking me, *So, when we meet your friends, are we maids, friends, or mistresses? Ann cannot allow it to be known that she is a Lesbian. I think she would rather it be public that you have mistresses than that!*

Angeli is looking at Belen with a curious gaze. *So friend, you want the world to know you are a mistress to this man? You also not want the world to know you are Lesbian maybe?*

Oo, talaga. It is also true that I am Sir Lewis' mistress. I cannot be with Ann without that. Corect Joy2x?

Oo friend. Maybe, Angeli not understand this, but you are correct. If you are Ann's love, you are also a mistress to Lewis. It must be that way. I am Lesbian, and I am and will always be mistress to Boss.

I am clearly not going to be able put this off until later, but later is sort of now anyway, as the little ones have all finished eating and have left the table, each giving me a kiss as they depart. *So you girls have not decided if you want to be known as maids or mistresses.*

Yes, we have! Angeli, answers, *Your wife and the two lesbians rather be your mistresses in public, so there no rumors about Lesbian maids! Corect friends?*

Three pair of eyebrows are raised.

OK, just so I understand this. Not participating in the parties is as bad as participating because it encourages rumors. The only option is to participate and have all think I have a wife and three mistresses?

Now four sets of eyebrows signify agreement. Fucking nuts. I gather the little ones (including Moon) will be explained away as their daughters. God help me if the little ones get pregnant.

§ § §

Being surrounded by four females, all under the age of thirteen, and all no longer virgins, is something that ought never happen, and yet here I am. There are four mouths on me. Moon is sucking on my right nipple. Rez is sucking on the left one. Noime is kissing me and Iay is giving me head. I am as close to heaven as I ever expect to get. The room is dark, the aircon hums low. I can hear rain outside. I have not a real care in the world at this moment.

Iay removes her suction. I am rock hard. I can see nothing due to the darkness and the fact the Noime's face is plastered onto mine, her black hair falling around my head. I feel Iay's pussy lowering over and onto my member. The heat of her cunt is intense. The juiciness of her cunt, tells me all I need to know about her state of excitement. Then she is withdrawing, as I feel the cool air around the base of my member, following by Iay's cunt plunging down hard and fast, her butt slamming my hips into the mattress.

Iay is now in pile driver mode and the other three, get rougher and more intense in their personal attacks on my body. Noime sucks my tongue into her mouth and bites. Both Moon and Rez are now biting my nipples. Noime relinquishes my tongue and bites my lower lip. Iay continues her assault on me and the mattress. Noime pulls away from my face, sticks her fingers in my mouth, bites my ear lobe, and releasing it licks, my ear before whispering, *I love you Uncle. We all love you.*

I hear the door open. Who is there? I do not know. Two new mouths attach to me. They are sucking my toes. How can toes be so sexual? And yet the feeling is incredible. I cum hard.

§ § §

It had been Angeli and Joy2x who had joined us and then stayed with us. Seven are now in the bed as I am awakened by the flurry of activity on this Wednesday, a school day morning.

Six females are quickly reduced to one, as the others must leave. Angeli and I are alone now and she snuggles in for a bit more shut eye. I hold her close, the scent of her body both arousing and calming me at the same time. I sense her raw sexuality and am sanguine regarding it. She is mine and that is a real commitment. I slide back into sleep with erotic images filling my brain.

§ § §

I am alone in bed and get up to shower and begin my day. Today I will meet a mother and daughter, who by Angeli's account will not seek out sex with me. The bahay kubo arrives today and all Manny's family is also arriving. I will write to my friends and suggest that the card game be here on Friday. I might as well bite the bullet and deal with the fallout, whatever it might be, rather than put it off. These are the decisions I make while in the shower, while drying off and dressing.

There is mango for breakfast. The newspaper continues to scream about official corruption as if it isn't a daily thing that never ends. The sun peaks out but rain fell all night and the air is heavy with the residual humidity. A single orchid blooms from a plant attached to a palm just off the terrace. The deep rich purple of the petals, a promise of fruitful abundance from a frail and unpromising origin.

Life hums, crawls, buzzes, gurgles and is gently moved by breezes wending their way through the branches of the San Francisco bushes outside. Belen, Angeli and Ann are busy with housework and pay no attention to me. This home is their domain and its perfection, in cleanliness and order, their mission. I am, if anything, an imperfection that must be accommodated, and deeply loved, to perfect the rest.

I have no need to interrupt them. I do not need to seek their solicitude. These are my females, my women, my Swiss Guard and yet I am far from

a Pope. Might I be the devil incarnate? I don't feel evil. At least I don't most of the time.

My mango is long gone. The paper has been partially read and I am ready to put it down as it has failed to provide any new or useful intelligence. My coffee cup needs refilling before I move to the computer. It seems like I have been continually taking stock of my life these last weeks. Events have moved so astonishingly quickly.

Will my friends, and their wives reject Ann and me following the card games? What am I to do with females like Alyssa and Andrea? What do I do if the young ones get pregnant? We have promised *Coraline* that Manny will not be corrupted. Why did we assume that? How serious is Joy2x about Iay? Does Joy2x understand that Iay is not primarily Lesbian, but fixated on me? What will happen to Joy2x, when that reality hits home? What does Belen mean when she says that she is mine?

I awake in a start, from my idle thoughts, sitting in front of my computer. I have been in a daze. My coffee has gotten tepid.

§ § §

Angeli was correct. It was a simple English lesson today. I am back at my computer, but not typing.

Noime is on my lap. She needs some 'one on one' time and just wants to be held. I am happy to accommodate her need. My right hand strokes her hair. My left is behind her back, holding her to my chest. Her head rests on my chest. I smell her hair. My eyes are closed. I just want to stay this way for a while. This is my girl. This is my love. I am her world and the captain of her future. It is both the most intense thing I have ever felt and the most awesome responsibility I have ever taken on. There are no rules, no guideposts, no self-help books. I am winging it. I can't even ask 'God' to help me, can I. God, I am quite sure has nothing to do with all this. If I didn't love Noime so intensely, I would be scared shitless. As it is, I am committed to helping her, and the two of us, to find a good and safe path.

I kiss the top of her head. She murmurs something I cannot hear. I do hear Angeli call out 'Kumain!'[52] from the kitchen. Supper is on the table. Noime launches from my lap.

§ § §

I have allowed this journal to skip the rest of Wednesday and all of Thursday. I did bed Joy2x and Iay on Wednesday night. It was good to be with Joy2x, but Iay was ecstatic to be back with me for the second night in a row. Joy2x had her eyes opened about her young love. I suspect I will be seeing Iay more often and Joy2x will be with Angeli more. But there remains the problem that Joy2x may want me to dip further into the pool of young girls at the school to get her a new 'young one.' I hope not, and will speak with Ann about that. Thursday night I spent with Angeli and Joy2x. It was Angeli that got my cum. Joy2x hinted she has missed her period, but it is only three days late. I doubt she is pregnant.

Tonight we have the card party. The young ones are staying out of the way and will not be seen. However Ann, Belen, Angeli and Joy2x will be with me tonight. The three of them, who stay home, have been cooking since early this morning. Wonderful aromas have been plaguing my attempts at equanimity, disinterest and indifference. I am losing the battle. But I am having a different battle, as well. Belen claims she is as much mine as is Angeli. Somehow I doubt that. I also doubt that the way we treat each other will be as convincing to others tonight, in comparison to the other females. My ego tells me I should take her into the bedroom and give her some wood. Should I? There is no one to ask, who can give me a good answer. I am thinking with my dick, but it is essentially about my dick anyway. It is about how I relate to a woman I find incredibly lovely but who I have not fucked.

I put away that which I have been working on and decide to take the girl. I approach Ann and tell her that Belen will be busy for a while. I get a look of fear but acceptance. I approach Belen and simply say, *Come with me.*

[52]Eat!

Belen responds to me with an admixture of fear and compliance. I bring her to my bedroom, closing the door behind us. Belen's eyes are open wide and she swallows hard. *What do you want, Lewis?*

You Belen. You say you belong to me. Before our guests arrive today, we will make that real. When you meet our friends today, you will be mine. You will live and love my wife, but you will be mine and know what that means to you.

Please don't hurt me.

I am not going to hurt you, girl. I am going to give you, what your wife gets from me, my love and caring. When you are with my wife from now on, you will know what happens to her when she is with me. And, if it is possible for me to give you a child, you will have one for my wife.

Belen, says nothing. Her head is hanging down a bit. She doesn't want this, but it will not be a rape either. I pull her top, up and over her head, throwing it onto the dresser. I unhook her bra and appreciate once again her marvelous breasts. I tell her to remove her leggings and panties. She does as told. She is standing, shivering. I bring her to the bed and tell her to lay on her back. *Close your eyes, spread your legs, Belen, and think about Ann.* I can't tell what she is thinking about but her eyes are closed and her legs are spread. Her pussy is freshly shaved and smooth as an infant's skin.

I place my head between these sweet thighs and take in the aroma of her pussy. There is not much aroma at all. I spread her labia major and gently lift the hood covering her clit. Belen gasps. I lick her clit. Belen gasps again, pushing her cunt up towards me. I lick, again, slowly. *Yes!,* she says. I repeat and repeat again. Belen isn't shaking with fear anymore. She is welcoming the contact. I do not fool myself, that she will turn from lesbian to straight. There is no way that will ever happen. But sex is sex and she likes sex. So long as her body is treated right, regardless of who populates her dreams and fires up her libido, she will respond to stimulation.

I continue to gently pursue her orally. Belen is grinding her cunt against my face. Her hands are entwined in my hair. Her legs pulled up with her

heels digging into the mattress, giving her purchase to lift her body up as she responds to my tongue and lips. Belen cums, and slams my face into her pubic bone. It is somewhat painful for me, but I decide to hang in there and bring her off once more the same way. My tongue assaults her clit as I suck it into my mouth. Belen goes off like a rocket a second time.

My jaw is aching. I suspect I will have bruises from her pelvic bone. I move up on her body. I will not kiss Belen. I don't think that would be wise. Instead I concentrate on lining up old glory with the promised land, and sink in. I whisper, *Just think of this as Ann's real dildo.* I get an answer back, *Move that fucking dildo, Sir Lewis. I want to feel it in me hard and fast.*

That I can do. The two orgasms have made Belen, very wet. Her pussy – having delivered a baby - is not as tight as the others. But it is hot and wet. I am not complaining. I grab her thighs, lift her body up by those sweet thighs and pound her as hard as I can. Belen is cumming and cumming. I growl at her, *This will not be the last time I take you, girl. I own your cunt. I will fuck you whenever I want. You understand that?*

Yes, I know. I belong to you. I am yours. Now give me a baby!

And I cum deep in her. I am in a mean mood. *Go find Ann and tell her to suck my cum from your pussy. But before you do that, suck my cock clean.*

Belen has no idea how to give head, but I haven't asked for that, so it is of no matter. She does clean me up before, with my cum running down her thigh, she goes to find Ann.

I am still on the bed and liking this way too much. I had only wanted Ann and Noime. Now, oh I can't explain it, it's just that I like fucking all these girls. If they are in this house, I have to fuck them. At this moment, my thoughts, quite unbidden, flash on Manny's Coraline. Oh shit. Bad idea.

§ § §

My friends start arriving at 5:30PM. The food is cooked and in abundance, plus the other guy's wives have also brought food. We are together to play

cards, but that will not happen for at least an hour. The guys have not even noticed my extra females, as mime. To them, it's just extra females and there are frequently extra girls around, be they siblings, maids, yaya's[53] or just other friends. The women are not so complacent. Looking over at them, I can see every possible type of response, from revulsion, to amazement, to curiosity, to wanting all the dirt please. No one has grabbed her husband and walked out, so the worst has not happened.

I will hear the real results via texts tomorrow and the coming days. Tonight we will play Spades. The game is to 500, sloughing is allowed, and taking more than two over the bid, will set the team. It's a nice, safe and harmless activity. No money changes hands. I can't say that for the females. After supper there are two card games going among the females. In-Between and Tong-its. Their betting is fierce. They are so noisy, that we guys are playing out on the terrace.

About 30 minutes into our game, one of the guys says, *there sure are a lot of beautiful girls here tonight.*

The comment goes unanswered.

[53]Child care giver / nanny / nurse / nursemaid / wet nurse / governess

Chapter 23: Static

I awake to my cell phone going nuts with text messages.

One guy says I am a pervert and he will never speak to me again. He is saying I am going to Hell, unless I abandon my evil ways and accept Jesus as my personal savior. Well, I guess we will have to find a replacement for him at the card table.

Three guys are saying the equivalent of, if they tried this, their wives would cut their nuts off... just how did I get away with it?

Another guy is saying, *Hey, I just heard the craziest thing from my wife, do you have some time today? I've got to get the straight story, because what she has said, makes no sense.*

The last text was simply, *Damn bro, u r my hero!*

As I put the cellphone back on my night stand, Ann rolls over and gives me a kiss. I whisper in her ear, *I am going to fuck your wife again.*

Good, because I like sucking your cum from her pussy! We are so wicked, husband! And she kisses me again while sliding over me, giving me access more directly to Belen. Ann has grabbed the KY from the nightstand and anoints my cock. Belen is sleeping face down on the bed, legs spread akimbo. I get between her legs, slide my member up and down on her gash. I put my hands under her hips and pull up as I push in. Belen awakens to my penetration. *Hoy! What you doing?*

You know what I am doing! I am ramming her cunt hard with my morning wood. Ann is kissing her, stroking her hair as I nail the girl to the mattress. I snake my hand under her hips and find her clit. With my other hand I find Ann's pussy and run two fingers into her. Ann is bucking against my hand. The bed is making a lot of noise. Belen is cumming hard and cussing up a storm in Visayan. I unload in her cunt. I kiss Ann again.

Time for a shit, shower and shave.

§ § §

Saturday means a full house. The TV will be blaring volleyball. Though none of them have been to these schools, they will be rooting for Anteneo, or Adamson, or FEU, or La Salle, or UP... I admit, watching these young female athletes (between 16 and 20 years of age) in their short shorts, is not hard on the eyes. It beats watching Pete Rose or, (and I sure am sorry to hear what happened to him later but) Lyle Alzado, on the TV. There is lots of food remaining from last night. So there will be no cooking other than a huge bowl of garlic fried rice. The little ones want to go to the Mall in the late morning and will watch a movie there this afternoon.

All the older girls are on the terrace, reliving last night while giving each other manicures and pedicures. For three of them, last night was an elevation in social status. They have formally moved into the ranks of the affluent females they see in the Mall, but never belonged with. Last night, they were recast as card carrying mistresses of an American. They no longer live in a bahay kubo. They don't have to purchase clothing from what amounts to one step up from an 'ukay ukay'[54]. They now live in a real house, we have a real vehicle, there is a 50 kilo sack of rice in the house and should we need another one... walang problema!

Ann is enjoying it, as she relives her experience of some years ago, through these girls. She knows what they are feeling. She takes pride that she is part of making them feel the way they do this morning, until... Belen asks, *Will they hate us? They were nice to us last night, Ate, but will they hate us now?*

It is a fair question. They are not wives, or girlfriends of single men. They are mistresses and there is a complex response to mistresses here. Wives tend to hate them and use the term as an epithet. Spitting the word out like some type of disease. Still there are times when all accept the term as the rightful place of a woman by her man, whom she cannot, for whatever reason, marry. As they were there, with the blessing and friendship of the 'wife,' what the fallout will be is far from clear.

[54] Used clothes dealer, but the clothes are often close to rags.

I ask, *Does it really matter, Belen? You four have each other.*

Yes, Lewis, it matter. I don't want bad talk about me. I sure that Ann do not want bad talk. Ask her.

OK, I guess, this is a cultural difference. I am wrong.

Oo, you are. You do not understand. It is important.

I left them there on the terrace and retreated to my desk and work.

§ § §

There are three threads that are emerging essentially simultaneously. I am not a skilled writer and do not know how to explain this, but I will try to do my best. Before I begin, I guess you need to know that all the Filipinas I know, live lives trifucated: in the Real World, via texting and via Facebook. The meanest of those three, is the Facebook world. Face to face, they are invariably nice to each other. It is a play of manners. However, whoever is missing may be the subject of 'Tsismis', gossip. Texts fall in the middle, passing the tsismis around, warning others about issues and spreading ill-will, lies, healing and friendship.

With many Filipinas, their universe is proscribed by their extended family. And so the Facebook meanness is dampened, the texts are more of the healing, and cautionary type. But among the wives of the expats, they have both the extended familial world and the worlds of the expat wives. It is in this second universe that the knives can come out. As these women have deep connections to many diverse elements to some of the influential players in the city, ill will within this group, can have consequences far beyond the immediate group. I really did not anticipate that. This was my own hubris that had generated, the 'who the fuck cares' comment to Belen.

As the women are sitting on the terrace, all three threads come alive. Two of them via the cell phones each has permanently attached to their bodies. Each of them seems to have a Facebook app running; each is receiving texts; and they now have two visitors who have come through the gate.

The Facebook comments from one of the women are snooty, caustic, and simply unpleasant. Names are excluded, but the meaning is clear. Ann tells the girls to ignore the posts. Texts come into Ann from other friends, wanting to know how they can help. Ann and the two friends who have joined them on the terrace, asks those who have texted Ann, to all unfriend the woman, something that Ann has already done. Three of the women do that. That evidently sets off a real war.

Three women text one of the 'friends' who is here. The import of the messages, is one of, pick your side. Chose to be with the whores or reject the whores and join the women who will not put up with that. Texts are flying in all directions. No one is calming down. Other Filipinas who were not at the party are being fed lies and told they have to choose. Others are texting these women and telling them that there is no reason to have to choose. My girls are in high dudgeon. Some of Ann's friends are sticking to her, which gives her a sense of hope, but there is damage.

About four hours into this mess, I get a call on my PLDT landline from one of the guys. *Hey Lewis, I guess we are going to have to back out of future card parties. Man, you shouldn't be whoring around.*

Who said I was, Eddie?

My wife, says you had three whores at the party.

Well, I will miss you, but as for your wife, who I am sure you love, you can choose to tell her this or not, but as far as I am concerned she has a filthy mind and a filthy mouth. I have no whores. I do have a loving wife and three loving mistresses, who respect each other and strive to make my life better than I ever hoped it might be.

No shit?

No shit. You can also tell her, anyone who calls my girls whores, is a sorry bitch.

Look man, there is no way I can deal with this.

I know.

OK, well, … bye

I am pretty worked up myself at this point. I pour myself a San Miguel Pilsen Pale and try to calm down.

The phone rings again. *Lewis, I just talked to Eddie. What the fuck is going on?*

You tell me Harry. What do you think is going on?

You got girls over there?

We all have girls. What are you asking?

Damn it man, you know what the fuck I am asking. What's this about whores or mistresses?

You jealous Harry?

What the fuck?

I asked if you are jealous. What's it yours or anyone's business, who gets under the sheet with me? What I do when all you are gone, is my business. If I want to have a wife and some mistresses, and if my wife is cool with it, why is it anyone's damn business? Why is it necessary to call my girls whores? Who the fuck gives these self-righteous married sluts the right to cast ill words on my girls?

You calling my wife a slut?

Don't know that I did. Did your wife call my girls whores?

Harry hung up the phone.

Eddie called back. *You called my wife a slut?*

Did I? Oh yeh, she called my girls, whores, right? Then yup, sure did.

Fuck you man. And Eddie hung up.

Five minutes later the phone rings again. I need another beer, but pick up the phone instead.

Lewis, man you sure have Eddie and Harry pissed. I can't blame you for being angry, but just what happen?

Blaine, they said that their wives had called my girls whores. I took umbrage at that. I said anyone of these females that said that, was a self-righteous married slut.

No shit? You called them 'married sluts'?

Sure did.

Holy shit. OK I guess I see your point. Sure they married us old farts for the stability, financial security, and found a way to love us as part of the bargain. So I guess, if they are going to call your mistresses, whores, then they are self-righteous married sluts. Still that was a little harsh, don't ya think?

What's not harsh about 'whores?'

Ya gotta point there pardner. OK, well, I don't have any problem with you or your girls. My wife says they are nice and good girls. I guess, Willie's wife is with my wife over there and feels the same way. So there are three of us who are OK, anyway, but it sure it a shame to have to lose Harry and Eddie.

Why do ***you*** *have to lose them? I don't get it. It's me they have problems with.*

They say we have to choose. It's a bunch of shit, but I guess it's coming from the girls.

Sorry, look I will understand if you want to stay with them.

No, that isn't going to happen, Lewis. You ain't done nothing wrong. I ain't interested in having a harem, myself, but got no problem with you for having one. Willie feels the same way. We don't like the mean talk from those guys. Maybe they will cool off. I ain't going to tell them to fuck off, but I ain't going to walk away from one friend just because another wants me to do that.

Thanks, Blaine, and thank Willie for me.

Will do. You going to be OK?

Yeh, I think I will be now.

It is passed time for that second beer. I get one.

The women are still on the terrace. I walk outside to see what is happening and am greeted by volleys of laughter. Ann is just about rolling on the floor and pissing herself silly, unable to even catch a breath. Belen looks at me in amazement, *Lewis, what you call those women? Please, what was it?*

What do you mean?

Willie called here and told Anna you called them something, and they are really angry, what you call them?

Ah, OK, I called them self-righteous married sluts.

Oh my God. Talaga?

Yes, truly, because that is what they are.

Well we texted them and said that unless they stop posting and texting others, we would post and text what you call them! Lewis all their texts stop! Now no one is talking to anyone on other side.

Ann has regained her composure and looks at me, with a smile that tells me I must have done something right. *Husband, you and I know that you speak the truth. Maybe your other girls here, they don't fully understand,*

but as your wife, and hopefully not a self-righteous one, I understand and agree. You and I know why these women marry you guys. We do not seek you out for love. We learn to love you, truly, but that is not why we find you. You know this. I know this. To say otherwise is to lie. Yes, they are what you call them. Married or not, if we are with you, and if you hold us as your own, then we are here for the same reason. Yes each of us will learn to love you if we do not in the beginning. You and I know the truth of this. These mean hearted women are foolish and stupid. I am proud of you, husband. You defend us, even me.

I hug and kiss my four, and verbally thank their two friends, the wives of Blaine and Willie, before I re-enter the house.

Over the next few hours, Blaine and Willie find their way here, probably because their wives tell them that this is where supper will be served. I run out for more beer and all in all have a nice balance of the evening. Our little ones are in evidence, but no one thinks a thing about that. All have seen Noime many times before. The others are described as daughters of my mistresses. As the evening progresses, other girlfriends are texting Ann, and the other two wives, that are here. There seems to be a cabal forming. Eight of them in total will be here tomorrow to talk about reorganizing as a social group with rotating parties between the homes. Harry and Eddie's wives plus the wife of the guy who texted me in the morning, with the negative comments, are excluded from the group by consensus. The general tone is, good riddance to them. My girl's spirits are flying high.

The guys are relieved as we will have enough for cards.

By the time Saturday evening comes to a close at 11:30PM, all those who do not belong here, have left the house. We are exhausted. The little ones have all gone to bed. I send Ann and Belen to their own room. Joy2x and Angeli are with me, as we close the bedroom door.

Boss, what both Ann and you say tonight, teach me a lesson about people. We really are yours. I guess I wanted to hope it was true in my heart. I wanted to believe we were not just playing make believe. Tonight, it was like a formal wedding. This is not make believe. We, Belen, Angeli and

me, we truly are your girls. Just as much your girls as Ann. Do I understand correctly?

Yes, Joy2x, you do. You two are just as much part of my life until I die as is Ann. I cannot make you stay, and I guess it is easier to go since there is no marriage, but Ann could leave too, even though there is a marriage. I am not leaving you four. As far as I am concerned, you are all here for good.

Joy2x grabs me and hugs me, but Angeli collapses on the bed and is sobbing. I break from Joy2x and go to Angeli, pulling her up, and asking her what is the problems. She is shaking her head. *Walang problema, walang problema.*

Then why are you crying?

Lewis! Two weeks ago I live in squatters shack. Not even proper bahay kubo. I wished for such a thing, but will not have it ever. I get clothing for Rez and me from stall in the palengke, where are piles of very, very used clothing, almost rags. We not have enough rice to eat. We pick gulay[55] *from the side of the road to eat with the rice. We very poor. You know this. Today, you make me successful woman. I have good clothes, food to eat, nice home, soft beds, and all the rice I want. I go to parties, my nails done as I sit! Not be bad for not working every minute. Before I understand all, you change me forever. Now, you prove, it not just until you tired of me. You prove you love for me, for us. You prove that this our home. You make me a princess! Ha! I am princess! You are Prince Charming! Yes it true. This why I cry. Every girl dream this. I get it.*

Everything Angeli has said is true. I know and fully understand the awesome change I have made in her life, and in the lives of all who live here now. It is why there are so many mothers with daughters who have queued up to get into my 'English' classes. None of this has been a mystery to me. But even though I know it, they can't be sure I am not just fucking with them and will dispose of them later. I had no reason to believe that what I did today would be seen as an affirmation that they were here forever, and it may have something to do with separate messages that Ann

[55]Gulay [Pronounced: goo-LIE] = Vegetable

gave, but the realization that this is forever, at least in Angeli's heart, has sunk in.

I have no intention of throwing any of them out, ever.

But right now, I am not thinking about that. I am thinking how it will feel to fuck a woman who finally, truly knows, she is here forever.

Angeli, how do you want me to take you sexually tonight?

Take my ass, Lewis. You own my ass. Take it. Tomorrow take Rez's ass. We will do anything for you. Just ask.

And so, having removed my clothing, I put some KY on my cock, and on Angeli's ass. I have Joy2x get on her back below Angeli so that Angeli can eat the girl's pussy as I corn-hole the proffered ass. Joy2x appreciates getting some girl-girl action and decides to finger Angeli's cunt, as I drive into the optional hole.

Angeli is letting a stream of bawdy epithets fly between mouthfuls of pussy. I guess I am still a bit worked up about the phone crap earlier today, because I pound the crap out of Angeli's incredibly tight ass, before shooting my cum where it does no damn good.

§ § §

Chapter 24: Social life

I failed to mention it, but Manny and Coraline have moved in to the bahay kubo, which made it here Thursday. This being Sunday, there will be no work today. We break ground as soon as I get the finished plans, but we can start making the concrete blocks now. Well maybe not. The rain just doesn't seem to stop. This may be the longest rainy season in history.

The fallout over the card party continues. I get more text messages from friends. The guy who texted me yesterday asking for me to get back to him, which I didn't do, texted me again. I got texts from others. I gather a few guys are royally pissed. I just can't help that and there is nothing to be done about it. Ann has lost two good, and three not so important, friends. That has her sad but not regretful. The gathering of the eight couples will commence in a few hours.

For the purpose of this journal only I will call my four underage loves, the little ones, and the others 'the girls,' when I refer to them as a group. That is becoming increasingly necessary as in public I have one wife and three mistresses, (the Girls), and the 'little ones' cannot be acknowledged as loves publically. All know about the gathering later today.

Noime, knows most of the kids that belong to the other couples who are coming. She has asked Ann to request that the mothers bring the kids. My little ones will not talk about what happens here, and will have a good time with all these other kids if they show up. If most of those kids do come, it will be a mad house here.

There is still plenty of food and the other women are bringing more, so there is no need to cook, other than to cook lots of rice. Instead of cooking, they are spending the morning dressing well, but tastefully so that none might call it 'slutty.'

I am trying to stay out of the way and am not needed. Too antsy to sit at my desk, I am wandering around the house, which has everyone else unhappy, so I go for a walk this morning. The rain has stopped, at least,

for now. I am walking toward Robinson's Mall, enjoying a warm but not hot morning. Tricycles offer me rides, which I decline. The goal is not to be there, but to get there. A little before the Socsargen Hospital, a black Mitsubishi Strada four-door pickup, with temporary tags, pulls up beside me. As is common here, all the windows are tinted with a 3M film and it is impossible to see through into the cab.

The front passenger window rolls down and I am looking at Harry's mug. The guy is laughing as he exclaims, *I see she has thrown your sorry ass out! You deserve that and far worse, you sorry bastard!*

I smile. I am not angry. I am simply sorry for Harry. *Sorry to disabuse you of your sweet fantasy, Harry, but the girls are getting dolled up for a party this afternoon and I was just in the way of their fun.* I am just looking at the guy. I have no animus towards him. I don't fit into his world view and he can't deal with it, without his moral holier-than-thou world view taking over. I have seen it many times before. It matters little, the religion. The issues will be different, but the reaction is the same. Be they Christian, Muslim, Jew or Hindu, it's always the same type of crap.

If I refused to socialize with anyone who might have these tendencies, I would have a very small circle of acquaintances with whom to play cards. As it is, Harry, I suspect, needs me to be pissed with him, or embarrassed or at least not patronizing, which I gather is how he is interpreting my response. He yells that I... *have a lot of nerve!...* before he drives off. I don't know. He may be right, that I have a lot of nerve. I will have to think about that.

I decide to deviate from my path and make a loop, eventually returning home. On the way I am passing through entirely residential and squatter areas. As I walk through some areas, children cluster around. They look, gawk, sometimes speak. Sometimes I will stop and talk to some for a bit. I stop to talk to two boys, one tall and one very small. I suspect it is a younger and older brother, years separating them. I discover they are the same age and schoolmates. A little further on I come across a shabbily dressed young girl. I make her to be eleven or twelve. I stop when she looks up, smiles and says hello.

Hello, to you. What is your name?

Grace, Po.

How old are you Grace?

Fifteen, Po.

Wow, really 15?

Yes Po.

You have brothers and sisters?

No Po. I am only one.

You live with nanay[56] and tatay[57]?

Hindi Po. I live with nanay. Tatay is missing.

How long has he been missing?

A year, Po.

How old is nanay, Grace?

Thirty-four. Po.

If I wanted this girl, and maybe her mother, I suspect, they would be mine for the taking. Clearly, as evidenced by this child's lack of development, this family is living damned close to the edge as far as nutrition goes. The holier-than-thou crowd will say she is lucky I didn't pursue her. Others will note that my decision to pass the child up, and walk on, is to dash their possibly only hope of a better life. Choose what you wish, as you read this. I can't rescue everyone here who is in bad circumstances and I don't need anyone else in my bed. I walk on.

[56]Nanay [Pronounced:nah-NIE] = Mother
[57]Tatay [Pronounced:tah-TIE] = Father

I am a few feet from our front door as the rain starts once more. I get a little damp, but am not soaked.

Lewis, did you have a good walk?

It was OK. You girls ready for this afternoon?

Of course not! Not time yet, husband. We are still busy. You come home too early. Ann kisses me on the cheek and moves on to the continuing preparations. I am moving toward my desk when Moon and Iay grab me. *Father, Noime say we find you and bring you to her. Please come.*

Moon, what does Noime need?

Father, come!

Each has an arm and they pull me toward my bedroom. I see Angeli out of the corner of my eye, rolling her eyes. I am two steps from entering the bedroom when I see Joy2x exit the CR. She is crying, looks up at me and does all she can do to move away from me as fast as she can. I shake off my young escorts and capture Joy2x before she succeeds in her attempt to flee. I drag her into Noime's bedroom, which is, as I suspected, empty. Noime is in my bedroom. *What has happen?*

Leave me alone, Boss!

I will not! What has happened Joy2x?

No, do not ask me!

Are you mine Joy2x?

What?

Are you mine?

Yes, of course, I am.

Then, what has happened?

Boss, I have my monthly. Not pregnant!

That is the problem?

Yes!

You think it is that easy to get pregnant?

Well, yes, I think you give me your semen. I will get pregnant.

Joy2x! It may take, months, years or never. Bahala na! Stop this crying. When your monthly is over we will try again.

I am stupid. I do not know how to get pregnant!

Oh, bullshit. You know how. It just doesn't happen every time we try. Kalma ka[58]*. Go clean your face and pull yourself together.*

Joy2x returns to the CR and I enter my bedroom to find my little ones sitting there, frightened.

Uncle, is Teacher OK?

Yes child, she was greatly disappointed about something. She felt very bad about it. But I explained to her that is OK. She is better now. So, Noime, why did you send Moon and Iay to bring me here?

Angeli say to Rez that you are to do Rez in her poop place. But with the party, you will not have time to do this. So we decide, you should do it now, before the party.

Once again, I see a problem, when others just see a need to do what someone else says. While it would be easy to just go along with this, I can see all sorts of problems based on the precedent of this if I don't push back now.

[58]Kalma Ka = literally 'calm yourself', colloquially, 'relax.'

Who decides who I should be with, Noime? Angeli or me?

You Uncle. Of course you.

Did I tell you I would take Rez?

No, Uncle, but Angeli...

Noime! Stop! Angeli has nothing to do with this. Do you understand? She cannot say that, and have me agree. I give no one that permission.

Now they are all scared again. *Rez, I do not want to take you the way your mother said. I want to put my cum in your pussy. Would you like that?*

Opo!

Good, then let us have some fun. Noime, Moon, Iay, I do not think you are needed. Do you need them Rez?

No Sir. But, Sir, it is OK if they are with us.

No, I think not. You girls go now, but get back to my bed tonight.

Three little ones scatter and I am alone with Rez. *Do you know why your mother wanted me to take you today?*

Yes Sir. You make it clear to the other women that we are yours and you love us. That means everything to us. Mother wanted you to know that, Sir.

Rez, I already knew you were here for life. You and your mother belong here and did before the party. I do not need proof. But I do want to have love with you. I want to feel your love, not your fear. Tell me Rez, there is no wrong answer. I just want to know, are you too young to feel love?

How do I know it is love I feel, Sir?

I am not sure I know how to answer. But if you feel happy in my arms, safe in my bed, and dream of being with me forever, then I think that is love.

Then, Sir, truly, I love you. Mahal Kita[59]*, my Sir!*

I am reclining on the bed and reach out, to bring Rez into my arms. Her head is at my neck. My hands are filled with her long black hair. Her small lithe body tucking in against me. She hugs me and kisses my neck. I rock her back and forth. In truth, if we do nothing more, it's fine with me. Rez has a different idea. She lowers the fly on my shorts and reaches in to find my member. Grasping the goal of her desire, she starts stroking my cock inside my briefs.

I continue holding her and rocking gently. Rez lets loose of my member, pushes out of my arms, pushes me back so that I am lying flat on the mattress, unbuckles my belt, and proceeds to attempt to remove my shorts. I cooperate.

After getting my clothing off me, Rez stands and undresses herself. I enjoy watching her youthful form as she disrobes and climbs back on the bed. I watch has she opens up the top drawer on the night stand and removes the KY. I watch her as she lubes me and her cunt with the jelly. It is a workmanlike act. She has us ready. Once again Rez returns her attention to my dick and starts stroking me. She is kneeling on my side. I am on my back. It is clear, with my pole fully greased, I will not be getting head. Rez straddles my hips, takes my divining rod and sets forth to see if I can find the treasure that is buried oh so deep.

Rez looks at me, *Sir, please always want me. Please, if I am not good enough, teach me. Mother and I want to be in your heart, all your life. I will do anything, Sir, anything. I promise. Mother wants me to have a child. I want that. Please. Anything you want. You just tell me. I do it.* She nods her head as to signify that her plea has been completed before she lowers her cunt onto my cock. Slowly, very slowly but without any interruption, the cunt envelops my cock. The hot tight pussy squeezing and cooking my member at the same time. Her lower lip between her teeth, her eyes closed, her breathing shallow, her pubic bone reaches mine. Up to now she has been driving down with me going deeper and deeper. Now, while at the

[59]Mahal kita [Pronounced: mah-HAL key-TAH] = I love you.

bottom, she moves her hips in a circular motion. And then, removing her lower lip from her teeth, she tips her head back and moans, ... *yessss.*

Up a little, and down, up a little and down. Again up and down. *Is this good, Sir? I know we all do this before with you, but do I do this correctly?*

I am in heaven. I am looking up at this little love. I am buried in her pussy and she is fucking herself on my cock. How could this not be right, correct? Oh dear God, this is fantastic. Rez is a wonder of loyalty and love. *Yes Rez, this is correct. You are doing right.*

She works up and down slowly. There is no way she can know that this is exactly what I want right now, but it most certainly is. I want a slow, long, loving fuck. We continue like this for quite a while. Neither of us is searching for orgasm. We are wanting to feel each other's sexuality. I play with her nipples. She plays with mine. She is lubricating more and more onto my loin as we continue. All of a sudden, during the leisurely fuck, I feel Rez's pussy spasm. She is cumming. Rez stops breathing for a second or two and then gulps air.

I roll us over and put her in missionary position. Rez's legs are in the air. They being slung over my arms, my hands placed on the mattress to keep my weight off her. I start slamming my cock into her cunt. Rez moans, hisses, pleads for more, calls me 'Sir' over and over, asking 'Sir' to fuck her as hard as I can. I feel another orgasm before, I finally cum in Rez without protection.

I roll off Rez as the bedroom door opens and Ann walks in. There is cum oozing out of Rez's cunt. The child is completely exposed on the bed, as am I, with my limp and cum covered member. *Husband, it is time for the party. You need to clean up!*

Ann, please clean me up and clean up Rez too. Ann climbs onto the bed and takes my cock into her mouth, licking and sucking me clean. Once done she tells me to get my ass in gear, gets below Rez on the bed, puts the girl's legs over her shoulders. Ann dives in, to eat out Rez. I am not sure who is getting the better end of this. Ann has already brought Rez, whose

eyes are glassy and unfocused and breathing shallow, off twice more and is still going at it when, dressed, I leave the room.

When I enter the sala, I find three couples have already arrived and I am chatting with them as Ann is still doing Rez in the bedroom. They ask, *Where is Ann?*

She is occupied at the moment. As soon as she can, she will join us.

I break free from our guests to get them some drinks. Angeli walks up to me, *Where is Ann?*

Her face is planted on your daughter's cunt.

Ann does eventually emerge, albeit with flushed cheeks. As normal, I spend my time with the guys, while the women huddle in a different area. This is pure Philippine culture. Today, the rum and brandy is out, not the beer. This is, evidently by consensus, simply not a beer type of day. I pour myself a glass of Tanduay Dark Rhum. There is also Fundador Brandy on the table. The guys are relaxed, but not without questions, all of which are directed at me. They will be asking me questions about the females that are of legal age. Thank God, they are not asking about my little ones.

Frank is the one who texted me yesterday morning for details and he can't wait for the others. I haven't finished pouring my drink when he asks, *What the hell is this about Lewis. My wife claims you live with Ann and three mistresses. That can't be right.*

She's got it right, Frank. Joy2x, Angeli and Belen are mistresses. They all live here.

But you and Ann have not split. That makes no sense.

Maybe not to you, but that is the way it is.

OK Lewis, I get that they are all living here, but not that you are fucking all of them.

Think what you like. I am not going to fuck them in front of you to prove a point.

Lewis, come on man, level with us!

Frank! Cool it! That is Jimmie and he has been enjoying his brandy, but has had enough of Frank's dogged unwillingness to take 'yes' as an answer. *If Lewis says he is doing these girls and they don't seem to be contradicting him, why can't you get it in your head that, that's what's happening. Lewis has grabbed the gold ring. … Lewis, I have to hand it to you, each of those girls is a beauty. Do they really all get along OK, or is it a little bumpy when we are not all here?*

We let the maid we had go, you remember Diana, right? OK well like I said, we let her go. We took on Angeli as a maid. She became more than a maid. I am not going to explain the details how that happened. Our niece's teacher Joy2x was looking for a place to stay and we got introduced to her. All I can tell you is that we fell in love with her. She joined us for more than a bed spacer. Finally, Belen is one of Angeli's best friends. She came for a visit and never left. That is the short version. I am not giving you the unabridged version. They all get along fine. There are no fights.

Really? No fights? That is Scotty. He's the one who texted me that I was his hero.

None Scotty. I had to put my foot down and make sure that decisions are made ***only*** *after I am consulted. They were starting to act as a cabal. No other problems.*

Clearly I am inventing a little, but I have to because I can't explain what really transpired. The girls know what I have told these guys as we all agreed on a cover story earlier before the card party two days ago. The other women got then, and will get again today, the same story.

Scotty is swirling his brandy over ice cubes, looking at me real hard, before he puts his glass down and asks, *How many in your bed at once and what do their daughters think about you fucking all their mothers?*

Scotty, Ann has asked me to not talk about that and I will honor her wishes. Let's just say that what I do with my girls, is between me and them. As to the little ones, their lives were lived close to the edge before, you all understand that. They are happy to be safe.

You know, this is William, *have any of you guys noticed that none of you have asked how it could be that these women would want to be with Lewis? We all understand. While no one in the USA would understand, we all do, and all our wives do. And even more clearly, the wives of the guys who are not here understand. Our wives are not threatened by it for whatever reason. Those women, probably, do feel threatened. If any of you guys had a wife who would cooperate, all of you know, in your bones, that any of us could have what Lewis has. Clearly we love our wives and know that they will not agree, that is the show stopper.*

Frank interjects, *William, Lewis wants this, but I do not. One female is enough for me.*

Frank, fair enough. I just meant to say that when it comes to the girls that are Lewis's mistresses, it is not a secret that, it is entirely understandable that they would sign up for the ride.

William seems to close the interrogation by his, *Well, Lewis, allow me to drink to your health and the hope that you don't die in the saddle too damned soon!*

Chapter 25: What part of no, don't you understand?

The gathering is over by 9PM and tomorrow is a school day. The little ones are in my bed, they are asleep and will be up and off, before I am moving. The girls are cleaning up the Sala and kitchen while a lively conversation keeps things interesting.

I am just sitting in the Sala, playing Brick-breaker on my phone, as the chatter swirls around me. I do not look up to hear who is talking and can't even say who is speaking, but am intrigued by what I hear, never the less.

Lilian tell me, her Scotty keeps talking about it. He asking her, how this work. She tell him, 'How I know this?' She say she tell him, 'Ask Lewis.' He say, he think it a good way to live. Lilian say she tell him, 'Not with me! I no like it.'

Yes it true, but Agnes, she say she thinks maybe she would, but Frank say 'No way! Not natural!'

Haha, maybe they switch husbands, then all happy!

You know what Miriam say? She say, she think William has one.

One what?

Mistress, but he not admit it. She say, maybe she tell him to bring her home!

Oh my God. Truly?

Yes!

Hehe, Lewis, you hear that?

Huh?

You hear what we talk about?

A little. Why?

You tell William to bring his mistress home. Miriam say she can stay with them.

No way! I am not going to get involved with that! Damn I just lost a life. The conversation continues between the girls.

Why they ask how we do it? All but Miriam say it not going to happen in their home, so way they ask?

Haha, I think they more interested than admit. They too shy to admit.

Maybe, some. Not all.

That true. But Miriam say that Em2x[60] *knows that Harry had a mistress and she take a knife to the girl. She tell Harry, if he try that again she take the knife to him.*

Truly?

Yes!

Haha, now I understand why she not want to come anymore.

I'll be damned. That does explain a lot about Harry. He's getting it from both ends. His wife is literally threatening to either cut his nuts off or kill him, and I am pulling more shit than he ever tried, 'walang problema!' Talk about feeling emasculated! Poor guy. Now I am really sorry for the asshole. But, he is still an asshole.

By 10:30PM I take a shower. The bedroom, as I enter it, is dark. I get into bed. The little ones are all there. All four and bless their hearts, they have left plenty of room for me. Noime is the closest to me and I suspect that is not by accident. Sleep comes easily.

[60]Em2x [pronounced: em-EM] a nickname.

§ § §

I awaken to Noime stroking morning wood. She has a big smile on her face. *Good morning, Uncle!*

I can only grunt a response. Damn this is good. Noime takes me in her mouth briefly, wetting my member. She is not going for the KY but mounts me without it. Why is she doing this? ... Ahhh damn that feels so good. She is wet enough to get me inside her, but I feel her more intensely. If that is what she is after, from my end of the transaction, it works. It takes a while to get me completely inside her, but once done and after a few short strokes, Noime giggles and downshifts, revving up the action and intensifying the power of her strokes. For her, this is not about me, it is about Noime, getting a morning reward, fast and furiously. I am a secondary consideration. I am the man who gives her the freedom to feed the need.

Noime is not looking at me. Her eyes are closed, her jaw is clenched, her head is tilted back. Her body slams into my pelvis, over and over again. A forceful stream of pussy juice squirts on to me and the mattress as her cunt clamps around my cock which sends me off and shooting into the imp. Her eyes fly open, looks at me, as she lets loose sound of startlement and pleasure, followed by a huge grin.

Not a word is said as she dismounts and leaves for the CR. I am alone. My cock is sheathed in cum and pussy juice. With all the females in this house, not one is here to clean me up. I grab a towel.

§ § §

When I get to the kitchen for my coffee and mango, Manny is there and wants to talk. He will build a temporary structure with coconut lumber and corrugated roofing. The concrete can be mixed and the blocks cast under that. I question how large a structure he needs to do that and have room for the blocks to cure afterwards. He thinks that by extending some corrugated sheeting from one side of the roof, we can cure the blocks along the side of the house, giving him plenty of room without a large

structure. I am not sure, but give my agreement to move ahead with the plan as we can't do a damned thing otherwise.

Within minutes I hear Manny's motorcycle take him off on his trip to secure needed materials.

Ann and Belen have gone to the palengke. Angeli has waxed the floor and is now out in the washroom. All the others have gone to school. I am drinking my coffee, mango already devoured, when *Coraline* wanders in.

Gud AM, Sir.

Good morning, Coraline.

Sir, it OK if I use your shower?

Yes, of course.

Sir may I ask you a question?

Yes, Coraline. What is your question?

Why you want so many girls?

I didn't.

Then why you have them?

It is complicated. Ann discovered she wanted a female lover.

Truly? All the reason is because of Ann?

Not entirely. I wanted Noime and Ann. Those two only.

But Noime is too young! Why you want her?

Coraline, I am not going to argue with you. You asked why. I tell you why. I will not argue about that she is too young. She is mine and she wants to be mine.

Yes I know. I do not understand. But I know this.

Anyway, the others are here because of Ann's needs. It just worked out that way.

Wow! So you be happy if they not here?

No, I did not say that. I am happy with all of them and now that they are here, I do not want to lose them. It is just that we would not have had them, if it had not been for Ann's need.

Ah, sige. You really have each one as your lover, Sir?

Yes, Coraline. Why you ask?

I think Manny cannot do so many girls! Hehe. Maybe your titi[61] *is very big! I think Manny's is maliit*[62]*.*

Coraline, the size of my penis has nothing to do with this.

Is it big, Sir?

No Coraline. It is not.

I do not believe you! You cannot do all these girls, if you do not have a very big titi.

Well Coraline, the only girls who will know the truth, are those who I put it in. So you will not know.

Why you not show me? I want to see this special titi.

You want me to fuck you, Coraline?

Why you ask that? That rude!

[61]Penis
[62]Small

I tell you that the only females who see my penis are the ones I fuck and still you ask to see my penis.

Bastos ka![63]

Ka rin[64]*!*

Coraline walks away, evidently deciding against the shower.

§ § §

I am sitting at my desk when Angeli calls me to eat my lunch. I have been trying to write down all that has happened these last few days. My lunch plate is already made up and waiting for me. It holds some pancit bihon, rice, and a tuna dish from last night. As I eat, Angeli sits down next to me.

Lewis, the mother and daughter you meet today, they are new to you and they want to be yours.

Are you sure of this, Angeli?

Yes, Sir, I am sure. I know the mother. She text-chat me this morning.

Do you have any advice for me?

No. No advice. Just you know. OK?

OK. Thank you.

Oh Sir, she ask what you say to the other one last Tuesday, about that the mother and daughter must do. She say, really, is that true. I say it is true.

What did she say after that?

Wala na.[65]

[63]the phrase means, 'you are (indecently) rude'
[64]the phrase means, 'you too'

Huh. OK thanks.

You welcome, Sir Lewis.

Well I have been warned, but have no plan. I will face the unknown today and another pair tomorrow who want the same thing. Damn.

§ § §

I am in the school room. The aircon is up high for two reasons. It is hot outside and I don't want to give this mother any incentive to disrobe. Let her be too cold for that.

In walks, what must be, one of the most beautiful females in the Philippines and her mini-me daughter. Both are wearing skirts so short that you have to wonder just how they can do it. I am about to say something when the mother puts her daughter on the couch, kneels in front of the girl, removes the child's panties and starts eating pussy. The daughter is grabbing her mother's long black hair and pulling the attached head as tightly in as she can manage.

I am just sitting and watching.

After about five minutes of this action, the daughter blows a gasket and cums hard. Mom stands up, comes over to me. Her face is smeared with adolescent pussy juice as she bends in for a kiss that transfers as much as she can of the residue onto my face. She then grabs my shirt just below the neck and pulls hard enough that I either follow or the shirt will rip.

She pulls me down to her daughter who has remained on the couch. Now pushing me from the back on my head, she pushes me into her daughter's pussy. Oh hell, I guess I am going to eat pussy. To do otherwise looks like a bad option. I do not need a fight here at the school.

[65]Wala na [Pronounced: wa-La nah] literally is 'Nothing now' but is taken to mean 'Nothing else' or ' Nothing more'

I get to work on the child's pussy. The mother is not standing by, watching. My shorts are being pulled down, as are my boxers. My rampant member is exposed and the mother strokes me with some real authority.

Am I being raped? It's an interesting question but not one I really want to pursue at the moment.

What happens next is a little hard to explain. The mother stops stroking and climbs between my knees and the couch. She is kneeling, her head is below her daughter's cunt, pushed up against the couch. Her cunt is pressing against my member. With a hand, between her own legs, she reaches up, finds my cock and puts it in just the right place. She pushes her cunt back and up. I am now fucking the mother and eating the daughter. Damn!

We have yet to speak to each other and I am about to cum. But before I do, Mom says something and both disengage from me, swapping position in a way that begs the question of how you can choreograph something like that in advance?

I am now inside the daughter and eating the mother. For the first time the mother speaks. *My daughter was a virgin. You take her virginity. She is yours now. You know that. You cannot reject her. We join you now. Give my daughter a child. Give her a child!*

She is saying that while grabbing what hair I have, keeping my face planted on her cunt. The daughter's cunt is nirvana and I do cum hard, but remain hard. I am still stroking and the daughter can't take any more. The mother pulls me off her daughter and gets under me, missionary style. Looking at her again, she is truly beautiful. As I continue to fuck her, I wonder if I can gift her to one of my expat friends. There is no way I can bring her home, but I can't dump her either.

Having just cum, there is no way I am going to cum again, but I am not getting soft either. She is going into orbit. I don't care where she is right now as I pound her cunt, and twist her tits.

I call out to the daughter, *Sit on your mother's face, facing me. I want her to eat you again.* The child's pussy is sore, but she does what I say. While she is being eaten out, I pull her face to my face and start sucking tongue with the little one. She is more than willing. She is enthusiastic.

And then the impossible happens. I cum inside mom.

We are just, each of us, just lying there, gathering our wits about us. I am trying to figure out what I am to do now. I grab my cell phone and text Ann, Joy2x, Angeli and Belen all at the same time. The message says, *Mother and child team raped me. I am bringing them home. Need help to figure out what to do. Have an idea about Agnes and Frank. Maybe you text Agnes and see how interested she really is. Maybe we give these two to another couple?* And I send the message.

Maybe you two would like to introduce yourselves to me? What are your names?

I can see a frightened look in the mother's face. *Angeli not talk to you about us?*

I am just frustrated enough about all this that I half lie. She did clearly warn me but had not told me their names. *No she didn't. Why should she?*

Oh no! Sorry, sorry! I am Flory and this is Anabel. You take Anabel virginity. She is yours forever. You know this, correct?

We will talk about that. What do you expect to happen now, Flory?

We are your mistresses. We live with you.

I already have too many mistresses. I do not need any more.

But you take us!

No. You rape me.

What!!! How can you say that?

At that point my cell phone pings. I look at it. I see the following from Ann. *Good idea. Bring them. Agnes will be here. Come soon.*

I look at Flory, *Get dressed, both of you are coming home with me.*

It doesn't take much for me to get dressed. While the females are getting straightened up, I text back, *They are coming. Do I tell the mother she has to do Agnes, when we get there? What do we do with the daughter?*

The answer comes from Angeli. *Yes, Flory must do Agnes. Anabel stays here with you, at least for now.*

When they are ready, I tell them to sit on the couch. *Flory, I do not have room for you in my house.* She is about to scream but I silence her and continue, *When we get to my house, you will take the wife of friend of ours, Agnes, into a bedroom and do your best to make her love you. If you are successful, she will take you home where you will have to seduce her husband, Frank. He does not think he wants another girl. But Agnes thinks it would be a good thing. It will be up to you to make this happen. Anabel will stay with me. She is mine, unless you can find a way to get Frank to fall for her too. But for now, Agnes must not know that Anabel might join you. Do you understand?*

Yes I think so. Does Angeli know this?

Yes.

OK, I call her now and ask her. OK?

Yes.

The call between the girls lasts a good five minutes and then Flory declares herself ready. While she is on the phone I text all of my girls, young, and not as young, with a simple message: When I get there with Flory and Anabel, I want them all there in the Sala, and all clear on the fact that this woman cannot stay with me.

The trip home is quick. When we walk in, Flory and Anabel are looking at two lines. Each little one is standing in front of one of the girls. Noime is in front of Ann. Moon is in front of Joy2x. Rez in front of Angeli. Iay in front of Belen.

Before I can say a word, and instead of Ann speaking, which is what I think will happen, Angeli speaks. *Flory, I tell you that you cannot join us. You make big mistake. We will not let you stay with us. I do not know what we do with Anabel, but you cannot stay. Why you so stupid?*

You stay here! Why not me?

How many you think want the same thing. Sir Lewis say no more. He mean it. I tell you what he tell us. I do not make rules here! I tell you he will say no. That what he tell you, correct?

I give him my daughter!

I tell you, do not do it! Why you blame us? You are stupid!

I have heard enough. *Stop!* And both do stop. *Ann, is Agnes coming?*

Yes, husband. She coming quick now.

What did you tell her?

Angeli tells me this is a pretty one. I tell Agnes that if she really wants to do a little what we do, we have a girl here who will do this. She and Flory will have to seduce Frank. Agnes thinks that he will agree if it all happens right.

Well, Ann, is she pretty enough?

She is beautiful. It is OK, but she need different clothing.

Take her and get her dressed correctly.

They all look like they are going to participate, and I figure that is a bad idea. *No! Ann, and Angeli, only! Joy2x, Belen, you entertain Agnes when*

she comes, if Flory is not ready. When she does come, Flory goes into Joy2x's bedroom with Agnes. Everyone else, stays away. Anabel, you and my other little ones come with me to Noime's room, now.

Chapter 26: Ain't no sunshine when you're gone.

I stay away from Agnes and Flory. The more I do not know and the more than Agnes does not know that I know, the better.

The little ones and Anabel are in what we still call, Noime's bedroom. *Anabel, these are my girls. They are friends to each other. They are my most important lovers. If I was not married to Ann, I would marry Noime when she gets old enough. This is not news to anyone in this house. However, I love all of them and they all know this. I do not know if you will be happy here. I do not know, if you will like my girls. I do not know if you have love for me. All these girls really do love me. Why that is, I do not know, but they do. I have no reason to believe you love me. Maybe you will. Maybe not. I will promise you this. Whatever happens, if you stay here or not, I will not allow anything bad to happen to you unless you disobey me. If you disobey me, what will happen, is that you will have to leave here and I will not know where you will go. This is a lot for you to understand, so I will leave you with the other young ones here. You can ask them about what I just said and anything else you want to ask. ... Girls, you will find that Anabel has my cum in her pussy. I do not think I need to tell you more.*

I exit Noime's room and enter my bedroom. Joy2x and Angeli are sitting on the bed, talking. *Boss, what you do tonight, it is dangerous.*

I know. What do you think I should have done?

I don't know.

See, I tell her you don't have any good option Sir Lewis, but she keeps saying, 'this was bad.' You make a good choice. I think you are correct.

Angeli, I think Joy2x is right, but you are also right, I didn't have any good options. If word gets back that I had taken the mother into our house, it would make everything that comes next, even worse. I want the word to get out that I will not take anyone else. There is little likelihood that there is

anyone else to gift a woman to. I need both of you to get that word out. OK?

OK Boss. I will do that. Boss, she is very pretty.

You think I didn't notice?

Angeli is laughing. *Sir, who do you think Joy2x means?*

Flory!

Hehe, no! She means Anabel. She wants Anabel.

Joy2x, is Angeli correct?

Joy2x is blushing. *Yes and no! I do mean that Flory is beautiful, but Angeli is correct, I want to take Anabel to my bed.*

Joy2x, I am pretty sure, Anabel is straight or at the most bi. She is not true lesbian. I will see if she will be ok with you but I don't want you to push it. Understand?

OK Boss. Boss, are we with you tonight? You haven't told anyone. I think it is our turn.

Well, I don't know about turns, but no. Joy2x, you know you have your period now. So not tonight. I will ask Ann and Belen, if you can stay with them tonight. Angeli, please bring Moon here to me. You will stay and assist, but, it is Moon I will be with most tonight. For now, where are Agnes and Flory?

They are still in the bedroom.

Angeli, Joy2x, if it looks like Flory is leaving with Agnes, you two will pull Flory aside and tell her the following: If she tries to in anyway injure the marriage between Agnes and Frank, I will personally make sure she regrets that for the rest of her life. She is to be Agnes's, not Franks. She is to do

what Agnes wants her to do and only what Frank wants, if Agnes agrees. You understand me?

Boss, I think we know what you say. We will do it.

Good, where are Ann and Belen?

They were cooking supper. It is ready.

Good, call the little ones and let's eat.

§ § §

We are having supper. Flory and Agnes are still having something else again. Agnes has left her cellphone with Ann and Frank wants to know where his wife is. Ann texts back that Agnes is with us but busy at the moment, interviewing a new maid. He asks if Agnes has any intent on feeding him supper. Evidently Agnes missed that detail. Ann tells him that she must had forgotten! Why doesn't he simply order a pizza, or Chow King or McD's. They all deliver. This is not going to be news to Frank. He eats breakfast at McD's on the highway, many a morning. The delivery numbers for these places are plastered all over town. Frank grumbles a bit via text, but he seems OK with it.

We are on all sorts of pins and needles. This is a very dangerous experiment we are trying. I absolutely do not want to add any more females to this household. Flory is a wild card I have not planned on and she has really upset me. I am equally afraid of Alyssa and Andrea, who I will see tomorrow. I say as much at the table. Angeli evidently has some information she has failed to pass on. Alyssa was repulsed by my mom on daughter requirement and will not be there. The replacement pair for them only wants English assistance. I am relieved about that, but the issue tonight is still unresolved. What will happen after this remains an issue.

Belen asks what the bedroom assignments are for tonight.

Thank you for asking. Ann, will you and Belen, add Joy2x with you tonight?

Yes, of course! That will be nice.

Moon, you and Angeli will be with me, OK?

Yes, Father. Thank you.

The rest of you are in Noime's room.

Husband, I have a question about Coraline. She came...

At that moment, Agnes and Flory exit the bedroom and are walking towards us.

Ann gets up and asks, *Have you accepted Flory as your maid, friend?*

*Yes friend, Flory will live with Frank and me. Poor Frank is going to get a big surprise. This is what **I** want. I just hope he can adjust.*

Friend, I had a text with Frank a few minutes ago and suggested he order something to eat by delivery. So maybe you should contact him and see if you want to eat here before you go home. Ann hands Agnes' phone back to her, while Joy2x and Angeli peal Flory away for the warning I asked them to deliver. As the phone call ends, the side conversation has also ended. Agnes and Flory take off to pick up some take out and feed Frank.

Once the two are gone and we are all reseated, all look to Joy2x and Angeli for a report. What do they know?

They explain to the others, that I had told them to give Flory some instructions. Evidently, the instructions meet with the approval of my wife, because she leans back, laughs, and says, *Oh my. I forgot to tell Agnes to make that clear. I also forgot to talk with you about that. Thank you. That is perfect. Joy2x, how did the girl take that?*

She swears that she will do what we say. We tell her something else. We hope you will not be angry. Boss, we tell her she does not belong to Agnes or Frank. She belongs to you. She will always belong to you. These are your rules and if she fails you, you will decide how to punish her. She tell

us to tell you Boss, she will do what you want. She will always do what you want. She say she needs you to protect her and her daughter.

Joy2x, we wanted Anabel to be with her, not us.

I know that Boss, but she tell me that Agnes not going to be OK with that. She is pretty sure.

Damn. Anabel, you are lovely. Truly lovely. But there are so many here already that we have to figure out who sleeps with whom. I wanted you to be with your mother. You and I will talk privately in a few days, and see what will work best for you.

Yes Po.

Ann, we can talk about the issue of Coraline, on the Terrace after supper, OK?

Oo.

Good, all those with homework, go do it! Ann and I will be busy for a few minutes. Angeli, I want to see you and Moon by 9PM in the bedroom.

And with that I get up and so does everyone else. Iay, grabs Anabel, as the new one is unsure of what to do. Belen, Joy2x and Angeli tackle the supper dishes. On the terrace, I sit down and signal that the Coraline matter should be aired.

Lewis, are you wanting to take my brother's wife?

No.

Why did she say that you want her?

Who did she say that to?

Me.

Anyone else?

No, I do not think so. Why she say that?

OK, I do know what this is about... Here's what happened... And I tell Ann the entire episode, from beginning to end.

Ann is not pleased, but I am not the target of her displeasure. Evidently this is not the first time she has dealt with Coraline's way of reinterpreting events. *Husband, I think we should deal with this as a couple, with Coraline. I want to teach her, to never behave this way again. I will send Angeli and Belen off to shop tomorrow morning and then call Coraline over. Here what I think you say to her...*

§ § §

Moon is alone in the bedroom when I open the door. *Where's Angeli?*

She say she stay in Noime room. You want me. That true father?

I see. Yes that is true. Are you OK with being alone with me again? Or maybe you want to have another here too. We can do what you want.

It OK if I want you alone?

Yes, it is good.

Then that what I want. Just you and me, Father. Father?

Yes?

I see my mother today. She see me at school.

Was that good?

Yes I think so. But she is very thin. I do not think she has rice, Father.

I see. You need more allowance?

Oo. Father, I give her my allowance.

I understand. I will have Angeli, get her a 20 kilo sack of rice every month. OK?

You do that? Wow. Thank you, Father. Father, she now have two dogs with her. Is it possible that maybe she could live in a bahay kubo like Manny and Coraline here? You have enough room, Father.

I will think about it. Maybe when Manny finishes helping building the house, he will move out and your mother can move in. We will see.

Father, I think there is something wrong with me.

Why Moon?

I want to see want she do with two dogs! Does that mean I am evil?

No, it does not mean you are evil. It means you are normal, healthy and curious. I am curious about that too. Maybe you want to see her do it?

Could we?

Oh my. Moon, maybe we will. In the meantime. What do we do with your pussy and my cock?

Hehe! I think I have an idea! But we need to be naked, Father. Please undress me.

I wish I could insert a photo of what Moon looks like here. I bet good money that you would give your left nut, to even be here as I remove her clothing. Moon is incredible. She is being alternately playful, coy and provocative. As I remove the last of her clothing, her panties, she starts undressing me. She is nibbling me as she goes. She licks my shoulders, my legs, plays with my ass and eventually settles on her knees in front of my manhood. Taking it in her mouth and then releasing it, she announces, *This is mine! I let you use it on others, but this is mine.*

You will have a fight with Noime and Ann about that.

OK I share with Noime, it will be ours. But Ann, she has Belen. She is not one of yours any more.

I see. So you are mine and my wife is not?

She takes me in her mouth again and does me for a good minute or two before stopping, looking up at me and saying, *Yes, Father. Just Noime and me.* And she takes me back in her mouth, sucking as hard as she can while stroking the base of my member and grabbing my ass.

I lift Moon up and sit her on the edge of the bed. I tell her to lie back on the mattress. Grabbing her legs at the back of her knees and sliding my hands to the back of her calves as I lift up, I move in. Moon's ankles are on my shoulders, as I stand over her. Her pussy is on a level with my cock. My fingers, play with her cunt. She is already wet. Moon's eyes are closed and a big Texas grin is on her face, as I use my hand to move my Johnson up and down, separating her labia and wetting my spear before penetration. And then, I do plunge in to this very tight young cunt. Moon gasps.

Each plunge, I sense, I am pushing things out of the way. But it does give way. The feeling is beyond description. There can be nothing better. Moon is looking up at me. Her eyes open, her face a mosaic of expressions. She wants this. She wants all I can give her. She cannot believe how completely filled she feels. She does not want to share me. All these are like flashing messages her face displays as we continue. And then she starts talking her fantasies. *I want. I want you fucking me like this and I watch dogs fucking my mother and Ann at the same time. Ann not good enough to be yours. Only me. Make all them fuck dogs. Ann, Belen, Joy2x. You mine, Father. You mine! Mine!!! Mine!!!*

And she cums hard and profoundly.

I am still stroking her, standing over her. I say nothing. Moon is mine. She is mine as much as Noime is. As I pound her, it feels not like I am running into a love tunnel, but rather simply and truly into Moon herself. Piercing her body. My member becoming part of Moon, Moon becoming part of me. I look down at my little love and sense that she is right. Ann is no longer mine. Moon replaces Ann. Moon and Noime are my loves. I see

Ann on one side with Belen next to her, both being fucked by some big dogs and Sunshine on the other side being fucked by one dog while sucking off a dog that is laying on its back. In my fantasy, Moon has a white lace wedding veil on, white thigh stockings and a big gold wedding ring on her finger. I blow my load inside Moon. Yesss!!!

Damn that was one fucked up and weird fantasy. Below me and still attached to my member is Moon, glassy eyed and opened mouthed. She moves not a bit. I move my member a bit and she sucks in a bit of air and then moans. I slide out. Cum oozes from Moons cunt and dribbles down onto the sheets. *Thank you, Father. Come and sleep now. Hold me and I will sleep good.*

I do and she does. Life is good.

§ § §

I am sitting drinking my coffee. Ann is preparing something in the kitchen when Coraline comes in. I am not sure what she was expecting, but she looks a little nonplussed when she spies both of us.

Good morning Coraline. Please sit down. Ann will join us. Coraline's jaw clenches a bit as she sits and Ann finds a place at the table.

I think Ann and I are a little confused. Yesterday you asked me to see my penis because you told me it must be far larger than your husband's penis. I told you that you would never see it because only those who I bed, see my penis. You asked to see it again. I asked you if that meant you wanted me to fuck you. You called me rude and left. Later you told Ann that I tried to get you into my bed. Why did you do that?

Why you talk to me like this? Why?

I just sit looking at Coraline. I have no idea how to answer her. Ann decides it is her responsibility to deal with this. *Coraline, it is because you lie to me. You think I do not know my husband? You think what? What were you trying to do? You think that is the way I drive all the women out? This will not happen. My husband does not want to fuck a liar. He will not*

fuck any woman who is married. He would never fuck my brother's wife. You have no chance to get in his bed. You have no chance to cause problems for this family. The only thing is that my husband may need to ask my brother to leave. I do not want you on this property any more. Either you leave or you and your family leaves. It is your choice, but you must be gone by tonight.

Why you do this to me. Why he not show me his penis? He such a big man, what his problem, he not show me? You are being bad to me. I am innocent. I only want to see this great man's penis.

What I didn't know was that Manny was standing around the corner just outside our view of where we were sitting at the table. But now he is here, with us. He approaches me, *Brother, I am sorry for my wife. She is stupid and I regret that she do that. Sister, you are correct, she must leave. I will send her to her mother until I finish this work. I owe you both much. I not let you down, but now I must bring her to her mother.*

Ann looks at Manny, and then me. She turns back to Manny and says, *Mabuti*[66].

Ann thinks we are done, but we are not. *No, not good. Coraline, you are evil, and as soon as you go to your mother's home, you will talk about all that happens here. This is not acceptable. Manny, there is no promise you can make that will bind your wife. She does, as she pleases, without caring the consequences.*

Husband, what are you thinking we should do?

It depends on Manny. Manny can leave with her and hopefully control her mouth, if he thinks, she really loves him. If she does not, I don't think even that will work. Or if he doesn't have deep love for her anymore, I will call sunshine to bring her dogs and take some photos she will not want anyone to see. If she talks I will release those photos.

Oh, my god. Husband, that is truly cruel!

[66]Mabuti [Pronounced: mah-BOO-TEE] = Good.

Do you realize the damage she can do to us?

I guess I do now. I wasn't thinking about that. Yes, it is up to Manny.

Both Coraline and Manny are right in front of us and listening to this conversation. I have no idea what his marriage is like. As I look at Manny. Coraline's expression is one of panic. *Sister, I have been a good and loyal husband. Marriage is forever and I act in such a way. But my wife is a troublemaker. I tell her to be good this time. I tell her, this is my family, there must be no problems or I leave her. Now maybe I can't even really leave her. Brother Lewis is correct. My wife is evil in her heart. Brother, do what you need to do. I will help you.*

What you do to me? What you do?

Manny looks at his wife with disgust. *Quiet you stupid girl. Go back to the bahay kubo.*

Ann only says, *Text the girl,* and leaves the room.

§ § §

Chapter 27: Addition and Subtraction

I text Angeli to do the following: purchase an extra 20 kilo sack of good rice; text Sunshine that I want her to come here immediately **with** both her dogs.

I get a text back, *Ganun?*

Which gets my reply, *Yes! And be fast about it. Not Filipino time, American time!*

I look at Manny, and shake my head. *You will not like what I am going to do, but maybe it will make your life a little easier.*

Thank you brother.

Don't thank me yet. I suggest you go and sit with your wife until I am ready.

Manny gets up and does as I ask. Angeli texts me, *What is happening?*

I'll explain later. Just do as I ask for now.

OK.

It is far too early for it, but I pour myself some rhum over the rocks. I don't think I have ever drank rhum at 9AM before, but this will be the first time I will force a woman to be raped by two German Shepherds. Am I looking forward to this? Yes I fantasized about Ann and Belen with dogs, just last night. Yes I fantasized about fucking *Coraline* two days ago, but not, not this way and no, I do not want to rape *Coraline*. Give me a way to make sure she will not talk and I will take it. I don't think paying her off will work. I am positive her word is no good. I want to shame her so bad that she will be more terrified, that the facts about what she did will become known, be it a rape or not, that she will not talk.

I tell Ann to bring the rest of the rhum to Manny and have him see if he can get *Coraline* to drink as much as she will. What I do not know, when I make the request, is that she drinks rhum like a fish.

It takes three hours for Sunshine to appear with her two dogs. She does look horribly thin. First thing to be done, is to feed the girl. There is food ready and we also show her the sack of rice. Sunshine is crying. What can she do to repay me? I tell her.

OK I will do this. If she evil and will hurt you, I do what need to protect you Sir. I not let anyone hurt you.

Ann hears this and whispers in my ear, *Go figure, you are lucky to have this one.*

I whisper back, *And I didn't even fuck her.*

Thank you Sunshine. Shall we go to see the girl?

Two eyebrows go up. I recognize one of the dogs, but the second one is even larger. I wonder, does she have one fuck her after the other? How does she manage two?

The bahay kubo is on our lot, so it's not exactly a long walk. While we are walking, I text Joy2x to tell the pair I was to teach today that I am busy and will see them next week. When we get there, I find the litre bottle of rhum, empty. It had been only two shots short of full when I sent it over to them. Coraline is loaded. I don't do anything. Sunshine knows how to get her dogs in action and Ann has the camera. Sunshine brings one of the dogs (the one I gave her) to Coraline and pushes its muzzle into Coraline's crotch. Coraline, though drunk, pushes the dog's nose away.

What happens next is amazing. Sunshine grabs the camera from Ann, releases her grip on the dog's collar and issues a one word command to the pooch. As Sunshine starts snapping shots, the Shepherd, reengages with Coraline, using its snout to push her dress up, its teeth to rip her panties off, and its body to push her over. In no time, Coraline is sort of kneeling

on the floor, ass exposed and being mounted. She is shouting, *Get him off me!*

Quicker than the eye can see, Coraline's cunt is home for a Shepherd cock and is being fucked good and hard. The whimpering stops and what seems like true joy, if not ecstasy is on display. Coraline is calling the dog to give it to her. She is begging for his big damn cock to do her good. Sunshine continues to take photos. Manny, Ann and I are just standing and watching, and then sitting and watching. Twenty minutes later she is done but still locked up. She is moaning for more but this dog has no more to give.

Finally the knot is loosened and Coraline is released. If she thinks she is done, and Ann, Manny and I do think she is done, we are all wrong. Sunshine whispers into the second dog's year and from a calm sitting position, he leaps up, a bright red penis stiff and protruding below. And once again before Coraline has time to really react, she has been mounted. But this time she is not complaining. She is screaming for, *More!*

And more is what she gets for another half an hour. Much of it has been recorded on the camera. By the time the second pooch is done, the rhum has done its work and Coraline passes out. We all leave her alone in that little room.

Walking back to the house, I tell Sunshine, *Please stay with us for supper. We will get you home – with the rice – after that.*

She thanks me. Ann suggests she come into the house, clean up and rest. Sunshine laughs. *Thank you, but it not me need to rest, it is the dogs. They will sleep for a few hours now.*

Ann does take her to the CR and has her shower, giving her some other clothing to wear. Following which, Ann does convince her to just relax a bit. In no time, Sunshine and her dogs are sacking out. They do not rouse for four hours.

I take the camera and with the camera's SD chip in my computer and adding some music, I edit an incredible video. I save it and copy it to a

USB stick. Manny and Ann get to see it and both get copies. We copy it to the SD chip on Manny's cell phone. Manny goes back to the bahay kubo.

It is now about supper time. The little ones and Joy2x are home. Moon knows her mother (with the dogs) is sleeping in Joy2x's bedroom. She sees the extra sack of rice. She comes to me, jumps into my arms. *Thank you, Father. I mean it. You are mine. Now I know it.*

Maybe she does.

Moon wakes her mother for supper. It is a pleasant meal and filled with good natured kidding to Sunshine about the size of those penises. I am not sure that the other girls aren't just a little jealous. I am sure as hell not hung so large.

After supper, I arrange for a tricycle to take Sunshine, the dogs and rice home, paying for it in advance.

It has been a very busy day. As soon as I close the door, three are asking who I am with tonight. Without even giving it any thought I announce, *Noime and Moon.* Ann announces, *Joy2x you are with Belen and me.* There being only three bedrooms, the rest know where they will be.

I am about to write some of this down when Manny and Coraline come in. Coraline looks like shit. Manny looks like he could use some sleep but his jaw is set. *Brother, sister, I think I need to ask you for a change.*

What is it Manny?

Coraline stays here. If she does anything wrong, anything at all, I will release the video myself. I will also find another girl, as this one I do not want to touch. She is no good. But since she is my wife, she will live with me and take care of my mistress. She will be my maid. You may beat her if she needs to be beaten. Now whore, get on your knees, and tell my sister and brother that you are a whore and do not deserve any better.

Coraline does exactly that. It is not a pretty sight. My guess is that, this 'problem' has been solved. But before I agree, I ask to speak with Ann in

private. We go into the master bedroom. *Wife, what do you think, You are the one who ordered her out.*

OK, we give it a try. I will tell them. But stay here, I want to talk to you about Agnes.

Ann isn't gone for more than a minute or two, before she returns. *OK, that is done. Lewis, Agnes texts me. She and Flory do Frank. He freaks out and says, 'what will everyone think?' She tell him to just treat her as a good maid, who he appreciates and no one will know. He say 'Lewis will know. You must have gotten her from Lewis.' Husband, he could not have known, but Agnes, she is not thinking and admits it. So he is worried that you will talk to others about what he do. What we do?*

Text her back. Tell her to tell Frank that she was wrong. I do not know, only you know and you promise to never tell because Agnes is your good friend. OK?

Mabuti. Salamat.

Is Joy2x right, that she will not accept Anabel?

I think so.

OK. Would Manny like Anabel?

Lewis!

Well, he says Coraline *will be replaced in his bed. I don't need another problem by him bringing in another female.*

Ah, I see. How about Angeli?

No, I will not give her up. She stays with me. That is my promise to her.

I see. OK. And you do not want to take any more from the school. Correct?

Yes. That is correct.

Yes, that does make a problem. Let me think about it. I am not giving up Belen and I think I not give up Joy2x either. I think it will be the three of us, now.

Really?

Yes.

OK, that I did not expect. So maybe I lose you as a wife, Ann?

Maybe half, half. We are always married, partners and friends, but yes, maybe yes. Maybe truly separate. Same house, almost, you in new one and me here. You with Angeli and the little ones.

You know that is not what I want, right?

Yes Lewis I know. But it maybe for the best. We still yours, but not in bed. Except maybe Joy2x at times. Maybe she in your bed. I don't know.

§ § §

So from eight females, I am now down to five. Only one of those is of legal age. I am not counting Anabel, because I have not added her and am trying to give her to someone else. Angeli's prediction that I would be hers and not Ann's may have come true. Moon's claim that I am hers and Noime's only may have come true. Iay and Rez are mine, but not like Noime and Moon. Once again the world has been reshuffled.

§ § §

Noime and Moon are here in bed with me. There is no way I am going to tell them about what Ann just told me a bit ago. There is no way for them to deal with that. So that is what I thought. Noime snuggles in and announces that it is good that she is my real wife in my heart, now that Ann is no longer my wife.

What are you talking about?

Tita, she is now with Belen and Joy2x only. They tell the rest of us that they will not be in your bedroom any more. We act sorry for them when they tell us, but we are happy really. Moon tell me about last night. She is right. We are now your real wives. Rez and Angeli are maids and you can love them. That's OK but you are ours.

What about Iay?

She is nice and OK, but she not the same as us.

I see. What do we do with Anabel?

I think one of your friends would like her.

Oh which one?

William. He looks at us real hard when he is here.

I see and how do you think we can get his wife to agree to that?

Dogs?

No! Fuck no!

OK, well, he would really like it.

I am sure he would.

Uncle, I think you need to give Moon and me rings.

Wedding rings?

Of course, silly.

I see. Don't you think that you should at least wait until you are having your period?

Why?

Huh. I guess I don't know. Oh well, it's late and I am tired.

I really am tired and just want to sleep. We get into bed and I turn off the light. All is good and I settle in, only to have Noime slide under the covers and start giving me head as only Noime can do. But that is not all that is happening. Another mouth has attached to my balls. Each has placed one of my feet by her pussy and is humping and apparently using my toes to stimulate each clit. They continue to suck me for all they are worth. All I wanted to do was sleep. Now they have me rock hard and bouncing off the mattress. Noime snakes a hand under my ass and begins to do that thing I still don't understand how she learned. Who teaches a ten year old about prostates? Oh, fuck, this is so weird. These little ones have me so far gone, I am just going to blow my load in no time at all. And then I do. These are two very dangerous little girls. I hear a couple of giggles and then nothing as they snuggle in for the night.

§ § §

I awaken to an empty bed. When I finally get to the kitchen for my coffee, all are gone save Angeli. *Good morning Lewis. Or can I call you husband?*

What?

Well, we all hear that Ann, Belen and Joy2x are threesome and no longer be in your bed. You know this. Ann said she tell you. So I get a promotion, correct?

Angeli, you are my mistress and you will be that, until I die. Ann will be my wife, until I die. That does not change. It never will. But you are promoted in my bed. That is true. It is also true that I will be depending on you more. However, even if, and it will not, but even if Ann would die, I still would not marry you. I would wait for Noime to grow up. Never fail to understand what that little one means to me.

You are truly weird. I accept this. I belong to you. You know this. Maybe I just want too much.

What you want is reasonable. However the law only allows me one wife, not four. Tell me, what do you think we should do with Anabel?

Noime say William would want her.

Yes but William's wife would not.

I hear something about William and his wife. She tell William to bring his mistress home. He can have her if the two get along. He tell that to the mistress and she threatens to kill the wife. She wants William without the wife and he better not have any mistress after he leave the wife and comes to her. William, he leave the mistress and tells wife everything. Wife says, 'OK find a girl you want that will not want marry you or kick me out. If we get along, you have both. I not think I want this before, but if works for Ann, maybe it work for me.' Anabel will be no threat, correct?

Huh, I guess so, but do not believe his wife will accept a twelve year old.

Lewis, you give me permission to talk with the wife? I will explain to her what Anabel's life was like and how this would be good for Anabel.

No, only Ann can do that. Check with her.

But what if she says no?

Then it is 'no.' No arguing.

So now we have two plans for Anabel, Manny or William. I have no idea if either will work. I am lost in thought, and am roused back to reality by Angeli sitting on my lap and kissing me. It is sweet, she is sweet. She is a good girl and I do care for her. She is still on my lap and I am still holding her when Coraline walks in. *What can I do for you?*

Take me now. Manny will not touch me.

No, but I will buy you a dog. You want a dog?

She hangs her head and says, *Yes, please, Po.* And leaves us.

Lewis, that is mean.

Yes it is and it is what she brought on herself.

§ § §

The English lesson today was just an English lesson. I returned to a home without drama. Ann has spoken with Manny. He will find a girl after he finishes the house and not before. So no Anabel for him. Ann doubts the plan regarding William. She essentially does not like it, but gives her permission for Angeli to talk to Miriam, William's wife. I speak to Anabel to make sure that if, against my best guess, Miriam agrees, the little one is OK with the plan. She is.

We are finishing supper when Miriam appears. I had no idea that Angeli had already spoken with her. After greeting Ann and Angeli, she asks, *Which one is she?*

Anabel stands up and pipes up, *Me, Madam. You are looking for me.*

Well, I must say, you are both pretty and have good manners. Come out to the terrace and speak with me child.

They are outside for a good hour, but when Miriam comes in, her arm is around Anabel. She shakes her head as she tells us, *I am sure this is a very bad idea, but it will be years before Anabel can marry anyone. She is a good girl and if she can satisfy William so that he is no longer looking around, then I will be very lucky. So yes, Anabel is coming with me. I expect all of you will keep my secret as I suspect I need to keep yours, Lewis.*

I'm taking the fifth, Miriam!

I am sorry Lewis, what does that mean?

Never mind. We all wish you and William well,... and yes, we will not talk.

§ § §

I feel relieved. Things are settled down. No more drama. I pour myself a glass of rhum over ice and sit down. Joy2x sits down next to me. *Boss, I have been offered a position in a big school in Cebu City. It's a big promotion. I want to take it.*

You don't have to ask my permission, Joy2x. We are not married.

No Boss, I do, because if I take it, Ann and Belen will come with me.

Chapter 28: A disturbance in the force.

Joy2x, that is not going to fly. While I could remind you that you said you were mine for life, even though you loved Ann, I can accept that you really didn't mean it. But Ann is my wife. I can accept that she finds she is a lesbian, but as my wife, I am not going to sit by and watch her go. If you thought otherwise, I am very disappointed.

So it's OK with you, if I go?

No, I don't think I said that right. I do not want you leaving, now or ever, but I will not stop you for two simple reasons. I do not have the right to stop you and if I did and if was that important to you, you would grow to resent me. That would be poisonous. So I would prefer you not leave, but will not stand in your path.

Do you love me, Boss?

Yes, Joy2x. I do. I love you. At one time I thought that I loved you even though you do not and cannot love me. But when I see you cry when you get your period, I know you love me too. I think some of this tonight is your upset over not being pregnant. My best guess is you will feel different in a few days.

Oh, Boss, you were so wrong. I do love you, but I think, you really only love the little ones. I think Ann think you love her, but that it is more obligation and less true love.

If Ann thinks that, she is wrong. I am deeply in love with my wife. I do not want to live without her. Not now, not ever.

Oh Boss, you tell that to Ann?

Many times Joy2x, many times.

OK. Thank you for telling me everything. I will stay.

Are you sure?

Yes, Boss. I am sure.

§ § §

Angeli is in my bed tonight. It is just the two of us. Angeli is a girl I would never have married, but if I had, she would have made a great wife. Life is that way. You can turn left or right and both might be the right turn or both might be the wrong turn. There is no way of predicting. No way of knowing. Just as there was no way I could predict that I would love and be loved by a lesbian. I would have told you it isn't possible. Yet, it is. Clearly her desires take her to females, but her love is very much for me. If it makes no sense to you, join the crowd.

Angeli and I will make love tonight. It will not be sex, though sex will be part of it. I will enter her and cum inside her. But the truth of it is that, if she wanted, I would be happy to just hold her, spoon against her and sleep. Yes, she is beautiful. Yes she will do anything I ask from her. Yes, she is agreeable and competent. Yes, I am probably an asshole. Clearly, the first time I took Belen, it was close to rape. I did use dogs on Sunshine, but it was really what Sunshine wanted, so maybe that doesn't count, but you can't rationalize away what I did to Coraline. That was just plain mean. I did it to save my own ass. Nothing high minded about that. Still Angeli is here, by my side, and she isn't going to leave, ever.

Joy2x has left me with some nagging concerns about Ann, but Angeli is going to be my Ann for me, unless I can turn it around with my wife. My mind is filled with these thoughts, and not paying attention to Angeli, who is very gently stroking my member. Oh, I know I am feeling good, but until I zone on in, well, it just wasn't registering.

Where you go Lewis?

Just thinking about problems. Mmmm, that feels good.

Of course! Hehe. All men like this. I do something else all men like.

She slides down on the bed and takes me orally. The way she is laying, we describe a T square with my cock being the center. I can reach her left leg and pull on it until with coaxing I get her to climb aboard. She is so much shorter than I am, that there is no way I can eat her while she gives me head. But with her cunt right in front of my face, my fingers are not flying blind. It is a wonderful sight. The action on my member is quite outstanding as well. I am playing with Angeli's ass, spreading her cheeks and harassing her butt. I spit on my fingers and insert a couple. Angeli moans on my cock which sets up a vibration in my loins. She doubles down, taking me deeper.

I fuck her face and maul her ass. Angeli is humping my fingers in her ass. She cums, dumping pussy juice on my chest and neck. She is flopping around. A fish on a hook. I keep her going. She cums again and then again. We will need to shower and change the sheets. When I finally cum in her mouth, Angeli is exhausted. She is still draped over me and I am unable to rise to clean up. Eventually I push her off, so that I can shower and fix the bed. She just wants to lie there.

How is it possible to honestly love so many? I do, and that is confusing me to no end.

§ § §

This is Thursday morning. Ann and Belen are gone again. The kids and Joy2x are in school. Angeli is hovering around me. She seems agitated. *What's the matter?*

Wala.

Don't tell me 'Nothing.' There is something bothering you. What is it?

Makulit ka.

Don't tell me I am being difficult. What is the problem?

Oh you! Bahala ka! Ann and Joy2x fight this morning. That what!

What were they fighting about?

Ikaw! Bobo ka![67]

What about me?

Joy2x say Ann not treat you right. She need to be a good wife to you. Ann says Joy2x should mind her own business. Joy2x say, this is her business. It is the business of all girls here. Ann is wife and when wife is not doing what wife should do, it causes problems and confusion for all else in the house. Joy2x point to me and say, she think she is your husband's wife. Joy2x say, if you do not take your place as wife, then she is the wife. Ann get even more very angry. Ann say, he no love me. He only say he love me cause we married. Joy2x say she a fool. She say you love Ann and Ann is hurting your heart. Joy2x say, Lewis, you tell Ann your heart is hurt. That true Lewis? Anyway, Ann runs away, Belen run after her. I do not know where she go.

OK. Thank you for telling me. How does that make you feel?

Do you love me Lewis?

Yes. Yes I do.

But you love Ann more?

It is hard to explain. Ann has been my life partner, my love and my dear friend for many years. Yes I do love you, and I will not let you go, but no one can replace my wife in my heart.

I know you tell me all this before, but it is confusing. I do not think Ann love you, Lewis. I think she respect you and honor you, but not love.

I know, I know, Angeli.

---

[67] You! You are stupid! [This is a good example of the conjugation of the pronoun. ***Ikaw*** is ***You***. But when, as a part of a sentence, '***you'*** receives the attribute '***Ka***' is used.

I am reaching out to bring Angeli to me and hold her for a while when my cell phone pings me that I have a text message.

Lewis, we need to talk. Meet me at McD on highway in 30?

If it is what I think it is about, no. Come here.

OK. 30?

Yes.

Angeli is at the sink, washing dishes. I walk up behind her and put my arms around her.

You love me more if I have a baby?

You have my child and I will do all I can to make sure our child has the best life possible. I already love you. Your question makes no sense to me. Angeli, William is coming over to talk. It may be about Anabel. I want you to be with me when he comes.

Bakit?

Because I love you, bobo!

Bobo ka rin![68]

§ § §

William drives up in his Isuzu SUV about half an hour later, rings the bell and walks through the manhole in the gate. I come out onto the terrace to greet him. It is still relatively early, about 9:30 and we decide to sit on the terrace. Angeli is inside and has yet to join us.

Morning William, to what do I owe the pleasure of your company?

[68]You are stupid, too! [We have seen all these words before. 'Ka rin' or 'you too' is often attached to return the comment back.

You know damned well, you fucking pervert!

Excuse me?

You heard me! And now I am a fucking pervert too! Damn you man!

Ah, Anabel. She is a cutie. Is she causing you a problem?

Yes, it is about Anabel and yes she is a cutie and YES there is a problem!

OK, I hear you. What is it?

She wants me to add another girl and maybe the girl's mother. First time she brings it up I tell her 'no.' She brings it up again and then it comes clear. That is what you have going here. You are not just fucking the mothers. The mothers are here because you are fucking the daughters.

And, William, once again, what is your problem?

She invited a friend over yesterday, and good all mighty, Lewis, those two fucking well raped me!

Huh. What does Miriam say?

Nothing other than laugh. At least she was laughing when the little ones raped me. Then the other girl's mother shows up and puts the moves on Miriam! Fuck! The girl's mother fucks, rapes, Miriam. Now all are in my house and from what I can see, they are not leaving.

What is Miriam saying?

Something like two can play this game. Then she says, 'you get Alyssa and Andrea tonight and I will take Anabel!'

Wait, did you say Andrea and Alyssa?

Yes. Why?

I'll explain later. Go on.

Well that's it.

OK, so I am waiting, other than they raped you, what exactly is the problem you need to solve?

Lewis! It's fucked up.

William, you need to be more explicit. I gather you think something is 'fucked up' and that in a generic way, it might be true, but, once again, what is the problem you want to fix?

William just sits, mouth open, looking at me. He starts to speak any number of times but it isn't happening.

My friend, you are freaking out but only because for the very first time in your life, you are not doing the females, they are doing you. It's not the number of females you have. You are liking the sex, but don't like not being in control. Isn't that it?

Yes! Yes! That is it! How the fuck did you figure that out?

That is immaterial. So if I can get you some control even if all the females stay, you are OK with this?

That stops William again. He just does not know how to answer. Having a mistress on the side is very different from this. This, for William, is fucking with everything he knows and believes. Slowly he nods.

OK there is a way to handle this. I will walk you through it. It may only take a day or two. It might take a little longer, based on how each step works. To answer a question you had before, yes I know Alyssa and Andrea. I did not have sex with them, but I have met and spoken with them. If you want control on these two females, you will do exactly what I tell you to do and do not deviate at all, regardless of any qualms you might have initially. You willing to listen to a fucking pervert?

In for a penny... OK, what do I do.

Well, tonight you are with the mother and daughter. Correct?

Yeh, that's the plan.

You are in one bedroom and your wife is in another with Anabel?

Yeh, I get the master.

You have a chair in the bedroom?

No, but I can put one in there.

Do it. Tonight, you are going to sit on the chair. You tell the mother than if she and her daughter wants to stay, she has to go down on her daughter and her daughter has to go down on her, until each of them cums, all in front of you. When she complains, you tell her, 'Lewis told you that was the entrance requirements. Nothing has changed. You do it. If you don't, I will fuck you tonight and throw you out in the morning.' ... You will either have taken control of those two or they will bail out fast. I got no problem with you adding to the party, that's up to you, but it is important that it not get out of control. Anabel may be connected to Miriam, which is good as it gives Miriam a sense of protection. But the others need to be yours. No wild cards.

So, do I get this right that these two tried to join you and you rejected them?

Yup, that's the short form. It's a little more complicated than that, but in this case, yes, you can say that.

Damn. OK. Does Anabel know all that?

I don't think she would. All she probably knows, is that she has seen it work with multiple girls and her friend needs a place to land.

Gotcha. So how many of these little ones are you doing, my friend?

All of them, William. All of them. And their mothers too.

And Ann?

Sorry, that is for Ann to say, but she is still my wife and that does not change.

Huh, OK. You know, I think Anabel will munch Miriam's pussy tonight.

I suspect she will, if Miriam allows it.

Oh, shit! Anabel! She has already done it with her mother or she would not have been with you! Who's her mother?

Sorry, because of a promise I made, I can't tell you. You may learn it from someone else, but I cannot say.

Does the mother live with you?

No.

Oh, my god! Frank! She is Frank's new maid! Deny it. You bastard, you can't deny it, because that's who it is!

Do not go any further with that. Allow Frank his privacy. Just like I will afford you total privacy.

OK, Understood. Lewis, you know, you are one sick bastard.

I know. Just a second...

I call into the house, *Angeli!* And in a few seconds, she appears. I pull her onto my lap, put my arm around her. *William, this is Angeli. In Ann's absence, Angeli runs things here. I love her and will never let her go.* Angeli is beaming and leans in for a kiss on my cheek.

Good to meet you Angeli.

Good to meet you Sir William! You like our Anabel, we give you?

You know about it?

Hehe. Yes Sir. I the one to call your wife and arrange it. It Noime's idea.

Little Noime?

Yes Sir, she see the way you look at the young ones. She tell me she know you will like Anabel.

Son of a B...

William, none of this happened without consultation with both me and with Ann. But you see, my household works as a cohesive group. They figured you out, in a way I never would, formed a plan, sought permission to carry it out and then, getting that permission, implemented it. So yes, I am a sick fuck, but we are a healthy, connected family unit and we look out for our friends.

OK, I deserve that. Angeli, whenever I see any of you girls I will remember that you are all to be respected.

Thank you Sir.

Angeli, William has two more in his home, unrequested. Alyssa and Andrea.

No! Oh my God. What we do to help?

I think I took care of it. But we may need your help if it does not work.

Sige, Sir Lewis, but tell them, make them, eat each other!

William almost doubles over in laughter. Angeli's eyes go wide. She is looking at William and at me and back again. Slowly William catches his breath. *Dear girl, that is exactly what your man told me to do. If I thought he was crazy, I no longer do. You Angeli are precious. Lewis, I've got some things to take care of, but thanks for the time and advice.*

Have a good day William.

§ § §

Ann is not home when I go to teach the English lesson. It is just an English lesson. No problem. Ann is not home when I get back. Ann is not home for supper. Ann is not home when we lock up for the night. I feel like sleeping alone but Iay and Rez plead to join me. I agree with the proviso, no sex, just sleep. Ann does not appear the next morning.

I have not been totally passive. I have texted her cell phone and Belen's multiple times. There has been no answer.

I get a text, and hope it is Ann, but it is William.

Thank you, thank you, thank you. Did as you and Angeli said. Alyssa blew a gasket. I told her she would either do what she was told or she was no good to me. All of a sudden, it was like the air taken out of the balloon. She did as told and no longer tried to control anything. From a difficult female, she has turned into someone quite nice.

I text back, *Glad to hear it. Now tell them all, 'No additions!'*

Will do! Thanks again!

Ann has not reappeared by the time I go to teach English. Once more it is just a lesson and nothing more. I get home to Angeli and no one else. As the school contingent returns, all my girls are circling around me. None more than Joy2x. She is panicky. I think I know why and take her aside to tell her, she did right challenging my wife that morning. She is not sure, but I am and I tell her so.

Friday night I ask all to be with me. They can have sex with each other, but not with me. They find that concept intriguing and, in truth, it is sorta great. Angeli is doing Iay, Rez and Moon are doing each other, Joy2x is doing Noime. All at the same time. Quite an orgy. I end up masturbating watching them. Noime sees me jacking off and finishes me off orally. I sleep surround by my loves, secure with my loves and desperately missing my wife.

Chapter 29: Heartbreak Hill

Saturday morning and Ann has been gone since Thursday morning. We have not heard anything from her or Belen. I have resisted from asking Iay to text her mother for me and I have not asked her if she has done it on her own, but Angeli has no such reservations. Evidently there has been communication but it terminated with ugly words. Ann and Belen have been staying with Belen's cousins. They are safe but Iay does not know if they are coming back. Belen has asked Iay, if she wants to stay here or move in with them. Iay seems to have laid in to her mother. Telling her that this is a bunch of shit and they should get their asses back here now. Belen, in turn scolded her daughter. Iay, was not interested in being scolded by a home wrecker and called her mother the Visayan equivalent of that. There has been no further contact.

I am not sure Belen is a home wrecker. It may be that this is all Ann and Belen is just there to be with and protect her love. She may have felt bad about walking out on her daughter. The harsh words from Iay were not helpful. I understand Iay's desire to protect my heart, but it was probably unfortunate.

Angeli tells me all this with an air of self-righteousness toward Belen. When I explain why they are possibly wrong, Angeli is in tears. I tell her to say nothing to Iay, but to get me Iay's cell phone. Fifteen minutes later, after writing out my idea of the type of message I want her to type, but in English, I asked Angeli to recompose it in Visayan, so that it sounds like Iay and not me.

I do not know what she writes but here's what I tell her to write. '*Mom, I told Sir Lewis what I say to you and he tell me that I am wrong. He say you are just protecting Ann and that it is Ann who leaves and you are just worried for her. He say that you ashamed you leave me and love me. That is all you are trying to tell me. If that is correct, then I act very wrongly and I am very sorry.*'

However Angeli writes it, it works. Belen writes back only minutes later. Angeli translates it for me. *Sir Lewis is very smart and has a better heart than does Ann, I think. I love Ann, but I know she is wrong in this. I am glad you love Sir Lewis and that he do right. I promise Ann I not chat Sir Lewis or have you do it for me, so please do not tell him I write this. I do not know what to do with Ann. She is being very stupid.*

All this needs to be shown to Iay by Angeli with the information I gave Angeli first. She says she can do it. I trust that she can and leave it to her. What happens next is unscripted. Once Angeli explains it all to Iay, along with the texts, the fake one from her and her mother's response, Iay cries, hugs Angeli, pulls away from Angeli, finds me, hugs me, kisses me and blubbers like a baby. Then she texts her mother. The text explains that she, Iay, was not so bright, nor so good and that it took Lewis and Angeli to fool Belen into thinking it was Iay, and her mother's response to show Iay that she had been so wrong about her mother. She apologizes for her foul tongue but in doing all that, she let the cat out if the bag that I had read the previous text.

Belen, thankfully, took it well and thanked her daughter for protecting who she so loved, just as Belen was doing. She didn't say a word about my knowing.

All this doesn't make my situation any better, but I know Ann is safe. I understand Belen's position in this and am grateful she is with Ann. Iay is less conflicted. Angeli has learned a lesson about Belen, and is probably right about Ann.

I text Ann the following. *Look, I have been here long enough to apply for Dual Citizenship. If you really do not love me, I will accept that we are over. I don't like it, because I still deeply love you, but I will accept it, if you tell me that you no longer love me. Live where you like here, until I can get the Citizenship. We will transfer the land title, house title and car title to me. I will settle with you from our savings. You or I then file for an annulment based on the fact that you are and evidently have always been a Lesbian. We will be legally annulled. Since you are a Dual Citizen with a USA passport, you can file to get Belen a fiancée visa to the USA, bring her there. You can marry her. If she wants, and Iay wants, you can even*

bring Iay over with you. Ann I do not want to lose you, but sometimes to truly love someone, it is necessary to let go. Let me know.

Fifteen minutes later I get a text back from Ann. *You do that for me?* My simple answer is, *Yes.*

I will talk with Belen and text you back.

OK.

Belen will not go! She will not marry me! She say she belong to you, not me!

I will text Belen and give my permission.

Thank you, Lewis.

I do text Belen and tell her I release her from anything that makes her think she has a duty to me. Her answer is unexpected.

No! Ann wrong. This would be bad marriage for wrong reasons. Ann needs go back to you, her husband. I tell her that. I love her and love to go the USA. But no. I not do this.

I text Ann. *Belen is unwilling, but my offer still stands. If you want out of this marriage, I will cooperate if you will cooperate. I do not need to tell you what Belen tells you. I know you do not believe I love you, but I do. I will do what my wife and true love wants.*

I get nothing back from Ann. I get a text from Belen, *Give her time. Maybe she come back.*

Maybe she will, but maybe not. I text Belen. *Why do you think her leaving me would be for the wrong reasons?*

She thinks you not love her, but everyone tells her she is wrong. She thinks all are against her.

Belen, does she love me? Do not protect my feelings. Does she really love me? I want to believe she does, but I do not know.

Are people telling you she does not?

No. Joy2x thinks she does, but says Ann doesn't think I love her. Angeli is confused but knows that I will never marry her. You can ask her. What I tell Angeli is I love Ann in ways that can never be replaced. If I should lose Ann and I pray I do not, that I will wait until Noime is old enough to marry. I will never marry Angeli. She knows that and accepts that. She has no reason to be against Ann. The little ones are just scared. No one tells me Ann does not love me. They are only confused. Clearly I am lying a bit. Angeli thinks that Ann does not love me, but I simply discount it and it does no harm.

Belen texts back. *I do not know if she loves you Lewis. It impossible to separate what she thinks is her obligation to you and love. She only want to marry me because she think you do not really love her. That why it is wrong. If she know you love her and she say, 'but I do not love him anymore,' then OK it is not good situation, but then she should get annulment. Still I not willing to go to USA and marry her. If she do that to you, she do that to me later. I do not trust her feelings. I trust yours.*

So, yes you are reading something that makes no sense. I am a man with six or eight (depending on whether we are counting Ann and Belen) girls, all of whom I fuck and most of whom I deeply love. I took Belen by raping her ass. And she trusts me? I need a rhum! It's only 11AM.

I get a text from Frank. *Got some time this afternoon?*

Yes, what's up?

Need to talk. Oh my. I am not sure I am ready for this.

I'm doing some things around here, but can stop for a bit if you come over.

Good, See you around 2PM.

I turn toward Angeli who is standing in the kitchen, texting.

Is that Flory?

Yes, was that Frank?

Yes. She coming over?

Yes, all three are coming over. I tell her that Ann is visiting relatives. Not here. She say OK. Lewis, what we do?

I have no idea. Where's Joy2x?

Shopping.

Text her we have company coming at 2.

One thing that has happened is that two of the females that keep this house ship shape on a daily basis have been missing now for three days. This morning Joy2x and Angeli gave each of the little ones specific instructions. Each has been busy, washing clothing, and other housekeeping duties. If Ann and Belen are to be gone for much longer I am going to have to dip my toe back into the school mothers, just to get that matter under control and that will cause a wreck if Ann then comes back. I say as much to Angeli who says nothing.

Is the fact that Frank is coming over at 2PM the reason I decide to eat a frankfurter for lunch? Don't know, but it is possible. Anyway, that's what I have and then sit down to do some writing until Frank et al. arrives. Joy2x arrives back at just before 2. The house looks pretty good at this point. Granted it is not up to Ann's standard, but it will pass.

Frank pulls up in a Honda Fit. How he drives that here I have no idea. The thing has no clearance and scrapes bottom all the time, but he seems to like it. He parks in front of the gate. To my surprise, both Agnes and Flory emerge from the back seat. There is no front seat passenger. Just to be clear about something I have not mentioned before. Agnes is no old hag. She is a 29 year old beauty who Frank married when she was but 18

years of age. She was a virgin when they married, according to Frank, who had engaged in what I told him was TMI. Flory is lovely, but no prettier than is Agnes, and Flory is a bit older.

I escort them into the Sala. A conversation in Visayan starts between Agnes and Angeli. Agnes is doing most of the talking. Next thing I know, Agnes, Angeli, Flory and Joy2x all disappear into the master bedroom. Frank and I am alone in the Sala. I move us to the dining table.

What's up Frank?

You know about my maid?

I know you have a maid. Ann told me, you got one. Ann wouldn't be without maids. I was always surprised you didn't have one.

That's not what I meant. You really don't know about my maid?

What about your maid, Frank?

She's not just a maid.

OK, explain that one.

She's a, um, oh hell, Lewis, I am fucking her. Not just me, Agnes too, she is doing us both!

How's that working for you?

That's what you do? You ask, how's that working for me? You are one weird fuck. You know that Lewis?

I'm sorry Frank, what was I supposed to do when you tell me that your maid is a bi-lover for you and your wife. I am not sure I know what the proper response is supposed to be.

Sorry, I don't know, but I guess I expect you to be surprised? But you wouldn't be would you. I mean you are fucking all your maids.

So what's up? Surely you didn't come over just to tell me that.

No, no I didn't. Damn it Lewis. How can you be so laid back dealing with this?

Frank, what's up?

OK, OK... well Agnes and Flory want to add another girl. But Flory say it not all that easy to get a right one, unless we do something maybe we don't want. It seems wrong to me and I think to Agnes too, but Flory say if we just get a single girl, we will have trouble. But Flory is a single girl. She won't explain and so Agnes says we come here for the answer.

And they are getting an answer from Joy2x and Angeli?

Yes and I am getting an answer from you.

Uh-uh. Nope, that won't work. Come with me.

I walk to the master bedroom with Frank right behind me telling me that I should not go in there. Oh, bullshit. I have to be in there and if I am right, both my girls are freaking out right now. I do not knock. It is my bedroom, not theirs. I see two truly three panicked faces and one determined one. I can guess what is going on, but I am not going to ask based on guesses.

Angeli, please fill me in on what's going on.

Sir Lewis, Agnes wants to know why Flory says that if they take another girl, she needs to have a daughter who they also take. They can't really trust a girl to be good to them as a couple, if she not have daughter there too. She wants to know who Flory's daughter is and where she is. She wants to know why Flory thinks what she thinks.

And what have you and Joy2x told her.

Wala pa.[69]

I see. Agnes, Flory's daughter is not here. I know where she is. I can tell you she is safe and has a bright future. But because of required confidentiality I can say no more. Flory will say no more. My girls will say no more. To the extent that Flory's experience is special and not like others, she is not speaking about her experience but rather about the knowledge of how it frequently works. You should, if you care about Flory, give her a pass and not push her on this matter.

So you are saying that Flory and her daughter are not what she is recommending? I am confused?

Clearly, she is not part of that. She is with you, without her daughter and her daughter will never join you.

Agnes, calms down a little.

I ask, *Agnes, why do you want to add someone else?*

When I am with Flory, Frank is not. That is not fair.

So you don't enjoy her together?

No!

Why not?

Well, ... I, ... It's not right!

Agnes, what part of what you are doing is right?

I, ... I, ... Lewis I would not be comfortable.

Flory would you be comfortable joining both Agnes and Frank in bed?

[69]Wala pa [Pronounced: wah-LAH Pa] = Nothing yet. [pa=yet / na=now]

Opo.

Frank? What do you think? And Frank, don't tell me I'm a sick fuck, just swallow hard and tell the truth for once.

Yeh, yeh, I'd like that.

Good Frank. Good for you. Now Agnes, both Frank and Flory can go for this and you are with both of them individually. So do a threesome and get over it. It will be fun and you may no longer need to add anyone else. Adding others, has its own issues and complexities. While it can be very rewarding, there is nothing wrong with keeping things a threesome. Flory is a special female and I suspect you will not find another girl like her.

What about this issue of the daughters?

Agnes, you don't need to pursue it. Leave it alone. There are some things best just left undisturbed. Leave it alone and be happy with what you have.

Lewis. Tell me about your little ones.

No Agnes, I will not. Go home and be happy with your life. I will keep your secrets. Don't explore mine.

OK Lewis, OK.

Is there anything more?

There is not and the three leave, Flory holding back a little. She thanks us and leaves.

I sit down on a couch in the Sala. Joy2x is giving me a look, like I told you so. I see it and nod my head. Angeli brings me a rhum on ice. I have been needing these a lot lately.

By 6PM we are sitting down to eat when Belen walks through the door. There is silence in the room. Belen stands there looks around and seeing the confusion, speaks. *It's just me. Angeli tell me things falling apart here. She can't do it all. Maybe you have to find other girls to help. I tell Ann we*

must go back. She is still being stupid. I give up and come back. Sir Lewis, may I stay with you or am I only here if Ann is here?

Belen, do you want to be here without Ann?

Yes Sir. I do.

Then you stay. Come sit and eat.

The issue of the housekeeping is now resolved, but I remain without my wife.

Uncle, who will be with you tonight?

I have no idea. I have given it no thought. Once again, I really just want to be alone. There is silence. They are waiting for me and I have no idea.

Joy2x speaks up, *Boss, I think you should be with Belen tonight, unless she want to be alone or with Iay.*

Sir Lewis, you willing to be with me? I leave with Ann and refuse your texts for two days!

Yes Belen. Please join me tonight.

§ § §

This is not supposed to be. Belen did not want to ever be with me when she first entered this house. She is a lesbian and now there are two confirmed lesbians here. Why she wants to be with me is a matter of honor, respect and not burning desire. I am fully aware of the difference as I enter the bedroom and find Belen there, under the sheets. I will not belabor her with questions. We both know what this is about. She will be on her back as a sign that I am the big dog here and she knows the rules. I don't need to be forceful with her. She has already submitted. But if I do not touch her, which would be my first choice tonight, she will take that as a rejection of her submission. These damned interpersonal games of manners even in messed up situations like this, can be just so damned silly.

I know not to kiss the girl. I bring her to me and suck on her breasts. I spend a very long time doing this and only this. I move down on the bed and take her pussy in my mouth. Belen seems happy with what is happening. Her body is responding. I keep it up until Belen cums. I continue until she cums again. I back off her cunt and kiss her hips, belly, breasts, neck and nibble her earlobes. I hold her and patiently wait for her to settle in. She doesn't do that. She takes my member and starts stroking it. She works her body around into a novel position. I am on my side. Her knees are behind my head. Her face against my ass. Her arms wrapped around me and stroking me. She nuzzles her face into and between my ass cheeks and tongues my butt while stroking me furiously. As God is my witness, I have never experienced anything like this and I blow my load in minutes.

Sir, last week you told me I belong to you, not Ann. You are right. I belong to you. You tell me the girls I have for sex, I will be happy with that, but I am yours.

Belen, can you love Joy2x?

Yes, I do already.

Then Belen, you and Joy2x are now a couple. Keep her happy Belen. She deserves to be happy.

You tell me I am no longer Ann's love? I am to be Joy2x's?

Yes. Ann will need to find her own way.

Yes Sir. I do what you say. Sir, I do not think Ann is coming back.

I know Belen, I know.

Chapter 30: Marriage Counseling

Sunday is not normally a day for cleaning, but with Belen here, Angeli and she decide to teach my little ones what is expected to keep the house up. Ann had never pushed the little ones to learn. My new team, thinks otherwise. This is a truly new regime. Joy2x is assisting but not in charge. Evidently Angeli and Belen had decided that the school teacher has not the skills to lead a team.

It occurs to me that Belen and Angeli have been friends for many years. I gather they were batchmates[70] in school. Now they are a team, my team and they will run my home. I will marry neither. It is a fascinating arrangement.

For the entire day, I am, mostly, sitting at my desk, bringing this journal up to date, though there are a few interruptions. There is activity all around me but I have been told in very clear terms to just stay out of the way. I get a text from Agnes late in the morning. She apologizes for her behavior yesterday and tells me that I was right. The three of them together, works out fine. There is no need to add anyone else. And she adds one more thing. She will keep our secrets. I show the text to Angeli and Joy2x.

Sometime in the afternoon I get a text from William. He had told Alyssa, no additions, but not Anabel or Andrea. The two of them want to add another girl. How can he get the message to these two that there are to be no more? He suspects that the direct approach will not work. I see his point. I tell him to enlist both Miriam and Alyssa. He is to talk with Miriam, and get her agreement. Then with Alyssa standing there along with Miriam, thereby reinforcing the instructions, he is to tell the little ones in a very formal way, there will be no more additions. The two young ones need to see the two older females and William, all singing the same song.

William texts back a '*will do.*'

[70]Classmate

Ten minutes later I get this text from the guy. *Miriam not sure about, no additions. She wants to consider it! Fuck you man! This is out of control.*

I text back. *I hear you, but for now, enjoy the ride. I will have my girls see if they can help you out vis a vis Miriam.*

I pull Angeli aside and ask her to contact Miriam and invite her, and her alone, over. Two eyebrows go up. I wait for the results while continuing with my journal writing. At a little before 4PM, Miriam appears and Angeli comes to get me. Miriam is a little offended as she thought Angeli had asked her over for a little tsismis.

I have Angeli, Belen and Joy2x with me as I sit down with Miriam.

What is this about? This is highly unusual!

Dear friend Miriam, there is nothing happening here or in your home that is usual. You know that and I do too. We need to talk, just you and us. We do this because we care about you and your husband. This is a private conversation and we will not talk about it with anyone. I understand that you have added Alyssa and Andrea to your home with William and Anabel. William says you are interested in adding more females now. Why? Why do you need extra girls, Miriam?

How dare you!

I dare because, I have probably lost Ann and I do not want to see your marriage fall apart. Talk to me. Why?

Ann is gone?

Do you see her here? Yes she is gone and I do not know if she is ever coming back. You see these females with me? They are here because Ann wanted them, not me.

I don't believe that!

Joy2x, is what I say true?

Yes, Boss.

Angeli, from what you know, is it true.

Yes, Lewis.

Belen, why did you come here?

Because I am a true lesbian and I learn that Ann need a Lesbian lover.

Miriam, do you still think I am lying?

All of them, Lewis?

All except my niece, Noime, Yes.

I am sorry! I believe wrong. We all believe wrong! But if she have lovers, why she leave you?

I am not sure I know the answer and I am pretty sure Ann doesn't really know either. I do know that even her lovers decided that she is confused and not acting in a way that is good for anyone, even for Ann. So I ask you again, why do you want to add extra girls?

I am embarrassed to say.

Is it because you like girl-girl sex and you want to experience more of it with more girls?

I am embarrassed to say.

If was not true, you would have said, 'no!' So I will take that as a yes.

No! It is a no! I realize that the more girls William has, the less he attach to one. The more he stay in the marriage. I always scared he leave me. I afraid he find someone else and go. Now I see that it is opposite. The more he has, the more he stay with me.

Now that is an eye popping admission! *Miriam, your husband already has three girls plus you! He isn't going anywhere and he isn't going to leave you! Relax. The man has absolutely no desire to have any other girls in his life.*

You sure, Lewis?

Yes. He is scared about what you are doing. He contacted me because he is so scared. If you need the girls for you, then we need to talk further. If you are doing it for William, then stop. He does not want more girls and it would be bad for your marriage.

I see. I make a mistake. Thank you for correcting me.

You are welcome. Now please go home and make peace with your husband.

While at the supper table, I get a text from William. *Don't know what you did, but thank you.*

I also announce that Angeli and Noime are with me tonight.

I send Belen to Joy2x after earlier telling Joy2x that Belen would be with her permanently.

That earlier conversation was fun for me.

Permanently? What you mean permanently?

I am the judge and just married the two of you. Belen is your wife. Treat her good.

Boss! Really, this is forever? You are marrying us?

That's what I am doing. You have a wife. It's your job to look after her best interest. It's her job to do the same for you. I will not permit divorce.

I see what you are doing. I have a wife. Belen has a wife. You have Angeli.

Almost, but Angeli can never be my wife.

No she can't, not under the law, unless you get annulled, Belen and I am the same. We can't either. So even if you are waiting for Noime, for the next eight or more years, Angeli is your wife. We are two married couples in this home.

See it as you wish Joy2x. I have four other girls, so I don't quite see it that way.

When Belen hears of this at the supper table she can't decide whether to hate me or thank me and she says as much. I tell her to take a couple of days and then tell me. She is just staring at me when I get up and walk away from the table.

I have decided, whether Ann leaves me or not, I need to become a dual citizen. I sit down to my computer and start research what I need to do. It seems all I need to do is apply. My Tagalog is passable. I have met the other requirements, so long as Ann plays along as my wife. I text Ann. *I am applying for citizenship. Will you help me, or fight me on this?*

Lewis I will help. I am not angry with you. You do nothing bad to me. Tell me what I need to do.

I will go to the Immigration office tomorrow and tell you what is needed.

OK.

I turn off the computer, and am walking through the Sala. Angeli is turning on the TV. She looks up. *Lewis, can we talk?*

Of course.

Privately?

In the bedroom?

Yes.

We sit on the bed, our knees touching. Angeli has a short dress on. She is barefoot. She puts a hand on my shoulder. *I know you say you will wait for Noime. I not argue that. But, truth, now I am wife to you. Yes, you marry Noime if she want that in eight or nine years. But eight or nine years a long time for now. Now you are my husband. I promise to do everything Ann do for you and much more. I be a good wife to you Lewis. You will see that. You bring Noime and me together tonight. You thinking about something with that?*

I still hope that Ann will change her mind and come back, but I no longer expect it. We can't live our lives on a possibility that probably will not happen. So having said that, well, I was about to tell Noime just what you said.

Oh my God. Ganun?

Yes Angeli. I didn't see it. I didn't want to see it. But you were right about Ann. You were right to tell me to get citizenship. I have learned to trust your judgments. You have earned your place with me. But you share it especially with Noime and Moon. In some ways, you also share it with Rez and Iay. But as the only adult, of the five, you have a special place here. Yes, you will be a wife to me.

And with that, she launches herself on me and flattens me to the mattress. Her lips on mine; her hands in my hair. Her knees straddling my hips. I am very lucky to have found Angeli.

When we, an hour later, regroup in the bed with Noime, I go over the same thing with her. I expect a problem. But Noime is full of surprises. She absolutely beams and screams, *Yes! I knew it! Cool! Uncle, you will really marry me?*

Yes Noime, if when you are eighteen, you still want me to marry you.

You hear that Angeli? You hear that? Uncle will marry me! Angeli, we will all obey you too! You good. This great! Wow!

Tonight is a night I will always remember for a very different reason. The two of them huddle together for a few seconds and then, on each of their faces, a devilish grin emerges. They decide to see how long they can keep me going and hard without cumming. These two are insidious demons. They play with my cock just enough to make me as hard as possible but not take me to the finish line and they do this for so long that Noime is well passed her bedtime for a school night when they relent and let me cum in Noime's cunt. This is organized torture and I let them know that two can play this game. Sometime soon, each of them will get what is coming to her. All I get back are giggles.

Monday morning like every school day means the little ones are gone before I am out of bed and through my shower. I am having my breakfast when both Belen and Angeli sit down with me. They have two questions. Now that Ann is gone, what is Manny's status? Now that Ann is gone, do we need to build the extension?

I have pondered Manny's status myself. If he will stay, and expect he will, I want to keep him on the job. As to the extension, yes we need to build it. It will function a bit differently. Angeli will take the new master with me. Joy2x and Belen get the current master. Since there will be four additional bedrooms, each girl gets her own room. Noime and Moon in the new building, Iay and Rez in the current rooms.

Both girls protest we don't need those extra rooms unless I am adding more girls. I am not, but I do still hope that Ann returns and we can also turn one or two into guest rooms. The plan stands.

My morning is tied up at Immigration. The afternoon is tied up with the English lesson. As far as citizenship is concerned, it will be a matter of filing papers, legal proofs, paying fees and going for an interview. I have met the requirements. I just have to jump through the required hoops. I could not have asked for a better result. As far as the English lesson goes, it is a simple lesson without issues.

I text Ann what her part will be. She agrees. It will not be hard for her. I text her about Manny and my desire he stay on. Ann text's Manny and tells

him she has gone on a trip. To please continue with the project. She will see him upon her return. That is a prevarication, but it's OK with me.

And for the rest of this week, it seems to run on auto pilot. The rains have finally ceased. Is that a sign? By Friday I have the plans in my hands. By the following Tuesday, the city has formally approved them and we can break ground. And that's a good thing. The concrete blocks are all made. The rebar is stacked up and waiting. I have coco lumber and plywood. Forms for the one story columns have been made. I was running out of things to do waiting for this very moment.

§ § §

I have not heard any more from William or Frank. My girls have settled in to their new routine. The English lessons have not been a problem. My documentation needed for Immigration has been filed. The only problem is that Ann remains gone. No one seems to mind that except for me. The housekeeping issues are OK, though Belen and Angeli seem to be struggling a bit. There are eight of us and it's a lot for these two to take care of. When the numbers were nine and three, the tasks were easier to handle. Now not so much. The girls are not grumbling to me about it, but they are riding the little ones pretty hard. They do not seem to want Ann back. When I bring her name up, only silence follows. I say, Joy2x makes three for the weekends, so why is it a problem? Belen tells me that when it comes to these things, her wife, Joy2x is useless. That is why it was necessary for Belen to come back.

We get invited to Frank's for a card party on the Friday following the ground breaking. All our friends know Ann is not here, just not why. The official cover story is that she is visiting friends in the USA. My three girls will go with me. William will be there with Miriam and Alyssa. Since it is Frank's, Flory will be there too.

The rest of the week preceding the party runs smoothly. The walls on the extension are going up quickly. The girls remain happy. There is no word from Ann.

Friday comes and my girls are dolled up. We bring two dishes of food as does everyone else. There is far too much food, but that is completely normal. I am up on a covered second floor balcony with the guys for our card game. The gals are downstairs. There are two tables, four guys each table. The ribbing of Frank and William by some of the other guys starts almost as soon as the cards are dealt. Evidently word has gotten out. Clearly it was not from me. The issue of the underage girls is not known. But it is known that both of these guys has a new squeeze living with him.

I expect Frank to be a little cringey and defensive. He is anything but. *You poor bastards have one problem I don't have, a smart sexy wife who is willing to make sure her husband has everything he needs in this life. When you give me grief, all you are saying is that you are poor miserable slobs and you want the rest of us to be poor and miserable with you!*

William is laughing, saying, *Amen brother!*

Frank, I suppose you are right. When we were together last time, I thought, man, I'd like to try that, but Lilian will not hear of it. She threatened to leave if I even bring it up again.

Irv was silent last time and he hasn't said a word this time either, until now. *You know, you have these girls by a lead rope until you marry them, move here and provide the money to buy land in their name. Once you do that, they got your balls in an iron vise. You either have to live here long enough to get citizen status or not buy a damned thing here, only lease. Ain't you guys got any fucking sense?*

So Irv, is that why you're still leasing?

You got it. But next year I can apply for citizenship. It seems to me that Lewis here is already eligible. You doing it, Lewis?

Funny you should ask. I already submitted my paperwork.

Thought you might have since Ann went missing.

She's just visiting friends, Irv.

Sure, and my great uncle Cyrus returned from the dead yesterday.

Hey Irv, that's a little unkind to Lewis, don'tcha think?

Maybe it is, but, I'd be doing what Lewis is doing if I thought she was boogeying.

Fair enough, Irv. Ann is really traveling and visiting. She is weighing her feelings for men versus women. Our situation brought out some deeply hidden feelings in her. As you know, Filipinas are terrified of being seen as Lesbians. When Ann discovered that she might be a Lesbian, she panicked. I have tried to reassure her that we can deal with it successfully inside the marriage. But she decided she needs time away to think. So she is visiting, like I said, but yes, she and I have jointly decided that I should pursue citizenship so that she does not find herself honor bound to stay with me if she chooses to not do so.

Lewis, I am sorry to pry open that wound, but I have to ask, does she blame you or the other women?

No, Irv, she doesn't. She feels like she has let me and them down. My girls are angry with her for leaving like she did and hurting my heart. Ann and I are talking and there has been no decision made. She has never asked that the girls leave. In fact she loves them. That's part of her problem.

So that's why you warned us away from adding!

What Frank? He had to warn you. Hell I didn't want to add anyone else, but he did have to convince Miriam.

Whoa guys! William, Miriam wanted another woman and you Frank, you wanted another one too?

Scotty, Agnes and I were not with Flory together and so one was always left out. It took Lewis here to get Agnes to agree to threesomes. Once that happened, the issue went away.

Kenneth pours himself a steep brandy and opines, *You boys take the cake. You both got incredible beautiful wives at home. You're fucking another beauty as well and you want more. And you Lewis, with your goddamn harem, giving marriage advice? That's so screwed up and don't even know where to begin.*

Anyone want to play cards?

Chapter 31: Wife.

I have promised Coraline a dog. Today I delivered one to her already trained, gratis of Sunshine. The damned dog is bigger than is Coraline. Because I do not trust Coraline as far as I can spit, I bring the dog's nose to Coraline's cunt, through the house dress she has on. That's all the animal needs. I give him the word and he takes over. Coraline is wild eyed, screaming for me to leave her alone. I do not. I watch as the canine mounts her, pushes in to her cunt and fucks her for all he is worth. She remains tied up for quite a while after the dog cums. Once free, he lays down for a well-deserved rest. I push her back on her knees and without lubricant, take her ass. After dumping my cum in her, while pulling my shorts up, I warn her to not cross me, or I will get another dog and train him to take her ass with his monster cock. She looks at me and signals she understands. All the while, Manny is busy on the far side of the new building mixing concrete. From now on, whenever the dog gets randy, he has been trained to just take what he wants, no words of encouragement needed. For me... mission accomplished.

The building project is moving along very nicely. In the month since we started, we have had very little rain. We have also had no changes at home. No additions, subtractions, and no surprises. Ann remains gone. My citizenship application remains in process.

There is a problem. It is clear to me that there is too much house work for the two girls. When we get the extension up, it will only be worse. Moon suggests that then her mother can be in the bahay kubo and she can be the third maid. That idea has merit and I am considering it. It gives us another maid, without adding another female to my household. But though Moon suggested it, she is not sure seeing her mother with those dogs is good for her mental health. I can see that point too.

I decide to text Ann. *We have an issue. Belen and Angeli are struggling to keep the house up on their own. They are doing it, but with all the little ones, there is too much food to cook, too many things to wash, plus the shopping and so on. When you were here, the three of you handled it well.*

I want you here for the simple reason that I love you and miss you, and have not added anyone because I will do nothing to create more reasons for you to not return. However, I need to get a sense of where you are in your thoughts. Will you consider returning?

Get other girls. I don't know what I do. If I come back, I will accept what you do. I don't know.

Can we talk by phone?

Lewis, please, I believe you want me back. It clear that you honor me as wife. I know you will always honor me as wife. You good man. But I not good wife. I want female not husband. That wrong. I wrong. All hate me now.

No Ann. That is not true.

Yes, Belen hate me. She tell me I am bad. Joy2x tell me I am bad in front of everyone. Angeli say she your wife, not me.

Do you want them to leave so that we can be as we were?

No! No! That wrong to them and they not wrong. I am wrong. I am bad.

Ann, please come home. You are not bad. You are confused. Your feelings are hurt. Please come home.

Lewis, how I do that? I want only girl not you. I am sorry, it true.

So you do not love me anymore?

I love you in my heart, but not my body. My body not love you, Lewis. I know you deserve my respect and honor. I am bad and cannot do it.

Do you need more time? I give you more time.

OK, more time. Maybe I think more.

OK. Thank you, Ann. Thank you for thinking more about it.

You welcome, Lewis.

Well, that didn't go as I had planned! Do I add more females? That requires a privy council with the girls. My best guess is the sentiment will be in opposition, even though it is needed. It is possible, though the English lessons have been problem free, that I wouldn't have to do much to make something happen. But I don't want to cause disruption in the ranks. There has already been enough disruption.

On the good side, William and Frank's households and mine have become very friendly, though Agnes still doesn't know about Anabel and Andrea. I keep on waiting for the other shoe to drop. Scotty's wife has paid a few visits to the girls. I'm am not sure why and neither are my girls. Irv has been over and so has Kenneth, each with their wives. I have enjoyed being with my friends these last few weeks.

Joy2x and Belen seem very happy. Belen tells me that as opposed to when she was with Ann, this relationship is drama free. Angeli is, well, what can I say, my wife. As my wife, she makes sure I have access to all the young ones on a regular basis. No one gets shorted, but Noime gets extra time. Still, Angeli is with me every night now. I guess I didn't realize how much I missed having a wife to be with. Angeli is making a strong argument for why she is here to stay by my side if Ann does not come back.

No one is pregnant. My best guess is my swimmers need help. Ann may have been unable, but I am sure not potent.

§ § §

It is a Saturday morning. It hasn't rained in two months, but the rain starts to pour down, pounding the roof and pavement.

Ann has been gone for two months. I vacillate between missing her and being angry with her and accepting she is gone.

The extension is just about completed.

On the citizenship front, I found out that I have to wait a year between my initial attempt to be a citizen and the deed. The Immigration web site doesn't say that, but the law it is implementing does. I have ten more months to wait.

The pressure on Belen and Angeli as regards running the household is getting to them. Last night Angeli pleads with me, while we snuggle in bed, that they need help. I asked her if Belen is also demanding this. She tells me that they agree. I tell her that she is the one who has to bring it up.

This morning she does so, with all the girls. We call a meeting to discuss it. Belen backs her up. Joy2x, who obviously shares a bed with Belen, expresses what I have been feeling for a while, relief that the two are finally being honest with the other girls. Until now, they have been complaining to Joyx2 and me privately, but not admitting it to the others. There is a brief discussion of Ann and the likelihood of her returning. I fill them in on Ann's suggestion that we add more females and the likelihood that she will never return.

It is the young ones who we need to bring along now. Joy2x thinks she knows how to do that. She tells them that if each of them does two hours of chores each day, we don't need another female here. Clearly, they are not wanting that, but the question of adding more is not easily resolved. Would they like the girl? Would they like the mother? Who gets a say in this? Just me? Angeli and me? Or maybe all the girls? I point out that I chose each of them myself, and Angeli points out that I didn't. She brought Belen and Iay over, without my choosing. She is right, of course.

Belen suggests we separate the decision to add girls from the decision of whom we will add.

The vote is unanimous. I am requested to add to our ranks. But the question of who will be joining us is less than settled. The young ones have a favorite friend they want. Belen and Angeli do not like the girl's mother. Angeli suggests someone else, but the little ones reject that. I should point out that all the pairs discussed are part of my “English lesson” group. I get the list of mother/daughter pairs out and we rank each pair, based on votes

of all the females, with the exception of Noime who does not know any of them as Noime attends a different school.

From the list of about twenty, we have three that all will approve. None of these are my current weekly pairs. One I have already seen and two more are on the waiting list. Angeli thinks that one of those mothers will be very receptive, but she can't explain why. There is a problem with that one, for me. She doesn't just have one daughter. She has three. The twelve year old, a fourteen year old and a nine year old. If I select her I am adding a level of complexity that I do not need. Angeli tells me that the fourteen year old is no longer in school and can be a maid, along with her mother. That is fine, but the other issues surrounding adding four are not. My ersatz[71] wife, says, trust me. Normally I would have no problem what that, but I just don't know. Additionally, my mind keeps circling back to the old adage/question, "How does a used car salesman say, *Fuck you?* He says, *Trust me!* I know Angeli is not a used car salesman, but I can't shake the worry.

The bottom line is, I do not need anyone else in my bed. I am one conflicted son of a bitch. I want my wife back, but she isn't coming back. Fuck.

§ § §

Angeli does not wait for the mother and daughter to rotate into my lessons. She contacts the mother and invites her over for a chat this afternoon. Angeli has taken the bit in her teeth.[72]

By 2PM Maricris and her daughters Lyla (14), Analyn (12) and Laarni (9) are sitting in the Sala. I have seen them but and am not talking to them. Angeli, Belen, Joy2x, Moon and Noime are with them. Iay and Rez are watching but not participating. The conversation is serious. It is in Visayan – something that is very different from Tagalog and I am only catching part of it.

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[71] German word literally meaning substitute or replacement.

[72] A bit is a mouthpiece that is used to control a horse's movements. It is normally fitted so that pressure on the reins presses the bit against the soft parts of the horse's mouth, causing it to turn its head. This expression alludes to a horse biting on the bit and taking control away from the rider.

Maricris is asking about what will be expected of her and what her daughters will be expected to do. As is the norm, her children have never experienced sex. Maricris has been a good mother. She has never been married, but lived with the man who fathered each of the children. He died in an argument in a videoke bar[73] last year. I hear Maricris ask if I am a good man. She asks, how can a man who has children lovers be a good man? It's a fair question. I'm sure I can't answer it. She asks about what her duties will be in the house. She seems to want to know who she reports to... who is the boss? I was surprised to hear both Belen and Joy2x tell her that Angeli is the boss and Angeli's boss is me. There is much that I either do not understand or do not hear as it is being said in whispers.

I have told Angeli that I do not want to meet with the mother and children until and unless they understand what they will be expected to engage in and say in clear language, that they agree to it. I further want video evidence of their voluntary agreement. I have not gone so far in the past, but I am getting increasingly worried about blow back.

Maricris and her girls are all short. None even 150cm, (less than 5'). They are dark skinned, with bright white smiles. Their clothing is damned close to rags. The girls put a plate of cookie and crackers out. The plate is now empty. Each has also finished a glass of sprite. I see some hesitancy on Maricris's part. I can hardly blame her.

Angeli asks Maricris if her brood will stay for supper. Analyn, Laarni and Lyla, it is suggested, should have a chance to just hang out with my little ones, while Maricris is invited to play tong-its with Belen and Joy2x. Angeli will spend the time cooking. Maricris does not want to play cards. Might she help cook supper? Angeli accepts the offer immediately, *Yes, come help me! This is good. Belen will help too! We will make a good meal.* The three of them huddle, working out the meal.

But before grabbing what they need from the fridge, Joy2x suggests that Angeli show Maricris the house and new extension. What follows is the 'cooks tour' of both buildings. Once they finish the home tour, Belen suggests that Lyla join them in the food preparation. Maricris agrees and

[73]A type of Karaoke but with video.

Lyla is summoned, while the Maricris's two younger girls stay with my young ones. Food from the fridge is collected, and the food prep team exits the house, out to the dirty kitchen.

§ § §

Supper is good and there is a surfeit of offerings. On Angeli's instructions, Maricris sits between her and Moon. On the other side of Moon is Analyn. After Analyn sits Iay. On the other side of the table also close to me, is Noime, then Laarni, then Belen and Lyla and Joy2x. Maricris and her girls initially seem embarrassed to fill their plates. On orders from Angeli, my brood takes over and fills the plates of our guests. Angeli is laughing, and, under the table running her foot up and down my leg.

Maricris asks, *what holiday or event we are celebrating tonight?* I speak for the first time, *Why do you think this is a holiday?*

Sorry, Sir Lewis, I do not desire to be rude. I am sorry to offend you!

Maricris, there is no offense. I just do not understand and maybe I am bobo, but why do you think this is a holiday?

So much food, Po. It must be a special day to have so much food!

Ah, I see. No, Maricris. It is not a holiday. All those who live in this house will tell you, we always have nice suppers. If you choose to join us, and I do not know that you will, you will need to be cooking our food and shopping at the palengke. It is a lot of work. That is why we are looking to add to our family. We do not add for other reasons. We add because there are many of us and the housework requires more hands than we have now.

But to do your work, I am in your bed?

Yes.

And also my daughters?

Yes.

All, even my little one? She is only nine!

Noime, how old are you?

Ten!

Are you in my bed?

Yes, uncle. As much as I can!

Is it a bad thing?

Huh? Noooo. Why it be bad?

I don't know, but Ate Maricris might think it is bad.

That is silly.

This is unnatural Po.

Maricris I agree and thank you for staying for supper. I never want anyone to do anything unnatural. I look forward to seeing you again for the English lesson. I can see that we need to still find someone else to help us here.

Lewis! No! Angeli is beside herself.

Angeli, no one joins us, unless they strongly want to join us. It is a very simple and unbreakable rule. I will not persuade, or push anyone. I accept Maricris's view, and view it as final for her and her children. You must respect her views as correct for her.

Thank you. Po.

You are welcome Maricris. I am glad we had supper together. It has been nice to meet you and I hope we will always be friendly.

Yes, of course. I am sorry we cannot be with you, but as you understand, I think it is not right for me and my girls.

You are the expert in such matters!

Nay![74]

Bakit?[75] Lyla is shouting at her mother and Maricris is not pleased!

Mother, please, do not speak for me! I want to be with Sir Lewis and Angeli.

It is not right!

Perhaps for you, not for me?

You are too young!

Too young for what, Nay? I no longer in school. I wash clothing with you. I clean with you. I pick gulay from sides of roads with you! What am I too young for? I can live in a nice house. I can eat good food. I can wear nice clothes. I can sleep on a soft bed. I can have a nice man to love me. What am I too young for, Nay? What?

Maricris turns to me and asks, *Po, will you accept my daughter, Lyla, without the rest of us? Is that good for you?*

I look hard at Maricris, *Madam, even if it is OK with me in theory, you have called what happens here unnatural. Can you see why I am not comfortable accepting any daughter of yours?*

Oo, Po. Maybe I speak too hard. Maybe for Lyla, it will not be unnatural.

Madam, I understand that you are listening to your daughter and have respect for her. I, however, have other concerns. I am not prepared to take a daughter without her mother too.

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[74]short for Nanay (mother) pronounced: NIE. The 'ay' sound is a long 'I' sound.
[75] Means 'why' but is used here as 'why do you speak, what do you want?

As far as I am concerned this matter is closed and I want this family out of the house. Not thrown out, but out. The more they see, the worse it gets. Maricris is clearly finding her words have created a problem for her daughter. She wasn't prepared for my categorical rejection, when my girls had been courting her so assiduously.

Angeli wants her choice to hold, but she knows to not cross me. Belen and Joy2x are staying out of the range of fire.

Angeli calls an audible, *Maricris, would you and your girls like to spend the night here? I know all this has been very confusing to you and maybe a little more time with us will be a good thing.*

If I was a violent man, I would have thrown something at this moment. It is exactly what I do not want to happen. *Angeli! No!*

Sir Lewis, I know you do not want this. I understand you are afraid about the damage Maricris can do to us here. You are afraid by what she sees and knows. But she knows it all now and she will 'see' nothing. You know that, husband! This is a good woman and we want her here. She needs time to see that this is a good place for her and her girls. I want to give her that time. I ask you to trust me and my judgment. I have been good to you and loyal to you. You know this, Sir. Please allow this.

I am chewing on this. A number of things have just transpired. Foremost in my mind is the fact that Angeli has called me, husband. Ann is my wife, but Ann is gone, probably for good. Angeli has been functioning 'as' my wife, but in calling me 'husband' in this way, it has become, at least within our family, institutionalized unless I challenge her. I am not prepared to do that. It has become a fait accompli. Next is the fact that she is right. The damage that has been potentially done, is already done. My unease at having them stay is visceral, not logical. She is also right about the fact that she has been 'right' when I can't see it. If she is to be my 'wife,' I need to accept the reality that she has an equal say in things.

*OK, **wife,** how do you think we should establish the sleeping arrangements tonight?*

Chapter 32: What part of no...?

Uncle! The rooms in the extension can be used tonight. Yes I know that they are not all completely ready for us. Especially not the master bedroom, but we can use them!

Noime, is correct. Angeli is smiling at her co-wife in waiting, her accomplice in this navigation around my quarrelsome nature.

There are no beds for the rooms!

Lewis! This is Belen, who seems anxious to get on the right side of history, *we have that fold up, couch/bed foam thing from Mandaue Foam and we will move the box springs from Joy2x's bed to the other extension room. It's OK. We have enough! See all we need is five rooms!*

Five? How did she get that number?

Yes! You will see. Kalma ka! You don't do anything. You are in your room with your wife. We do the rest. You will see.

When supper ends, Iay announces that it is time for her TV shows, and turns on the damned noise machine. I gather that a big flat screen TV is a novelty for our guests. While Belen, Joy2x, Angeli, Maricris and Lyla attend to the cleanup, the younger ones sit to enjoy some entertainment.

I am still trying to figure out why Belen was so set on needing five beds. Yes the number works, but so might have four or six. What is special about five? For what it is worth, we are only a day or two away from having the new master bedroom finished. The CR's are still needing some fixtures placed in them and there are some final touch-ups needed. The two smaller bedrooms, and Sala, are actually complete. The only reason we have not moved into them is the dirt being tracked through the building and the workmen who are still there and are sometimes sleeping there themselves. But there are no workmen in there tonight.

I have some headphones on, am listening to Beethoven and am reading a novel I picked up at the National Book Store the other day. Better to stay out of the way. I am in the fourth movement of Symphony #2 in D Major, it is an allegro molto in 2/2 time. It is considered one of Beethoven's farts. It is the fart that has taken my attention away from the typed page, to the strings in my ears, when I get a very strong pinch on my ribs.

Gina! What are you doing here? Just a sec! Let me stop what I am listening to! I pause the music, and remove the headphones. *OK, now tell me, what brings you here tonight?*

Uncle! Noime, she text me to come.

Why?

I not sure but she say I meet Laarni. You know who is Laarni, Uncle?

Yes. She is here.

She nice?

I don't really know her, Gina. Gina, how are you? How is it with your father?

It is very good. I teach Nanay to do father with me! Now we are better family! I teach Nanay to lick me! Uncle, she do very good at that. We are happy.

How is it with the principal?

Hehe, that is very good. I tell Principal that his wife likes girls. He gets very hard, Uncle. I tell him I will do his wife, he squirts fast! Hehe. Then another day, I be sexy in front of his wife when she alone in his office and no one else there. I see her watch me. So I do a little more. She watch me. So I get up on Principal's desk, I raise my skirt and put my hand under my panties so that she can see. She watch. I say, 'Help me,' to her and she come over to me. I can see she wants it, Uncle! I say, 'Lick me please,' and Uncle, she get on her knees and lick my pussy! Right there in Principal

office. I see Principal, he watching us from other side of the door. He say nothing. Then he take his penis from his pants and do himself. His wife doing me. He cum on the floor. I have a good time. I pull Principal's wife up and slide off the desk and kneel in front of her. I pull down her panties and lick her. She spread her legs for me! Hehe. She liking it and saying I am a good girl. I do her until she cum, Uncle. Principal, he leaves. His wife no see him. She kiss me and she leave too. Hehe. Now I tell Principal maybe we all do it together. He call me his Angel! So Uncle, it is very good with Principal.

Gina is clearly a force to be reckoned with. Why is she here? She gives me a kiss on the cheek and runs off to find Noime.

The Symphony #2 has concluded and I am into the second movement of the Third, the one in E-flat Major. You know, it's the Eroica. The funereal tone, is somber, and has me thinking about Ann. I am thinking about the death of my marriage, as Angeli pokes me.

What?

Time for bed, Lewis.

It's early.

Tonight, we go to bed early. Come!

§ § §

Angeli and I am alone with each other; husband and wife. The house is filled with other females, but I am with my wife. It is a testament to Angeli's vision and ability to navigate these waters that I am now on dry land and she has steered the ship here. *Lie down Lewis, I will give you a massage.* She has given me massages before, and to say she is a master, is to observe the obvious. She knows I am tense, and she is going to rip that tension out of my body. She works on me for a good half an hour. This is not a sex rub, it is a deep muscle workout and there are parts that come close to being painful followed by an intense sense of relief from tension that has

been pulled out of my body by force. At the end, I am close to being a dish rag.

Angeli, puts me on my back. *Just relax Husband. Tonight I take care of you.*

Her hands and tongue travel over my body. I am teased, stroked, nibbled, licked, bit, and then sucked all the way to nirvana. When I do cum, it is not in pussy, nor hand, nor ass, nor mouth. It is directly down Angeli's throat. I fall asleep, on my back, dreaming of Angeli's magical throat, both exhausted and completely relaxed.

I wake up in the morning with my morning wood inside Angeli's mouth. I move her around and play with her pussy using my fingers while she sucks me. She lubricates quickly. I am rock hard.

Pulling out if her mouth, I put Angeli on her back and take her missionary style. We are looking at each other. I kiss her, deeply. She reaches up, grabbing the back of my head and holds me there for a prolonged, tongue swallowing kiss before letting my head go, and asking for me to do her hard. My hardness is what she gets, pounded into her repeatedly and forcefully. Angeli cums over and over. In the bright light of the morning, I see her below me in all her beauty. She is as much mine as any female will ever be. She is committed to keeping other females in my bed, not for her sexual needs, but for her need to keep her man happy. I see that complete dedication in her eyes as she looks up at me while I pound her cunt and I cum inside her with force.

Thank you, Lewis. Thank you for loving me.

And you are sure I do love you?

Oh you! Yes, I sure. I see in your face! You cannot hide that. Don't be makulit!

Angeli takes a shower first and I follow. As I am dressing, Angeli, dressed and coming back into the bedroom, tells me my coffee is ready.

Have the others gone home?

No. Why they do that?

Well, they spent the night. I do not hear them out in the Sala. I thought maybe they have left.

No, they not leave. And with that, Angeli leaves the bedroom.

In a few minutes, I am dressed and leave the bedroom. As I pour my coffee, I see no one at all. This is Sunday. No one is in school. There are eleven, count them, eleven, females on the premise and not one of them is in evidence. This is weird.

I sit, eat two saba bananas with muscovado sugar and read the newspaper, in silence.

I go to my desk and start writing only to be interrupted by William, who asks me to come over and help him. He has a problem with his generator.

I end up spending the entire day with William. Partly fixing his generator, partly just shooting the breeze. Alyssa decides to tease me, saying that I should be sorry because William gets her pussy and I do not. I laugh and tell her, *how do I know you are so good in bed?*

She laughs and says, *Ha! You will never know, but William know. He the jackpot winner!* William, just sits there drinking a San Mig Light.

By the time I get home, supper is being put on the table. There are twelve chairs and plates in front of each of the chairs. Quite obviously, Maricris and her girls have not left. Gina has also not left.

Gina, it is a school night tonight. Why are you still here?

Uncle, I go to school with my friends here tomorrow. Walang problema.

Maricris is saying nothing. No one is shy about taking food and there is a great deal of talk at the table about the extension and how nice that is.

Everyone ignores me, other than Angeli who is asking me about William and his household. It is clear to me that this is all intentional.

Once again, after supper, five females are cleaning up and the little ones are watching TV until 8PM when they all disappear into bedrooms. Once again, Angeli comes to me at 8:30 and asks me to come to bed. *Angeli, just what is going on? Why are Maricris and her girls still here?*

You will see.

No, Angeli, I want an answer. Now.

We teach them. But it take time.

What do you mean, 'you teach them?'

We teach them how to be with us.

What? What are you saying?

You will see, Lewis.

No Angeli. Tell me.

Lewis, you be makulit!

Ka rin! Tell me!

We split them up and teach them about how we do sex.

What do you mean, you split them up?

The first night we do this... Noime and Moon stay with Maricris, Belen and Joy2x stay with Lyla, Iay and Rez stay with Analyn, and Gina be with Laarni. Tonight we do different. Noime and Gina with Maricris. Moon and Iay with Lyla, Belen with Analyn, and Rez and Joy2x with Laarni. Noime tell me that she do Maricris real good last night. She and Moon make Maricris cum many times. She say they do Maricris this morning again. They make Maricris do them. Moon tell me that Maricris eat her

very good. Tonight, we have Maricris be with Gina. Gina younger than Laarni. She need to do that to understand it OK for Laarni. We know Lyla say she want to be with you, but not think about being with us. We make sure she will do that. Last night, since Gina younger than Laarni, Gina teach Laarni about sex without her being afraid of someone older. Gina say it is good. So today Laarni will be with Joy2x, who really want to taste her!

How many days do you plan on this system of education?

Not sure.

Angeli. These girls have to go. They are not part of us.

Lewis, please?

No. They have to go.

Two more nights. If they are not OK to stay, then they leave.

You mean this night, Sunday, and one night after this?

OK.

So they are gone Tuesday morning?

Unless they stay.

What does that mean?

Unless they are OK with us.

How do you think they show that?

Maricris eats her daughters in front of you and then puts her daughters on your cock. Unless she do that happily, she is gone.

And how do you know she will do that without asking her?

Lewis, please. Don't be makulit! Please, two more nights!

I don't like it Angeli.

I know. Two more days please.

OK. Tuesday morning they go.

No! Tuesday morning they go only if they unwilling to join us!

OK, OK.

Good. Now come to bed! I have you again, just you and me. I like this!

Yes, I think that she is enjoying her extra time with me. She seems to be very happy. I fail to see how this issue with Maricris and her girls works out. But I have agreed. It is thirty-six more hours and then we return to where we were. I will be patient. Tonight, Angeli wants to give me a massage again. I can't complain about that. I have had 'professional' massages that are not as effective as are Angeli's. Tonight the massage lasts well longer than thirty minutes and by the time she is done, I am wiped out. Still she has plans for us that require me to have some energy and oddly enough, I feel a surge of energy.

Angeli takes the KY out of the nightstand drawer and slicks up my pole. She cleans her hands up on a cloth. She then asks me to do the same to her ass. She, looking at me, taking my head in her hands, kisses me and says, *Lewis, I am yours, I give my body to you. I do nothing against you. I do these things for you. I give you my bottom tonight, because it is yours.* She then turns around, puts her bottom up in the air in front of me and waits.

I apply a liberal amount of KY on her and around the inside of the ring of her butt-hole. She moans in delight as my fingers do their thing, applying the KY. I put my cock on the rosebud and push. Angeli is not tense. She knows how to take me in and I slide in smoothly. Angeli pushes back and takes me as far as I can go. With one hand, I play with a breast and with the other I am playing with her clit and fingering her pussy. Angeli is

reveling in her submission. She is telling me, *to fuck your slave. Tomorrow you get to fuck a nine year old. You want that Lewis? You want Maricris to put Laarni on your cock? You want to fuck Laarni, Analyn and Lyla? They are all virgins, Lewis. You get three virgins tomorrow! Fuck my ass tonight. Fuck the ass of your slave who brings you virgins!* I continue to take Angeli and she continues to cry out for more. More is what I give her. Angeli is just grunting now. Finally I cum and when I let go of her, Angeli just collapses onto the bed. I clean up my dick, turn off the lights, go to bed and sleep.

§ § §

I wake up alone in bed. The house is quiet. I have my coffee and mango as Belen and Angeli move in and out of the room. I see no one else. Are they gone? Is the experiment over? The newspaper is not holding my attention. When I see Angeli once more, I ask, *What has happened? Where are Maricris and Lyla?*

They go home.

You agree with that?

Yes, I require it.

OK... good.

I take the day to attend to desk work. I get a text from a friend asking me about joining the Mason's here. The guy is a Mason, in the States, but is a recent addition to the Philippines. Since he has seen my masonic certificates on the wall, he figures I know something about it. I do but he won't like what he hears. I tell him to ask me about it at the next card party and I will fill him in. In the States, Masons are a conservative crowd. Blue lodge is not a hotbed of heavy drinkers, gamblers and whore chasers. It is here. Some of the most powerful guys belong to the lodges, but the things they engage in would cause each of them to be blackballed where I was made a Mason. That is not to say I am living a Masonic life, but I do my stuff in private. These guys are doing it in public, getting loaded and using whores. The Eagles are no better. I stay away from these groups here.

It is nice to have a quiet day. But Belen and Angeli are working very hard, cleaning the place following having so many here. I am sure I could get Coraline in here to help them, but I just don't want to do that.

Manny comes in. He tells me that the work is done and he is ready to move on. I have been giving him wages all along, but settle up with him for the final days, after walking around the extension with him. He is right, there is nothing left to be done and it looks just like I wanted. He asks me whom I will have, to move my things into the new rooms. I must admit I haven't thought of that. He offers to help. I suggest we have some lunch. I will call some friends and we will gang tackle the thing later today. We have only one room to move. Everything else will be new furniture. I set up to make the move at 4PM American time. As soon as lunch is over, I grab Angeli and Belen, and travel to the Mandaue Foam showroom on the highway to Polomolok. We have a bedroom set to purchase for Joy2x and Belen. We also need furniture for two more bedrooms and a Sala. This is an expensive shopping trip. Belen is worried about selecting furniture that Joy2x will like and texts her wife. Joy2x texts back, so long as it is a king size bed and good Mandaue Foam mattress, she will be happy. Just the thought that Joy2x would specify a king size bed from a girl who had never been on one until she joined me, makes me laugh.

I buy queen size beds, with dressers and bureaus, for the two extra rooms. The Sala set is large and includes two recliners and three occasional tables. We make our purchases and arrange for delivery tomorrow morning. I have spent a lot of money today, but not more than I expected to spend. For the three bedroom suites and Sala set, I have spent under ₱200,000.00 ($4,500).

Returning home, we get there just before the guys, Scotty, Frank and Kenneth arrive. Along with Manny, we get everything moved in under thirty minutes. I offer beer to all but the guys all plead other engagements. Manny and I have a couple of San Mig Pilsens, before he leaves. He has already moved out of the bahay kubo. It stands empty. I spend some time moving my toiletries into my new CR, and looking around my new bedroom, now replete with my furniture.

I think I hear my school contingent arrive in the main house. I am looking forward to a nice quiet supper. This will be my first night in my new bedroom. Whom should be with me tonight? I want it to be memorable!

§ § §

Chapter 33: Teeth!

What I see when I return to the main house, has me upset. The table is being set with eleven places by Lyla. Angeli had told me this morning that she had sent them home. She had 'required' it. Now they are back. Seeing Angeli, I signal her that she is to follow me. I bring her back to the extension where we are alone. *Why are they back?*

Lewis, you give me two days with them. This is the second day.

You say you require them to go home this morning. It was over.

No. Yes I require them go home. It not over. You do not understand. I send them home. They must think about. Talk, think, be sure. I do what you want. I make sure that if they choose be with us, they never say we force them. So I say, go home. Come back tonight if still want to be with us. I tell each of them what happen if they come back. I warn them, say nothing to others, or bad things happen to them. They do not think they need to leave, they willing to do what I tell them. But I require they go! Maricris tell me tonight, they go home and look around. She say she angry with herself for saying what she say that first night. She was stupid for say that. She say they will never in their life have a good life like they will have with you. Lyla, say, 'yes Nay. You almost ruin for all us!' Lewis! You have three virgins tonight! Oh Lewis! See this is what you want!

No Angeli, it is not want I want. But it is what we will do, sort of. I do not really want others. I add them to take care of the house. We add them to the bed, so that they are part of the family and share the problems if the story gets out. I do not want three virgins in one night. I will take one, each night, for three nights. Maybe Laarni first. I have never taken anyone so young. I have never taken Gina. She is still a virgin.

She is? I not know that!

Yes, I decided she is too small. I do not let her father in her or the Principal. She gives head, but that is all. I do not want to injure Laarni. If I

decide she is too small, I will have her give head only. Then we do Analyn the next night. She, I will take.

Yes Lewis. But Lyla tomorrow when the other two in school? That way by tomorrow night you will have taken all three.

We have Mandaue delivering tomorrow. We will see if there is time.

Yes Lewis. We will see. Lyla is having hard time waiting

Angeli, this is so weird. If it were just you, Noime and me, I would be happy.

Lewis, that is only because Ann is gone. If she was here, you would not want me either. ... no do not argue, I know this. But she gone. I show you that I better for you than Ann. Maybe, I convince you in time. But now you have more! Come say hello to your new family!

What Angeli has just said makes me feel pretty crappy. She is right, of course. But the fact truly is, that I want her because Ann is gone and that she is probably better for me than is Ann. I feel a duty to the woman I married these many years ago. Marriage is a lifetime promise and not to be thrown away when things get rough. That is what I am struggling to deal with. Ann has left because things got difficult. That is not supposed to happen. I am keeping my part of the promise, why isn't she? Still since she isn't, since she has failed to honor our marriage, isn't Angeli the better female? Why do I still feel a pull back towards Ann? Why would I throw out all these females, who depend on me, to get Ann back? I need to break free of these feelings but can't seem to do it.

On the bright side of this development with Maricris, we will now have four females taking care of the house during the day and Joy2x adding a hand at night. There is no need to add Sunshine. We have the bahay kubo empty and I am not sure what we will do with that.

§ § §

The full table I am sitting at, is now the new normal. Seating has been changed but still on the left side of the table sits Angeli and on the right sits Noime. Next to Angeli sits, Belen, Joy2x, Maricris and Lyla. On the right side, Noime, Moon, Iay, Laarni and Analyn. Angeli nudges me, *Welcome them!*

I am not ready to do that. They have yet to join us. There is relative quiet in the room. The only noise is that of the aircon and the rain as it pounds on the roof.

Maricris, the last time we spoke, you told me that the life we lead here is not correct for you and your girls. Do I remember that correctly?

Opo.

Then Madam, why are you still here?

Lewis!

Quiet Angeli. I need to hear what Ma'am Maricris has to say.

Yes Po, you are correct, I need to speak. Po, Sir Lewis, I was wrong. In my heart, I believed what I say before, but I was wrong. We want to stay with you and do as you say. We be good and not cause problems. We be in your bed. We do each other as you require. We not argue. We be good to you. Your girls say you are good to all. You are fair to all. You love all. I have no man. I had one, but never marry. Then he die anyway of stupid thing when he drunk at bar. What my life like when I do what I supposed. No I do what not supposed, but have a better life. My Lyla want you to give her baby. I no want any more babies, but maybe you give her one. That all I say.

Maricris, I appreciate and respect your words. Tonight we will see if deeds can follow the words. You and Laarni will join me and Angeli in my bedroom. I may not take Laarni's virginity. She may be too young. If I do not, nothing bad happens, instead she may be asked to give me oral sex. Whether or not I take her virginity, if that goes well, and if there is time during the day tomorrow, Lyla will join the three of us. Lyla I will take your

virginity. You need to be sure you want to give it to me. Finally, tomorrow night, Analyn will join us. The same goes for you Analyn. If you are with me, I will take your virginity. If you do not want that to happen, you must tell me. If any of you says do not do this, I will stop. I will not touch anyone who does not want to be touched. If that all goes well, you will all join this family for life. For now, all I will say further is that you and your daughters are lovely, and I am told have very good hearts. Because of that, I am happy you want to join us. Now let us eat!

Angeli leans over and whispers in my ear, *OK, you tama ka*[76].

We are filling our plates when Lyla says, *Sir Lewis, am I permitted to speak at this table?*

Yes, you are. You have a right to speak to me at any time I am available. Anyone who is to be in my bed has equal rights to speak. That is true from the youngest of you. So what do you want, Lyla.

I guess then I have two questions. Does what you say mean that I do not have to ask my mother for permission? I am equal to my mother if I join you?

In some ways yes. You are special because you are not in school. So for you, you come to me, or to Angeli for all things. For your sisters, because they are in school, your mother has say over those issues. In sexual issues, they come to Angeli or me. OK?

Yes Po. My next question is, what is my status? A mistress, a maid or a slave?

Ah, that is a very good question. Maybe we will go around the table and ask that question to others and hear what they say. Angeli what are you?

Everyone here is to call me your wife, but in truth I am your mistress and your slave

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[76] You are correct.

Belen, what are you?

Everyone here, is to considere me married to Joy2x, and also your mistress but in truth, if you require it I am your slave.

How about you Joy2x?

Boss, I am married to Belen and your mistress. You don't need me as your slave. You have never asked me for that. I am your good and loyal friend. I will stay with you forever because we love each other.

Noime?

You will be my husband as soon as I grow up! Until then, I am your girlfriend.

Moon?

Father? I am yours in all ways. I have no title. I am simply yours.

Iay?

Daddy? I don't know. I only know I love you and will never leave.

Rez?

I am your slave, Sir

Lyla, does that give you a clue?

You mean each of us finds our own relationship to you?

Yes, that is exactly what I mean

What if I want to marry you?

That is the one thing you cannot do. Noime told the truth. If I am free to marry, then when she gets old enough, I will marry Noime. All here know that.

What if you become Muslim? Then you can take more wives.

Ah but I am not Muslim and do not follow those beliefs. To join a religion, just to enter into polygamous marriages, would not be an honorable move. And I know that begs the question, what makes me think that what I do is honorable. I will leave that unanswered.

§ § §

I have avoided entering Gina. Laarni is no bigger than Gina. As much as Angeli thinks I want her virginity, she is wrong. This little one is far too small and physically, too young, developmentally. I will take her mother tonight. We may, or may not, teach her to give head. Even that I have not decided. But that is all. The child was with Gina the first night and Gina did not reject her, so I know we were going to be OK. I appreciate that she is already cute and there is every expectation that she will grow up to be quite pretty, but now is not the time to take her virginity.

I have Angeli, Maricris and Laarni in my bedroom. I sit on a chair. Angeli is sitting on a chair. We are both dressed and Angeli has a camera. I ask Maricris to come over to me and kiss me. She does, with some trembling. As the kiss ends, I hold her close for a bit, our faces close to each other and I speak softly, *Please show me, you will lick Laarni's pussy, and do not stop until I tell you to stop,* and I kiss her again. I release her.

Maricris moves to the bed, lifts up her daughter's skirt, removes her panties, kneels down on the floor in front of the bed and proceeds to show me that she will indeed, suck her own daughter's cunt. I know Laarni is too young to have an orgasm and so I will stop Maricris soon. In the meantime, Angeli takes the photos. This is our way of protecting our selves, should something go very wrong. But it does not look like it is going wrong right now. Little Laarni's hips are bucking up into her mother's face. She may not be able to cum yet, but she is enjoying herself greatly.

I let it go on for a while before telling Maricris that she has done fine and to please sit on the bed.

Next I call Laarni to me. The little one approaches with a big smile on her face. *Was that good, Laarni?*

Opo!

Will you kiss my cheek?

Opo! And she does.

How about on my lips? Can you kiss that?

Opo, Sir. And we do kiss. She is a very sweet little one. I look her in the eyes. *Are you ready to lick your mother's pussy?*

Opo.

You know what it means to do it until she cums?

Opo, I practice with Joy2x last night. I do it Sir.

OK, go ahead.

Sir?

Yes, Laarni? What is it?

Why you stop mother before I cum?

You can cum?

Opo. I do it last night with Joy2x

I see. That is good to know. I will not make that mistake again. Thank you for telling. Now go do your mother.

Opo. And Laarni pretty much does her mother the way her mother did her. The difference is that her mother, gets very juicy, getting Laarni very wet. Maricris cums far sooner than I expected, giving those little jaws a very well deserved rest. Angeli has memorialized all of it on the SD card of the

camera. She puts the camera away and starts undressing. I get up and undress both Laarni and Maricris. I whisper in Maricris's ear to undress me, which she does. We are all naked as I take both Laarni and Maricris's hands and guide them back on the bed were Angeli and I join then.

Girls, tonight the four of us will have sex together. Laarni I will lick you until you cum! OK?

Opo!

Maricris, you will get my cum tonight. Are you willing?

Yes Sir. I am very ready. I be good for you.

Angeli turns off the overhead light and turns on a small lamp on the dresser before climbing onto the bed. I stretch out bringing Laarni's pussy to my lips. Angeli guides Maricris to my cock and tells her to give me head. Well, I know how to eat pussy, but poor Maricris has never given head to any man in her life. In fact she has only been with one man and he, evidently thought fellatio was evil. She is totally clueless. I have to stop eating Laarni and ask Angeli to teach her!

Little Laarni is, on the other hand, having a whale of a good time. It takes me a good twenty minutes, without piercing her hymen with my fingers to bring the girl to the promised land, but she does actually get there.

In those twenty minutes, Maricris still has not mastered giving head. I am not sure how we will resolve that but I am tired of feeling teeth and stop the girl.

I have decided that Laarni's mouth is too small and I have experienced enough teeth for one night!

I put Maricris on her knees, use some KY on her cunt and forcefully enter her from behind. Angeli has Laarni attach lips to one breast while Angeli takes the other side. I play with Maricris's clit with my right hand and I pound her. Maricris has never been so stimulated. The things she is saying are so funny that I almost lose my hard-on, I want to laugh so much. The

bottom line is that she never knew that sex was so great! If she had known, why, her whole life would have been better. But she is saying this as she is cumming and cumming and squirting and babbling. Finally the dialog stops, her orgasms become all consuming events, the hot juices have me going really good and I give her my cum. When I finish with her, she starts bawling. Angeli starts to panic and I have to stop that. The crying subsides and Maricris says, *As God is my witness, Sir. I never know this is sex. I think this other thing is sex, you know, bump, bump and done. Your girls show me that girls can be better than that with each other and I think, OK we do the bump, bump with the man and we care for each other, this will be OK. But now Sir, now I know. Sex is not bump, bump! Sex is good and I never have it before even though I have three babies. You will do me this again soon Sir?*

Yes, Maricris, but first you will need to learn how to suck my cock correctly. OK?

OK Sir! OK!

So ended the festivities on my first night in my new bedroom.

§ § §

It is Tuesday morning, the morning that I had said they had to go and Angeli pointed out that they went only if they were not staying. They are staying. I have showered and dressed and am now enjoying my coffee. The paper is on the table. I have read the first ten pages or so. The mango has been eaten. Belen and Angeli are coming in and out. Every time Maricris walks through I get a big smile. There is a tap on my right shoulder. I turn to look. It is fourteen year old Lyla. She is wearing a bra, panties and heels. Nothing else. She is a walking wet dream. *Sir Lewis. This is my time*

Get your mother and go to my bedroom

With that, she runs off without another word. I call Angeli and tell her to come to the bedroom with me. On the way, I grab a small glass of water. When I get to the bedroom, I swallow a Viagra. I suspect I am going to need help today, with all the pussy I will be in. Angeli readies the camera

and I set the chairs where we need them. The two enter in the bedroom. Maricris has seen this before, but this is all new to Lyla.

I am sitting and call Lyla to me. I put her on my lap, sideways and bring her lips to mine. The kiss is hesitant but sweet. *Lyla, last night you wanted to know if you could marry me. I found that sweet, but as you do not really know me, I also found it confusing. Today we start a long, but intense, process of getting to know each other in the most close ways. From this moment on, you must forget about dreams and pay attention to the real world you and I create with each other. You will need to tell me truthfully what is happening to you and I will tell you my truths too. Today there are a number of things you will do. But of those, the ones that are the most changing for you will be my taking your virginity and putting my cum inside you. Are you really ready for that?*

Yes, I want it, Sir.

OK get onto the bed and get ready for your mother to eat your pussy until you cum.

Really? She do that to me?

Yes. OK?

If that what you want, then I want. Yes.

Good, now get on the bed

Chapter 34: Move over Beethoven.

And onto the bed Lyla goes. I nod towards Maricris and she takes her position on her knees, and pulls Lyla's panties off, flipping to me. She spreads her daughter's legs, spreads her daughter's labia with her fingers and dives in with her mouth and tongue. The only thing out of Lyla's mouth is, *Yes!*

I am watching. Angeli is taking pictures. I get off my chair as Maricris continues to eat out her oldest daughter. With one hand on the back of Maricris's head to keep her eating the girl out, I reposition the rest of Maricris so that her ass is in the air as she remains on her knees. Shedding my shorts and boxers, I get behind the mother and ram my cock into her dripping cunt.

The Viagra will keep me hard without cumming for a long time and that is what I need this morning. Maricris is hot, and wet. She is not as tight as any of the others here, but she has had three kids. Angeli puts the camera down and goes after Maricris's breasts, licking, biting and pinching them. We bring Maricris to an orgasm and then a second before Lyla cums.

This is the point at which I stop fucking the mother and have the daughter eat her mother's cunt. I get back on the chair and Angeli starts sucking me off as I watch Lyla do her mother. There are no teeth problems with Angeli, she is a master at this. My cock is on, '*oh fuck yes!* mode. It's hard to imagine feeling any better. My fingers are tangled in Angeli's hair as she takes me down her throat. It is just amazing. Watching Lyla do her mother, is as well. The girl is doing all she can to get her mother off and she does succeed. Maricris squirts in Lyla's face. There is no faking that!

Removing my member from Angeli's throat and mouth, I pull Lyla off her mother, as she had not stopped when her mother came, I put her on the bed, remove her bra and my shirt. Lyla is on her back and I am kneeling over her. *Well now Lyla, this is it. If this cock, wipes out your hymen, then you are mine. You will stay mine. You are only fourteen and I am far older. Do you want to make the choice to be mine now? Or do you think that*

maybe you were too quick to make the decision? Do you want me to break your hymen or do you want to stop?

I'll be damned, but she looks up at me and says, *Take me and never again ask me that. Take me now! I want you.*

My cock is close to her cunt, but I call her mother over to me. *Maricris, put my cock in your daughter.* Maricris positions the angle of my dangle, lines us up and as I lean in, she pushes my cock in a bit, assisting in the breaking of Lyla's cherry. Lyla winces in pain and then is silent. Angeli then pulls Maricris back as I start to fuck her daughter in earnest.

There isn't much to any of these girls. They are all tiny and though Lyla is clearly developed, she is a little slip of a thing. My cock is not a monster by any stretch, but for Lyla, it is very large and she is going into orbit very quickly as the stimulation inside her is massive. Every part of her body is attuned to sexual need at this tender age. She is grabbing me, the sheets, my hair, the air. She is screaming in ecstasy. And then a scream I never thought I would ever hear as she looks toward and reaches to Maricris, *Oh Mother yes! Make him do this to me every day, Mother! I NEED THIS!* And I swear, she just loses it in a massive, seizure style orgasm. I fuck her right through it. And then into another one and out again. Finally able to cum, I deposit my seed the girl. She twitches as the hot semen hits her inside and then just sighs, *yes...*

It is done. The girl and her mother are taken. I still need to do Analyn tonight, but will have most of the day to recover. I have Maricris clean her daughter up, with her mouth, licking my cum and the girl's juices off her. Wanting to avoid any teeth, I have Angeli clean me up.

As Angeli and I enter the main house, Belen looks at us and asks, with an expression I cannot read, *Success?*

I am about to say, *Yes.* When there is a truck horn honking outside. The furniture has arrived. We spend the rest of the morning getting the right things into the right rooms.

Once the delivery/setup team leaves, Angeli, Belen and Maricris get busy setting things up and moving stuff from room to room. Belen, and Joy2x are moving into what was my old master bedroom. They have a new king size bed for these two small females. They will get lost in it! All the other rooms now have beds and so the temporary beds are now removed. I am consulted on who is sleeping where and with whom.

Here's what I decide.

- New Master: Angeli and me.
- New first bedroom: Noime and Moon.
- New second bedroom: Rez and Lyla.
- Old Master: Belen and Joy2x.
- Old first bedroom: Maricris and Laarni.
- Old second bedroom: Iay and Analyn.

With that done, the piles of clothing are moved to the bureaus in the assigned rooms along with personal items.

§ § §

Lunch is served by Lyla, who is doing everything but drooling on me, and has been cooking, while the others are still setting up the rooms. I get ready to go to the school and the next English lesson. It will be an easy lesson and I am not worried. I am cleaning up some papers on my desk when Belen comes to me. *Sir, do you have a few minutes to talk?*

Yes, sure. What do you need?

This going to sound selfish. Joy2x and me, we want to have Analyn be in our room.

You had Analyn the second night, right?

Yes, Sir.

What happened?

I think she one of us, Sir.

You think she is a Lesbian?

Yes Sir. I pretty sure she is.

Will she take my cock?

Yes Sir.

How can you be so sure?

Sir?

Come on, Belen, how do you know she will take my cock?

Sir, because I tell her if she not always take your cock, she cannot have my pussy.

I see. Your discussion was that clear on the issue?

Yes Sir. She tell me, she want girl, not boy. She dream about women. She say she in heaven with me. She say, Lyla, Lyla want you, very much, but she does not. She will do for the others.

OK. Thank you for telling me. Yes, once I take her virginity, I will send her to you and Joy2x tonight.

You do that? You not even require her stay with you this night?

Relax, Belen. She is yours and Joy2x's.

And with that, she gives me a kiss on the cheek and runs off. In truth, I am relieved. I have one fewer girl to service and since Laarni is too young for now, I am back to two instead of four. Who knew? It also means that I will rarely need to see Joy2x and Belen. I have been seeing them infrequently, recently, but now it will be very rare. The number I will see, now, compared to the number I was seeing before, is about the same with two extra maids! This is a good day.

But before I leave, I get Angeli up to speed on the information about Analyn. I explain that after she eats her mom's cunt, and I take her hymen, we will send her over to the Lesbian side of the house. It does mean a reassignment in the rooms. Analyn's things need to be moved. That leaves Iay alone. I am not sure I like that for a number of reasons. I will speak with Iay tonight and see where she wants to be. Angeli agrees.

§ § §

I am home from the English lesson. Supper is being prepared and the school contingent walks in the front door of the main house. Angeli knows to herd them into the living room and not allow them into the bedrooms. She calls out to them and has them sitting patiently until I come into the room. Once I am with them, she explains the new room assignments to all, except Analyn and Iay. The rest disappear to their new digs, excited and noisily.

I look at my two remaining girls, smile, to hopefully relieve the tension and tell them, *You two are here, because we have a few special matters to discuss. I was going to put the two of you together. But Analyn, I spoke to Belen today. Do you know what she asked me to do?*

Can I stay with her and Joy2x, Sir?

Yes, Analyn, she asked that you be permitted to room with them and I can see that you want this too. So yes. Go there now. That's your room child. Now Iay, here's the deal, sweetheart. I am giving you a choice to sleep with which ever girls you want to join or to have your own private room. I want you to know that I was not trying to punish you or hurt you in any way. Each pair of you were going to share a room, but because Belen asked for Analyn, the plan broke. If you want time to think about it, you can have that and use your private bedroom until you make up your mind.

Daddy, I think I know. I have a private room. I never had my own room. I want this!

I am relieved. *Good! So, child, you can go to your room now. It is all yours.* I get a hug and she is gone.

§ § §

I am not going to spend a lot of time describing what happened with Analyn. She had no problem getting eaten or eating pussy. She is afraid of my cock and both her mother and Angeli climb on me as I lay on my back to show her how girls take it in them and like it. Her mother puts her over me and talks her down and onto my dick. The piercing of the hymen elicits an *'Aray!*[77]' from her. Angeli tells her to close her eyes and think of Belen's *pussy dripping juices* for her as she moves up and down on me. I am not sure what it does for the girl, but it gets me going and I dump my cum in the girl sooner, rather than later. Angeli has Belen waiting just outside the door. Once I cum in the girl, Belen comes in, kissing, hugging and telling Analyn she is wonderful and sexy and one of us now. In short order, Analyn is out of the room.

I am still a little messy and Angeli decides this is a good time for an extended and careful lesson on giving head with Maricris. For the next two hours, there are lips on my member and I feel teeth very few times. It is not a bad way to end a very good day.

§ § §

It is Wednesday morning and I am not alone. Angeli is no longer in my bed, but a naked Lyla is, and she is stroking my cock. *Good morning, child?*

I am not a child, I am your lover and I want you inside me. I need you inside me, now!

I see. Why the pressing need?

I count from my red days[78]*. This week, my week. I need you each day this week!*

To get pregnant?

---

[77] Aray [Pronounced: ah-RIE] = Ouch
[78] Period/Menses

Yes! Yes! I want your baby.

I will make love to you Lyla, but I do not think you will get pregnant.

Why?

Because none of the girls here have gotten pregnant and I do not wear a condom with them.

Then they not do it right. I will. I read how. You will see. ... Ah good! You are getting harder. Yum! Good! Hehe. Now do it to me please. I will get on my back.

As much as I am aware that position has no impact of the likelihood of a pregnancy, there are old wives tales here that you will not ever convince them are wrong. I take little Lyla in missionary position, reach for a little KY, but Lyla says, *No! It stop the pregnancy.* She thinks it's a spermicide. It's not, but there once again is no arguing here. I plunge into her. She's not dry so no damage is done. Morning wood is not a precursor of early ejaculation and I am sawing repeatedly for quite a while as Lyla grunts, moans, cums, whimpers and begs for the cum. Angeli has come into the room for something, God knows what, and before leaving tells Lyla to not wear me out, I am *shared among all of them.* I am not sure if she was chastising the girl or kidding. I am too busy fucking Lyla.

My cum has not arrived yet as I continue to enjoy her very tight pussy and lovely body below me. She has cum many times and is looking at me, breathing hard, biting her lower lips, gripping me with some force. She looks up and between strokes tells me, *Angeli has you now. Noime wants you. But you will see, sir, you will see. You are mine. You will marry me. Now GIVE ME A BABY!*

And I cum.

§ § §

Enjoy yourself?

Jealous, Angeli?

A little.

She wants to get pregnant and thinks this is her time of month.

More than that, Lewis.

What?

I say, she want more than that.

Oh?

Yes, she want to take you from me.

That worries you?

She is very pretty.

So are you all.

She is fourteen and very pretty. When you have your citizenship and annulment, you know how old she will be?

How old, Angeli?

Maybe seventeen. She will be prettier than any of us except she is too dark. If you were Pinoy[79] I not worry, but you like dark too.

And you think that Noime will be only thirteen or fourteen and too young, and you will be too old?

Of course. I know I will be too old, but if you were waiting for Noime to turn eighteen I would be in my forties and OK I be her Tita and not have to leave. But this one, she want you and I not sure I trust her.

[79]Pinoy means, racially a Filipino

You were the one who brought her into this house Angeli, not me. I wanted them gone. Don't start this now! And anyway, I have always made my intentions clear. Have I not?

Yes, but she dangerous.

Noted, Angeli, noted. But you will be standing right next to Noime when I am lowered into my grave. Where Lyla will be, I do not know. You will be with me. Angeli, I know Ann is not coming back. It hurts to lose my wife, but I accept it. I have no intention of losing you or Noime.

Good. I happy to hear that. Me and Noime tonight?

Yes.

What you want for lunch today, Mahal.

§ § §

Maricris has been with us four months. Things are going well. The extension has worked out. On any night, I have one of the little ones, which means that the other of the pair has a private room. This as it turns out, is, in their eyes, a nice thing on occasion. Also, it means that the one left may get an invite to join one of the others. Iay often gives the invite and frequently gets a roommate for a night. It also means that Iay has both slept and had sex, on a fairly regular basis with all the other girls. She enjoys her position, but is essentially skewed towards a penis and not a pussy. I make sure she gets in my bed regularly. Still I can't figure out where Iay belongs with me. Moon in comparison has a special place in my heart, that no one, not even Noime can access. Moon is as mine as my skin is mine. She is not a wife, not a mistress, not a slave, she is in some way, simply part of me. I can't explain how Moon and I belong together.

I am thinking about Moon as I sit at my desk. I have stopped the English lessons and have caught up with my work and my journal writing. I find I have both more time for friends and more time on my hands. Like I say, I am just thinking about Moon when my cellphone chimes.

It is Ann. I haven't had any contact with her for over two months. She is texting, asking me if I have a few minutes.

Yes, sure, do you want me to call you?

No, we do it by text.

OK, what's up?

Lewis, I am in love.

Who?

You mean is it a he or she?

Yes, I guess so.

It is a she.

OK who is she?

She is a nurse, here, where I am living.

OK. And?

I not going to come back to you.

Ah, I see. Will you wait the annulment until I get the citizenship?

Yes, of course!

What is your plan?

After you get citizenship, we will see if annulment possible. If it is I do that for you so you can marry Angeli.

I am not marrying Angeli.

No? Why? What happen?

Nothing happen. I never wanted to marry Angeli. I tell you that many times.

I not believe.

That I know, but it is true.

So who you marry? Not Belen or Joy2x. A new woman?

No, none of them. I will wait for Noime to get old enough and if I can, and you really want out of the marriage, I will marry her if she still wants me. If not, for any reason, I will not get married again.

Truly?

Yes.

Huh. I did not think you feel that way. You not want to annul me?

No, I do not! I tell you no before. No!

Damn you!

And with that she is gone. She does not answer any texts.

Chapter 35: Rock and Roil

I have failed to note birthdays. Most are not important, but Noime and Gina are a year older now. That matter has become relevant for Gina, who asks how long she needs to wait before she can take cock in her cunt. I look at her and she is larger than is Laarni and is close to what Noime was when I first took her. Still I tell her she has to wait until her tenth birthday. She is disappointed but accepts the requirement. I may require Laarni to wait until her eleventh.

I am somewhat delinquent in my journal updates. It may be because, things have been a mix of totally peaceful and absolute hell. There has been a text catastrophe I have just had with Ann. Joy2x and Belen are so happy with Analyn, it is what you might – in other circumstances – call heartwarming.

There have been, according to Gina, some developments in her relationship with the Principal and his wife. I was not there when this happened and Gina's excited version of it required multiple tellings, so that I could get the story and chronology straight. If I give it here as she told it any one time, well, it would not make any sense. The Principal's wife wanted more of Gina and Gina, no surprise to me, was more than willing to oblige. This started happening a number of times a week inside an unused office on the school grounds. Gina was also keeping the Principal advised as to these rendezvouses. Gina started dropping hints with the woman, that her husband would be excited to see them together. She suggested that her husband might allow it to be in their bed, if the wife played her cards right. The wife was evidently open to this. The Principal, who was in on the plan, was cumming in his pants just thinking about it.

Gina suggested that the Wife invite her to their home and introduce Gina to the husband as a girl the wife has taken an interest in because of her sweet disposition. The Wife should get her husband's approval and if he said yes, the wife should ask Gina's mother, if she could spend the night at the Principal's house.

That happened and Gina goes home with the Wife on a Friday afternoon while the Principal is still working. For the first time, they have a bed to lie on and a couple of uninterrupted hours. Gina, who clearly, though only nine, knows how to please a female, sends the wife over the moon. Exactly how, is beyond Gina's ability to explain to me, but she insists that she has the Wife cumming for the better part of an hour. If any other nine year old told me that, I would not believe it. But this is Gina and believe it.

The two of them clean up before the Principal comes home. He has been out drinking as he evidently does every Friday evening after work. The guy is halfway soused. The wife must have figured that into her plan. She feeds her husband and then sits him down in the Sala, she sitting across the way from him and alongside Gina. The two females start getting friendly and the Principal, half-assed drunk, starts to play with his peter.

Gina sees this, gets up from the wife, and pulls the wife over to her husband. The wife, Gina tells me is asking Gina, what she is doing, and according to Gina, she tells the wife, '*It's OK, relax.*'

Gina gets the wife to straddle her husband's lap kneeling on the sofa cushions, cock in her cunt and facing away from the Principal. Gina then leans in over the Principal's knees to lick the wife's cunt. Wifey gets the message and starts going to town on her hubby's cock up her cunt, meanwhile Gina gives her female paramour all the stimulation and attention required to send her subject into orbit.

The wife, does go ballistic, and drunk husband even blows a load into his wife. Gina licks them both up and goes to bed with them. Since then Gina has been spending a couple a nights each week at their home.

That's the best I can get as far as detail goes from Gina. She is bouncing back and forth from her mother and father to the Principal and his wife. She feels safe and loved. She feels secure. She feels things that she simply is unable to express to me.

Gina is having the time of her young life, but she wants to get some cock inside her. The poor dear says she will wait until I give my permission.

On another matter, I have also failed to mention that no one, not even the cock-sure Lyla, is pregnant. I am not sure that the lack of pregnancy is the cause, but Lyla has been getting very moody and irritable of late. Angeli, says, it is normal for girls this age. I know that she has every basis in reality to say this but I suspect it may be more related to one of two factors, or maybe both. The first, the reality that she is not getting pregnant and the second that she does not get special treatment as far as access to my bed. In fact when she jumps the line, so to speak, with a daytime dalliance, Angeli then removes her from the nightly rotation. I understand why Angeli is doing that, but just to see if it helps, I ask Angeli to stop it. Well, now, that sends Angeli on a tear.

Lyla not special. Why you give her special right?

Relax. I just want to see if it will improve her mood?

You marry me if I act bad? Maybe it improve my mood?

Ah, good point. What do you want me to do? Lyla is a problem right now.

She should go!

No Angeli, she is not going. I am not going to start sending my girls away.

Why you protect her, Lewis?

Why does she scare you Angeli?

She evil.

Why do you say that?

She just is. That why I say that! Why you mean to me?

Angeli, stop this, I am not being mean…

Yes you are. Why you do this?

I am royally pissed. I will be damned if this is going to continue. I have had enough. I call out loudly, *Lyla!*

The girl appears. *Angeli you sit down NOW! AND Lyla you sit down over there*, I say pointing to another chair not far from where I have told Angeli to sit.

Now! Neither of you are to interrupt me or you will be in trouble. ... Lyla, Angeli thinks you are evil and are trouble... NO! DON'T SAY A DAMNED THING ANGELI! ... She also thinks you are trying to jump ahead of all the other girls here. NO, DO NOT SAY ANYTHING! Also Lyla, I have had all I want of your moodiness. And you, Angeli, I have quite enough of your bad attitude today. You are supposed to be my Mistress/Slave. You are being a bitch and a problem! I am going out for an hour to visit friends. Here is what I expect to happen in the next hour. You two patch things up and fix whatever is wrong by the time I come back, or BOTH of you leave immediately, before I get back. If I come back, you both are here, and, either of you are being difficult, I will throw out, you, Angeli, and Rez, and I will also throw out, you Lyla and all your family, if you two cannot get this fixed. This will stop and stop for good now! Do I make myself clear?

They are sitting there. Angeli's mouth is agape; she is staring. Lyla is crying.

I walk out, get in the vehicle and go to the mall, rather than a friend's house. I am needing time to just chill out. I am gone two hours before I get home. I see no one. No one at all. This is not a good sign. I had hoped to see the two warriors patch things up. I did not expect to come home to no one at all. Belen and Maricris also seem to be missing.

The house remains silent until the time for the school contingent to arrive. The time for that has arrived, but no one comes now either.

Finally, Joy2x comes in the door, alone.

Boss?

Yes?

I guess most of us must go. May we pick up our things?

Yes, but will you explain why you all must go?

Lyla still fighting to come back with you. Angeli say you throw her out. Lyla say if Angeli not return with her, and not argue, then if she return all her family is out and so is Rez. If Analyn go, then Belen and I will go with Analyn, because you break your promise to us, that we all here forever. So Maricris, Analyn, Lyla, Belen and me go. Angeli not allow to return and Rez will have to go. If Belen go, she take Iay with her. Moon and Noime waiting to come back to you but wait until we get our things.

I see. I did not tell Angeli she is thrown out if will she patch things up with Lyla.

What? Truly?

Yes. Is she unwilling to do that?

I do not know. Boss, I will go back and talk to all them. I will tell them to not get their things yet.

OK.

§ § §

I have been waiting for two hours. Noime and Moon has returned and the three of us have some supper. I send them to their bed a bit early. Noime wanted to know if they could be with me tonight. I told them no, because I don't know, when, or even if, I am going to bed tonight.

§ § §

Boss?

I must have been dozing. I didn't hear her come in. *Yes?*

Boss, we have a problem. We all want to come back, but Angeli say you do not love her and she not come back. Lyla, say she sorry she be bad. She say she will respect and be good to Angeli, but Angeli still say, 'no, you throw her out.' Lyla say she not allowed to return unless Angeli return too. That true Boss?

Lyla is correct.

You allow Angeli return?

I allow it if she stop her bad behavior and patch things up with Lyla. Yes she can return.

Will you tell her that, Boss?

I already told her that. She knows it. She is just continuing to be difficult.

Boss what we do?

No one is excluded, except Lyla and Angeli. It is up to them to work it out before they return.

Boss, Maricris say if Lyla not come, she not come.

Then that is her choice.

Boss! Where Lyla go?

Send her to Angeli and tell her she and Angeli are mates until they work it out.

Boss! That not...

No! Don't argue.

OK, OK.... I do it. What I do about Maricris?

Tell her that is she is going to be difficult too, I will exclude her forever. I am not going to be pushed on this.

OK, OK.

§ § §

Half an hour later a subdued group of females enters the house and goes to their respective bedrooms. The entire group except Lyla or Angeli return. This includes Maricris.

I go to bed alone for the first time in quite a while. It feels very odd.

§ § §

It is morning. The house is quiet. The school contingent is gone and so are Belen and Maricris. They might simply have gone to the palengke. I have no idea. I make my own coffee and slice my own mango. I go out to the gate and retrieve the newspaper, getting wet to do it. From inside, all I hear is the hum of the aircon and the rain outside. It's eerie. I am feeling agitated. My world has been turned upside down, and I am partially responsible, but the root cause is with the girls and the dissension between them. Could I have dealt with it differently? Yes, but each time I think about what I needed and what was happening, I come to the conclusion that this very well would have been the outcome anyway.

§ § §

Belen and Maricris return to the house at 2PM. They have some sacks from the Palengke, but they have not spent seven hours there. I can guess at what they have been up to, but do not know. Maricris goes to the extension, I assume to make beds and collect laundry. Belen starts cooking. The others will be home in three hours.

§ § §

Supper is a subdued affair. Angeli's chair, next to me, sits unoccupied. No one dares to deal with that and the physical sign of her absence is chilling. I announce Noime and Moon are to be with me tonight. Silence follows.

§ § §

There was no sex with the two last night. We just held each other. I am alone now. The two have gone to school.

Belen and Maricris are here this morning. My coffee is brewed and ready. Some boiled Saba bananas are in a bowl and sugar is on the table. My newspaper has been retrieved and is sitting on the table as well. All is ready for me when I come for breakfast. As I have it, I ask the two girls to sit with me for a second. *It looks like we are not going to have Angeli and Lyla back, so we need to make some changes.* They are saying nothing, but looking at me. *Maricris, you will move into my bedroom. Please move Angeli's things to a box and have someone get it to her. Maricris, you will sit next to me at supper tonight.*

Sir? I not want that!

Why?

I think maybe they return to you.

I do not see her here and she has had long enough. If they do, Angeli sits in your place. She does not sit by me.

Sir!

That is final Maricris.

Sir, she will leave again and then my Lyla have to leave again too! Sir, please no.

Why will she have to leave again?

Sir?

Why will she have to leave? If they return together and have resolved their problems, why does she have to leave if Angeli leaves later? I do not understand.

Sir, now I confused.

Friend, Sir Lewis, is correct. Lyla return with Angeli then she is free of the restriction. If Angeli leave again, that she do on her own. She make a choice to leave then, not Lewis send her away. Different. So then Lyla, she not affected by this.

Ah, OK, I see. Salamat, friend.

Belen, why is Maricris convinced that they will be back here?

Sir, we talk to them yesterday and Angeli say, she not return then, but maybe she will agree tomorrow. This morning we get text from Lyla. She say they be back soon today. Sir if they had come back yesterday, Angeli still have her chair and be in your bed?

Yes.

Oh my God! She make big mistake. Can she undo this, Sir?

No.

Sir?

What, Maricris?

I no good for this. Do not put me in this chair or your bed.

Who do you want me to put there?

Lyla?

No! Never! Damn it. This is just getting worse. I am really fuming. I get up from the table and just leave the house. As I do, I hear Belen calling... *Sir?* But I ignore her. I drive off. Where is my fucking wife? What has happened to my life?

§ § §

I am gone from the house, for the entire day, I have driven to a quiet place I know and just cooled it for hours. I return as it is time for supper. There

at the table, they all are sitting and waiting. Maricris is sitting in her old seat and Angeli is sitting by my empty chair. I am fucking pissed. *Belen, explain to me as quickly as you can, why I should not throw Angeli AND Maricris out of this house right now?*

WHY!!??? Angeli is screaming.

QUIET! Well, Belen?

Sir, I think Maricris afraid to tell Angeli she no sit there anymore. She not want to take the seat.

So you are saying I am not to throw Angeli out because neither Maricris NOR YOU told her? So I am to throw Maricris and YOU OUT?

Boss, NO!

QUIET Joy2x! I am asking Belen a question.

Yes, Sir. You are right. We did not do as you require. We disobey. I will pack now.

NO! NO! BOSS! NO!!! You must STOP!

Why?

They all afraid! They making big mistake! Allow us to fix this. Please sit on the sofa in the new Sala for five minutes. Please Boss.

Joy2x has a right to ask and as angry as I am, I give in and go. I am just sitting in the Sala when Moon comes in. *Father, please come to the table. It is OK now. They do as you say. No one will argue with you any more about these things. Angeli know she fail you and she accept her new place. Belen know she fail you and she is very sorry. Maricris is scared. She not deserve her place she think. Lyla, she say she be good. No more problem with her. She and Angeli friend now. Father, I have a question.*

Yes?

Well, Angeli know she not your wife. Not now. Not later. She know you wait for Noime. Why she be afraid of Lyla. It not matter what Lyla want. You good with your word. Noime and we know, you marry Noime. We not afraid. Why Angeli be stupid like that?

You will have to ask Angeli that question, Moon. I do not really know why she did what she did. I only know I do not tolerate it from her. You and Noime are right. There never was a reason for worry.

When I return to the table, it is as Moon says it is. I sit down and all begin to eat, silently.

Noime breaks the silence with a question. *Who is with you tonight, Uncle?*

Maricris.

§ § §

Chapter 36: Uh, Houston... Houston? We have a...

Sir, I should not be here. I not your wife!

Whom do you think is my wife?

Angeli! Of course, she is wife!

No, my wife is Ann. You have never met my wife. If my wife would come back – I would have her happily. She refuses to return. Would you like to text her, and prove that to yourself?

Ann?

Yes, Ann. Here is her cell number. Text her with your phone, she will not answer mine.

This it?... OK, I ask her.

I'll be damned, but Maricris copies the number into her phone and text's Ann. As she is doing this, I wonder, just how much that I thought was clear to her was ever really understood.

Hello Madam Ann. I text you because Sir Lewis say you his wife. That true?

Who U?

Maricris, Madam. I live in your house. I apologize if this is a wrong thing.

No wrong. What U want?

True you wife of Sir Lewis?

Oo. Bakit?

Why you not here. He want you.

What? Still? Tell him stop. I not come. Find a girl. Why not you. You be good to him?

Oo I be good but not right, not wife.

U makulit[80] *like him? Maybe you good fit!*

Excuse? Madam?

Do not be difficult. Take care of him.

Opo. Salamat.

And the texts ended. *Why she like that, Sir?*

It is too hard to explain and I am not sure I understand anyway.

What you want me to do, Sir.

Be good to me, assist me in running this place, and never think that you will be my wife.

I will try, but I am not good as Angeli.

That is not your concern. Now come to bed, girl.

Over the last few month's Maricris has learned to give head. She can't take me like Angeli can, but that is not grounds for rejecting her. Even though she is physically very small, she is not as tight as any of the others when I enter her. That is also not a disqualifier. She is pretty, sexy and sweet. She has gotten on the wrong side of me twice, but the first time, it is hard to blame her. This time I was really unhappy with her, but I am giving her a pass, so long as she comes around now. My alternative is to put Moon and Noime in my room but they can't run the household yet and so that doesn't really work. Belen isn't an option, Angeli I just kicked out and Lyla is a non-starter. There is no one else unless I start over with new girls.

[80]Makulit [Pronounced: mah-KOO-lit] = irritatingly difficult.

What if I fail you, Sir?

Let's not find out.

I take this female in my arms and bring her lips to mine. If she is going to be my 'go to' gal, she and I have some homework to complete. Maricris locks lips with me. She is trembling but her lips and tongue are seeking and searching. The intensity of our embrace and the urgency of the kiss, with this female who I have fucked but never loved, is an eye opening experience. I had not wanted her in this house and had put little concern into her. Now I am pouring all my concern into her and she is responding. We are naked but I am making no moves to fuck her as I concentrate on her arms, mouth, lips and tongue. She on the other hand, reaches to my manhood, strokes me to tumescence and then, while still kissing, pulls me into her. She is hot, wet and her cunt is grinding into me, insisting on attention. I am responding, while still attached to those loving, sexy lips. I am trying to drink her in, and fuck her at the same time. She is sure as hell, not complaining. She is tiny, smaller than Iay. But she makes it clear I will not break her. She wants all I can give her. She bites my lower lip. She grabs the side of my head with her hands and speaks to me. *OK, OK, I see. I be yours truly now. OK, OK be yours for real. I not playing now. Now you give me all you have. I not make Angeli mistake. I not own you, you own me. OK, fuck me, own me. I be good for you. Even if you give me baby, I still your slave, not a wife. I know, I know. I yours. Fuuuuuck meeeee.*

And that is what I am doing as I pound her cunt with all I have. I pinch her nipples and she cums. I bite her lips and she grabs my face for more of it and harder. She seems to like pain. I pinch her nipples harder and she explodes. I roll her over and take her cunt from behind, mauling her clit with my fingers and she goes off like a roman candle. By the time I am done and cum inside her cunt, she has been well fucked. I do not tell her to clean me up, afterward, assuming she is wiped out but she gets in gear and cleans us both up before snuggling with me and going to sleep in my arms.

§ § §

When morning arrives, Maricris is still in my arms and greets me with a kiss. It is a welcome change. She asks if she should get up first and shower, or if I want to be first. I tell her she can go ahead. Instead of getting up, she strokes me into readiness, and takes me orally. She has learned well these last few months and gets me off in her mouth in short order. Then she goes for the shower.

Breakfast is ready and waiting. There are no issues and the house activity around me is that of the functioning world I had come to expect. I am done with the mango. There is still coffee in my cup and more in the pot. Page four and five of the newspaper are laid out on the table in front of me as my cell phone chimes.

It is Ann. *What happen to Angeli?*

Huh?

Why I get that text last night? Where is Angeli?

Angeli is here, you want to chat her?

NO! What happen Lewis?

I replace her in my bed.

Why?

She thought she was you. I fire her. She is only maid now.

She is me! She your wife.

No. She is not. I will not have that.

IC, so you kick her out.

I make her my maid only, yes.

Who this new one?

She is a maid too. Maricris. She is nice but knows she is only a maid.

You need to find replacement for me.

I don't want to replace you.

Why? I bad to you.

You are my wife. It is not possible to replace you.

What I do with you? This new one, she nice?

You will like her. But she is not a Lesbian.

Don't need another lover. Have a good one. Why I like her?

She will be respectful to you.

Even if I sleep with my love and you are with her?

I think so, but why don't you come home and find out?

I don't know Lewis. We tried that and it did not work.

We have grown since then.

Maybe. Maybe you have grown. I not sure I better. This is my fault to you.

Come home Ann.

Not now Lewis. Not now. Talk l8r.

And the texts stop.

Who was that, Sir?

It was Ann, Maricris. Would you like to read what was said?

No, Sir! No! Sorry, sorry.

It's OK. I think you would like her.

Why you say that?

Because I do not think you would try to compete with her?

How you mean. How I compete? She in your bed.

She would not be in my bed. She is a complete Lesbian now. Her bed would be with her lover and not me. You would be in my bed.

And she not throw me out?

That would not happen. She would leave if you were like Angeli. But I do not think you are like that. I think she would stay.

So Sir, Lewis. You love your wife and want her back but she love woman and will not be in your bed if she come back.

Yes.

Oh my God. Angeli know this?

Yes.

Why she be stupid then? You not hers. She know this! Why she afraid of Lyla? Lyla not hurt her!

I can't answer that. I do not know.

Sir, who get your bed tonight?

Noime.

What room I go to tonight?

Ours.

Sir?

You and I share the master bedroom. Noime will join us.

I stay?

Yes, we live together Maricris. We live together from now on.

Oh my God, Sir. I not know. You do this with Angeli?

Yes.

OK, maybe I see, maybe Angeli forget because of this. OK. I be good, Sir.

§ § §

In a few months, I file for naturalization as a citizen of the Philippines. This process hangs like the sword of Damocles. I know I need to do it because without it, if Ann does something really crazy, I could be in real trouble. But when I have it, she might feel free to do something real crazy that she has held back on doing because she has not wanted to hurt me. I am damned if I do and damned if I don't.

Maricris, in this past week, since I took her to my bed, has been a good and sweet companion. The days and the nights have gone well. Tonight for the first time since Maricris became my bed partner, I will have Lyla in our bed. It is not that it will be awkward for me, but it is the first time since I threw the girl out that she has been with me and this time is also with her mother. I expect for her, it will be awkward.

In the meantime, I am using the day to catch up on desk work. I am in the middle of a business letter, the rain is pounding down and the power fails. The battery system protects my PC long enough to shut things down. I look around and decide this is a good time to go to the mall. They will have power, aircon, and hot food.

Maricris handles the gate under an umbrella. So I do not get soaked before getting into the vehicle. Driving through the downpour is not fun but the rain forces the tricycles and motorcycles off the roadways, so in truth, it is

an easier and safer drive. I park in a covered parking lot attached to the mall and walk into the mall as dry as I was in my home.

When I get there, the mall is incredibly crowded. Let me rephrase that, the halls of the mall are crowded. But many of the high end stores are empty. Sales folk just stand around with nothing to do. How these stories stay in business is beyond me. The stores, while not always, are often staffed with very pretty girls who are dressed very nicely. So going to the mall, is like 'window shopping' female beauty. We all look but aren't even expected to touch. They are there to attract you into the store, and that is all. I do not need anything from these stores, but I am bored and am killing time, so I flirt with them. It's harmless and it relieves their boredom as well as mine. Many of these girls, and most of them are girls, are under the age of 21 and all are under 25. They are all single. One tells me that if it is known she has a foreigner boyfriend, she would get fired. They get five or six month contracts. Once the contract is over they can never work for that business again. If they did labor laws would cover them and the employers are keen to avoid that from happening. So the employment is short term, the wages are very low, the working conditions are crap to the extent that the hours are long, breaks non-existent, and there is no future to any of it. To that extent, loyalty is transitory. At P6,000/mo pay, it doesn't take much to flip the loyalty around. I am toying with that, but have no set plan in mind. These days, I am not needing to be loyal to my wife. I am essentially a free agent, though I have not been acting like one.

What's your name?

Babe, Sir, may I know yours?

Lewis.

Lewis? That is a nice name. You married, Lewis?

Yes, but my wife left me when she decided she was a Lesbian. Now she lives with a woman.

How sad! You are married, but do not live with your wife and she not angry with you if you have girlfriend?

Yes, that is right.

May I ask, how long you stay here in our city?

I live here.

Really, you live here? Where you live Sir?

Brgy.[81] *Ligaya.*

Really? I am in Brgy. Bula.

How old are you Babe?

Nineteen, Sir. Lewis. You like young girls like me?

I like very young girls Babe. Yes. You have a boyfriend?

No, Sir. You like a girlfriend maybe?

Maybe, Babe, Maybe.

It is that easy. Scary easy. They are not thinking about compatibility. They want on the train. The roles are reversed, and you have to say, well slow down here, sure I'd love to see you naked, and fuck the shit out of you, but will I like you? You wouldn't like all of those you can fuck. Some are lazy, some stupid, some can't be trusted. Not all, no not nearly all, but some are and unless you suss that out, well, you can end up with a problem child on your hands who only sees ATM stamped across your forehead and has no interest in anything else. Still most of these girls are winners.

Finding a good one is not hard. But I do not need any more. In fact, it is fair to say I have too many good ones. And I do have an obligation to them while at the same time they have an obligation to me. It is a two way street, something that Joy2x and I talked about at length after the blowup we had

[81] Short for Barangay. While there *may* be smaller political subdivisions, this is the smallest such division which must exist.

at the house. Yes, I have promised a 'forever,' to those who follow my rules, not for those who decide they don't need to do that.

Joy2x has not ever challenged me in any way other than in asking me to cool off. She would never do so. And so in her world the obligation appeared to her to be one sided. When we finish the discussion she has a different view of the matter. She now sees that it works only if both sides do what they are supposed to do. Angeli had asked me to kick out Lyla and when I refused, she had a meltdown. My response was, you want her gone? OK, both of you are gone. Now you work at getting her back. Well, Angeli was so deep into her issues that she just could not see that. I still don't understand why that was. It seemed so out of character for her. I have a very different view of Angeli now, than I had before the meltdown and it is a far less positive view.

But when it comes to those quite lovely females in the mall, they are cute and tempting, but my hands are full. I take a pass on following up with them. I am just killing time.

§ § §

I am back home. The power returned hours ago. I have no new females to be concerned with accommodating. Supper is over. It is time for bed. Tonight it is Lyla. Tomorrow I am supposed to be with Angeli but think I will skip her. Lyla is in the bedroom with Maricris and me. Mother and daughter. When I had asked for the mother to join me, she demurred in favor of her daughter, whom I would not take as my primary companion. I suspect Lyla is not aware of that, but her mother is. Her mother has changed a lot over this last week. As the caring and comfort between us has continued, Maricris, has begun to fill her role with me, with more confidence and ease. I handed her the keys to the family car, so to speak last week. In that week, she has learned how to drive it. Will that hold this evening?

Maricris, has the bed made up correctly. The overhead bright lights have been turned off, in favor of dimmer and more intimate illumination. She is in a pretty slip and Lyla is once again, in bra, panties and heels. Both are wearing the same perfume. So far, so good. I prop up some pillows dead

center on the headboard and get onto the bed with my back against the pillow. The girls climb on to the bed on either side of me. Maricris is on my left, Lyla on my right. I put an arm around each.

I bring Maricris in for a kiss, a real one. I can feel her soul, her passion as the prolonged kiss continues. When we eventually break the connection, I whisper that she has done all I have wanted. She has not failed in any way. She has succeeded. She whispers, *I think before, I here, just so you have access to Laarni and Analyn. But you do not take Laarni except that little bit the first night, and you do not take Analyn except the first night. You refuse Lyla as your companion and you make me your companion. How I be so wrong?*

I just smile, kiss her lightly and shift my position a little to kiss her daughter. I take Lyla for a kiss in much of the same manner as her mother, but Lyla doesn't pour her being into the kiss. It is mechanical, all surface and no soul. I break the kiss and look at her. *Are you OK? Do you want to be here tonight?*

The panic in her eyes, flash. *I am OK, just scared. Maybe you send me away again. I afraid to do the wrong thing. I want to stay, Sir. I not want to be sent away.*

Then show me the desire to stay, in your body. Send me that desire. Let me feel it Lyla. Show me you want to stay. Her eyebrows go up. I bring her in for another kiss and this time, it is if I am with a totally different girl. I feel the passion, the urgent need. As the kiss, and attendant groping, continues, Lyla starts humping my thigh. She is urging me on. Her hands are all over me, encouraging me, stroking me. She is breathing my breath in, as her breath, pushes her air into my lungs. I know she is wet without putting a hand on her cunt as my thigh is coated with her offerings. She pushes me flat on my back, mounts me and drives my cock as deep as she can get it in her cunt. Her grin, as she looks down on me from her superior position is one of fulfillment and accomplishment. She had risked never being with me ever again. Now she is astride me. She is back. Maybe not as she had left, but she is back, never-the-less.

Her, now, fifteen year old body seems to never tire. She rides me without a moments rest for an amazingly long period of time, sending herself into orgasm after orgasm. Not the earthshaking type, but real. I am not induced to cum, but am sure as hell enjoying the fucking. It is beyond good. Lyla's tight little cunt, is perfect and my member is being well treated in the oven of this girl's body. But after, oh so long, I need to cum and am not going to do it this way tonight. I roll Lyla over, put her on her knees, take her from the rear, manually playing with her clit and one breast's nipple, in my fingers. I drive Lyla into a more profound orgasm. The clamping on my cock, in this position is special and something, in my nuts, is triggered as I cum in a prodigious amount inside the girl.

Good, good! Ah good! Maybe now I be pregnant too?

Huh? Who is pregnant?

Angeli! She three month. You not know?

§ § §

Chapter 37: Ann

No I did not know. Who else knows?

All.

All? … Moon, Noime?

Maybe not the little ones.

Maricris, you know?

Opo.

Do Belen and Joy2x know?

Opo.

Maricris, why the fuck didn't anyone tell me?

We think you know. We think Angeli tell you.

How long has she known?

At least a month Sir.

So when Angeli was going crazy about you Lyla, Angeli knew she was pregnant?

Yes, Sir.

When did you find out?

When you make me live with her. In morning she quick out of bed and throw up. So I say, 'Ate, are you pregnant?' She say she is. I ask her how long. She say she miss three months so far.

Maricris, when did you find out?

Day before she return, Sir.

And the others, they learn at the same time as you?

I not sure, but maybe.

Lyla, why do you want to have my child?

Because such a child will be an American Citizen and have many good things in life. To have a child from you is a gift from God, Sir.

Don't you want to wait until you are older to have a child?

Sir, I do not mean to speak incorrectly, but you are not young. I wish to have a child before you are unable.

I see. Thank you for speaking truthfully.

You are welcome, Sir.

And you Maricris, do you really want another child?

No Sir, but if you give me one, I be a good mother.

Another good answer.

OK, what do we do about Angeli? She still did wrong, but I am beginning to understand things better now.

You feel sorry for her, Sir?

No. Not sorry. I begin to see why she was acting crazy. If she had told me she was pregnant, I would have acted differently with her. It was her choice to not tell me.

You want her back and me in the old way?

No, I do not. I am pleased with you Maricris and do not want you out of my bed now.

Neither Lyla nor Maricris had anything to add, and I am stumped, for the moment. I give up and try to sleep.

§ § §

My sleep is troubled and when morning comes I am both tired and needing to get up, and going, early. I want to talk to Joy2x before she goes to work.

When did you know about the pregnancy?

When you kicked Angeli out. Why?

Because I only learned about it last night, quite by accident from Lyla.

You didn't know?

No.

How can that be?

Angeli never told me. That's how.

So when you kick her out, you do not know?

That is correct, Joy2x. I had no idea.

Now I am angry.

Why?

She say you kick her out because you do not want a baby from her! That why!

And you believed her?

Well, I am sorry, but yes we did. If she not pregnant now, I would tell you to kick her out again!

We need a meeting tonight, with everyone there.

Yes. As soon as school is over. OK?

OK. Joy2x, do not tell Belen now. She must work with Angeli all day.

Yes, Boss. OK.

§ § §

The next eleven hours are the longest hours I can remember spending in a very long time. I decide to visit friends and then realize that it's probably not a good idea. I can't spend that much time at a mall. Even going to the Cinema only burns two of those hours. I want to chew through the clock, but find it's a tough chew. I read news, I watch TV. I try reading a book, but can't concentrate. I try looking at porn, but that disinterests me. Eventually, I ask Maricris to join me in the bedroom and decide to see how much foreplay she can stand before demanding a good fucking. My now official answer is forty-seven minutes. After that, if she isn't getting fucked, I am in deep trouble. But I find the afterglow can last for well over an hour. I get some cards out and play solitaire for two hours. Finally, the time arrives. Joy2x and the small ones all arrive. Joy2x and Maricris call a family meeting in the Sala. But as per Joy2x's texted request to me a bit earlier, I am in the extension and not part of the meeting yet.

So the following is a reconstruction from what Joy2x, Noime and Maricris tell me was said.

The meeting starts with Joy2x speaking.

Angeli, I am confused. When did you tell Boss that you are pregnant?

Why you ask?

Please just tell us.

No.

No what, Angeli?

I not tell you.

OK, Lyla, when you were with Boss last night, did he know Angeli was pregnant?

No Ate. He do not.

(Belen, shouts out, *What?)*

Maricris, is Lyla telling the truth?

Yes, he very surprised. He shocked. He ask us many questions about how it is, how many months, how we know.

Rez, looks at her mother. She is stunned and scared.

Joy2x tries again, *Angeli, did you ever tell Boss that you are pregnant?*

No answer.

Mother! Tell them when you tell Sir. Tell them!

No answer.

She can't Rez, because she never do that.

Angeli, we all protect you because of the bad thing you accuse Boss of doing. Why you do that?

No answer.

Belen breaks in. *Angeli, I am with you every day. We have been friends all our lives. I work with you. We help each other and we depend on each other. Now you will not be silent or I cannot be with you. We will, all of us*

throw you out. You will tell the truth now. What you do? Do you tell Sir Lewis?

I not tell him. He should know!

You lie to me Angeli, you lie to all here.

He should know I pregnant!

Fool! You are stupid! You ruin things here. I vote you should go! Never come back.

No! NO! This is Maricris. She has decided things are out of control. *Belen you not have right to do that. We do not vote. This is decision for Sir Lewis. He will decide what happen to woman carrying his baby. Not you!*

Oh! Now that you are in his bed, you think you can tell us what to do!

And at this point the most unexpected speaker raises her voice. Noime has heard enough. *Maricris is right. She is right because it is Uncle's decision. She is right because, yes, Uncle put her in his room for this! So he would have someone older who can speak for him, not me. I tell you who also know this. Ask Angeli if Maricris has this right! She knows.*

Maricris turns to Angeli, *Well, do you want to tell them if I have this right?*

Yes, you have the right. Lewis give you it. But Belen also right, I cannot live here. But if Lewis say I live here, what I do? Why Lewis not here?

Before I come back from school, I ask Boss to stay away while we talk. He is in other Sala. Analyn, please get him.

Analyn's eyebrows flash up briefly and she is gone. And that's where I come in. Analyn comes and tells me that I am needed.

There is nothing as scary as a room full of pissed off females. I am about to speak when this happens...

Boss, we...

No, I speak!

Now that was the second clue that there was a mess here. Joy2x and Maricris had been cooperating but not now. *Joy2x, if Maricris wants to speak, she does go first here.*

Thank you, Sir. Sir, we have problem. Angeli lie to us, is bad and Belen want her to go. Leave here. Angeli is pregnant with your child. I say, only you decide what happen to Angeli.

OK, that I understand. Does anyone else have anything else to say? Joy2x? Belen? Angeli? No? Huh... OK. Well, I have some information I need. Angeli, exactly how far along are you?

Maybe three.

How do you feel? Are you OK?

I am sick every morning. Why you think I up so early every morning?

Because you were always up before me. I don't know when you get up. Have you been to the doctor to check on your health and get prenatal care?

No. Not need.

Well I need you to do that. Maricris and you will go as soon as tomorrow.

I won't.

Yes you damned well will. You are still mine and you will always be mine God Damn It! Now stop being stupid.

You not throw me out?

No. You are a fool, Angeli. Now stop this craziness. I threw you and Lyla out so that all could see that no one could ask to throw someone else out, without it coming back on themselves. Obviously, that backfired on me.

None of you learned that lesson. Certainly not you Belen! No one leaves here. We will adjust. First, Angeli you have lied to them and failed to tell me something important. I will assume that the pregnancy is the cause of your stupid and bad behavior. Still you need to apologize to everyone here for that. You also need to stop hiding information from me. The rest of you... I am frustrated that no one came to me and told me about Angeli's claim that I threw her out because she is pregnant. I would never do that and I thought all of you would know that! Maricris, rearrange the rooms so that Angeli has a private room in the extension. I want her close to you and me. She will have the child in that room when the baby arrives. Iay, you have been alone up to now, but child, that has to change. You will need to room with someone else.

This was the second set of room changes. When Maricris moved in with me, Angeli had swapped rooms with her. Angeli had ended up with Laarni in the larger of the main building regular bedrooms. Now I would move Rez and Lyla to that room, as I needed the room they are in for Angeli. I also have to move Laarni and so she goes across the hall to Iay's room.

I see that Belen is fuming and do not want to end the meeting like that. *Belen, say what you must, but keep in mind that when a female gets pregnant, as you should well know, her hormones can cause her to act in unpredictable ways.*

Sir, this girl and me grow up together. We know each other as children. She not right to lie to me. She know I do anything to protect her. She fool me and make me act against you. Why you nice to her and mean to me?

Belen, do I understand that from now on you will not act against me to help a friend?

Yes. I not do that again!

Then, we have achieved a good result! I am pleased. Belen, Angeli's behavior I do not like but understand. Yours, I did not, but do now. I am glad you will stop acting against me.

What!? This is Belen, not liking what I have just said. The sound I can't include is the slap from Joy2x across Belen's face, and the looks, the two exchanged. It is Joy2x who speaks next.

Boss, my wife is also stupid this evening. She and I will talk in private and I will explain her why she is very lucky you not throw her out. I also do have something to say. Your trust and faith in both Maricris and Noime was proven tonight to be deserved. These two and only these two, not me, not anyone else, understood what was right to do. These two do right for you. I sorry rest of us fail you.

Thank you Joy2x, your words are appreciated. Tonight I wish to also rearrange the seating at the supper table. Angeli, you will sit next to Maricris. ... One more thing. Angeli, you have been difficult, a liar, and far more of a problem than I ever want in this house. But you are also the mother of a child inside you that is half you and half me. I love you and you may never leave me. Do you hear that?

Really? You love me? Even I do all these bad things?

Yes.

OK, OK, now I know. I really stupid.

Noime, you are with Maricris and me tonight.

I am emotionally exhausted. I want a quiet life and I have anything but that. Females! You can't live without them and you just can't shoot them.

§ § §

Angeli has seen an obstetrician. The doctor put Angeli on a strict diet and prescribed some vitamins. All seems OK. It's a bit early to be confident about the outcome, but Angeli has carried to term before, so with any luck, I am about to become a father. That will be a big change.

Maricris tells me that Angeli and she are getting along well. The fact that Maricris did not go along with the others, but did as Angeli knew was the

right thing, has elevated Maricris in Angeli's esteem. Meanwhile Belen remains royally pissed with Angeli. I am told, she feels like she was sold a bill of goods and took the heat for trusting a friend. Trust and loyalty are important here. Belen is not mollified by the fact that pregnant females can be very stupid at times. Joy2x tells me she has her hands full with her love these days.

I have not bedded Angeli since the events, but her place close to my bedroom and her place at the table allow her a level of personal dignity and that seems to be sufficient.

At Noime and Moon's request, I have added an extra day for Lyla. They think that it will be a problem if only Angeli has a child of mine. Maricris agrees, but then Lyla is her daughter and she has been pushing Lyla on me since the beginning. At the moment I am driving around the roundbowl[82] via the Diversion road to the airport. I have a friend flying in on Cebu Pacific flight 5J 995 this afternoon and I am his ride back into town. It never fails that my cellphone will chime a text message just when I can't deal with it. As it is, Lyla is riding with me and I hand her the phone and ask her to read the message.

Sir, it is your wife!

What does she say?

She wants to know if true Angeli pregnant.

Type the word 'Yes' and send it.

A minute later the phone chimes again.

Lyla reads it, "You marry her now?"

Text back one word, "no."

Almost immediately another message, "why not?"

[82]Nowhere will you find this term and it is not used anywhere that I am aware of except on Mindanao, but it means a traffic circle or roundabout.

OK Lyla, send this exactly, "because you are my wife."

Lyla does this and in return she gets and reads. "OK we get annulment so you marry her."

Lyla, please text her back, "I do not want an annulment. If you get one I will still not marry her."

The message in return reads, "why you so makulit Lewis?" What you want to tell her, Sir?

Tell her this, "I love my wife. Come home Ann."

This true, Sir? You really want me to send this.

Yes, please send it.

Yes, Sir. Sir?

Yes?

You have all of us. We want to marry you. She does not. Why you do this?

Lyla, Ann is my wife and I do not walk away from my wife, ever. I do not walk away, even if she is difficult. Just like I do not walk away from the mother of my child.

But Ann wants an annulment! She wants out of marriage, Sir.

Maybe she does. Maybe she thinks I don't really love her. I do not know. I can't know.

If she gets an annulment, you really marry Noime?

Yes.

Noime is very lucky.

You think?

Lyla just looks at me. I don't think she has a clue about how to respond. At that moment the phone chimes again. It is Ann. *You still have bahay kubo?*

OK, Lyla, just answer, 'yes.'

Who staying there?

Answer, "no one."

Who Angeli room with?

Answer, "no one."

OK, be there tomorrow. I stay with her or kubo. Do not tell the girls.

Text back, "too late, I am driving and one of them is typing for me."

A final text is received, "grrrrr"

We pull up at the airport.

§ § §

The supper table, this Friday night, is animated by endless questions about Ann's anticipated arrival tomorrow. Four at my table have never met Ann. They are scared and fascinated by this development. Belen having been Ann's lover, is on edge, as is Joy2x for similar reasons. Questions fly and I have no answers. After five questions, are all launched at me, at the very same time, I turn to Lyla, and tell her to answer the questions as she knows what was said in the text messages. She in turn asks for my cellphone. Clicking through to the text session, she lays the phone down on the table and tells all of them, '*read!*'

After reading it herself, Angeli turns to me and says, *Does she stay with me, Lewis?*

That is up to you and Ann.

What you want, Lewis?

I want you and Ann to decide. Whatever you decide, I will accept.

I am scared, Lewis.

Yes, and I think Ann is scared too. You want to be friends with her again?

Yes, very much, yes.

Then make sure you tell her. Do not make her read your mind. None of us reads minds here.

OK, OK. Lewis, why you think she coming back.

She is coming back because you are pregnant. At least, that's my best guess.

But I bad to her.

Yes you were, but like I said, you are with my child. That is more important.

This night, every female is engaged in making the house spotless. Every crevice will be cleaned. All laundry washed. All things, folded, dusted, put away, washed, swept, waxed, cleaned out, organized and made perfect. As much as Ann engendered dissension at the time of her departure, her return will be on different terms.

§ § §

A tricycle arrives at the gate about 4PM. Out of it climbs someone, but I do not recognize her.

§ § §

Chapter 38: Static pressure and displacement.

I have to look hard at her to see. She is different, but it is Ann. She is worn, worn out. She does not look healthy. She goes through the gate, up to the front door, and walks in. She looks around, just standing there in the entrance. I am looking at her. *I am happy to see you, wife.*

Are you Lewis? Really? You sure you not just embarrassed your wife leave you? Maybe you embarrassed your wife prefer girls to you? Maybe you think, 'OK I make a promise to God when I marry her and now I must keep this promise?'

Ann, no one can know my heart but me. Not even you can do that. I cannot really know your heart. All we can do, is say what we say, and hope the other believes us. I tell you, that I love you. I tell you, I will not marry anyone here, except Noime, if you annul me and then I will have to wait many years for that to happen. I do not want you to annul this marriage. I accept that you want to lie down with girls. I do not argue and I am not embarrassed. I have many girls, who are happy to lie down with me. My ego is not damaged. God does not have to shame me into wanting to stay married to you. I want to stay married without that. You and I have built a life together. I cherish that. Whatever we need to adjust, to stay together, I say that we adjust that.

You, husband, are a very difficult man. You make things hard for me. How can I annul, when you say these things? No court will even listen to me! And they will tell me, it is me that is being difficult! So I am the one, in truth who is difficult here. Because, if a priest ask me, to answer in God's name, do I love Lewis, I have to answer, I do. I just think we are not right for each other. But then you say, 'OK, find a way to be right, and I will do that!' Ha, I cannot find a way to leave you! Damn you, Lewis. How I leave you now? I try, and every love I have say, 'go back to him, Ann!' Even Belen, who says other things too! They all say, 'Ann, you belong there!' So what I do? I stay away for many months, but no difference, you do not change. What I do?

All this is being played out in front of most of my entire household. They are standing quietly around the periphery, but hearing every word. While they might not speak in as long or well-constructed sentences, they can and do understand all of it. Or at least most of them do.

And so, as I stand there not knowing what to say in response to my wife's question, which I am not sure, is not a rhetorical one, Angeli speaks up.

Ate Ann, please, you can and should stay with me. I need you.

Really? You really want me with you?

Yes, Ann. Yes!

Why, we enemies.

Then, not now. Now it is different. Please Ate.

Lewis, you make her say this?

No and you can ask anyone in this room what I say to Angeli, when she ask me if the two of you should stay together?

What you tell her?

I tell her that she should decide what she wants and tell you the truth.

Angeli, that true? He say that to you?

Yes, Ate.

Joy2x, you agree? Lewis tell her that?

Two eyebrows go up.

Huh, Angeli, I accept. Lewis, you win. I am back. I will not go again. Now, before I go to my room, I want to meet the new ones. Who was the one who text with me yesterday?

Me Po.

What is your name, child?

Lyla, Po.

You like to lay in my husband's bed, Lyla.

This question freaks Lyla out. She panics and is tongue tied. I speak to Lyla, *Just tell Ann the truth. It is OK.*

Lyla looks at me and then at Angeli who gives her 'eyebrows up.'

Yes, Po, I want to be with Sir every time he allow it.

Ann is looking around the room at faces, *Who text me before about if I am wife?*

Maricris takes one step forward before speaking, *That is me, Po. I text you.*

What is your name, friend?

Maricris, Ate.

Well Maricris, you take Angeli place in my husband's bed?

Oo, I with him at night now.

So friend, you and me, we need to talk and be team to run this house.

Bakit, Ate? This your house! I just here for you now!

Hindi friend, we will run it as a team, you and me. If we do otherwise, there will be problems. I know this from before. Lewis, this one is good, honest and smart?

All that, yes. And she is shy, Ann. She is afraid of you.

Why?

Because, wife, you are the "wife" and that is very important. But I do believe, if you want it, you will find her a good and valuable friend.

Good, well then Maricris, today I will not do anything except, take a shower, spend time in my room talking with Angeli, and rest. Tomorrow morning, let us have a morning together and get to know each other.

Yes, Ate.

Lewis, there are two other faces I do not know, here.

Yes. This one is Analyn and she rooms with Joy2x and Belen. You can say that they are a threesome.

Ganun?

Yes, and so, Analyn will not be in my room.

I see, and this little one?

This is Laarni. She is like our Gina, too small for my attentions. She rooms with Iay.

She, Analyn and Lyla are Maricris's?

Yes.

Lyla, what grade you in?

Wala na. I not go to school. I help in the house with Nanay, Angeli and Belen.

Lewis, we have four maids? Oh my! This is why the house looks better than I ever have it!

And, with that, Ann comes to me, kisses my cheek, walks toward Angeli saying, *Take me to our room!*

The two disappear from site, as they enter the extension and the main Sala erupts in a cacophony of voices. Each has a slightly different take on what was said. Each thinks some other point made was important. Maricris sidles up to me and reaches for a kiss. I look at her, *Thank you, but was that for something specific?*

Oo, Lewis. It is because everything you tell me more than true. It exactly true. It is true that you love that girl. I see it now and I believe it. I see she really loves you. She not want to love you, but she do it. I see she will be my friend. I not see that possible. Now I see it will be true. I like what you say about my Laarni and Analyn. You make me special. That all why I kiss you.

Ah, OK. I am pleased you feel as you do. Maricris, there is something wrong with Ann. She does not look healthy. I do not know if she just needs good food and rest, or if she is ill, but there is a problem. Help me find out.

OK, I do it.

Will we have a big supper?

I will add to it now. I will make it special!

And off Maricris goes, giving an opening to Joy2x who takes advantage of the access to me. *Boss, did you hear what she said?*

Which part?

About Belen.

I guess, not, other than she said Belen told her to come back to me.

Yes she say that, but Ann hint she say other things.

I am sure she said many things, they were lovers, Joy2x.

OK, maybe I am overreacting.

I suspect so. Do you think Ann looks OK?

No, Boss, I think she is ill.

I do too. I asked Maricris to try to find out.

Good. Boss, now that Ann is with Angeli, you want to move them to the other master bedroom?

No, there are three of you and just two of them.

But there will be a child.

Not for over five months. I may need to add on to the extension! We will see. We will see if Ann stays! I hope she does, but I am not sure.

Boss, I thought she had a lover. Why that one not here?

For whatever reason, I suspect it is over. My best guess it ended just moments before I got the texts yesterday.

You mean, she heard about Angeli before and texts only when she and her lover end it?

Since she came alone, yes, that is what I think.

You think she wants one of us, me or Belen back?

No, I wondered about that, but for some reason, I think she is going to make a life with Angeli. She wants to be close to the child, but I suspect there is something more that we are not seeing right now.

OK, well that will be good for me, I think. Belen has been acting weird. I was wondering if Belen would stay with me. I asked Belen and she insisted that it was over between Ann and her.

As we are talking, Belen is giving us furtive looks. Joy2x sees it and says she needs to go. Another opening for another female and I don't get two steps

towards the water cooler before Noime is at my side. *Uncle! There is something wrong with Tita.*

I know, little one.

While we are talking, Lyla is hanging back, waiting her turn. I signal her to join Noime and me.

Noime asks me, *You know what it is?*

No.

How we find out?

I am working on it.

Good. I am worried.

Lyla is confused as she does not know what we are talking about.

Sir what is this problem? Maybe I help.

Sorry, Lyla, no there is nothing you can do. Noime and I were talking about Ann. We both think she looks ill.

She not normally look like she do today?

Correct. She does not look like we think she should look.

Little sister, is Ann good to you?

Oo, before she leave, she nice to me.

Will she be nice to me too? She scare me.

Ate, there is no need to worry. Relax. It is OK.

Sige, sige. OK, I go help in the kitchen.

Noime also drifts off. I am actually working my way to the water cooler. So far I haven't made it very far and I move toward it again, only to be entangled in the arms of Moon and Rez.

Bakit[83]*?*

Because Father, you make everything good for Rez's mother. We feel safe now.

Ah, I see. Rez, you were always safe.

Hindi Po, mother make a big mistake. I know you say she stay but she is really alone. You do not bed her. The others, they stay away from her. They clean the house, cook the food and she is given the laundry to do alone with no one to talk to. If she leave, she take me next time. I know this. Not you throw me out, but mother take me with her. But now she is with Ann. I am safe.

Father, I was scared for Rez, because Angeli was so stupid. She deserve to go. But I not want Rez to go.

OK, and now there are no worries?

Correct, Po!

And with that comes more hugs and kisses. As these two slide away, I finally get to the cooler and get my drink of water. In all, the only ones I did not get cornered by were Laarni, Analyn and Belen. The first two would have no reason to do so. However, something was brewing with Belen and it has been ever since Angeli came back into the house a little more than a week ago.

I was with Lyla last night and as per my agreement to increase Lyla's time with me, she will be in my bed again tonight. We will have supper first and I am pondering the seating chart. The table has two 'ends' and we have only been using one. In the past, Ann had always sat on the side, right next

[83]Why, as in "what do I owe this to?"

to me. That is the place that is occupied by Maricris now and I do not see a reason to change that. I think we should put Ann at the far end with Angeli next to her. Angeli will move from next to Maricris to the other side of the table, but be sitting next to the wife of the house. That is not a demotion. That will mimic the sleeping arrangement, acknowledge that while Ann is the wife and has a special place in the house, we are not physically close. I hope it does not offend her. I will keep Maricris next to me. These things are symbols and symbols are important.

I get to sit down, with my long tall glass of water, at my desk and ruminate on all this. It is one strange thing atop another. It feels like the beginning of a game of pick-up sticks. You remember that, right? Oh, maybe you're too young and you have never seen it. Well, good luck with that. There are too many things that have disappeared from the world since I was young. I can't spend all my time explaining all of it.

I see Ann again before supper is served. She has showered and rested for an hour. She is in some of the clothing she left behind, many months ago. It is hanging on her. She looks drawn. So, while she looks better than when she arrived, it is even more clear that there is a problem.

Ann, I am happy to see you, but I am also worried. It is clear wife, you are not well.

I am fine husband. I was ill for a month and it shows, but I am fine now.

I am sorry to hear you were that ill, but am relieved you are better. Listen tonight, I was wondering if the supper seating arrangement is one you will like or if I should change it.

Let me guess, Lewis. Let me see if I know you as well as I think I do. OK?

Sure, go ahead.

Am I correct that there are thirteen of us now?

Yes, that is right.

OK so that means, someone probably is going to sit on the far end, di ba[84]?

Yes, that's right.

So you sit on your end. You put Maricris, that's her name, di ba?, next to you on my old side, Noime sits where she always sits. I sit on the far end and you put Angeli next to me on one side and Rez, maybe on the other?

Damn, you are good. I had not thought of Rez being there, so you have it better than I have it. Is that OK with you?

Oh, Lewis, it is how I would do it. It is best that way. We are the heads of the house and that make it clear. It is both respectful of me and not threatening to Maricris, who Angeli tells me is the best girl you could ever find. I am happy for you.

Thank you, but your coming home has made me happier than you know.

Lewis! You are truly impossible! I am not good to you!

Maybe Ann, but I can't stop loving you.

Oh, you are so bobo!

Ka rin, ka rin.

Supper goes off as planed and there is laughter in great draughts. There is a sense that whatever tension had existed, has now been drained away and the pressure on us has been relieved. It is on all faces, save one. She sits, fidgeting and uncomfortable.

With thirteen at the table we are pretty well maxed out. We can squeeze in one more on one side. But things are pretty well bursting at the seams. I have to think about that.

[84][Pronounced: dee-Bah] Is it not, or, right?

By the time supper is over and I get up from the table, six females are cleaning up. There simply is not enough room for them. Everything, but the dishes, are dealt with in under three minutes. The pile of dishes in the sink can only accommodate one female. That won't do and so a third are carried out to the sink in the dirty kitchen and another third are carried to the sink in the clothing wash room! The dishes are all done in another five minutes. Done! Thirteen at the table and all clean and done in under ten minutes. I am thinking back to when it was just Ann, Noime and me. When we sent our maid away, she struggled.

This evening is also interesting, as Ann is in some ways the old Ann. She does not have her nose in the air, expecting the maids to clean while she relaxes. She works with the other females, joking and sharing the load. That is the Ann I have always loved. It is fun to watch Lyla and Maricris discover Ann in this way. She loses the scariness for them and becomes one of them. Every once in a while I catch Maricris just looking at Ann, as if drinking the information in.

I am a few steps away from going to my bedroom, where Lyla and Maricris await me, when Joy2x grabs my arm and pulls me out to the lanai.

Boss, I think something has happen you need to know.

What, Joy2x? What can't wait until tomorrow?

It's Belen, and I think Iay.

OK, what?

They are gone.

Joy2x, please, what do you mean gone? Gone as visiting someone, missing and you can't find them? What?

Gone, Boss. Packed up and left. Their clothing and personal items are missing.

When did this happen?

In the last hour. I was visiting with Ann and Angeli. I go back to the bedroom and all sorts of things are gone. I look for Belen, and I cannot find her. I go to Iay's room to see if she knows what has happened, but she is gone. Laarni says, Belen and Iay packed up her stuff in a big plastic bag and left. Laarni is scared. She is in my room with Analyn now.

Go ask Angeli and Ann if they have any ideas. I will ask Maricris.

I am in my bedroom just discussing this with Maricris, when Joy2x, Ann and Angeli come to the bedroom door. *Boss, you need to hear this.*

Ann, tell Boss what Belen did. Why she leave now.

Lewis, I am sorry but I don't want to say, it was my fault, not hers.

No! No it wasn't! She do it to you and then she do it to me and I be stupid and lose much with Lewis because I listen to her.

What are you two talking about? Angeli, what did Belen do to you?

She tell me that if I tell you I am pregnant, you will make me give up the baby. She say you do not really want a baby, that why you not have one now. She say this to me all day long. She tell me many wrong things. She make me scared of Lyla. She tell me that when I am not there, Lyla is working to get out to get rid of me so that she can have you all for herself. If she know I am pregnant, then she will tell you and then you will hate me. That why I do the stupid things. But she do the same type of things to Ann about me! She make Ann afraid of me!

Boss, that last part is true, I heard part of it, but believed Belen then.

Wife, is what Angeli just said true?

Lewis, I don't want to blame Belen for what I do.

Ann I do not think Belen wanted you out, she wanted Angeli out at that point, if what I am being told is true. The plan must have backfired if that is what happened. So is what she said true?

Yes.

All the pieces are falling together for the first time in almost a year. Wow. I had no idea. Ann do you understand now that none of what Belen told you is true?

Yes, Angeli and I have been talking about it since I got here. I think Belen might have worried about that. Especially since I asked to be with Angeli.

Holy shit. OK. Well there is nothing to be done about this tonight. But Ann, now that you and Angeli have patched things up, whose bedroom do you really want to be in?

Right where I am, Lewis. I am staying with Angeli.

Joy2x, tomorrow I will send Laarni to Rez. Are you going to be OK? Or go we need another search?

Boss! I have Analyn. I do not need anyone else. I love my little Analyn. I hope that is OK with you, Maricris.

Two eyebrows go up.

I look at my Lyla, *Lyla, you have your own bedroom.* And I get a big smile.

Boss, now that it is just me and Analyn, since Ann and Angeli will stay together, and Angeli will have a baby, we should all switch! I will take Lyla's bedroom with Analyn in the main house, Ann and Angeli get the main master bedroom and Lyla moves in here by you where Angeli was.

Musical beds, huh? Anyone have a better plan? ... none?... OK we will do it tomorrow, now please, go to bed!

§ § §

Chapter 39: Too soon.

It is Sunday morning. Maricris has left the bedroom. Lyla is sleeping soundly. I try to get out of bed without waking her up. I fail.

Sir, come back please.

Why?

Oh, you are so bobo! I want a baby. We do it again, please!

That's it? You are not feeling sexy or horny, you just want my cum inside you?

Hehe, maybe, maybe I like it too!

What do you like about it?

Bastos Ka!

Oh, so you want to do 'it,' but you think it is rude to talk about 'it?'

Opo! Of course! Please do it!

Move that pretty ass of yours to the edge of the bed.

Like this?

Yes. Now put your legs on my shoulders.

But you are not on the bed. Why I do that?

You will see. Just do it.

OK. This is weird, Sir. ... Oh Sir. You are ... Oh!

I am standing on the side of the bed and pumping in and out of Lyla, who is on her back, legs in the air and against my shoulders. I see her in all her young lovely beauty before me. She is a sweet girl and I have no doubt that if she gets pregnant, she will be a good mother. But just because Angeli 'caught' and is pregnant, I really doubt there will be a second pregnancy. However, fucking Lyla, is a reward for me, without any other payoff. So while Lyla might have another goal, as I fuck her, I do not. Her breasts are perky enough at this age that they still have shape and are not flat against her chest. Her reddish-pink nipples on her brownish breasts are sexy and cute. She is tiny, but not juvenile. She is staring at me as I pound her cunt. I play with her clit with my fingers. I have a handful of ass in my other. She cums hard. To Lyla, with whom I clearly have the most intimate of relationships, I am, for her, still something removed from her level. And in the most incongruous way, she expresses a sentiment I have a hard time processing. *Oh Sir! Yes Sir! Sir! Oh fuck, Sir!*

Being called 'Sir' while you fuck your lover, is something I bet few have ever experienced. But I am fucked up enough that it gets me off and I perform for the girl. She gets the protein shake she sought.

After my shower, and getting dressed, I join the family this Sunday for what is non-stop chatter about Belen and Iay. The disappearance is the only subject worth their time, it seems. China might put an entire contingent of war ships around the Spratly Islands and it would not be as important to my girls as this.

I sit at the dining table with my coffee. The discussion continues to swirl around me. The new room assignments are being discussed. Are we sure, the two are really gone? Well, no, we can't be, as they didn't announce their plans, but just left. Might they come back? There is great doubt, but no certainty. Everyone seems to like the room assignments, or at least aren't complaining about them. Analyn seems to be thrilled, and is sticking close to Joy2x. Rez and Laarni are playing with an iPad and giggling madly. Lyla has spent a long time getting dressed today and just looks radiant. She is smiling and humming, and just pleased with the world. Angeli is hovering around Ann, whenever Ann allows it, but right now she is not allowing it. She has gone out to the Lanai with Maricris and the two of them are deep in conversation.

I get a text from Scotty. He says Lilian wants to come over. He asks, what our day looks like. I walk out to the lanai and interrupt Ann and Maricris, to ask them about whether they were ready for Lilian. Ann says, yes, we will see her, that it's fine, but how about after 2PM. I text the time to Scotty, and get an 'OK' back.

On my entry back into the main Sala, I tell Joy2x and Angeli that Lilian and Scotty will be here at 2PM.

Boss, that's weird, how they know?

You mean why do they pick this day to come over?

Yes, that.

Joy2x, didn't you wonder how Ann found out Angeli is pregnant?

Oh, that's right, how she know? Oh you think Lilian tell her?

Yes I do. I think the reason we have been getting visits by Lilian, is that she has been reporting to Ann.

Lilian is a spy!

Yes, but it was for a good reason, and I am happy that she did it.

Lewis, maybe she know what wrong with Ann.

Ann told me last night that she had been sick, but was better now. She didn't tell you that?

Yes, Lewis, she tell me, but I not believe it. There is something wrong but she not saying. I ask her if she see a doctor. She say, no reason to do that now. I am worried for her.

Boss, maybe Lilian know. If she care enough about Ann, maybe she care enough to tell us.

Joy2x, that's an interesting theory. Test it and see what you get.

With all the hubbub around me, I decide the best course of action is to retreat to my desk and ignore it all. Everything being discussed is pure speculation and I can think of nothing less productive than pursuing any of this. What is needed are facts and they are unavailable for the moment. If I can't find out by the end of the day, I will ask Ann to please see our physician, just to make sure she is OK.

As to Belen, and Iay, I suspect we have seen the last of them. It seems Belen is a dangerous schemer. We will have a better shot at stability without that here. As for Iay, she is a cutie, but as I have mentioned before, I never felt that she fit here and I never understood why. I still don't know, but if she was tied into all this with her mother, it is better that she be gone.

We are now eleven, including me. Of my ten girls, there are five I will not be with. Five is more than enough. I will have Noime, two or three times a week, Lyla two evenings a week, but am pretty sure there will be a nooner, or two, based on her past behavior. I will have Rez, and Moon, each probably once a week. That is a full plate. I will make sure I get at least one night each week alone with Maricris.

Maricris does not want to get pregnant, so I am going to send her to the physician, at the same time as Ann goes, and get on birth control. I would do the same for Rez and Moon, but they don't want it. If I suggest it to Lyla, she will have a shit fit.

I am pondering what my family will look like in the years to come, with the addition of children, from Angeli and maybe Lyla. I am also looking at the calendar. In just a few months I process the naturalization papers. I do not lose my US citizenship, I will have dual citizenship. So will my child, or children. Anyway, I am day dreaming when the doorbell rings. Scotty and Lilian are here.

Lewis, do I hear right? You are about to be a dad?

Who's spreading the rumors?

Aw, man, I hear it from my wife. So is it true?

Scotty, I have heard the rumors, too. But Ann has just returned, yesterday. How could she be pregnant?

Hey, you know I ain't talkin' 'bout Ann.

Which one Scotty? Which one looks pregnant to you?

Huh, ... none, but Lilian told me last month that one of them was knocked up.

Last month? Not last week?

No, last month, man.

Interesting. I just heard the rumor a little more than a week ago.

Really?

Yup.

Damn. Lewis, I get the feeling that I just stepped in a pile of crap.

Well, Scotty, someone did. Someone has been stirring the pot. Tell me, when did your wife tell you that she wanted to come over today?

She mentioned it last night, about ten o'clock and it was too late to text you then.

Indeed, it was. ... Scotty, grab a beer from the fridge, I will be right back.

As I walk off, I text Angeli, Maricris and Joy2x to meet me in my bedroom right now. When we all are assemble, I fill them in on what I just learned. I do not know how much of this is known to Ann. But she, as a courtesy, needs to be warned, in case she doesn't know that Belen is working a back channel through Lilian. There were only two people who knew Angeli was pregnant last month, Angeli and Belen. Angeli didn't tell Lilian, so we now know that Belen told her. We also have reason to believe that Belen contacted Lilian about the time she left last night. It is possible that Ann

knows or knows part of it. We could try to play it close to the vest, but that assumes malevolence on Ann's part and I am unwilling to do that. It also doesn't make sense based on Belen's actions. I ask Angeli and Maricris, whomever can get to Ann first, to give her a heads up on this. I'm about to go back to Scotty now, with bowls of chips and salsa in my hands.

But as I am finishing up, Angeli has her cellphone out and she texts Ann, *Mahal, Scott said Lilian know about my pregnancy last month. I not tell her. Scott say Lilian tell him last night, late, they need to come here today. Watch out.*

Ann texts back, *OK, good to know.*

* * *

Here you go, Scotty! Real Doritos and medium salsa. Need another beer?

* * *

Scott and Lilian stay for supper and leave at eight in the evening. We are exhausted from the tension of having them here. Ann almost slams the door as she walks in, after escorting them out the gate and locking up.

That bitch!

Excuse me? I am not used to hearing my wife speak that way.

You hear me husband! She sneaking around to find things out and stir up trouble! Good thing Angeli text me!

Well, if she hadn't Joy2x or Maricris would have done the same?

Ganun?

Sure. How do you think Angeli learned about what Scott said?

Of course! You tell them! And then they warn me! Good Lewis. Good. That bitch, she trying to make trouble. So I ask her, 'when you talk to

Belen last?' She say, 'Oh, I don't know?' I say to her, 'When do Belen tell her that Angeli pregnant?' She say, 'Why you think Belen tell me that?' I tell her, no one else know. Only Belen. I say to her. 'If you want to stay talking to Belen, do not come here. She cause us all trouble. She evil.' Lilian say she not doing that, but Lewis, I not believe her. I see it in her eyes. She lying. We be careful what we say to her. You be careful what you say to Scotty. He tell Lilian what you tell him.

The four of them, Joy2x, Angeli, Ann and Maricris continue the conversation as they tackle the remnants of supper, putting things away and cleaning up. Lyla has been helping Laarni move into her new room. She is also moving her own stuff, plus all Joy2x, Analyn, Ann and Angeli's things. So even though she is not cleaning this up, she is not sitting on her hands. Lyla is a worker. All of them are. There is not a lazy one here, except for me. But if I try to do anything physical, they all have a tantrum.

This is Sunday night and I will spend the night alone with Maricris. I am looking forward to that. I sit down and look at the Sunday paper that I never read this morning. I have some dark rhum over ice in a glass and I am sipping along as I read about yet more accusations of official plunder of hundreds of millions of pesos from the public purse. If it wasn't so common place, it would be aggravating, as it is, it is just sad.

Ann sits down next to me. She takes a sip of my drink and makes a face. Ann doesn't drink. Why did she even try it? She knows she will not like it. *Lewis, I need to say something. Lilian know and so you will hear. Better I tell you.*

I am not liking the sound of it, and I take a stiff belt of the rhum and signal Ann to continue.

I am sick.

That much I already know? What is the problem?

Cancer. I have a cancer.

How long have you known?

Before I leave I know something wrong. I find for sure it is cancer three months ago.

What type, Ann?

A breast cancer. Lewis, I have lumps before. You know, little cysts. They not cancer, so I think that is what this is. I am wrong. They operate two months ago, but doctor say, too late. It spread too much.

Jeezus, Ann. What do you mean too late?

I dying Lewis.

Are you sure there is nothing we can do.

Yes, I sure. I check. Doctor say is met..tas..tesize? I do not know, he say it all through my body but moving slow.

How long do we have, Ann?

Maybe four month, maybe less, maybe more. Bahala na[85]*.*

Shit. OK, what can we do to make it longer?

Wala[86]*. So Lewis, you will marry Noime, if that what the two of you want. I am happy you not be alone.*

I just take Ann in my arms and hold her. I have her back, only to watch her go. I am glad she is here. It would be a lot worse, if she had to go through this alone.

Who else knows, Ann?

Wala pa.

---

[85]It is 'Up to God, I have done all I can do.' Here the use of 'na' which literally means 'now' is used in the phrase to mean something that does not literally translate. ***Bahala Ka***, as we saw earlier, means 'Up to you' and ***Bahala sha*** would mean 'up to him/her.'

[86]Wala [Pronounced:wah-LAH] = Nothing [in Tagalog], In Visayan and Ilonggo is means, 'Left.' Here is means 'nothing.'

Well, we better tell everyone. Rumors are not good.

Lewis? Do we have to do this?

Ann, think. Is there any other smart way?

No. You right.

This is not supposed to be. I am not supposed to outlive my young wife. But what is supposed to be, does not change reality. Reality sucks. I quickly call the family together in the Sala. There is no good way to tell people about such a thing. But all except Maricris and her brood, can see there is something very wrong with Ann. Ann sits silent, resigned to this meeting but unwilling to speak. It must be done, she agrees to that, but I am the one to tell all of them.

If I do not tell you something now, you will hear rumor and maybe bad information from tsismis[87]*. It is best you know the truth. Ann, is very ill. The illness, a breast cancer, has progressed too far to be treated. Ann is dying. We cannot stop that from happening. She is going to need all our help and love. I expect all of us to keep silent and not talk about this outside the house. No one else needs to know about how Ann is doing. Are there any questions?*

Tita, are you in pain?

Yes, little one, but I have pills and that stops the pain, at least for now.

Before anyone else can ask a question, Maricris stops all future conversation. *If you have any questions, ask Angeli. She will find out from Ann, if it is something Ann feels you can know. It is wrong to ask her here! Lewis, what you thinking? I am sorry Ate. Your husband is without common sense!*

Thank you, friend. I am tired. I want to lie down. Have we switched rooms?

[87]Gossip

Lyla, who is crying, speaks up, *Opo, I have all your things back in your real bedroom. The one I learn has always been yours all these years. I finish. You can go there now.*

Thank you child. You are a good girl.

Ann gets up slowly and leaves, Angeli following closely behind. The meeting is over and I just want to crawl under the sheets and not come out.

§ § §

Four months. Four months in which I have rued every day as it has passed. I have cursed each sunrise and sunset. Each day, I pray that Ann will not have more pain. That she can manage, and manage some semblance of personal dignity as long as possible. Ann lives, so far. She is in a bad way, but she lives. These last four months have caused the rest of us to put away any petty issues and meld together into a cohesive household. There is a mutual support system functioning. Each of us has bad days, watching Ann's progress.

Today is unusual. It is a day in which my attention is forcefully removed from my wife as I am to be interviewed tomorrow, by the Bureau of Immigration, at the Manila Office, in relation to my application for naturalization. It means flying to Manila today, spending the night, going for the interview tomorrow, and then flying home the next day. I am too concerned to be worried about the interview. I am angry that I have to leave Ann's side. I am being greedy but I want every minute of every day I can be with her. Even if all it means is I hear her breathing. I want it. When I would tell Ann to come home, time after time, I had not done it because of anything except for the deep and incredibly strong love and passion I have for her.

I had sought this naturalization because of fear of what Ann might do. I never thought I would need it as a widower, which I will be. I do need the status now, as inheritance of property, to non-Filipino spouses, is a bad deal. I could find a way to stay here, but without the home we have lived in for years. Once I achieve the dual national status, I can, and will inherit the

property and home. I need it and am angry, as all get out, that I do need it. It pisses me off.

The interview goes Ok. There is no problem with the language portion which is what stops a lot of guys from succeeding. They tell me, that I will probably be OK, and get the citizenship. Finally, they are done with me, and I go back to the hotel, to spend another night away from Ann. I just want to be back home with my wife.

§ § §

Chapter 40: Ann Redux

We lost my Ann two months ago. There is nothing enabling about that, nothing noble. Cancer is a cruel thing and there is nothing nice to say. In the end, the best thing was that Ann finally passed away, away from the misery and pain. I have been unable to record anything these last six months, other than for my trip to Immigration. I have not had the courage that Ann showed.

The funeral was a wet and difficult day. The rain didn't just pour, it was torrential. The heavens opened up and poured the waters of the world down on our small party of mourners. If anyone was crying, and there were, those tears were lost in the water that washed all semblance of civilization away, leaving only simple sodden souls. She is gone. As long as I live, she will never be forgotten.

And now, in a weird way, she may be remembered a little longer. In Angeli's room, there is an infant, one month old, as cute as any parent might wish. Her name is, Ann.

§ § §

If I am to continue with the journal, I must get it up to date. I guess the easiest thing is to start with what has not changed.

We are all as we were with the exception of the two Anns. Angeli has moved in with Lyla, and surprise of surprises, they are both super happy about that. Lyla had asked for permission to do this. I told her to ask Angeli and Angeli said yes, immediately. So now there are still eleven here, but to get that number, you have to count the infant. There are ten at the table. We have six bedrooms and so, one bedroom is now empty. I mentioned that fact at supper yesterday, but was reminded that Ann would grow up and need a bedroom. True enough, so while it is empty for now, we know who will be in it later.

Angeli has mentioned that she would like to regain permission to lay with me. As soon as the doctor gives her permission, I will re-engage with her. She has been out in the cold for long enough and we all know that she had been played meanly by Belen. The upset with her has been long forgotten. Her care for Ann was something that was real and heartfelt.

We have seen neither hide nor hair of Belen and Iay. Iay, never returned to school and there has been no word of their whereabouts. Scotty and Lilian never came back to the house, and dropped out of the card games. I run into Scotty every once in a while at the homes of others and we are pleasant with each other, but the problems between the females have soured things for us. Even now, that Ann is gone, it is still not good, as my girls want nothing to do with Lilian.

I haven't mentioned William or Frank. Both guys are maintaining their relationships with their wives and mistresses, those young and even younger. Their wives came over frequently to see Ann in her last months. Ann was truly comforted by these visits. These guys and Kenneth have been over weekly. While Ann lived, we played cards here, so I could be here when needed. My friends helped me stay sane.

I did get Maricris on birth control. She is relieved, happy in our bed, but the weight of Ann's passing has been a heavy blow to her. Even though Ann was horribly ill, Maricris would consult with Ann on just about everything. I appreciated it, as it made Ann feel connected, until the very end when she told Maricris, that she could no longer assist. When that was said, Maricris got scared. When Ann died, Maricris went into a real panic. She has come out of the panic, but the reality that this house is functionally hers, is more than she was prepared to ever understand. She had lived in a squatter's shack, not even a proper bahay kubo. She had to scrounge to afford the rice the family would eat, which, I suspect, is why the girls are so small. It was a lack of early nourishment. Maricris was beyond poor, and now she runs this house, with a monthly budget larger than what she might have had for five years before. There are times, I see her just stand, look around, shake her head and cry. All I can do at those moments is hold her, if I see it.

Lyla turned fifteen a month before Ann came back, she is even more lovely than before. Noime will be twelve soon. Gina is closing in on ten in two weeks, a fact that she never fails to mention. Laarni is so tiny, that even when she turns twelve which is also very soon, I am not sure I will want to take her! Maybe she will have a growth spurt. Analyn is fourteen. Joy2x had a big birthday party for her. They act like an old married couple. It is sort of funny.

Moon is as attached to me as she has ever been. She talks to her mother every month or so, and then is moody for a couple of days. It worried me in the beginning, but Moon sat down with me and explained, she is sad for her mother. That is all. She does not want to return to her. She never wants to leave this house. But she is young, and that may very well change.

Rez has a baby sister and she is with little Ann all the time. Rez looks at me and at Ann and just smiles, all the time, smiles. Rez is a happy girl.

And that brings me to Noime. My Noime. She stands before me, in a lovely sweet dress, reaches up, pulls me down, collects a real kiss and informs me that it is time.

Time for what?

An engagement ring. I am your fiancée, Uncle Lewis. And when you put that ring on my finger, I will stop calling you Uncle. You will be my "Lewis."

Noime, you are still growing. If I buy you a ring now, it will be too small for you years before we marry.

Then there will be two rings, my first engagement ring and my second!

I see.

One more thing.

What's that, Noime?

Rez, Moon and Lyla, they need rings too.

Noime, I can't marry them all!

I know, do you think I am bobo? No, they get rings as your official mistresses, for life.

What if they don't want to stay for life?

Now I know it! You Lewis are bobo! Yes, they will always be with us, my husband to be!

I see, and you know this because of your great wisdom and the experience you have gained over your many years on this planet?

No! I know this because we all talk with Angeli, Joy2x and Maricris. We decided.

Well, Noime, my Ann has only been gone for two months. I know that seems like a long time to you, but I want a year, before I give you a ring. A year is what I want to mourn the loss of my love. Will you give me that?

I am sorry, Uncle! I am just excited. Yes, next year. OK.

Thank you, for your kind understanding.

Sorry, sorry, Uncle.

It's OK.

§ § §

I guess I have gotten out of the habit of journal writing. I have let it go for another three months! There have been more birthdays. Noime is now officially twelve. It is five months since we buried Ann and over eleven months since she had returned to the house. Lyla turned sixteen two months ago. Angeli was right, she would be seventeen when I was ready to marry again. I will wait for Noime, but there stands the most alluring mocha brown teenager any man can imagine. In truth, I suspect that Lyla is not the only one who would say yes if asked. I feel guilty keeping Lyla as a

mistress but for two reasons. First, she is committed to me and second, she has just told me that she is pregnant. I think she may be jumping the gun, as she has only missed one period.

Angeli and I are going to be sharing a bed on occasion and it is an interesting arrangement. Maricris has asked that she be permitted to not be in our bed during her 'red days.' She asks that Angeli be her replacement. I know that her 'red days' last only four days, but now that this regime is to start, Maricris tells me Angeli gets my bed for seven days and on those days, no one else is in my bed. At least, not at night. I predict Lyla will find time some days to fill a need she has. I had no say in any of this. It is a *coup de Maricris.* Tonight is the very first 'Angeli' night.

I guess I should mention the seating chart. Angeli sits on the other side of Maricris. Lyla sits on the other side of Angeli.

There is one more piece of intelligence to pass on. Moon caught sight of Iay yesterday. She is re-entering the school that the girls (other than Noime) attend. What that portends I have no idea, but am treating it as a bad omen.

I enter the bedroom tonight to a girl who has given birth both to another young mistress of mine and to a child of my own seed. Over these two years, Angeli and I have had a bumpy but deeply intimate ride. I have thought of her as my *de facto* wife, I have exiled her from my bed, I have watched her care for my real wife in Ann's last days, I have stood by as she bore our child. I have swallowed the colostrum she lactates for our little Ann. How much more intimate can a relationship get?

And here she is, showered, hair freshly brushed, and snug under the blanket. Her lovely café au late colored skin is blemish free. Her breasts large with milk. (Ann is in a crib in our room tonight, in case she should awaken, though these days she has been sleeping through the night.) She has regained her slim appearance, following her pregnancy. Angeli is a beautiful female. She looks at me. Her smile is infectious. Her eyes are focused on me. She pats the mattress and says, *Come to bed, Lewis.*

Angeli, can we talk about birth control?

What!

Birth control, Angeli. It has only been five months and you are in the middle of your cycle. If I hadn't already gotten you pregnant, I would think that such a discussion is not needed, but it is needed. I do not want you pregnant again for at least another year. I don't like them, but I still have the condoms we purchased two years ago. We could use them until you get on the pill or some other method. In a year, if you really want to have another child, we can try then.

No! No, Lewis! That is immoral!

And my fucking your daughter is moral? Why bring up morals?

That different. You want to kill our child!

No, birth control is not abortion, Angeli.

It is. Padre say it is the same thing.

Padre say I can have five bed companions?

Why you change subject? That not right. … Lewis I not do this. Besides, I want baby same time as Lyla.

Angeli! No! It is not healthy to get pregnant so soon.

You doctor, Lewis? When you get your Doctor license? I say you are quack-quack!

There are times when even though you are right, you are wrong and I am on the wrong side of this argument. I know it and I give up. I say as much to Angeli and she only says, *Good.*

I put the clothes in the hamper and join Angeli, reaching out to hold her. Angeli has a different plan in mind. She gets me on my back and starts to give me head as only Angeli seems to be able to do, deep down her throat. Watching this diminutive Filipina take my member in so completely that

her chin rests on my scrotum, is erotic as hell. The feeling on my cock is beyond simply erotic. The stimulation is intense. Angeli appears to be in a hurry to get me off and for a girl who wants a baby, she sure seems to be working with the wrong end.

She has maneuvered so that while she continues to give me head, her pussy is below my head and pretty much over my chest. I put a finger on her pussy, only to find that she is dripping wet. I am gently playing with her cunt and damned close to unloading down her throat, when she stops, pulls her mouth off me, swings around and mounts me. Rather than riding me, she leans over me, grabs me by my arms and encourages me to roll on top of her while still inside her.

She, with my assistance, accomplishes the goal and we are now in missionary position. I am pounding her cunt. Angeli is cumming. She milks her breasts onto her fingers and shoves her fingers into my mouth. I am drinking her, as I am fucking her and then as the magic liquid hits my throat I give her my cum, more cum than I thought I had to give, and for a longer time than I think I normally cum. We trade liquid with liquid. Drinking the sustenance of life and depositing the essence of life.

I collapse on my back on the bed. Angeli is just lying there too. It is done. She reaches a hand out to me and squeezes. She doesn't have to say anything. I know she loves me. I love her.

§ § §

When I awaken, Angeli is still here. I guess I am surprised by that. She looks at me and says, *next time, if I am not in your bed, you will know I am pregnant!* Following which she proceeds to take me as she did last night. She has the benefit of morning wood and sensing that I will cum quickly she gets on her knees and asks me to take her from the back. I tease her by putting my rod on her butt hole, only to get bawled out that I shouldn't pull that nonsense with her. I slide into her cunt, play with her clit, pinch her nipple which releases milk onto the sheets, and in total causes the girl to cum big and hard. In a matter of minutes, not hours, Angeli has the cum from me she so wants and goes off humming to take a shower.

§ § §

Noime at twelve is a very different girl than was Noime at ten. Her instincts are, oh how the hell can I express this, more feminine, less juvenile. She has learned to strut, to tease, to be coy. She is not so dewy eyed. She is also more apt to see someone stalking her man and say something. Noime is not worried about Angeli. And she is neither worried about Moon nor Rez. These two are her compatriots, who would walk through fire for her. No, she is worried about Lyla. Now, Lyla is not intentionally doing anything wrong, other than being what Noime will not be for four years, a sixteen year old. Lyla drips all those hormonal triggers that Noime is only beginning to release to the world. For Noime, Lyla is a walking breathing sexual electromagnet and Noime is just a lodestone.

Noime knows Lyla is not trying to do anything wrong but it's sorta like that Mel McDaniel song "Baby's got her Bluejeans On," the girl can't help it. The result is Noime constantly saying, *Lyla! Please, don't do that!* Followed my Lyla looking at Noime and saying, *What?*

Noime is trying to dress as provocatively as Lyla does, but, well, it's a work in progress. Now, I am not doing anything to encourage Lyla. It does not seem that she needs any such thing. It's just baked into the cake. Moon and Rez, try to assure Noime that it is all OK and to not fret, but Noime is fretting. She wants her engagement ring.

§ § §

Gina has just shown up tonight, unbidden. We have rarely seen her. Her entreaties about the elimination of her hymen, come mostly by text. But she is here and she is troubled. While all others are occupied, I take her to the extension Sala.

OK, Gina, what has you so frightened?

Uncle! It's Iay and Belen. They are at the Principal's house!

What? What are they saying to him?

No Uncle, not saying. They doing! Belen and Iay are doing the Principal and his wife. I try to tell Principal that they are trouble and he just tell me I am jealous. Uncle, they will do a bad thing, I think.

I can see how this started. Belen knows she has burned her bridges here. There is no way back in to our home. She also knows about the Principal because she had been here, living with Joy2x and that story must have been told. How much else she learned while here and how much she scoped out as Gina was pretty much living there, is any one's guess. But Gina is right. The Principal and his wife are in for trouble. The question is, do I want to do anything about it? I don't think I do. Exactly what Belen is hoping to pull off, is unclear to me. I also don't know enough about the Principal and his wife. My concern now is for Gina.

Her time in that house has come to an end. She needs to stay far away from Belen and Iay. For now, she goes back to her mother and father. That presents a problem.

Uncle, I love my father, but I do not want him to be the one to do me. I thought the Principal would do me. Now who I get?

Gina, just because you are as old as Noime was when I did her, does not mean, it is the right time for you. Laarni is twelve now and I have not done her.

Uncle, she is smaller than me! Of course you not do her. Uncle who I get? Why we can't chase Belen away?

Because even if I wanted to, I don't know how to do it.

What about a dog?

What?

You know, what you do to Coraline.

Gina, how do you know about that?

Noime tell me.

It's a bad idea, but how would you use a dog?

Uncle, we get two dogs. I talk to Sunshine. She say I need to get panties from Belen and Iay. I give them to her. She train two dogs. One for each. Then when Principal and wife are not there, I tell the dogs to 'go' on them. Uncle, I will do that until they not even think any more. If they not leave, I tell the dogs to do them when Principal and his wife are there.

Gina, that is evil.

I know, Uncle, and I think it work. Sunshine need money to get the dogs. Big dogs. You give me the money?

No one can know you get the money from me. You understand?

Of course! Uncle, Sunshine say, thank you for all the rice you send her. She say she more healthy now. She say, she want to hurt Belen for what she do to you and Moon. Moon tell her about Belen.

How much does she need?

§ § §

All this talk about dogs, gets me thinking about Manny. I saw him at the funeral. He looked pretty prosperous. I was too numb to be surprised, but I am now, I guess. I text him and get a text back. He's busy but he'll get back to me, as soon as Coraline's webcam show is over. Webcam?

§ § §

Chapter 41: Joy no joy.

Manny, how are you doing.

Gud, brudder. How are you? You very sad when I see you last time.

I miss your sister. It was hard, but I am OK. Manny, you are looking like things have improved for you.

Yes, brudder! Very much yes! What you do to Coraline, it help me.

How?

In many way. I get new girl. She is gud and give me no problema. Coraline, she need the dog, bad, brudder. So I tell her I take the dog away unless she do web show wid dog. She scared I do it, so she say. 'OK, I do it.' We charge big money for dis. We make over ₱200,000 a month now. We only allow 25 view a day. We charge ₱300 view. This is fair fee. We get ₱7,500 each day! Walang problema! She do her show one hour and she not work any more. Me and my girl, we do da business. Maybe dat two hour each day. No more. You make my life very good. Salamat brudder!

Manny, I am not sure what to say! But good for you brother. However, I do advise you to save as much as you can.

We buy property wid it. We only need ₱30,000 each month even wid da business fees. I very careful brudder. Coraline she will only be good for while. Then what we do? I thinking 'bout dat.

Very smart, Manny. Incredible and very smart.

Brudder, you should see da show. I text da the web address, user name and password. You watch it!

§ § §

The show is amazing. Coraline and that damned dog are a loving couple! It is a hoot of a show and there is no doubt that the viewers are getting their money's worth. The dog doesn't start up raping Coraline. You see her with the dog on his back and Coraline stroking his member into action. She then, I swear to God, gives the animal head! Only then does she get on her knees and gets the beast to mount her. Since we are talking about a dog and he is knotting up inside the girl, there is no money shot, but there sure as hell is a money scream. Like I say, it's an amazing show.

But the show I wish I could see is the one that is happening right now at the Principal's home. Sunshine, according to the text I got from the girl herself, purchased two very big dogs. Sunshine says that their cocks are monsters. She has trained them on the scents of Belen and Iay. Sunshine, who trained the dog I used on Coraline, seems to know exactly what she is doing. Gina and Sunshine brought the canines over to the Principal's house earlier this morning while Belen was out shopping. Gina texts me that she put a dog, on Belen just five hours ago, but Belen does not know Gina is even there. Gina sent me two photos from her phone of Belen with dog inside her. She says she took the snaps when Belen was too completely occupied to see her. Currently, Belen is in a bed just sobbing. Iay is expected now any time soon. Gina is waiting.

An hour later I get more texts and photos. These are of Iay. The dog is bigger than the girl and she is a rag doll to him. Iay also does not know that Gina is in the house.

It has been four hours and I get another text from Gina, the Principal and his wife are coming home. She has set both dogs back on the girls, one on each and Gina has now left the house. She watches the Principal and wife enter the house. Minutes later, a half-naked Belen and a half-naked Iay are thrown out of the house along with the two dogs, who are chasing after the girls. There is a snap showing them running down the street. I wonder if we will ever see those two again.

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Tonight is supposed to be one of my 'Maricris only' nights. I look forward to these nights for reasons I can't really explain. Maricris and I are partners

in many ways. We depend on each other. The others might hide and prevaricate, but Maricris cannot. I must know what she knows and she must know what I know. If we don't follow that rule, things will go very badly. None of the other girls can make unilateral decisions that affect the rest of us, but Maricris does and I not only understand she does, I need her to do so. She knows that and so does everyone else here.

It rarely becomes an issue. Maricris really does know my mind. Angeli does as well, and Maricris has pointed out that they are probably interchangeable if I would allow it. But I will not. Angeli is the mother of my daughter and her hands are full with that. She does not need the pressures of this large household on her shoulders.

So, like I was saying just a moment ago, this is a night for me and Maricris. I enter the bedroom expecting to see my dark skinned lover. But it is not Maricris who I am looking at, sitting on the bed in panties and partially covered by a silk wrap.

Good evening, Laarni. Are you confused about where to find your bedroom?

Sir! Please! I am already scared, please not make me more scared.

Why are you scared?

Because, this is my night with you, Sir.

How did this get decided, little one?

I ask Noime, 'when is my time?' She say, when I am ready and you allow it. But you not allow it! So I go to mother and ask her. Mother and Noime talk, Sir. Mother inspect me. She inspect Noime and she say, OK I am ready. So we agree, I take her place tonight.

Laarni, I know why Noime is my lover for life. I know why Lyla is having my child. I know why Analyn is Joy2x's real wife. I know all these things. I even know why Rez and Moon are my girls for life. But just as Gina is not

my girl and will never be my girl, I have no reason to want to make you my girl, either.

I am too pangit[88], Sir? I do something wrong?

No Laarni, you are very pretty. You have done nothing wrong. But you should grow up and find your own boyfriend.

No.

'No' what, Laarni?

I do not want another boyfriend. Everyone else here is yours, except Joy2x and Analyn. And Joy2x tell me she has been with you many times. Analyn is with you only once and Joy2x tells her she needs to be back with you more. I am the only one here you not take. I want you to take me.

Why? I will never marry you. There is no need to do this. Why must we do this?

Noime tell me that it is the best thing she ever feel. She say, she happy she not wait to feel so good. I want this too.

I think you may be too young to feel the good of it.

I am not! I am ready.

Your body is not ready.

I am ready. I having my red days twice already.

Shit! The girl is menstruating! What's the adage, 'old enough to bleed, old enough to breed'?

Laarni, I tell you what. I will teach you how to treat my cock right. You learn about my cock and get used to playing with it. I will touch your cunt,

[88]Ugly

and see if I can really give you good feelings. Then later, if we both think it is a good thing, then maybe I will be inside you. OK?

OK, but Noime and Angeli have been teaching me. I think maybe I will be good for you.

Ah, I see. Well OK, let's see what you have learned to do with that small mouth of yours. I drop my trousers and remove boxers, sandals and my shirt. Naked, I get on the bed. Laarni has not taken off the wrap. She asks me to slide up on the bed against the headboard so that I can watch what she can do. Now, I do not have a monster or even a particularly large cock, but this is a tiny Filipina. I have doubts she can take me into her mouth at all.

To give you an idea of size, Laarni stands 132cm (or 4'4"). She weighs about 29K (63lb.). She is tiny, but like I have mentioned her mother is small, Maricris is less than 142cm and only 36K. So how do I contextualize that and decide what Laarni is ready to do.

Laarni, kneels on the bed between my spread legs, and bends down to 'address' my member. First she just licks it. Then she swirls her tongue around it. She puts the tip between her lips, taking the head into her mouth and back out, and again. A third time a little deeper and then back. My cock is now partially coated with Laarni's saliva. She takes both her hands and strokes my rod, moving the saliva further over the pole as she goes. She takes me the same way again and strokes me again. She takes me into her mouth yet again, almost bouncing her head off the head on my cock, and popping up and off each time, slicking me up as she goes. She pauses, and seems to be adjusting her breathing before doing the same bouncing thing again. I admit it feels good but because she is not continuing each time, instead stopping, it isn't doing much for me.

Each time it is just two bounces on my member and then off. This happens two more times. I am confused by what she is doing, but this is her show. I remain silent.

She starts her bouncing again, one twoooooo. Shit! She has me completely down her throat. My balls are held as in a vise by her hands. Her throat is

moving up and down on my cock. She is not coming up for air! And then finally she comes up just seconds before it would been too late for me to hold back. But now I am crazy with need. I grab this little girl by her arm pits, flip her on to her back on the bed. I bend her legs up and spread wide. Her cunt is exposed. I place my engorged member on her virgin cunt. Without a moment's pause, I plunge into her cunt, ripping through her hymen and spearing the girl right down to her pelvic bone. She wanted this and damn it she has it now. I am not asking her if she is OK. There is red blood on my white cock with its blue veins. Her cunt is so incredibly tight. But I am not damaging her. The feeling is intense. The stimulation on my cock, exquisite.

She is looking at me with a stare that tells me nothing, but she is whispering to me, *oo, Po, oo, mas, Po, oo.*[89]

And I am giving her 'more.' I am not worried about her size. My weight is not on her, the way I am holding her. But I am bottoming out in her each stroke. She is old enough. That much is clear. She is completely wet and dripping. Her moans and grunts are not of pain but of passion. She has almost no breasts, but I pinch her nipples with a hand, from an arm that has her legs still wrapped up. The stimulation of her nipples helps to bring on her very first orgasm. I think it surprises her. The expression on her face must have changed at least five times in less than five seconds. In the end, as the reality of what has happened is finally absorbed in her head, she says only one thing to me. *Again! Again!*

I continue fucking her and pinching her nipple. A few minutes later, her wish is granted and she has the second orgasm of her life. I stop, flip her over onto her knees, push the wrap out of the way and enter her from the back. Now I can play with her clit as I fuck her. She has two more orgasms that clamp down on my member with very strong muscles. These orgasms, have my balls tight and needing release. A final orgasm from this powerful and tight cunt sends me over the edge. I cum inside Laarni. My cum hits her and she goes wild, bucking and moaning.

[89] yes, Sir, yes, more, Sir, yes.

I am done in so many ways. I want to roll onto the mattress but do not want to let go of Laarni. I hold her hips as I make my move. I do slide out of her cunt, but am holding her close. My arms pull her tight to me.

Is that what you wanted, Laarni.

No, Sir, but this is much better! If this is what we do when we are together, I want it a lot, Sir. I want it a lot.

Oh, Laarni. We need to get you on birth control like your mother.

Laarni snuggles in tighter and whispers, *No Sir. No birth control. No birth control... no birth control... no...*

And she is asleep.

§ § §

Maricris, that was a dirty trick!

What trick?

You know very well what I mean.

No Sir, I do not. Tell me.

She's your youngest child! You know damned well what I mean.

Ah, but you were the one who make me eat her pussy when we come here. And you are the one who make her sister pregnant. So do not talk to me about dirty! You old goat. You fuck her, so you have no reason to complain.

OK, OK, but get her on birth control.

No.

What the hell do you mean, no?

No. You give her a child. Just like Lyla. We are yours anyway. So you give it to her. Allow me to have two of your children as my grandkids. I not your wife, but your children are mine. We will be yours for life. No choice.

I see. Well how about birth control until she finishes her schooling?

Maybe. I think about it.

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Noime needs to be on birth control too, but will not take it. I have no way to force the issue. If I deny her access to my bed, the whole house goes into an uproar – I know this because I tried it. So I am crossing my fingers with her.

Moon is almost fifteen now. And Rez is fourteen. It is not an optimal time for them to get pregnant, but once again, it seems to be a losing battle to get them on the pill. And now Noime is in a funk about that very thing for a different reason.

Lyla is four months along. She is definitely showing now and is strutting around, proud as you please. Angeli claims to be two months along. Her morning sickness kicked in at about two weeks ago and so I have no reason to doubt her claim. There will be three children here in short order. I lived for so many years without offspring. It is weird, knowing that I will be the father of three. Lyla gets no time in my bed at night. We do have nooners, but that is all. Laarni has taken her place in my bed many nights.

Joy2x is also in a funk. She now says she wants back in my bed! She wants a child too.

What is it with these females? Three kids are plenty!

Joy2x is pressuring Analyn to enter my bed. I tell Joy2x that this is not needed and not appropriate.

Boss, every girl likes the feel of something inside her pussy!

No Joy2x, not every girl. I do know a Lesbian or two, who have never allowed it!

Ha! Boss they lie to you. They just tell you they like to eat all that eggplant[90]*!*

OK, that may be, but maybe for them eggplant is better than cock.

Bad idea to teach them that. Better they find out that cock is nice every once in a while and it OK to make babies, even though they want girls in the bed.

Joy2x, I know you feel that way for you, but should you be making those decisions for Analyn?

Yes! I should! I know better than she do.

Joy2x, I do not want any more girls in my bed!

This is not for you, Boss! This is for Analyn. She need this. You do it for her.

She can wait a few years and find a boy. It's crazy to say it's my responsibility to fuck a fourteen year old lesbian.

Boss, stop being difficult.

Let us have this discussion with Maricris and Angeli. I am not willing to accept your logic, but am not sure of my own.

I sit down with all three of them and we talk the issue through. Angeli and Maricris side with me. Each tells Joy2x that she is wrong and to knock it off. Joy2x responds saying that not a one of us is a Lesbian and so we don't know anything. She, Joy2x is the only one who should be making this decision. I point out that Analyn has a voice here and I will not touch her

[90] Asian eggplants are essentially, nature's dildos.

is she does not want it and if I think she is being pushed by Joy2x, that all bets are off, even with that.

Joy2x is pissed at all of us. I, on the other hand, come out like a hero to Maricris, who can't seem to thank me enough, even though it was she who put her youngest in my bed for a good solid fucking and who sends the girl back to me once or twice a week, every week.

Chapter 42: Where's Jay?

Gina texts me a smiley face and a message that she has regained her position in the Principal's home. Later she comes over to the house and tells me, she has spoken with the wife and told her that, she, little Gina, might be able to find more female participants, if they really want that, but they should ask Gina to make sure the girls are right. Wifey is both a little surprised and fascinated by the possibility. The Principal can't contain himself. When he heard of the offer, he just about came on Gina before he got his dick close to her lips. When she told him that she was ready for her first ever fuck, he blew his load in the air. Gina thinks that's a hoot. She quiets the guys saying, that it's OK because now he will stay hard a long time before he comes again. An hour later, he is hard again and gives Gina the ride she was hoping for.

Now that the Principal has taken her virginity, Little Gina tells the wife that she is now the forever official Mistress to her husband and expects to get her own room in the house, allowance for clothing and personal needs, and a formal place in their lives. She tells them that she will live with them full time now and will inform her mother and father about the development. Lastly she tells the wife, to invite her parents over as a celebration of her new status. Wifey disagrees to the last, until Gina calls her mother on the phone says a few words and hands the phone to Wifey. In short order, the wife and Gina's mom establish cordial relations and an invitation is proffered. Gina has her guy.

I warn Gina that adding more girls is dangerous. I remind her of the problems we have had here. She tells me to relax, she knows all that. Her man and his wife will be happy with a girl without the mother. She tells me that it is the mothers who cause the problem. Gina has a plan. I don't agree, but this one is out of my hands entirely.

Then Gina asks for one more thing and here I do have some control. She wants me to invite her new family over for supper. I say, *No. It's a bad idea.*

§ § §

My Ann has been gone for almost nine months now. Lyla evidently conceived six months ago. Little Ann is eight months old. Angeli is four months along! She only had four months between pregnancies. I am way so unhappy about that, I don't even want to talk about it. Maricris relented and we have Laarni on birth control at least for the next four years. There are no other pregnancies. Thank God.

Joy2x continues to be in a funk. She is stressing out Analyn.

As a result Analyn has been talking to her mother, seeking advice about what to do with her 'wife.' Maricris has not a clue and comes to me. Would I speak with Analyn? I ask Maricris, what she expects I can do or say that she hasn't done or said already. Her response is that I am a smart man and she is just a simple Filipina. What a fucking cop-out! I say as much to her and get told that I am being difficult. Further, I get told that these girls are my responsibility. Do I not remember what I said about that, when they first entered this house. Damn straight I do and unfortunately, Maricris is right and I am in the wrong, once more!

Maricris tells Analyn to come see me. As Analyn knows I have made no demands on her, she seems to be willing to approach me on the matter.

Analyn, how may I help you, child?

Ate Joy2x, she want me to be with you at night, but I tell her I no want that. You OK I no want to do that, Po?

Yes, Analyn, I am OK with it. I do not want to force you to do anything. If you want to stop being with Joy2x, too, that is OK. We have another bedroom you can move into.

No! No, Po! I not want to leave Joy2x. But why you say you don't force me. You force me when we come here!

Ah, I didn't force you. I tell your mother that your family cannot stay here unless some things happen. I tell her it is the choice of all you to do what I ask, or not be with us. I was told you all agreed. Did you not agree?

Oo. I guess yes, I agree, so we could stay here.

I see, so you agree but do not want to agree. Was that it?

Opo.

Humm. Well that is sad, because maybe your family should not have come to stay with us.

Oh, no! No! I mistake. Yes Po. I wanted it. Truly!

Analyn, do not lie to me, child. Lying makes things far worse.

Sorry Po.

Maybe you and Joy2x can move out of here and into your own home.

No! No! Joy2x will hate me! She say she belong to you. She say she can never leave you.

So what do we do Analyn? I have no need to have sex with you, you do not want to have sex with me. We are in agreement on that, correct?

Opo.

But you say I forced you before. That was a mistake. It should never have happened. So you should not be here.

I wrong, I sorry.

I am not sure what you are saying is wrong. But it does seem like you need to not live here.

Sir, maybe I just too young to understand then. It really was not forced. Truly. Please, I sorry for saying you force me.

OK, maybe you were too young. We will accept that. So what do we do now? Are you still too young?

No Po.

What is it you don't want to do?

I don't want to love you.

I don't expect you to love me. You are Joy2x's.

But she wants me to love you.

No, Analyn, she wants you to have sex with me, not love me.

Po, what is the difference?

Bingo! That's the issue. It is the same thing that Noime could not sort out when I started with her. For her, they were one and the same. It is a sweet concept, but causes great confusion. *I tell you what, Analyn, I want you to ask Noime that question and see if she can help you with that. If she can't, then come back to me and I will help you understand the difference. OK?*

Yes! Thank you Po. Thank you.

I quickly find Noime and explain the issue that Analyn will bring to her. Noime looks at me, kisses me on the cheek, tells me not to worry about this, she'll take care of it. I explain to Maricris what has transpired. She doesn't say much, but at least doesn't complain that I have ducked out of dealing with the problem.

For the moment, I am feeling like we may have a solution.

§ § §

The very next day I get a request, relayed through Maricris, that I bed Joy2x and that Analyn will be with her but not involved. I smell a rat.

Maricris, what's going on?

Noime spoke with Analyn yesterday. Today Joy2x asks for this. That's all I know.

Then the request is denied. I want to hear from Analyn first.

Thank you, Lewis. I pass on message, I not want to happen, because I must. Thank you. I want to say, no.

Maricris, as of yesterday, there was no way Analyn wanted to be anywhere near my bed. I have my doubts that things change this quickly, so, no. Not now. I can't promise you that this is for never, but not now.

Yes. I understand. I agree with your answer. I wish she want men, not girls. She do not. She my child. I want her be happy, even if with no man.

I have just left Maricris and am at my desk when Joy2x comes storming in. She is angry and making sure I know it. I would make a sarcastic remark that the floor might crack if she stomps any harder, but Filipinas just don't seem to get sarcasm. I don't know why, but I can assure you they don't. Instead I wait for the first verbal volley.

Why you do this?

You mean, why have I said, no, to Analyn in my bed?

Yes!

Because, when I spoke to her yesterday, she made it very clear to me that she does not want to be in my bed. I respect her feelings and so I said, no, to the request.

She wants it.

Joy2x, I am not buying that for a second. You want her to want it. She does not. Joy2x, you are welcome to come to my bed. Analyn is not. It's been a long time and I will enjoy being with you again. Don't force Analyn on me.

But she...

Joy2x, no. I love you and you know that. I respect that you love Analyn. But the part where you try to connect me to Analyn, well girl, that's a

problem. I understand your logic, but Analyn is not you and your logic is based on your personal needs and not anything else.

What if she want to? What if she really wants to be with us together?

Based on what she told me yesterday, that will never happen. You will end up losing her if you keep on pushing her Joy2x.

What?

You heard me. Your pushing her is causing a problem for the two of you. Now stop it.

OK, OK, I sorry.

I know that I have not solved a damned thing. How long before it all breaks open. I am sitting, just thinking about how unstable things might become if things blow up between Analyn and Joy2x. Bowing to Joy2x's desires, is not an option based on Analyn's feelings. My cellphone chimes. It's a text from Scotty.

Lewis, got a question.

Long time Scotty. What do you need?

Did you have anything to do with Belen?

Huh? What are you talking about?

About Belen and some damned dogs.

Scotty, I haven't seen Belen for a year. Why do you ask?

OK, so you haven't seen her. Did you have anything to do with the dogs?

Scotty! What dogs? What the fuck are you talking about?

You sure?

I repeat Scotty. What dogs? What the fuck are you talking about?

Never mind.

I never lied to Scotty. I just didn't answer him. He didn't have the balls, or doesn't know enough himself, to go any further with the line of questioning. I find it interesting that Scotty and his wife are still in contact with Belen. It wouldn't take a great leap of logic to connect me with the dogs, but unless Sunshine fesses up, no one will tie me back to it.

So now I am thinking about my Ann and the damned double dealing Belen who is probably responsible for my wife leaving for so long. If Ann had not been gone, would we have caught the cancer sooner? Might she still be alive? My dislike and animus for Belen, is rekindled and maybe more intense now than it was even before. I miss my Ann more that I can express. What ever happened to Belen, well, she deserves it and far more.

My mind is anything but peaceful and becalmed when a new text arrives. It's from Frank.

Hey Lewis. What did you do to get Scotty so all riled up?

I have no idea. He texts me, asking about Belen and dogs. Do you have any idea?

Not sure. I heard some screwy story about some dog fucking her in the city park and a gang rape. He says, they're going to her funeral on Friday.

Belen's dead?

Yeh man, that's what Scotty said.

And Iay? Where's Iay?

Don't know. They didn't say.

Shit.

Yeh, no shit. So why is he saying, you're to blame?

I have no idea, except for the fact that Belen was the cause of Ann leaving and a blow up with Angeli. She was a liar and trouble maker. We [continuing text] *discovered that, at the same time that she, assuming that we were figuring it out, left the house with Iay, without a word said. She was not* [continuing text] *welcome here and she knew it. What happened to her after the very very voluntary departure from this house, I have no clue.*

Well I guess that could be it, but he was saying you are connected to the dog.

How?

Don't know. It made no sense.

I sure have no idea, Frank.

I take it that you won't be going to the funeral.

Can't imagine why I would.

We might. Scotty asked us too and we had no problems with Belen. The others might too. But I will tell my wife what you said about Belen and Ann. I don't think she knows.

Understood.

I find Maricris and Angeli to fill them in on what I have just heard, asking them to find out what has actually happened and see if they can discover anything about Iay. I am not worried about the dog issue. But I am worried about Iay. We need to find her.

Within the next few hours, my entire household has been brought up to date. The search for Iay has begun in earnest.

I text Gina. *Child, I hear Belen is dead. Say not a word to anyone about our connection. That means you are not to tell Noime or the Principle, either. Do you understand?*

Oo, uncle. I know nothing. :-)

I text Sunshine. *If anyone asks if you know anything about some dogs with another girl, you know nothing. Understand?*

Opo.

I am thinking about all the potential problems and consequences related to Iay as a free agent and at large. My mind is as far away from the Analyn matter as it can possibly be, when Noime comes to sit on my lap this evening, a few minutes before supper. *Uncle, I need you to do something for me.*

And what would that be, my love?

I want to be with you tonight, without Maricris.

You have spoken to Maricris about this?

Yes, she say OK.

Then it is OK with me.

Good. One more thing, Uncle.

Yes?

I bring Analyn with me.

What?

Analyn. She come with me.

Why? She does not want to be in my bed.

No uncle! That not it! She not want to be your mistress. She think, if she in your bed, she your mistress or girlfriend.

And you think that she will not be my mistress, if she is in my bed?

Of course not! She belongs to Joy2x.

Ah! Noime, yes, she is Joy2x's, but if she comes to my bed then she is also my mistress or girlfriend. She is right, and you are wrong.

Oh! I not understand! Oh no!

Exactly. So no, you may not bring her. Go and explain that to Analyn.

Yes, Uncle.

The supper table is a subdued affair. The word on Belen's death is now known to all but no one here knows of my involvement in it. None of us wants to go to the funeral, but Noime points out that if we are looking for Iay, we need to have someone there. Rez points out that she and Iay were friends and she should be the one to go. Everyone agrees. Rez will attend the funeral, five days from now. The discussion drifts in and out of the sketchy details we have of Belen's death. I see Maricris holding on tightly to Angeli's hand and Angeli crying. I don't remember saying anything, but Maricris explains, *Lewis, she cries because Belen is the reason she almost lose you. Angeli love you. Truly Lewis, she do. If Belen succeed, Angeli not have little Ann now. She not be pregnant again! Angeli know how close to losing you, she was. That why she cry. We sad for Belen, but Belen a bad person. She say she think Belen never forgive her for getting to you before Belen can. She think all was revenge for that.*

They do not think of Ann, and yet maybe they do. They think of how Belen affected them. I guess that makes sense. Belen affected all our lives here, and yes, I remember Angeli telling me from the very first that she had a fight with Belen, before either of them had been with me, other than the large introduction meeting. I have not put it together like that before, but it makes sense. It all now falls into place, but could it have been over something so petty?

I am chewing that over and am distracted, deep in thought, when, *Lewis!*

What?

You do not answer! What you thinking about?

What did you ask Maricris?

Who you will be with tonight. Before Noime ask me and now she say, no she not needing that. So what you want, Lewis? We do what we do normal?

Ah, maybe not. Angeli, would you consider joining Maricris and me tonight?

Yes, of course. Thank you. I happy to do that!

Angeli had chosen two females to join this house, Belen and Maricris. The first one was a disaster. The second one has been an angel. It was Maricris, who acted to protect her when things were really ugly. Now while I have not allowed them to function as a true team, they do collaborate a great deal. If Angeli was not pregnant again, I would relent on that matter. But with one infant and one on the way, I am not changing course.

Still something in my heart is changing, softening.

I think it is time to go looking for rings. One unique one and seven identical ones of various sizes.

§ § §

Chapter 43: Moving on.

Bedtime comes early tonight. Lyla is watching little Ann. Angeli has the night off from childcare and is teasing me that the only reason I am safe tonight, is that she is already pregnant. Maricris thinks the whole damn thing is a hoot. She rightly points out that she has had quite enough of being pregnant. Angeli tells her that Maricris is a slacker. When she has had eight children, she can claim she has done enough but not now!

I tell Angeli that this is the last one for her and she tells me I am full of shit. The only way that will happen is if I cut my dick off. And then she says, *You not do that because then you not get this!* And in one masterful stroke, she puts my member between her lips and takes me all the way down to the bone. Damn. No one gives head like Angeli. Maricris is saying, *OMG, Angeli! How you do that?*

I am not saying anything. I am moaning. Angeli has a tight grip on my balls and is doing things to Peter that defies explanation. Maricris seeks my lips and I seek her breasts. Her tongue does a pirouette around my mouth. Her hands grip the back of my head. I play with her nipples and she responds by biting my lower lip before re-engaging with my tongue. She pulls away briefly and tells me, *We love you, Lewis. Truly Lewis.* And then she is back swapping spit with me.

All the while, Angeli is giving my cock sensations that cannot be ignored. Her mouth and throat are burning hot. I feel like I have no control over my body as these two have me in their grips.

Maricris pulls away from my lips a second time and presents her pussy to my mouth. I am happy to accept the offer and start licking her sweet cunt. Her knees are above my head and she is holding on to the headboard of the bed as I work what magic I can. I must be doing something right as she anoints me with juices. That, additionally, helps me get a bit more control over my cock. At least it helps for a while. But Angeli is not giving up and I eventually give her all I have.

Sleep takes us quietly and sweetly. I am with women who do love me. I am a very lucky man.

§ § §

Rez does not need to go to the funeral.

Iay is here.

When I emerge from the bedroom after showering this morning, I find Iay sitting at the supper table, eating rice and chatting with Rez, Noime and Moon.

Iay looks like hell. *Mother say you send the dogs to us, but here they say, you not do that. That true, Daddy?*

Daddy? She is still calling me Daddy and she has been thinking I had a hand in killing her mother? Now that is truly fucked up. *Iay, I did not have anything to do with any plan to put dogs on you. I quite frankly had no interest in having any more involvement with your mother, once I learned some things about what she did. However, I am very sorry for your loss. No, I didn't conceive of any plan with the dogs. I did not carry out any such plan. What the girls have told you is true.*

And it was true. I had not come up with the plan and did not put it into practice. What I did do was provide the funds for Gina and Sunshine to carry out their plan. So while I was shaving it pretty fine, I did tell the truth.

The girls say I cannot stay here. That true?

Iay, I think it would be best, if you do not. But I will not throw you out on the street. Finish eating and get some clean clothing from the girls. Then we will talk about your options.

Opo Daddy.

§ § §

I pour myself some coffee and consider the options. I don't trust Iay. She may be totally innocent, but I can never be sure of that. I do not want her here. An evil thought is percolating as the drip coffee slides down my throat. It seems to me, I remember, that someone said, Scotty would like to do a girl like Iay, but that Lilian had put her foot down. But would she say no to Iay entering her home now? Could Scotty keep his hands off Iay, if she was living there? Would I even have to say a word to Iay to put all things in play? I think I would not.

Rez!

Bakit?

Take Iay to Lilian's and drop her off there. Lilian was Belen's good friend. That is where Iay belongs.

Opo.

And Rez, it is best if Iay does not tell Lilian that she came here first. It would hurt Lilian's feelings.

Opo.

§ § §

And so, as I am eating lunch a few hours later, I get a text from Scotty.

Hey Lewis. Seems like I need to apologize!

Why, Scotty?

Seems that the word is, you had nothing to do with Belen's death. I am glad to know that!

Scotty, the fact that you guys thought I did was something I am still chewing on. My feelings about Lilian are less than positive. You get a pass. See you when I see you.

OK. Well can't blame you for that, I guess.

And that is where the texts stopped. I know two things now. Iay is there and she has sold the concept that her mother was wrong, I had nothing to do with her demise. Now the question is, how long before things blow up in Scotty's home. I give it no more than forty-eight hours.

§ § §

Noime! It is time to get some rings, but how many? Analyn is not in line to get one, should I get one for her, just in case and hold it back? I have not decided but in any case, Noime needs to be with me when the rings are selected.

For a country as poor as the Philippines, there sure are a lot of jewelry stores. Added to that, Noime is not exactly an easy customer. She has an idea of what is needed, and shop after shop fails to satisfy her. We leave for shopping at 12:45PM and don't return home until 7PM.

I am a bit exhausted, but we do have the rings. We have not told the others where we have gone. We sure as hell have not told them why. I decide to only give one ring tonight. It will be Noime's engagement ring and I will do it in front of all the girls. They will not know about the other rings. I will give those rings out to each of them as each of them graces my bed the very next time. That will save Analyn from embarrassment and save us all from a Joy2x meltdown. I did, at Noime's urging, get an extra one for Analyn, that makes eight identical ones. I suspect it was a waste of money.

After we return home and have both been to the CR and clean up a bit, and before the girls who have all assembled for our evening meal, I kneel down on one knee in front of Noime, hold out her ring in its box and ask, *Noime, when you are old enough, will you marry me?*

As straight faced as she can be, Noime looks me in the eye and answers, *Yes Lewis, I will marry you.*

It is as simple as that. I put the ring on her finger, we kiss and all the girls then huddle around Noime to get a close look at the platinum band with three small diamonds. I am now officially engaged.

Noime alone will be in my bed tonight. Maricris sleeps elsewhere. Noime is far too young to take on the day to day responsibilities of a wife. That is Maricris's role for now. But tonight, she gets to claim the prize and I get to be with my little one. It has been some time since I first played with her clit in the CR and brought her off while she peed. These days, Noime has a confidence far beyond her years. She understands her body in a way other young girls do not. She is not forced into sex, as a slave. She has not been raped. She sees this house as her safe place and me as her protector. I encourage her to hold onto her school friends and be as normal as she can be in her everyday life. It does not always work, but for the most part, it does. Tonight is different. Tonight, she comes to me as my formal fiancée and tonight we consummate that commitment.

§ § §

No Lewis! Stop! I want to undress you!

Ah. OK.

She jumps up on the bed and motions me to come to the edge of the mattress. I comply and Noime starts to unbutton my shirt. *Lewis, what we do about Analyn?* She is talking and alternatively unbuttoning the shirt and running her hands through my thinning hair. She is looking me in the eye. Noime is not calling me Uncle. She is using my given name. Our roles have changed.

I don't know.

Maybe you let her try again?

Huh? What do you mean?

Lewis, you say that if she comes to your bed, then she is your mistress. Tama[91]*?*

Yes.

But she not want that now. So maybe you say, you can try being with me and Noime and see if you will not want that. Allow her to try without making her mistress.

Noime is removing my shirt and tossing it on the hamper across the room. She runs her fingers through my hair again and asks, *You agree to that?*

Noime, is that what Analyn wants, or what you and Joy2x want?

Lewis, do not be difficult! She is a foolish girl and she not know what she like. Do this for me.

OK, how does it happen that as soon as they get to be the wife, or even the fiancée, this new ownership behavior springs out in a way that manifestly says, I am the one! *OK, Noime, we will give it a try. Once.* She says, *Good*, as she drops my shorts to the floor around my ankles.

Once she has done the same to my boxers, I finish getting out of the clothing and get onto the bed. *OK, I'm naked, but you are not. So it is my turn to undress you.*

No, silly, I do that later. Relax. I take care of you tonight. I give you a big thank you.

For the second night in a row, I am getting head from a highly proficient practitioner. Granted, Noime does not give deep throat such as Angeli does, but Noime is no slouch either. For years, Ann would not give me head. Now I am thinking, 'hey doesn't a cock belong in a cunt?' Still, it is hard to reject the supreme pleasure I am receiving as Noime does her magic on my shaft. She has one hand on the base of my cock and one hand snaked around to my ass, as she sucks my member for all she is

[91]Tama [Pronounced: tah-MAH] = correct

worth. Her saliva drips down onto her hand and my loins. Her long black hair hiding it all from view.

Her grip on my cock is to make sure I do not cum to early and she uses it two times. I am afraid I will get blue balls, when she stops her ministrations, stands up on the mattress and does a very silly and funny version of a strip tease for me. I am going soft from laughing too hard. Noime sees this and having discarded the last of her clothing, drops down on the mattress grabs my cock and starts stroking it. *Lewis, what happens if I get pregnant?*

We will rejoice when that happens, but it won't happen for a while.

Why you think that?

Huh? What do you mean?

I could get pregnant now. Right?

My cock has been getting hard from her hand job. A thought of a, little, pregnant Noime is a combination of ecstatic happiness and immense terror. She is too young. She could die. How could she have it without the law finding out and putting me in jail? But damn, God damn, I'd love to see her with my child. I am rock hard as she climbs on my member, facing me and rocking back and forth, on her very own joy pole.

Noime's eyes are closed. Her head is back. I think she is in her own world. I am sure as hell enjoying it, but with all the stops and starts, I am not ready to cum right now and not sure I can cum at all. I am still worrying about blue balls. *Lewis?* Her head is still back with eyes closed, but she is talking to me. *Lewis, why you love me so much. Why me, Lewis? Maricris and Angeli are pretty women. I am just a little girl, but always you say, I am the one you love. Lewis, why?*

Noime has not stopped fucking herself on my pole. The question she asks, might had been asked even more clearly two years ago, but she was too young to even formulate it then. Now she has come to a mental age where true abstract reasoning has trumped concrete operations.

I have no idea of what to say at the moment, with my dick embedded in the pussy of my inquisitor. Turning the question on her would both be an evil trick and a downer considering the activity we are engaged in at the moment. *Noime, sweetheart, ask me later. For now, just fuck your little pussy into a huge cum for me. OK?*

Oo, Lewis. And at that moment, she redoubles the intensity of her pounding of my member, an earnest expression on her face, her little erotic body slamming down repeatedly on my very adult size cock, sending my emotions into another gear as well. In a few minutes, we both find our bodies demanding closure and completion. My little one cries out, *Lewis! Oh!* Just as I shoot my cum into her waiting hot hairless cunt.

Noime collapses on me, my cock sliding out of her cunt as she leans forward and flops onto me fully horizontally.

OK, Lewis, now... why me?

I don't know if I have an answer Noime. Do you know why you want to marry me and not some nice young boy?

Lewis, I don't think anyone will love me and take care of me like you do. You help save my life. You remember right?

Yes, I remember.

I was going to die, Lewis. Nanay and Tatay, they not have the money for the blood. My count was very low and I think I will die. But you not let me die. Twice, you not let me die. No one else do that. Only you, Lewis. Only you. You ask why I love you? How I not love the man who not let me die?

Noime, in some way, your life has been with me since then. That's all I know.

Then I understand, Lewis. That why you love me and that why we will marry. Our lives are connected in death and life.

§ § §

I am sitting at my desk, reading news websites and catching a few emails. The cell phone tells me I have a text message. It's from Scotty, but it's not Scotty... evidently it is Iay.

Daddy, I think maybe I make a problem. I suck the penis of Scotty and Lilian sees this. She start screaming. They in the bedroom right now. Have a fight. She say he go. She tell him to take his little whore with him. I think she mean me.

I C. Will you go with him?

Opo. If he want me. What if he not?

I don't know. We will think of something.

Salamat, Daddy, maraming, maraming salamat.

There were no more text messages from Iay and I return to my computer screen. My guess of less than 48 hours was far too generous. It has taken only one day. I have no idea how this plays out, but as far as Lilian goes, well, fuck her and the horse she rode in on.

§ § §

It seems I will not get an uninterrupted lunch. My cell phone goes off again. This time it is actually Scotty.

Lewis, got a problem here.

What's up?

Can Iay and I crash at your place?

I guess, that's OK. Why?

I will explain later.

OK.

I lay the phone down and pick up the spoon and fork[92] just in time for the phone to go off again. This is not a text. It is a call. I do not recognize the number.

Hello?

What you do to me?

Who is this?

You not know me. You do not recognize my voice Lewis?

Lilian?

Ah see, you know. Yes. It me. Lilian. What you do to me and Scotty?

What are you talking about?

I talk about Iay. What you tell her to do?

Lilian, you are crazy. First you accuse me of killing Belen and now you tell me I did something to Iay? You are nuts.

OK, maybe you not kill Belen, but what you tell Iay to do?

Nothing, Lilian. I never told her to do anything. What has happened?

You know!

No, actually I do not. Scotty asked if he can stay here and I said OK. That is all I know.

Why she have sex with Scotty if you not tell her to do it?

[92]Spoon and fork: Filipinos use two table utensils. The tablespoon is the main utensil and a fork is mainly uses as a pusher. If something is needed to be cut into a smaller piece, the side of the spoon is used. Knives are used in the kitchen during preparation. It is there, that things are cut up, not at the table.

Because Belen, told her to have sex with white guys so that there would be a mestizo baby. That's why. Belen was a bad woman.

That not true!

Go ask Iay if her mother didn't tell her that! Go, I will wait on the phone. Go ask her.

Wait!

And I do wait. If Iay tells the truth, then Lilian will get her conformation. If Iay doesn't, well no big deal.

I wait a long time and am about to hang up when Lilian returns. *You tell me the truth! Iay say it true. Her mother tell her to have a mestizo baby. She tell her, have sex with white guys. She a bad woman! That why you throw her out?*

Lilian, I didn't have a chance to throw her out. She left before I could. I never told her to go. She is probably the cause of Ann dying. I blame Belen for many things that went wrong here, but I never kicked her out.

So she lie to me about all that?

Lilian, I do not know what she told you, but she did seem to lie a lot.

What I do with Iay and my husband?

Oh, Lilian, you do not really want my advice!

Yes I do. I will lose my husband now.

He likes little girls, right?

Yes, I think so.

And if he has Iay, and you do not complain, he gets his little girl, he does not go to jail and you get to keep your husband. Right?

So, you say I allow it?

You have a better idea? Lilian, you say you will lose your husband. Do you want to lose him?

No!

I guess you can kick her out.

If I do that, he leaves!

So, do you have a better plan?

No. But she a child. Too young for this. I do not want to share my husband with a mistress.

Yes, she is a child who likes to fuck older white guys. Keep her, put her on birth control, and I bet she will be good to you, like a daughter. Tell Scotty he can have her, but only once a week. Tell her, she can be with Scotty once a week, but if it is any more often, she must leave. I bet they will both agree.

I think about it. Sorry for accusing. I wrong.

Well, Lilian, I am not sure how I feel about what you and Belen were doing, and how it affected my family. But your apology is accepted. Now go make peace in your home.

Sige, sige. Bye.

Chapter 44: A marriage proposal – expanded.

Well, at least I eventually get to finish my lunch! As I finish my plate, Maricris clears the table. I am not allowed to do that it seems. Before I can get up, seriously pregnant at six months, Lyla is under the table, between my legs, unzipping my fly and pulling the family pride from inside the boxers. She is not kneeling on the hard tile floor, but squatting as, it seems, Asians like to do. I swear, it would blow my knees out!

Well, anyway, I was not hard when she started, but my member is responding to the attention. Maricris seems oblivious to her daughter's activities, or is just being downright ornery. She is leaning against the table by me, stoking my hair and talking to me. *You think Lillian allows this with Iay and her asawa?*

Now I am in a pickle. Do I engage in conversation or in the activities below deck? Can I do both? I suspect not. I look up at Maricris, *Wait a minute or two, please.* And refocus on the more rigid issue. Lyla is doing a yeoman's job considering she has no access to my balls, ass or anything other than old glory. The suction is intense and I am enjoying it immensely, though I suspect this could go on until her jaws tire. Maricris has other plans. She comes to the side of me and licks my ear. *You want me pregnant too, Lewis? Yes? You want all us pregnant? You want Iay to lick Lillian and teach her to be a better wife? Maybe I tell Iay to do that! Maybe I stop taking my pills and get pregnant. I think yes, I have your child Lewis. But cum in Lyla's mouth now, Mahal. Give her your cum. Make my Lyla your second wife. Give her a special ring, just like you give Noime. You do that, I give you a baby, Mahal. Maricris* bites my earlobe, hard. Damn! I am cumming in her daughter's mouth. I grab Maricris's head and pull her in for a real serious kiss and then, pulling her head back, *Maricris, you know damned well I can only marry one woman.*

No, the Datu say you can marry more.

The Datu is a Muslim and I am not Muslim. The law permitting many wives is for Muslims only.

Ah, Mahal, the Philippine law is for Christians, Yes?

Well, yes, it was written by and for a Catholic Country.

And you are not Christian! See?

There are many who do not go to a church, Maricris. That does not mean all are exempt from the law.

This is true, but you were born to another faith! Yes?

Yes.

And I read in the bible that your people had many wives.

Yes, but that was a long time ago.

Where in your bible do it say, 'no more to many wives'?

Nowhere. It was a decision by a Rabbi, many years ago.

A Rabbi can overrule the bible?

Huh, good question, but what does that got to do with me and here?

If Philippine law is for Christians, and you are not Christian, then the law says we respect the values of other religions. It is in our Charter! I look and see it!

Section 5 only says that the government will not discriminate based on religion nor create a State Religion. That is all it says.

Then why Muslims allowed? See, you not understand this!

So you are saying that based on my religion, I can have a second wife?

Yes and many more!

Good luck getting the courts here to recognize that!

We do it. I speak to Datu and he speak to the head of the LCR[93] *and he say if Judge Ampatuan say it OK, he will issue the license and the Judge will marry you. Then the NSO*[94] *may complain, but if she over 18 when you marry, what they do?*

I see. Interesting plan. I wonder how badly Noime will freak out when she hears this!

I will have Rez speak with her Mahal. It will be OK. I promise.

Maricris, I have not agreed to this yet.

It OK Lewis, you will! Hehe. You will marry Angeli and Lyla and Noime, and maybe me if you give me a baby. And at that moment, Lyla who is still sub-table, pulls my now flaccid member back into her mouth and sucks hard. Oh God that feels good.

§ § §

I am back at my desk, trying to commit all this to writing, before I lose track of, what has happened and when.

Damn it all. There seems to be a law of control. The more women you fuck, the less control of your life you have!

I am still writing three hours later when my cell phone chimes a call. It is Scotty.

Hey man, look I appreciate your willingness to allow us to stay, man, and you are a good guy. Just want you to know. It's not needed now. Everything is cool here.

Oh? Good for you.

Yeh man, don't know why, but Lillian and me are OK now. So catch you later!

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[93]LCR = Local Civil Registry.
[94]NSO = National Statistics Office

So, yes, now is a good time to rock the boat a little more for Lillian and Scotty. I seem to have developed a serious case of dyspepsia for them as a couple. I will ask Rez to do as Maricris suggests. Let's see what happens when Iay tries to get to Lilian's cunt. Let's see how far we can push this. I firmly believe they were part of the reason Ann was gone for so long. And her absence may be why she died. I just can't see past that and let bygones be bygones.

I am sitting here, re-reading all this I have written about what Maricris wants me to do about marriage. If I do it, I am going to be bringing unwanted attention to me and my family. I understand her desire for both finality to our union, and to have Lyla's child, some two years hence, gain my name, and not be listed as a bastard on the birth record. I also understand that if I get Maricris pregnant, I will have to relent and elevate Angeli back to at least a coequal position with Maricris as female heads of the household. It just seems far too exotic a play, for us. I am not convinced it is a smart move. In fact, I think it is a dumb idea. And as I assure myself that I am right on this matter, Lyla sashay's in to my work area, slides under the desk and lowers my zipper.

Lyla, this is because you want me to marry you. If I do marry you, you will never do this again!

The girl stops, removes my member from her mouth, taking it in two warm hands. Lyla addresses me with some authority in her clear voice. She is looking directly at me, making eye contact. *Lewis, I read that I am what I eat. Yes? I also read that what I eat has meaning for the little one inside me. I think that must be correct. So for every little one I will have of yours, I will feed on your cum. Keep me with child and I never stop this. We will have many children Lewis. This is why we must be married.* And Lyla returns to the task of feeding her fetus. Damn, I may have to rethink this again!

Lyla is taking me deeper than she ever has before. Has she been getting coaching from Angeli? This pregnant sixteen year old beauty is smashing her chin against the bottom of my zipper. She is taking me as far down her throat as possible. The heat, the tightness of the throat as my member passes in and out of it, can't be adequately described. I have only cum four

hours ago but the tightness in my balls is signaling a second curtain call. Lyla seems to be sensing this and the pace of her bobbing head quickens. I blow my load deep down her throat. I am spent. I look up to see that we have an audience. Noime is looking on intently.

Good evening Noime.

Maganadang gabi,[95] *Lewis! Having a nice day?*

Yes it seems so. How was school?

Not nearly as good as this! Lyla, you make me crazy! Why you do this?

I must feed the baby, little sister. This is good for the one inside me.

Ha! You think I believe that? Do not forget, Lewis marries me, not you.

Lewis marries all of us. We all his wives, you will see.

That is crazy talk. It not possible!

Nanay say Datu tell her it so.

Ganun?[96]

Talaga![97]

Lewis, this true?

Noime, I do not know. I just hear this today and have no opinion. What do you think? If – and I do mean "if" it is true – does it make you sad or happy?

It mean you can marry Angeli and Maricris and me?

---

[95]Means 'good evening' but literally 'beautiful morning'
[96]As noted before, Ganun means Really. But here it can be read as 'Oh, really?' As in a sarcastic remark. Noime was clear being a bit sarcastic.
[97]Truly

It might, if it is true.

Then it is a good thing. Especially Angeli, I think.

I see. Well I need to think about this more and we need to talk about what other things might happen if we try this.

What you mean?

I will explain later. But if it is true, Lyla also wants to be a wife. How does that make you feel?

If we both wifes, [I know it should be wives, but that's not what she said!] *then OK.*

Good! Little sister, come down here.

I am still hanging out of my shorts and boxers. My dick is limp as it ever gets as the two start taking turn sucking on it. *Girls, you are not going to get me hard again. Lyla, you just got all my cum. Both of you know that.*

Lyla, who is not sucking me at the moment answers, *Lewis, it still feels good, right?*

Yes, Lyla, it feels good.

So stop telling us what we already know.

There is no reason to say anything more with Noime consuming my entire limp member in her mouth. I just relax and enjoy the feeling for a while. Eventually my member is put back inside my boxers and the shorts are zipped up in time for supper.

The supper table is a noisy affair tonight. There is ongoing talk about a polygamist marriage. There is also word via Angeli that Gina's parents are coming over for supper tomorrow. There is a lot of giggling around this. I ask to be clued in as to the cause of this merriment. It seems that now that Gina is permanently gone from their home, they both are missing the

threesomes. Talk starts centering around who might be a good fit for them. Moon asks, *Why just one. I mean I know it was three of them before, but why not four? Why not a mother and daughter?*

That is a good question and elicits much further comment and consideration. I stay out of it, but my girls all seem to be cupids in the making. The conversation meanders. After a long desultory discussion on the matter of fixing up Gina's parents, Rez asks, *Sir, how many of us will you marry?*

I am not saying I agree with Maricris's crazy theory about this, but if it is possible, how many of you want to marry me? The total is six with Joy2x and Analyn abstaining. *I will think about this.*

After supper, Angeli, Maricris and I sit down with Rez and ask her help in communicating with Iay regarding a plan. Rez agrees to do this when she sees Iay at school tomorrow. As Rez leaves, to get ready for bed, Maricris asks, *Lewis, it is time for me to start my monthly pills. Yes or no?*

Do you mean should you try to get pregnant so that I will marry you too?

Yes!

Maricris, I am not sure, it's a good idea to stop taking the pills.

Angeli has been silent on the matter until now, *Tell her 'yes,' to not take the pills, Lewis. I want to be your wife too. Please tell her yes.*

Angeli, in truth I would like to do this too. I am afraid about what happens when we try it. Bad things may come of it.

Say Yes to her, Lewis. Ann should not be a bastard. You know this. You know your Ann would not want little Ann to be illegitimate.

Damn, she knows how to play trump at just the right time.

Yes, Yes. Yes Angeli. Yes Maricris, no more pills.

That got me a big kiss from Maricris and then a big one from Angeli, who asks, *That mean I am your girl, same as before, but with Maricris this time?*

Yes, Angeli, yes.

Good! Lewis, we all your wives now, you know this.

Well not all, Angeli.

What? Who not?

Really? Oh my! Angeli, you know damned well! It's Joy2x and Analyn.

Maybe. We see. We see, Lewis. Joy2x say that so she not lose Analyn. Maricris and I think, Analyn not belong here.

It's a little late to figure that out now. Joy2x is in love with her.

Yes, but Maricris think Analyn will want to leave and Joy2x will let her go. She will not leave you.

That does not sound like an event to look forward to. I hope there is a different resolution.

Maybe...Lewis, who you be with tonight?

Moon. Alone.

I get two kisses and they are off to clean up what was left to deal with in the kitchen.

§ § §

Father, why you want me alone tonight?

A number of reasons. Is it OK with you to be here tonight? You want to go back to your own room?

No! No, I no mean that! I just not understand. I never alone with you anymore. Something is different.

Moon, I love you and want to make love with you tonight. But I also want you to have a life with a boy your age. I may be a father who makes love to his daughter, but I also am a father who wants his daughter to have a happy life. I know you say you want me to marry you. But Moon, I will always be a father to you. You don't have to marry me.

I know that, Father. You always say that. But you will marry me if I want it?

Moon...think about it a...

Will you marry me, Father?

Moon...

Father, will you marry me?

Yes.

Good! Oh Good! Now Father fuck me good tonight.

Moon tonight, I will make you cum, and we will love each other. Tomorrow morning I will fuck you.

Why not tonight?

Lyla, that's why.

Hehe! She do you today? How? She six months.

By mouth. That's how.

Ah, Lyla is a smart one. She is also the prettiest. When you get me pregnant?

When God wants it I guess.

I hope God says now, Father.

Moon may think Lyla is the prettiest, but that is a matter of opinion. Moon is one very cute girl. As I remove her clothing, Moon can't seem to stop smiling. I move my right hand gently over her shoulder, her breasts, her abdomen, her cunt, her thighs, she stands straight, and proud. She reaches out and begins to undress me. She is in no hurry. She is humming! *Father, I try to get you hard. OK?*

Moon, there is no way, I will get hard again.

Father, I try OK? If not, I understand and we do it in the morning. I want to try.

OK. And try she does. Lyla only had access to my cock, but Moon is not so restricted and she makes the most of that. She licks my nipples, licks my balls, fingers my prostate as she sucks my member. Moon's hands roam by body. She has me hard in a matter of ten minutes. My pole is waving, much to my amazement. Moon is giggling. *Fuck me Father.*

As she keeps me at least semi rigid, I move Moon to the bed, and tell her to get on her knees. Standing by the side of the bed, I move my fingers over her exposed labia. Moon is wet. Not dripping, but sure as hell not dry. I place my member against her cunt and push into her. She is hot and my pole hardens further. I saw through her cunt slowly, in and out, fingering her clit. *Harder* she implores. *Faster* she requests. *Yes, that's it Father. Do me!* And I do. She is grunting now. I am fully erect and ramming into her cunt with some power. Moon is leaking now. I am not close to cumming and standing where I am I can keep this up for a long time. All of a sudden, Moon jerks, spasms and is cumming hard. I keep on fucking her nonstop. She maybe comes down from the first cum for a few seconds before the next cum kicks in. I fuck her cunt through this too. The bedsheets are soaked below her. *Of Father, Father. Oh Fatherrrrrr.* And she is cumming for a third time before collapsing on the bed. I have yet to cum and now I need to cum, to avoid blue balls. I pull Moon up by her hips. Her ass is completely exposed. I slide my hand to her cunt and get my hand wet with her juices. I transfer some to the rosebud of her ass, before pushing my cock unbidden into that most tight place.

Moon gasps as I begin to fuck her ass. Moon is moaning and I plow in and out, getting maximum stimulation. Finally I feel I can cum and dump a full load deep in her ass. Moon jerks into a final cum as the hot semen floods her.

Moon is face down on the bed, spent. I grab one of the rings from the night stand drawer. Taking her hand as it lies on the bed, I slip the ring over the third finger of her left hand. It is done.

§ § §

Chapter 45: Musical chairs.

This is supposed to be the end of the dry season. An archbishop is reported in the newspaper the other morning to be imploring the faithful to "storm the heavens" with prayers for rain. The guy must be up north. We have had rain every day here for four weeks. I'm not complaining as it keeps things cooler and the plants are loving it. The only ones complaining lately are the operators of the car washes. Why wash a car when the heavy grime, if there is any, will soon be rained away and clean cars will be splattered soon enough after they are washed?

It must have rained last night, but I slept through it. The air is crisp and pleasant as I retrieve the newspaper poking through the grillwork on the front gate. A mango is sliced and waiting for me following my shower. I got up early this morning and showered at 5AM. The mango was eaten and the coffee poured before the paper was delivered at 6:15AM.

It is 6:35 now and Moon has just gotten up. She noticed the ring on her finger and ran up to me, giving me a big hug, and a squeeze on the privates before running off for her shower.

Maricris has entered from the dirty kitchen and sees part of all this. Walking over with a look of curiosity she asks, *That for wearing her out last night or for the ring on her finger, Mahal?*

I suspect it was for the ring and for last night too.

That an engagement ring?

It was not meant to be when I bought it, but it might be now, I guess.

She not pregnant, but she get one. Maybe I get one too?

Maybe Maricris. And I give her a peck on the cheek along with a slap on the ass which elicits a, *Bastos ka!* And my answer, *Ka rin!* Maricris scoots off to follow up on her morning chores.

I am drinking coffee and reading, if not enjoying, the morning paper. There is activity all around me as young ones and Joy2x get ready for school. Angeli is cooking hotdogs, canned corned beef with scrambled egg, and fried rice for the girls this morning. If I eat breakfasts like that, I will die of a heart attack. It is unusual for me to be at the table this early and I get a few off glances. Then there are glances at Moon's ring finger. Watching all this is a hoot. The young ones did not know who was with me last night. Noime, is as usual, fast on the pickup and, of course, she is the only one who knows about the rings. So it is Noime's voice that cuts through the murmuring and confusion. *Ate Moon, you with Lewis last night?* The eyes of the others at the table open wide as the meaning begins to become clear. Moon's answer is a demure raising of her eyebrows. Just slightly, nothing big or grand. They all want to see the ring close up. I pay attention to the food on my plate and do my best to ignore them. Finally I ask, *Maricris and Angeli, will you two join me tonight?* That brings shrieks of laughter and good natured kidding.

A half hour later the door slams shut as the last of the girls is off to school. That's all it takes for Lyla to appear. *What I need to do to get my ring. I do it!*

You have already done it, Lyla. Come with me. Lyla followed me to the bedroom, I think expecting sex. Once there I took out the ring that was expressly bought for her finger size and put it on her hand. *Sir, I hear I must have your penis inside me first, to get the ring. Why you just give it me?*

Lyla, the baby inside you is proof of everything that needs to be said.

You don't want sex with me, Sir?

I didn't say that, Lyla. I said you didn't need to have more sex with me right now to get the ring.

So you want sex now?

Is the bear Catholic?

Sir? What that mean?

Oh never mind. How do you want me to fuck you, Lyla?

Me on my knees on the bed, you standing on the floor. That way most comfortable.

Sixteen year old Lyla has no bra on and her tits are already a little enlarged. Her baby bump is no small matter. She drops her panties and climbs onto the bed, assuming her preferred position. I 'drop trou' and find old glory ready for duty. Lyla is still tight. This may be one of the last times I ever fuck her with a tight pussy. She may be tight, but her pussy is soaking wet and I slide in easily. As I fuck Lyla, I see her looking at the ring.

Cumming in this young pussy is redundant, but soon enough, I do.

§ § §

Supper includes Gina's parents. They are ill at ease and stumbling in their speech. We do not have an answer for them but I do have some questions that need to be answered by them. Such as... how many girls do they want? The answer appears to be one. How old? Here we have some disagreement. The wife wants someone her age and the husband wants someone Gina's age. Joy2x points out that it seems like they want two girls. One for the wife and one for the husband. That produces panic from the wife, that she will lose her husband with that type of arrangement. If needed she will accept a younger girl. Not much gets sorted out, but it is clear that they both need more from their marriage than they have now.

§ § §

After supper, I sit down with Rez to see how the matter went with Iay. I am in for a surprise. Rez is a little nonplussed by how things have turned out.
So you asked her if she would consider doing Lillian?

Yes Sir.

And?

She said, that was part of the plan. Do you know this plan, Sir?

No. Did she tell you?

Yes, I think I understand what she say, but Sir, it is evil and wrong and dangerous. Do you know they have Belen's dogs there?

Who has them?

Lillian and Scotty. Iay says they have them in what Scotty calls a kennel.

No I didn't know this.

Iay says she will do Lillian, if she can, she get Lillian's smell to the dogs... Sir do you understand this? I do not know if I am saying it correct.

I understand. Go on Rez.

Iay say she plans to do Lillian like what done to Belen, with the big dogs. I ask her why she want to hurt Lillian. She say then Scotty will be hers. Sir that is very wrong.

Thank you for sharing it with me. I do not think there is much we can do about it, but I will see if I can help. OK?

Thank you Sir.

Well I have one answer. I am sure glad we did not allow Iay to return here. I can't say I really want to interfere. Lillian will be getting some rude justice if Iay pulls this off. Time will tell. I wonder how Scotty will react to all this!

Sir?

Yes, Rez?

Iay say Lillian knew about the cancer from Belen but never tell anyone she needed help. She say she and Belen lie to Ann about getting correct treatment. Iay say her mother and Lillian the reason Ann dead. That why

she angry with Lillian. Can that be true, Sir? If it true, is what she do to Lillian right?

Damn, just when you figure, you understand, you get proven 100% wrong. I read Iay wrong, very wrong.

Rez, you tell Iay, that if it does not work out with Scotty, she is welcome back here.

Yes, Sir.

I am getting up from my chair and think Rez and I are done talking, but Rez has another question. *Sir, when do I get my engagement ring?*

Rez, I am not sure it will be an engagement ring, or a mistress ring, but you get it as soon as my cock is in your pretty pussy and dumps cum inside.

I hope that is very soon, Sir. I want my ring. I hope it is an engagement ring. Truly.

I know, Rez, I know. But your mother gets hers first. Do you agree that is only fair as she has given me a child?

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. I go now.

Angeli is not so far along in her second pregnancy that I can't enter her cunt. On the other hand, she has already given me a child. She deserves the ring now. Maricris on the other hand is for the very first time going to be sans birth control pills. I know it will take a while before she is actually fertile again, but this is a new era for the two of us.

I am chewing on how I want things to go tonight when Lyla presents me with a dish of Mango Float. Just what my midriff does not need! But I would be lying if I tell you I do not take it. It's a tasty treat. Lyla smiles and gets a kiss in return. I try to eat it slowly, and that is a challenge, as you want to consume the damned thing.

I look up from the float to see Noime standing in front of me with her hand out and a Viagra in it. *Lewis I think you will need this tonight. Make sure my sister wives know that they are loved and I love them too, please.*

How the hell did you get so smart Noime? Yes I will do as you say. Thank you.

And Lewis?

Yes?

I may need to pee about 3AM. OK?

Ah. I see. Yes.

Thank you, Lewis.

You are welcome, my love.

§ § §

When I get to the bedroom following my shower, Maricris and Angeli are waiting on the bed and are engaged in an animated chat which stops dead when I enter. They both look a little apprehensive. *OK what are you two talking about?*

Angeli is looking at the bedsheets as she answers back, *You talk to Rez tonight?*

Yes, I spoke with your daughter. What is this about?

You know what Iay say about Lillian?

Ah, yes. Rez told me about Belen and something about the cancer treatment.

Lewis, I texted Iay after Rez tell me. Belen and Lillian send her to a kwak-kwak. Not real doctor. Lillian help kill Ann. I ask Iay if she know how to make the dogs want Lillian. She say she learn she take Lillian panties with

her sex rubbed on them. She put it on the nose of the dogs, dogs will do Lillian. No problem. She say, that is how she make the two dogs that for her before, on Belen instead. She say that there were four dogs. Two on Belen and two on her. She make the two on her also go on Belen. Belen fucked many times by all four dogs. That why Belen have the problem. [pause] *Iay say sometimes the dogs fight to see which one get Belen first! Then they line up to get her next. Iay say Belen try to use her hands while she is getting fucked by other dogs, to make dogs who are waiting cum early, so they do not also fuck her. She say, she do that to Belen and now she do that to Lillian too. Both are bad and she will fix it.*

I just sit down on the bed. The wind has spilled from my sails. So Gina and Sunshine didn't really have a hand in killing Belen. Iay's anger at her mother did. Go figure. OK well that is something else to chew on. My head is spinning. Angeli gets behind me and rubs my back. Maricris gets off the bed, unbuckles my belt, pulls the slacks and boxers I am wearing, off me, which was not easy as I am sitting on the bed. Maricris then takes my flaccid member orally as the back rub continues. The Viagra is doing its thing and even with all that has transpired, I am hard very quickly. Angeli pulls my back down on the bed and Maricris mounts me. Pregnant Angeli puts her milk filled breast next to my mouth, urging me to take her milk as Maricris attempts to milk my cock. But the Viagra has another side effect besides getting hard. I am also less likely to cum quickly. I am drinking mother's milk, fucking my #1 mistress and playing with her clit manually. Do you have a better way to spend an evening?

Eventually I am soaked by Maricris's female cum as she explodes in an orgasm. I am still hard and not ready to cum as the two girls swap positions. Instead of a breast I have Maricris's lips on mine as Angeli starts pounding my pole from above. She is no longer tight for me. But the heat is amazing and the bouncing pregnant body is erotic as hell. It doesn't take long for Angeli to work her way to a climax, as Maricris and I continue to kiss. Far more liquid is released on me as Angeli rings her own bell.

Angeli slides off. I roll over, get Maricris on her knees and slide into her from the rear. Angeli slides under Maricris and sucks on one breast, and plays with the other one. I play some more with the girl's clit. Maricris doesn't have a chance to practice composure as we send the girl into an

early orbit. I am still hard. The Viagra is causing a little problem as I have yet to cum. Angeli whispers in my ear asking if I want to have Rez join us. I signal in the affirmative.

It can't be twenty seconds later that Rez is in bed with us. I position Rez on her back, her head resting on her mother's cunt, as Angeli is sitting spread legged on the bed. I lift the girl's legs up and have Angeli hold them, spread, with Rez's knees almost back by her mother's shoulders. I enter Rez, deeply. Her cunt is tight, hot and wet. Rez is looking up at me. I look at her and then at her mother. *Angeli, do you want me to get, your daughter, Rez, pregnant?*

Very much yes.

Rez, do you really want to be pregnant?

Yes Sir.

Maricris, play with her clit.

And I start pounding Rez for all I am worth. I feel Rez cumming, over and over. But her body is controlled by her mother who holds her in position. Her little body rockets from one orgasm to the next. She is making noise but if they are words, they are unintelligible. Her body arches up off the mattress over and over, pushing her cunt hard against my cock. And then, I feel the imminent message that my cum is on the way. Just as the next orgasm hits little Rez, so does hot semen. Rez wails and then slumps. In an instant I am as soft as I might ever be and I slide out of the girl.

Maricris moves over to my member and proceeds to lick me clean, but not before telling Angeli to lick her own daughter clean. And so as I recline on my back, I watch Angeli put her own daughter, on the girl's back. She spreads Rez's legs and tongues the child's cunt in an effort to lick out anything that would come out, and in the meantime sending her daughter into multiple orgasms which send more liquid her way. It is a self-defeating exercise which I watch for a while before pulling Angeli off her daughter. Angeli's face is a mess of sex juices.

I get up, grab a towel and toss it to her. Since I am already up, I gather their three rings from the night stand. One after another, I put rings on fingers. These are not cheap cracker-box rings. Each is platinum with a three small diamonds set in the ring. Angeli is crying. Maricris is smiling. Rez just stares at her ring finger as if daring it to disappear.

These are my girls. It is surely not what I had ever planned. But it is what I have.

Before retiring to bed, and hopefully some sleep, I have Rez text Iay to stop the plan until we talk. And text comes back... *Too late, my friend. Dogs on Lillian now. She look at me and she know. I whisper in her ear while dog fuck her... 'Ann good to me. You help kill her. Now you get what you deserve.'*

I have Rez text back, *Your Daddy say...' make sure she not killed!'*

Iay replies, *Tell Daddy, I love him but must do this. She is evil. I tell Scotty what she do to Ann. He not know! Now he no want her any more.*

There has been enough death. I hope the woman survives. Suffering is one thing. Killing is quite another. But there is nothing to be done now.

§ § §

I was wondering if I would remember to get up at 3AM. It turns out not to be a problem and I am in the bathroom a bit before the appointed time. I have the light off and am just waiting patiently as the door opens. I see the ghostly image of Noime enter. She also does not turn on the light as she drops her pajama bottoms and sits on the commode. I come up to her, remove the bottoms, spread her legs and start playing with her clit as Noime lets loose with some pee. In a matter of moments, my little love is cumming and gasping. The orgasms continue as I play with her clit and finger her cunt, long after the pee ends. Finally as I slow down and Noime comes back from that other place we all go when our bodies find the ultimate release, she says, *Lewis, I forgot how good that feels. It has been a long time since we do it. I love it! You should do this with Angeli! Hehe, I bet she will scream when she cum.*

I wipe Noime and wash my hands, as Noime waits to kiss me and leave the bathroom, a well spent youth.

§ § §

I am up early again this morning. There are rings now on Noime, Moon, Lyla, Rez, Angeli and Maricris. Joy2x is clearly anxious, Analyn is truculent. Laarni is whispering in her mother's ear. Maricris a moment later asks, *Sir, may Laarni be with you alone tonight?*

Really? Alone all night?

Yes Sir.

I see. Well is there anyone else who wants to be with me tonight? I can see Joy2x having a bit of apoplexy, but she says not a word. *OK then, Laarni, I am yours tonight.*

I am drinking a second cup of coffee as I read the news website when Joy2x comes to me before she leaves for school. *Boss, we need to talk.*

Now?

I know this is not a good time. But Analyn, Boss, I think I am losing her.

Why do you think that?

She has a friend, from school. I think the girl is Lesbian. She is Analyn's age and the two are now friends. Analyn asks me yesterday, if she can stay at her friend's house. Boss, I think she will leave me.

Joy2x, you may be right and if you are, you have to let her go with grace and dignity. Holding on to a true lesbian in this house probably does not work. As much as you do not see yourself as bi, you are bisexual. Clearly you prefer girls, but you have an attachment to me that Analyn can never develop. [pause] *If you had moved out of here, you might have held on to her, but Joy2x, I doubt that too. Analyn will be going through the process of discovery that Ann went through. Your eyes were opened to your*

sexuality years before we met you. Both Ann and now Analyn had their eyes opened by you! You opened their eyes and so they started to look around. Analyn sees you, and you are attached to me. She wants something else and she will go through many lovers before she finds one to settle with, if she ever does. Joy2x, you may need to rethink whether it is time for you to cut your ties to me, so that you can find a girl.

No! Boss, I am not leaving you.

Then you will need to rethink your sexual practices. You are not going to have an exclusive or semi-exclusive relationship with a girl. And you are going to be in my bed far more often.

Analyn is not going to be here tonight. May I join you and Laarni?

No, I do not think so. But if Analyn is not here tomorrow, then tell me that you want that night. OK?

Boss, I don't want to lose her.

I know and you probably have to lose her, anyway. You are just going to have to take the hurt and move on Joy2x.

OK Boss. I understand but I do not like it.

Five minutes later, all the school girls plus Joy2x are gone.

Chapter 46: Ying Yang.

It isn't a minute later that I have the troika of Maricris, Angeli and Lyla surrounding me. They may all have close to coequal footing, but Maricris is still in charge. *Lewis, tell us the news about Analyn and Joy2x.*

Why do you think there is news?

Oh! Stop being makulit! What happening?

Do you know that your daughter has asked permission to stay at a friend's house tonight?

Ha! See, I know! She leaving! This girl... Joy2x tell you her name?

No.

Well, I hear from Laarni, Analyn in love with this girl. Want to leave Joy2x but not know how. What Joy2x ask?

That is not fair Maricris. You know better than to ask me such a question. I do not tsismis.

OK, OK. But not fair! Analyn is my daughter!

Yes and if there was something you needed to know, I would tell you. Just like I tell... [the door/gate bell is ringing]

We all look out the window. At the gate is Iay and she does not look like a happy camper. At her feet is a small plastic garbage bag. It probably contains all the belongings she has in the world. Lyla taps on the window, motioning Iay to come in through the gate and we walk over to meet her at our front door.

When she does enter it is clear that Iay has been crying. The conversation is in Visayan. I am not as fluent in that as I am in Tagalog, but from what I gather, after Scotty kicked Lillian out of the house. He packed his stuff up

as best he could. Called a friend to pack up the rest and sell it for him, and left to the airport with a plan to head back to the States. He told Iay, he had all he could stand of the Philippines. Telling her that she would have to find somewhere else to live, and sort of a 'good luck to all that' type of message.

Scotty may cool off and return but it is entirely possible that it is the last we will ever hear of him. Iay has landed back on our laps. I am sure as hell not sure how I feel about Iay right now. Her actions from my point of view, toward her mother might seem justified, but for Christ's sake, it was her mother she did in! And then she pulled the same shit with Lillian. What would we be taking on if she stays here? What if she gets upset with someone in this house?

And then as if Iay can read my mind, she tells me, *Daddy, Lillian is alive. I make sure of that. You are right. No more dead. I not want Lillian dead, just to hurt and lose the one she love. I do that. She deserve that. I want to make Scotty mine, to keep Lillian from him, not because I love him. He is a weird man. He make me wear silly clothes and act in silly ways. But I do it, to make Lillian alone. Now he is gone and Lillian no have him. Please Daddy, I want to live here.*

Iay, you can stay here if you agree that there will be no more secret plans. No more hurting anyone. I want peace and happiness here.

I agree Daddy. But Daddy, I do want a baby. So, this is not secret. OK? And it not because Mother want me to have baby. It because I want it.

Angeli speaks, interrupting me, but it is probably a good thing, *Come child. You need to wash up and sleep. Come.*

As Angeli and Iay disappear through the Lanai to the extension, Maricris and Lyla stay with me, with questions behind probing eyes. And then Maricris's expression changes. She has made a decision. She reaches up to me, pulls me down to her lips, plants a deep but brief one on me, before releasing and announcing, *She stays. We make a place for her here. I take her as my child, Lewis. I will be responsible for her. You take her with Laarni tonight. You give her a ring. She is yours. We are done now. No*

more in or out. Analyn goes to her girlfriend. Iay comes. We are done. And with that, Maricris kisses me on the cheek and walks off, leaving Lyla standing in amazement.

Feeling as confused as I am, Lyla?

Yes, Sir! Why my mother do that?

Because mothers have to make hard decisions sometimes. Analyn does not belong here. Your mother knows that. Iay needs to be here. There is really nowhere else for her. Your mother knows that too. She is not kicking Analyn out. She is allowing Analyn to leave without guilt or problems. Your mother is a woman of quality. You are very lucky that she is your mother. She fights for each of her children, but not for her needs. She fights for the needs of you girls. Your mother is a very special person.

Then why you confused, Sir?

I don't know what to do with Iay. I do understand why Moon calls me Father. I have never understood why Iay calls me Daddy. It may be a small thing, but it has never seemed honest. Still her attachment to Ann clearly appears to have been deep and transformative.

Sir I do not understand 'transformative.'

It means it changed her enough that she would turn against her own mother for what was done to Ann.

Ah, OK. I see... I think. So... Sir, maybe I ask her why she call you Daddy. OK?

OK. Yes, maybe that is a good idea. A simple, honest and good idea.

Sir, we have been talking about baby names.

Oh? And what names have 'you all' decided would be good?

Sir, is it OK if each of our first children are named Ann plus our name?

Huh? Lyla I do not understand.

Well, my child will be called, Ann Lyla. Angeli already give you an Ann so she has to give a different name to her second. But maybe my mother has a child. It will be Ann Maricris. See?

A house full of Ann's?

Yes, but of course each gets a nickname so no problem. OK?

Are you sure all want this?

Yes Sir! I am sure.

What if your child is a boy, Lyla?

Then we call him Lewis!

And if you have a Lewis and your mother has a boy, what do we name him?

Oh! I don't know! We have to think about that!

Ha! OK.

So it OK with you if I have Ann Lyla?

Yes, it is very much OK.

Salamat Sir Lewis.

Lyla, don't you think you should call me Lewis and not Sir?

No Sir! No! Oh No! You are Sir!

OK, I give up. And I pull Lyla in for a good kiss before slapping her ass and sending her off to do whatever she should be doing.

It isn't 7:30 in the morning yet.

§ § §

For as 'exciting' as my early morning has been, the rest of the day passes without much of which to take note. I see some of the guys for a card game.

The guys seem to know nothing of the doings in Scotty's household and I do not bring it up. Best to leave that alone.

We talk about recipes for making what we can't purchase in the stores. I work at ordering things for a balikbayan box, which when filled with assorted things will be shipped from the States to me here. Once shipped, we will not see the box for another three months, so this is 'long term planning.' Still if you have a craving for Lorna Doone cookies, or Keebler club crackers, or a new shirt from Columbia Sportswear, or sandals with rubber as opposed to neoprene souls, or five blade razor cartridges from Schick or Gillette, these boxes can become handy. So I ask the guys if there is anything they want to add to the box.

§ § §

The issue of with whom Iay will room is not decided and does not need to be resolved today.

Lyla, sweet Lyla, has subtly changed. I am not sure if it is the ring or a late stage effect of the pregnancy. But there is less of a playfulness, artful coyishness and at times outright brazen sexiness, and more of a female, clear on purpose, still sure of her own beauty, but determined to ease her man's path. Lyla watches me closely and is rarely the second one to deal with anything I might need. She isn't looking for approval. She knows she has it. She is however establishing among the others, that she is to be understood as my primary go-to girl. Maricris and Angeli might run the house, but she and Noime will be my primary wives. I say this last thing, because this evening as Noime arrives home, Lyla makes sure the two of them are together and together they act. Lyla has created Team Noime-Lyla. Noime is in full approval mode.

Analyn is not at the supper table and Joy2x is quietly crying. Eventually Angeli takes Joy2x from the table to her bedroom so she can have some

privacy. But the sobbing sounds that emanate from the bedroom are disconcerting. Joy2x is inconsolable. I get up from the table, and enter Joy2x's bedroom, signaling Angeli to scoot. I sit down on the bed next to Joy2x, but do not touch her. Through heaving sobs, Joy2x is saying, *Boss, I love her! How I stop hurting so bad? Ann leave me. Now Analyn leave me. What wrong with me?*

There is nothing wrong with you. Remember how hard it was to even find a lover before you came to live here? You have had very good luck finding love here, where you had very bad luck before you got here. Right?

Yes, I guess. But they leave me!

Is it better you never have any love at all?

No! That not what I mean!

I know it's not what you mean, but you are acting if the rest of us do not get our heart broken a few times in life. We all do, Joy2x. I know your heart is broken right now. I know the hurt is real. All I am saying, is that to love, does mean that you will also hurt. One assures the other. Now, do you want one of us to stay with you and hold you? We can do that all night long if you wish. If you are hungry, I will have some food brought to your room, so you have privacy.

No. I will come back to the table. I am sorry Boss. Boss, you know I love you, right?

Yes Joy2x, that fact has not gone unnoticed. When did you come to understand how deeply you do love me?

I learn it when Analyn say we need to leave here. I tell her I cannot. She say, why? In beginning I not know what to say. Then when I do, I cannot tell her. Boss I love both you and her. It is hard to do that. It must be very hard for you to love all us. Your heart must be broken a lot sometimes.

Joy2x, this is something that the others here may not ever understand. Yes, my heart hurts, even today. But we live with the hurt and are happy for the good things. There is no other choice.

Boss, I see her in school today and tell her, it OK to leave me. All she say is, thank you.

And then Joy2x throws herself against me for what is simply a search for consolation in the form of accepting arms. We eventually get up and return to the table.

§ § §

Laarni and Iay are sitting on the bed, eggplants protruding from their cunts. Laarni looks puckishly at me and asks, *You hungry, Sir? Need some gulay?*

No Laarni, no vegetables, only your sweet pussy tonight. Now get that damned thing out of your cunt.

They both remove their eggplants, coated with their juices. Laarni is clearly ready and not in need of any foreplay from me. She wants a good fucking. This is clear as she gets on her knees and wags her wet exposed cunt in the air. There is hardly any more, less subtle way, of saying 'fuck me.'

I remove my shirt and step out of my slacks and boxers, my now rigid cock anticipating the waiting reward. I pull Laarni to the edge of the bed and standing on the floor, I slide into her cunt from the rear. One hand sliding around her hips to reach her clit and the other grabbing a nipple, I start a slow fucking of the little girl. Tight does not begin to describe the feeling. I am bottoming out with each thrust and yet, Laarni is not asking for me to ease up, she is wanting it harder and faster.

Iay is on her back and pulls Laarni's head down to her cunt, telling her little sister to eat her good. I have taken Viagra tonight and am in no great need to cum as I push meat into Laarni. The little girl lasts only five minutes before her circuit breakers snap and an intense orgasm rips through her tiny body. I do not stop, but must hold her hips up to continue fucking her little cunt. A second orgasm sends spasms down her

legs and her limbs quiver. I allow her to crumble, on her side, onto the mattress. Grabbing Iay's ankles, I pull her so that her ass is on the edge of the bed. Throwing her legs up over my shoulders, I take my heavy wood and plunge it into the girl. All I get from Iay is, *Yes!*

It has been quite a while since I fucked this teenager. Her youthful body is now very much one of a young woman. I am enjoying just looking at the beauty I am skewering below me. Her eyes have been closed and a smile securely on her face. Opening her eyes, she looks at me, the smile disappears. And while being seriously fucked, she seems to gather her wits, to say, *Do not send me away Daddy. I do anything you want. I take care of any girl here you need me to take care of. I give you babies. I not be bad, ever. Except if you want me bad, and then I very bad. I belong to you Daddy. I, your mean dog bitch, who belong to you.*

I reach down between her legs, pinch her clit hard and make her scream. She cums. I pull out and tell her, *Go to Joy2x right now. Take both eggplants with you. Fuck her hard and make her cum. Stay with her tonight. Now go!*

Iay, looks at me and only says, *Yes!* Grabbing the eggplants, she is out of the door in seconds. I roll Laarni onto her back. She has been well fucked but I am still hard. Putting her legs up on my chest, her heels do not make it near my shoulders. I center my member and push in. Laarni gasps. I do not try to amp up the stimulation for the girl. I just want to fuck until I cum. That takes a while, even with this tightest of all cunts. Still the stimulation does its trick and I feel the need build. Slamming into Laarni, I glimpse a vision of this little one with a pronounced baby bump. It is an intense erotic vision and my seed attempts to make fantasy a reality. I do all I can, to plant the seed in fertile egg.

Laarni is exhausted and lying supine on the bed. I reach over to the night stand and get out her ring. As I put it on her little finger, I hear a quiet, *Thank you Sir. Now you will be my husband.* Once again, it is not what I intended, but it is how it is being received.

There are two rings left. One for Joy2x and one that I bought, against my natural inclination for Analyn. But Analyn is likely gone. It seems that Iay

will get it instead. I could not have guessed that when shopping for these rings. Still, might Analyn return and not leave?

§ § §

This is Saturday morning. I leave Laarni sleeping as I get up to shower and toilet at 5:30. At 6:15 I am still the only one up as I drink my coffee. The paper has yet to be delivered. I am just puzzling over what has happened to Iay these many months since she disappeared from our house with her mother. I am aware of snippets of her existence but not her position in the process. How much of this was all Belen? Was it as completely Belen as Iay would have me believe? It would seem there is a strong case to be made for her on this, based on the anger towards Belen and Lillian. I text Gina and ask for her understanding of Iay's role. It is still early but Gina texts back saying, *Iay scared and do what Belen say. Belen order Iay and Iay do that.*

I thank Gina. I think I have all the answers I need. Iay is here for good.

I am finishing my second cup when Angeli and Maricris appear. *Good morning, Lewis,* is Maricris's greeting before she informs me that they are off to the palengke this morning. A peck on the cheek is the greeting from her comrade. They both have their rings on. I tell them to remove the rings before they go. That produces frowns but an acknowledgment that it is the right thing to do. Both give me their own ring for safe keeping.

The palengke is the best place to purchase fresh fruits and vegetables, but it is filled with thieves. It is best not to tempt fate.

Before the two can make their way out of the gate, they are met by a crying Analyn, and another girl. Maricris decides this is my problem, not hers. She directs the two to me and as she leaves with Angeli, they step around the puddles from last night's rain.

Chapter 47: A rose by any other name.

Analyn is sitting on the terrace. She is not coming in. I suspect I know why. Just how does she walk into the house, the home, she shares with Joy2x, with her new lover? I have every reason to believe they are lovers, the way they are holding each other's hands. Each afraid that the other will simply disappear into the ether if they should let go.

I take a deep breath, open the front door and venture out onto the terrace. I am not real good at this shit, but I seem to own the role, never the less. *Good morning Analyn. What brings you and your friend to your home so early?*

Gerlyn's mother and father kick us out last night. We stay outside the gate all night until you all wake up.

Why didn't you ring the doorbell on the gate post?

I not want to see Joy2x. I not want to go in! What we do?

Ah, I see. Well you might as well see Joy2x now, anyway. Because you will see her at school. It is better if you do it here. As to what happens and where you go, I need some time to think about it. And... I suppose I need to ask the two of you some questions. OK?

Gerlyn panics and tries to pull Analyn off the terrace and back to the gate. Analyn holds on tight and refuses to move, telling her new love that this is OK. They are safe. Gerlyn is shaking. Analyn is holding on to her.

Look, you girls need food, a shower, a bed and clothing. Analyn, take Gerlyn to my room. You can use the bathroom there. I will have Lyla bring you some food and clothing. Eat in the room. Laarni is sleeping there, but that will not be a problem for you. Get a good sleep. You have your cell phone, right? She raises her eyebrows. *When you awaken, text me and I will come into the room and we can talk about plans for the future. I just have two questions before you go inside. Analyn, are you just*

getting to know Gerlyn, or is this more a serious commitment? I ask, because if I need just to get Gerlyn back to her family and get you back into our family, it is one thing. If the two of you are really attached to each other and intend to stay together, then the plans need to be different. So, which is it? How serious is this?

Sir? Gerlyn and me, we love each other. Truly. We stay together.

Analyn, is Gerlyn a Lesbian or Bi?

Sir?

Oh, Analyn, you know damned well what that means. Do you know?

Sir, I do not know. I think she is like me, but I not really know.

Well you had better learn that before you make lots of plans. Do you understand?

Sir! What if it is the Bi thing?

Then you may have the same problem in the future that you have now. It is best you deal with that at the beginning.

How I find this out? I no ask Joy2x!

All through this, Gerlyn is looking lost and confused.

I will send Angeli to you, when you wake up. OK? OK, one more question. What happens with your parents, Gerlyn? Are they going to come looking for you?

A very sullen, *Hindi,* was the response.

Why? Do you think they do not love you?

They say I act against God and should never come back. They not look for me.

Do you really love Analyn, or is this just a really good friendship?

How I know?

Good question. I don't know, so don't try to answer it. Let me ask this, have you ever had sex with a boy?

No!

Why?

Mother say, I do that only after I marry! No sex before!

So what you are doing with Analyn is not sex?

Sir?

Analyn, did you have sex with Gerlyn?

Opo.

Gerlyn, what do you think happened when Analyn touched you?

She make me feel good.

But that was not sex?

Opo. Not sex.

I see. Girls, go inside and do as I said.

The look I get from Analyn as the girls enter the house, was everything I expected to see. Analyn knows she has screwed up in a multiplicity of ways. She understands she has caused what may be irreparable damage to Gerlyn and made a mess of things for herself. I feel sorry for the girl, but I am not sure how much can be done to unwind this rats nest

Lyla is standing in the kitchen and watches the two girls walk through and over towards my bedroom. I get a look of curiosity from my pregnant

charmer. I signal that I will explain in just a second. Once I hear the door to the bedroom close, I walk over to Lyla.

It is unclear if your sister has found her new love or really messed up. It is not at all clear that this girl is a Lesbian. Or if she is really even Bi. She is too innocent. They were outside the gate all night. The girl's parents kicked them out. Get them some food, some clothing, and towels for the CR. And then leave them alone. They need to sleep.

Yes Sir! Sir? Thank you for being good to Analyn, Sir.

Lyla scoops up some rice and left over ampalaya with egg from last night along with two glasses with a bottle of Sprite before walking off to my bedroom. I look for my coffee cup, only to realize that I had finished my second cup. I decide to make another small pot. Some things seem to require coffee. When Lyla re-emerges, she informs me that she got the clothing from Moon's room. She didn't want to let Joy2x know that Analyn was back. That was, clearly the best choice. The fact that I didn't need to give Lyla guidance on the matter, is no surprise to me.

Sir, why they get thrown out if the girl not a Lesbian?

Oh, I didn't say she wasn't, I said she does not know what a Lesbian is. She does not know what Lesbian sex is and she does not know that she was having sex last night.

Really? She have sex with Analyn and not know it sex?

It would seem so.

She like girls though, correct?

Maybe. She likes girls as friends, but it is not clear she wants a girl as a lover instead of a boy.

Oh, No! Analyn not know this?

No. She did not. She never asked. She just seduced the girl and assumed everything else.

OMG!

Yes, OMG, so it is a mess.

Truly! What you do now?

I am not sure. I am thinking about it. I will have Angeli talk to the girl later. In the meantime, I told them to eat, shower and then sleep.

Good plan, Sir.

Thank you, Lyla.

Sir, I not speak to Iay about 'Daddy.' I try today.

OK, thank you.

Where is she?

Iay is in Joy2x's room.

Talaga? Double OMG!

Lyla wanders off. She has much to do this morning as her mother and Angeli have left for the palengki. There is nothing much I really can do until we get more clarity regarding Gerlyn's sexual identity. It's early yet, but I pour some brandy into the coffee, before I start this next cup. Joyx2 is going to appear sometime this morning while all of this is unresolved and unfolding. I can't keep it from her and there is little I can tell her that will not cause her immense distress. She will want to support and comfort Analyn, and that is not what Analyn will want

The brandied coffee cup is halfway down when rather than getting into bed, Analyn, freshly showered, appears and sits by me. *I am stupid. How come you know and I not know?*

Know what?

Gerlyn. She is not Lesbian. She just lonely. Her family not like us here. They very religious. Always, Jesus this, Jesus that, God will judge, bad people going to hell. No one hug her. No one kiss. She has no friends because her family say they all from the devil. Then I say, take me to your home. She no want that. I make her. Now see what I do? They kick her out and she not Lesbian.

How are you sure she is not Lesbian. You two had sex, correct?

Yes, Sir.

She liked it?

Yes, Sir. But she now say I made her do an evil thing. Sex with girls is wrong. God will punish her.

Analyn, that does not mean she is not Lesbian. It means she has been taught that Lesbians are evil. If she is Lesbian, then if that is not fixed, she will have a very unhappy life.

What we do, Sir?

Well, we still don't know what her sexual identity is. Angeli will help us learn that, I hope. If she is Lesbian, we may need Joy2x's help.

No!

Yes, Analyn. However, that is only if she is a Lesbian. We do not know that yet. Now, go back and get some rest.

She say I must not touch her!

So don't. Just get some rest. The bed is big enough.

Yes, Sir.

I am finishing my second cup of brandied coffee, when Maricris and Angeli return loaded down with bags. They are looking around and if they are looking for signs of Analyn and Gerlyn, they aren't seeing any. I give them a good hour to sort out what needs attention from the shopping before pulling Angeli aside and asking for her assistance. Clearly engaging Maricris in this would not be a good idea. Angeli takes it all in with the aplomb that I have come to expect from her these days. Five minutes after I have briefed her, she reports that both girls are fast asleep. She will deal with it when they awaken.

So much for a quiet Saturday with my girls. I feel like a juggler, trying to keep all the balls in the air. It doesn't get any better when Joy2x and Iay stroll into the Sala an hour later. I give them a big smile and ask if they have had a pleasant evening. I get a snicker from Joy2x and eyebrows up from Iay. I am about to ask Joy2x to sit with me when Lyla calls out to Iay, and asks her to come out to the dirty kitchen. Lyla is proving herself to be indispensable. As Iay exits the room, I pat the couch and Joy2x sits down. *Boss, that was a dirty trick you played on me. But thank you.*

You are welcome. So now we are about to have a confusing and difficult conversation in which I need the adult, serious and good partner I know you are, not the heart broken lover. Can you do that for me?

Boss?

Well, can you?

OK Boss. What's happening?

I go over all the events of the day. Joy2x listens intently, asking very few questions and sitting quietly most of the time. When I finish, she asks if she can recap it back to me to make sure she has it correctly. That sounds like a good idea to me and so she does it, without missing a stitch.

Boss, I know Gerlyn's family. They are bad, mean people. They treat Gerlyn and their other children very cruelly. Before I did not think Gerlyn is Lesbian. Now I am sure of it.

You may be right, but we do not know and you are not the best person in this case to figure that out.

Sige, sige. You are correct. Angeli will do a good job. It is the best choice. What can I do Boss?

Right now, I am not sure. So nothing right now. It is just that I did not want to keep this from you. That would have been mean.

Yes, you did the right thing. Boss, does she need any of her stuff?

She will later, but not now. Joy2x, whether Gerlyn is the one for Analyn or not, I think it is time to let go of the girl. Do you understand?

Oh Boss, last night I would not. But you sent Iay to me. And we talk a lot about losing a loved one and pain. We talk about how things must end sometimes. We talk about people turning bad because they cannot let go. Iay think her mother became bad because she wanted what she not get. I do not want to turn into a Belen. Iay is young but she taught me a good lesson. Yes Analyn needs to find her on plan. Her own path. Di ba?

Yes that's exactly right.

Sending Iay to me was good in that way. But Boss... two eggplants? Bastos ka!

Joy2x, spend the night with me tonight.

Thank you. Yes, I want that very much.

Good. We hug, kiss and leave it there. She to her concerns and me to a few hours of respite before the next hurdles.

§ § §

Analyn exits the bedroom about 1PM, looking a little more rested, cleaner and not a bit cheerier. The purpose of her visit is to gather more rice and advise us that they are both awake. I call Angeli over and tell her to take

the rice and some other food into Gerlyn. I instruct Analyn to stay out of my bedroom. Analyn looks panicky. Guessing what the issue is, I address it straight on. *Joy2x knows you are here. She also knows you need to end your relationship with her and she only wishes the best for you. There will be no problems Analyn, She loves you enough to know she isn't the right one for you.*

Analyn just crumbles. The couch catches her and the tears are real and torrential. I move over to her and ask her if I can hug her or if she would prefer one of her sisters or mother. *You,* she says. And so, unlikely as it might have seemed just a day ago, it is me who provides consolation to the girl. After a while the tears stop and she posits, *Maybe Joy2x will know if Gerlyn is Lesbian.*

She might, but I do not think Gerlyn would feel comfortable with her. I sent Angeli to find out. Analyn looks at me and seems to take that in for a second, before raising her eyebrows once. *Yes, you are right Sir. Angeli is a good one to find out that she is not Lesbian. I make a big mistake.*

We all make big mistakes. Is there some reason why you are so special that you are better than the rest of us?

Analyn looks at me again. It takes her a bit to parse that. *No, Sir, I am not better. Maybe I am far worse.*

No you are not. You are Lesbian and finding a good mate is something most girls your age never have to worry about. You are still young. Finding a Lesbian mate at your age is going to be close to impossible. Girls your age normally are just now starting to discover who they will become. You learned years earlier than most. That will make it hard for you, but I want to be supportive of you as best I can.

Can I stay here Sir, if I do not sleep with Joy2x?

Yes, for now, but you will need to find your own way. This house is not right for you for very long.

Yes Sir, I know this. I will be the only one without a ring!

Yes, that is exactly correct.

So Sir, is it OK if I get some things from my room?

Yes, of course.

Analyn seems relatively composed as she ventures back into what just yesterday was her undisputed bedroom. I realize that I have not had any lunch and am rummaging through the fridge when Maricris pushes me away and tells me she will make me some pancit canton with egg. It takes a bit to make it... and by the time I have finished it, Angeli is sitting by my side.

Mahal, I cannot help this Gerlyn. You must go to her. She is crying. I cannot help her to stop. I just make it worse. I afraid what she will do.

Why? What has happen?

I do not know!

Do you know if she is a Lesbian?

Ah, Yes, I do learn that. She is not a Lesbian. Not at all.

But she had sex with Analyn.

Yes, because her parents never tell her what sex is. They tell her it is bad. But Analyn make her feel good, so she think that this is not sex. I explain what sex is and that is when the problem starts. She is what you call... historical?

Hysterical?

Yes. That it.

OK. You try to calm her down?

Yes but now when a woman touch her, she think this is sex! Her parents say if she have sex before marriage she will go to hell. No way out. It over.

She going to hell. She screams that over and over. She will not listen to me. She listen to you because you are not a girl. She know you are important man. She say that Analyn calls you fair and honest. She say when they come here you were good to her and not bad to Analyn. You didn't hit Analyn. Her father would hit her. So you can fix this. I cannot!

What did you tell her sex was?

I tell her she has three normal sex things and sometimes we use one more. She say what are they. I tell her, her pussy, her two breasts and sometimes her backside, but that is not regular. I tell her that we can rub these places or where there are holes, we can put things in. I tell her we can lick these places with our mouth. All this is sex.

Do you know what Analyn did with her?

Yes, Analyn sucked her pussy and taught Gerlyn how to suck Analyn's pussy. They also sucked nipples. She liked this, but she not think it is sex.

So why do you think she is not Lesbian?

Girls do not excite her. Boys do. Hurry! She may hurt herself. You must go now!

Yep, you got it. This lovely virginal, heterosexual fourteen year old has decided that she is damned to hell and the pregnant mistress of a horny old goat has decided that only the horny old goat can solve this problem. What part of insane is this? I am saying 'down boy' as I head to my own bedroom where Gerlyn sits alone.

Chapter 48: Gerlyn, or In the name of God...

She is sitting on the bed, fully clothed and ashen faced. The clothes are Moon's but they look different on Gerlyn. She has been crying, that is clear. Now she is apparently frozen in place. Sitting up straight, she stares at the wall. Not in anything particular, just at the wall. Her face blank as if she is looking into the void.

I have a masonic bible in my hands. It is a Christian bible. I will use it, as best I can, to show Gerlyn why her parents are liars, hypocrites and evil. I will try to turn the tables on them and make them the ones surely going to hell. Gerlyn will be the one who has a fighting chance of happiness if she stops listening to them and listens to me.

I say 'try' because I am the worst of all possible individuals to do this. I will not believe a word I am saying. It is not that I agree with Gerlyn's parents. It is because I believe the Christian religion is bunk. All of it, palpable horseshit. I am just as likely to believe in miracles, in men who are also God, and all that pure pap, as I am to purchase the Brooklyn Bridge as a time share. Still, if I am going to defang this snake, I must do it with snake oil.

Good afternoon, Gerlyn. May I speak with you?

She does not appear to move a millimeter and I am not sure if she even hears me in her current state until she answers in a small voice, *Opo.* And then, as if someone has scolded her, she says, *I mean, Yes, Sir.*

Thank you. There is a small chair in the bedroom, I point to it, though I don't really think she is looking at anything but the wall. *I will sit in this chair over here, because I do not want you to be afraid of me.*

In that same small voice she answers, *It's OK Sir. You do not scare me. I think you are a good man.*

Thank you. But unless you want a hug, I will sit here, OK?

Opo.

Gerlyn, do you know the bible?

This seems to animate her and she turns to look at me, with hard questioning eyes. Her voice has more substance to it. *Opo. My parents read from it every day. I hear this all my life.*

OK, at least she is engaged with me, now comes the hard part. *Good. I am happy to hear that. Tell me... how many Mary's in the bible.*

Five!

Do you know who they are?

Opo.

Please tell me. Who are they?

Mother Mary, Mary Magdalene, Mary of Bethany, Mary mother of James and Joseph, Mary mother of John Mark!

Very good. Tell me about Mary Magdalene.

She is a saint, Sir.

What was she in real life?

Father say she was a prostitute when she meet Jesus.

Do you know what a prostitute does, Gerlyn?

No, Sir.

A prostitute has sex without marriage and she has that sex for money with many men.

Really?

Yes. Is Mary Magdalene in hell, Gerlyn?

No! She a saint!

But she had sex outside of marriage, right?

Sir, how can that be?

Well Gerlyn, either Mary is not a saint, or having sex without marriage does not send you to hell. Do you see that?

This is confusing, Sir. My father say it do.

But your father also say Mary was a prostitute, correct?

Yes, Sir.

So you father must be wrong about one of these two things. Correct?

I guess so, Sir.

Do you believe that all men and women are sinners?

Yes Sir, my father says so. He says we are all born into Sin and can only be saved by Jesus.

So your father is a sinner?

I not think so before, but he must be, Sir.

So when he accuses you of something, would you say he is throwing a verbal stone?

Verbal stone?

Words that hurt, like stone hurts.

Ah, I see. Ask me again?

So if you are just standing there and he says something that hurts, he has cast the first stone?

Yes, I guess so.

Do you remember that Jesus said, 'He who is without sin among you, let him be the first to throw a stone at her'?

Yes, of course, Sir.

Gerlyn, is your father without sin.

Sir?

Is he without sin? You told me that all are sinners. You say before he must be a sinner. So is your father special and without sin?

Sir, he must be a sinner. He is with Sin.

So, Gerlyn, does he follow Jesus when he casts the first stone?

Sir! You saying he going against Jesus?

No, I am not! Jesus is saying that!

Sir! I am very confused. Why he do those things if it against Jesus?

I do not know, Gerlyn. I do know he is wrong for a number of reasons. Very little is said about girl with girl relations and there are no punishments in your bible for such conduct. There are only punishments for men who have sexual relations with men. So even if you have relations with Analyn, there is no punishment. Your father was punishing you for something the Bible may not approve of, but does not punish. Your father is simply wrong in his Christian beliefs. He may read the bible every day, but he does not practice what the bible teaches.

Sir, he says all who do not do correctly will go to hell and he get angry at us when he say we not follow the bible.

But he does not follow the bible. Do you know that you are warned against false prophets?

Yes! The bible say 'Take heed that no man deceive you. For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.' So you say my father say things against Jesus Christ and deceive us?

Yes, that is exactly what I am saying. He scare you about something that God made and is beautiful, our bodies. Your father makes our bodies evil, even though they are not!

Sir, I do not understand.

Well the best way to explain is to show you. May I talk with you about the difference between sexual relations and sex?

Sir? I do not understand. Is there a difference?

Yes, there is a big difference. Our bodies have many parts. Some are related to feelings that bring us great joy, and that joy is close to the feelings we have when a man and girl engage in sex. And so, whenever we talk about doing things that make us feel that way, we call it sexual relations. But sex, real sex, means a man putting his penis in a girl's vagina and then releasing semen to impregnate the girl, to get her pregnant. You have not had real sex, because you have not been with a man who has done that with you.

So Analyn was wrong? We not have sex? We have sexual relations, not sex?

Yes, you had sexual relations with Analyn but not real sex. So she was close to being right, but not exactly right.

I see. I think. So I am not going to hell, Sir?

Correct, Gerlyn, you are not going to hell. You are a good person and you are not going to go to hell.

Why my father wrong, Sir? Why he get angry with me?

Gerlyn, I do not know. I suspect only God knows and that is between God and him. We will never learn the truth. We cannot change him. His anger is too strong. We must find a safe place for you away from your father. He may not want you, but others will. Even if he did want you, he is bad for you. Others will want you, will need your help, and your love. Can you help and love others, Gerlyn?

Yes, Sir. I think I can. I will try. That is what Jesus wants. What I need to do?

Well the first thing is learning about yourself. First you need to learn about your body, something that your parents have failed to teach you.

I am too young, Sir. That why they not teach me!

Do you know how old Mother Mary was when she bore Jesus?

No, Sir.

She was twelve. How old are you, Gerlyn?

Fourteen, Sir. Really, Mary was twelve?

Yes. That was the age girls married in those times. There would have been something wrong with her if she had not wed by then. So if Mary had Jesus when she was two years younger than you, are you too young?

No, Sir. Sir, what I need to learn?

There is much to learn. I have a question, are you willing to learn, or are you going to cry and say that you are going to hell?

I want to learn, Sir. I will not cry.

Good. Gerlyn, do you want to become a Saint, just like Mary Magdalene?

Sir?

If you can, would you like to be a Saint?

Of course, Sir. Who not want that?

Good. OK let's start your lesson about your body. Your parents should have taught you much of this years ago. But we will have to do what we can today. We will learn the parts, and the many names the parts have. Also, to understand that our bodies are sexual in all ways, you must learn how each feels. But to do this last part and some of the first parts, you need to take off your clothing. Are you OK to do that?

If Analyn not here, then yes Sir.

Analyn will not come in. I promise.

OK then, I do it.

And though I do not believe in miracles, this might qualify as one. Gerlyn is tall, at *5' 5"* or 165cm. She has lovely hips, considerable B cup breasts, a pleasing shape over all, light skin, a clear complexion and a comely face. Her teeth are straight and bright white. Her eyes are brown and her hair jet black. In other words, she's a walking heart break. She's also a clueless virgin and ... she's undressing for me.

Gerlyn removes Moon's clothing, that had been provided her, and places the articles on my nightstand carefully, folding each one before proceeding to the next. Completed and completely naked, she sits cross legged, on the bed looking, directly, at me. Her breasts are perky, well-formed and with little dark brown nipples pointing out like darts. She has little pubic hairs. Her body has never seen a razor, something that needs to be remedied, later. Her nails, on foot and hand are a light red. There are small pearl studs in her earlobes. A small cross with a diminutive Jesus, on a chain, hangs on her neck. The cross nests, between the twin mounds of her heavenly breasts.

Ok, let's start with the basics... I am in no hurry. I take her through naming all the parts of her body and give her various alternative names for each, to teach her that the body has an informal, as well as a formal, vocabulary. A vocabulary of familiarity and affection. The process is playful and full of teasing. We talk about different names for things based on size. I tell her

that big breasts might be called hooters, but smaller breasts such as the one Asians tend to have, would never be called that. Gerlyn giggles and announces, she wants hooters! Can she trade hers in for a bigger size please? When I tell her that hers are really nice size, she announces that they are a problem. She has trouble finding bras that fit in the 'second hand' shops. Gerlyn has never had a new piece of clothing in her life. But she would happily have a worse problem with that if she could have hooters.

Once we get through the naming process, I take her back to the beginning and ask in reference to each 'part,' *can this part of the body be used in sexual play?* In the beginning, I get many no's and in each case I proceed to show her how this is untrue. I demonstrate that many parts of the body respond to touch and stimulation. I am trying to teach her that the entire human body is one fucking large sexual playground. It seems to be working... at a point mid-way through, I ask the question again and her answer is, *I think yes, but please show me how it is, Sir.*

We are at the small of her back, and I take advantage of the question to do as she asks and stimulate her further than I have so far. By the time I stop she is breathing heavily. A few minutes later, I have her just about climbing the walls when I get to her nipples. I show her how sucking and licking a nipple produces a different type of stimulation from that of when fingers roll and squeeze the nipple. She is getting very excited.

Finally I get to her pussy and decide to make her cum. I am not going to enter her. I plan that piece of depraved devastation for my cock. Instead I concentrate on the clit and externalities. She is beyond worked up. At this point I own her body. Still playing with it with my fingers, licking it, and sucking her clit into my lips, flicking it with my tongue, I also grab a tit and maul it a bit.

As excited as she is, it does not take long. She has what she has never had before, a real powerful orgasm. Juices pour out of her prodigiously. She is still a virgin, but if the response to the big *O* is any indicator, she won't be for long.

Sir, did I just have sex?

No, remember I said a man has to have his penis inside you?

Yes Sir.

Where was my penis?

Inside your pants, Sir?

Correct, so, Gerlyn, was that sex?

I guess, no.

Correct. It was not. Sex feels better than that.

How can that be possible?

It just does. So you liked it?

Yes, Sir! Very much Yes.

OK, are you ready to learn a man's body parts?

Yes, Sir.

And with that, I disrobe. I explain that most words for a man are the same as she has learned for a girl. The big different is his penis and the area around that. So we concentrate there and she learns such useless/useful things as what is meant by 'the family jewels, balls, nuts, my Peter, dong, schlong, prick, dick, cock, pole, old glory, my member, cum, baby batter,' and as we go on Gerlyn giggles anew at the playfulness of it all.

I teach Gerlyn about how to stimulate a man. She takes it as a lesson in anatomy, but it is a lesson in all the male pleasure centers. I teach her how to suck a man's nipple. She thinks this is silly, but I remind her about how it felt when I sucked her nip and told her that men react to this as well. I teach her how to masturbate a man, slicking up his cock so as not to rub him raw. She learns how to hold the member, what she can do with a man's balls and what she must not do. The part where I teach her to give

head is a hoot. I kid her that this can't be sex, or she would be having sex every times she eats rice. She laughs at this. She also, without fuss, learns how to keep her teeth away from the member and how to apply suction. I tell her that some women can take cock down their throat, but it is not necessary that she do this. She says she will learn and I tell her to ask Angeli about that as she is an expert. I get a thank you. Go figure. As she is sucking my cock, I start playing with her clit. She is humping my hand furiously. I think it is time.

So, Gerlyn, if I put my cock in your pussy, and gave you my cum, that would be sex. It would be no more wrong than when Saint Mary did it. Would you like to try that?

Saint Mary had sex?

She was a prostitute, correct?

Yes.

And a prostitute is a girl who has sex with men. Correct?

I guess so, so yes.

So if you have sex, you are doing it two years after Mother Mary did it, and you are not charging money. As a prostitute, Mary Magdalene charged for sex and now she is Saint Mary. Correct?

Yes, Sir! Very much correct.

Do you want to have sex?

It will feel as good, Sir?

Better. But it will sting once, when you start, and then it feels better than anything you have felt so far.

And I not go to hell?

You will not go to hell.

Then, yes, I try it.

I get on my back and position Gerlyn over me, my cock centered on her cunt as she pushes down, hard. Gerlyn blows through her hymen and starts pumping for all she is worth. I did not see a sign of pain, but there is an immediate trail of blood on my member.

I reach up to grab her nipples. The look on her face is amazing. She is in heaven, not hell, and it looks like she intends to stay there in heaven if she can.

I decide to roll her over onto her back. With her ankles pinned to my shoulders, I am now giving her serious wood, pounding down to the pelvic bone. Gerlyn is in her own heaven. She is staring into my eyes, and I swear it is love or idol worship or just amazement. Whatever it is, it is not, fear, anger or regret.

I stop and put her on her knees, entering her cunt from behind. I wrap an arm around and get a finger on her clit as my wood continues to work her recently virginal cunt. Gerlyn is moaning, grunting and doing everything she can to get me deeper. And then as hot liquid bathes my member, her body goes into spasms of ecstasy. I continue fucking her for all I am worth and second cum comes on the heels of the first cum followed quickly by a third cum. That does it for me and I dump a load of cum in Gerlyn's cunt, releasing emotions and feelings, inside her, that produce a fourth orgasm in the girl, that is beyond my ability to describe, other than to note, she throws her head back and screams in Visayan the equivalent of, *Yes, Mother of God! Yes!*

I flop down on the bed next to a newly prone, Gerlyn. *Is it OK if Angeli joins us and cleans you up so you don't have to move?*

A happily mumbled, *opo* is returned.

I reach out to the night stand and retrieve my cell phone. I text Angeli to come alone to my bedroom, asap. Thirty seconds later, Angeli walks in the

door and stops dead in her tracks. I do not know what she was prepared for, but it sure as hell wasn't this. *Get down here and clean Gerlyn, and me, please.* I get a silent response that imparts an acceptance and at the same time a complete incomprehension of the situation.

As Angeli roles Gerlyn over on her back and puts her mouth to Gerlyn cunt, I pull Gerlyn's head so that she is looking at me, and ask her... *does that feel good, now.* She silently says it does. *See, you like both men and women. We call this being Bi. You are bi-sexual. You prefer men, but like girls too. This is the best way a girl can be! You are very lucky. It makes it better for you to make others happy and for you to be a Saint!*

Really?

Yes, truly.

But, who can I ... and a huge orgasm interrupts her thought process for a bit, before she can come back to earth and ask, *I help?*

You know, that's the thing about God. Sometimes he just puts things together for us. I know a couple that is having marital difficulties and needs a girl just like you to save their marriage.

Really?

Yes, Really. But you are going to have to use all the things you learned here today, with both of them, on a daily basis, to help them save that marriage. Of course saving marriages is a very saintly thing to do.

Then I will do it! When may I meet them?

After Angeli is done cleaning us, I am sure she will contact the couple and introduce you to them. OK?

Does that mean I will live with them?

Yes, you will live with them for years if things work out correctly.

Are they nice?

Yes, very nice.

Good! I knew it. You are a good man!

At this point Angeli, who has me in her mouth, bites down hard.

Chapter 49: Labels.

At this point I have a set of tasks on my Gannt chart. I have to explain to Angeli what tasks are needed, to get Gerlyn ready for Gina's parents. I need to get Maricris up to speed. I need to sit down with Analyn and Joy2x separately, and I have to figure out a bit more about what I will be doing with Iay. I have to figure out what is going to happen to Analyn, long term. Finally, I have to get everyone in the house on the same page. It will be too damned easy to drop a ball on this. I need to come up with a plan. But as usual the plan is only functional until I try to use it!

I figure that the first two are the easiest. As Angeli is still with Gerlyn and me, there is no reason to not share this in front of the girl. And so, I proceed immediately once I recover from the cock with small bite marks courtesy of Angeli.

Damn woman, I just got done teaching Gerlyn to be careful with her teeth and you do that!

Hehe, you deserve it! But you are right, I sorry.

OK. Gerlyn needs your advice on how to deep throat a man. You are the very best at it and so it is up to you. Further, you need to teach her how to please a woman. She is probably going to be living with my brother-in-law.

Ah, of course! Perfect! Yes Gerlyn is the answer to their prayers!

When Gerlyn hears this, she beams. *Truly, I am the answer to someone's prayers?*

I smile at the fortuitousness of the comment. *Yes, you are. See I told you that God has plans for you! Angeli, do you know what to do?*

Oo, but we will need you again to finish the cock swallow work.

Well, let me know when you do. Concentrate on the other stuff first. Gerlyn wants to know how, but it is not critical.

Sige, sige.

OK I am going to find Maricris and get her informed. I leave Gerlyn in your hands. Is that OK Gerlyn?

Yes, Sir. If this is what I need, then I do it. Thank you, Sir.

I get a 'oh give me a break' look from Angeli. It's sort of, 'what the fuck did you feed that girl' sort of thing. I ignore it, dress and leave the room.

I don't have to go far to find Maricris and Analyn. They are in the Sala, right outside my bedroom door. Luckily for concrete internal walls and solid doors, I do not think they have heard anything. I was going to talk to each of them separately, but see no harm in talking to them together, so I sit down in an easy chair by the sofa on which the two are perched.

Analyn, you have certainly made things a bit complicated around here. She is about to start crying and Maricris is attempting to console her, as I continue. *But it is not a disaster and I think everything will be OK.*

Analyn stops crying and looks at me. *Is she Lesbian?*

No, Analyn, she is not.

What I do now?

Well for now you can stay with Iay, OK?

Yes, Sir. But what I do after that?

I do not know, but will you give me a few days to figure that out?

Yes, Sir.

Good. Gerlyn will likely live with Gina's parents. Angeli is working on that now. It is important that we not send her back home.

Good. Yes, that is very good Sir!

I'm glad you agree. Maricris will you get Iay and Analyn situated in the spare room?

OK.

And will the two of you explain what is going on to all except Joy2x? I will talk to her now.

Maricris is gathering up Analyn, and about to move off, as she says, *Yes, we will do it. Lewis, thank you.*

I will put Gerlyn with Angeli and Lyla tonight. Thankfully we have a spare room. It is a consequence of Ann's death and Belen's departure with Iay. So for now, Joy2x will have no roommate. Iay will also be alone, in short order, that is if I can figure out a solution for Analyn. Analyn is the most intractable problem I have at the moment.

Next is Joy2x. Will she be the adult I need or the spurned lover? I knock on her bedroom door. Joy2x opens it and backs up to allow me in.

Boss, is the girl a Lesbian?

No, but she is bi. She would be a good fit for Gina's parents and she needs a place to go. She can't stay here.

Good, I agree with that. Where is Analyn? Is she OK?

She has had better days, but she will survive. She will bunk with Iay for now, in the spare room. She also needs a place to go. I don't have a clue where that will be yet, but it needs to happen.

Boss, what about a convent school for girls?

I am afraid that she will see that as punishment. I need a few days to figure this one out. In the meantime, you and I need to reconnect.

Yes, it is time for my ring. I do get one, correct?

Yes, you do. I never had any doubt about that. It was more a matter of... [Screaming from somewhere] There is a commotion outside. I hear screaming and I hear Maricris calling for me. I quickly exit Joy2x's room with Joy2x following on my heels, and note that the commotion is out by the terrace. By the time I get to the terrace I find a man and woman I do not know. I am about to ask who they are when Joy2x steps forward and asks if there are they to retrieve their daughter. Ah! It is Gerlyn's folks! My Gannt charts never did capture everything for which I needed to anticipate. Such is life.

I step forward and decide to be unpleasant but in a dignified way. I walk right up to the father, get neck to face with him, look down and say, *State your purpose coming to my home!*

Sir, is my daughter here?

I do not know who you are, but if you are referring to a child who was evicted from her home last night, told she was going to hell and to never return, why do you even come here to ask?

That is none of your business!

Oh yes it is. Lyla, get on the landline inside and call the pulis, it's 166. Tell them there are some abusive parents here who demand the return of a fourteen year old who is afraid of them and needs protection and asylum.

Wait! It obviously didn't take long for the reality to sink in that he was not in a strong bargaining position. I signal to wait and look at the guy. *Well, why am I waiting?*

Do not call the pulis!

Why not?

It is none of their business!

That was a very bad answer. Lyla, go do it.

Wait!

Once again I signal to wait and look at the guy. *Well, this is the last time I will wait. What is it?*

What it take for you to not call the pulis?

You leave your daughter alone and never come back here. She is not returning to you.

YOU CANNOT...

Lyla! Go!

NO! OK. OK We go!

I have no real idea what was going on at their home, but that was way too easy. They were clearly scared of the police. I gather they have other kids at home and I guess someone should check all this out, but it is not my fight. I needed to shield Gerlyn and that has been done. I walk inside to a scene for which I wish I have a camera ready in my hand. But sadly there is no camera. All the young girls are assembled. This includes Gerlyn and Analyn. The two are standing side by side and holding hands.

Sir, are they outside?

No, Gerlyn, they have left and they will not be back. They are very scared of the pulis. Do you know why?

You tell them, I will complain about abuse. I hear that. How you know that they hit us?

Ah, so I was right! I didn't, Gerlyn, I was guessing. Do they hit your brothers and sisters?

Yes, Sir. My father uses a bamboo stick when he hits us.

How often does he hit you?

He hits at least one of us every day, Sir.

I see. Well he will not be hitting you anymore. Joy2x, can you have the school check out the other kids for bruises?

Of course, yes, Boss. I will do it on Monday.

*Good. Well the excitement is over. Just so the rest of you know, Gerlyn will be here only a day or two before she gets to her new home. Iay is back for good. Analyn will be staying with Iay in the spare bedroom for now. Analyn needs a new home too but she will always be welcome to visit us. She and I are working on a plan that works for her. She is **not** being kicked out. This is just not the best place for her and this is her decision and no one else's. Any questions?*

There being none, we disband, each of them to her own matters and me to write this all down before I forget it.

Well that was my plan but as soon as I sit down, I find Lyla wanting my attention. *Sir, I talk with Iay. This is not a problem, but I not know what to tell her and she need some help.*

OK, sit down and tell me from the beginning.

AH, OK. I do that. Sir, I ask her why she call you Daddy from the very first time she with you.

Yes … and?

She say her mother tell her that doing that make men excited. So she should do it.

Well, I am not surprised. Go on.

Yes she say, if you like Scotty, then walang problema! He very much like that! But you not so much. Hehe. I tell her, yes, Lewis likes us young, but he not weird that way. Hard to explain, I think!

Good grief! Did she say anything else?

Yes, Sir. She say when she come back here after Belen dead, she not want to call you Daddy, but not know what to say. What you want her to call you? You see... Noime, before she call you Uncle and now you engaged, she call you Lewis. Mother and Angeli, they call you Lewis or now Mahal. Correct?

Yes.

Joy2x call you Boss! Me and Rez call you Sir. Moon calls you Father and I think you like that. Sir why Father OK and not Daddy.

Huh, good question. I am not sure I can explain it. It has to do with how Moon came into my life. It was very different from how Iay came here.

OK, so Iay she not know what to do. Sir, she do love you and she love all of us. This is true. She not like Belen. She be good to you.

She can call me, Sir, or Master, or Lewis. Whichever she thinks fits how she feels about me.

Master? Really?

Or Lewis... Lyla, I am saying, whatever fits how she feels about her connection to me.

I not understand but I tell her what you say.

Thank you. Is everything OK with the others about Iay, Analyn and Gerlyn?

Yes. Why it not be?

Oh, nothing.

Sir, it time for supper. Come.

§ § §

It has not been a quiet day! I am sitting at the table. Gerlyn is totally confused. She has never sat at a table like this before. She is not used to eating with utensils. She eats with her fingers and while the rest of the table (with the notable exception of yours truly) can do that, we tend to use a spoon and a fork. Plus, there is more food, beyond the rice. There will be leftovers. Gerlyn is intimidated. The bridge between Analyn and Gerlyn as friends seems to have been reestablished. Analyn is attempting to guide the girl through the experience.

As I reach for my water glass, I see a blue pill sitting there. I look over at Noime. She grins. It is a big grin, and says quietly, *You will need this for Joy2x, after this afternoon with Gerlyn.*

Thank you, Noime.

You are welcome Lewis. You treat ***my*** *girls good.*

They are your girls?

Of course! I am the wife and they are all my girls.

I see. Thank you for the information! At which Maricris and Angeli in almost unison call out *Hala!*[98]

§ § §

Joy2x and I enter the bedroom together. There is a look of relief in her eyes. It has been a long time since she was in my bed. I know she feels that she needs to reconnect with me. I am however less than sanguine. She was gone from my bed because she was in a full Lesbian relationship and the fact that she felt guilt that she was not also in my bed, was only one and not the main reason the relationship with Analyn fell apart.

I have been confused about why Joy2x wants me in the first place. I understand that I gave her a safe platform from which to taste other

[98]You're in trouble now! [Pronounced: ha-LA] (A warning to me that Noime has redrawn the map of power in the house!)

females, and if that makes me 'Boss,' I'm OK with that. But why does she want in my bed? It has never made any sense to me. I think as we are rearranging things here anyway, this is as good a time as any to pursue the question. Certainly while she was not in my bed for close to two years, I had no reason to ask it. But she is back now.

Joy2x, before we get started with the intimacy that seems to link us on so many different levels, I want to talk with you about just that. You have always presented yourself to me and the others in this house as fully Lesbian. Quite frankly, I no longer believe you are a 100% Lesbian. I think you are Bi. What do you say to that?

Boss, I say that for all other men in the world, they will see me as Lesbian because I cannot love them.

And I would tell you that any good wife has only one husband and would say the same thing about other men. What is the difference?

Huh, I am not sure there is a difference.

So I say you are Bi and not Lesbian. I say that as a Bi, you are wanting to marry me and that is why you want the ring. As a Lesbian, the last thing in the world would be to marry me. What do you say to that?

OK, OK, it is true that I have been thinking about the same thing. I tell you before I love you. I do. But it is possible to love a father and not want sex or to marry him. But with you I want sex and to marry. So I ask myself, how a Lesbian thinks such a thing. Then I think, if I had Lesbian lovers when I was young, maybe I would not have been so angry with men. I know there are true Lesbians in the world and I not saying they would have a change of heart. But I think that maybe I am Bi and not Lesbian. Boss I love you like a husband. I still want a child with you. So OK, I am Bi but always want girls in my life... but Boss, there is something wrong with me. I do not want women. I want young girls. Just like you! We are two perverts! We both want our girls very young.

Joy2x, in all these years, you are the very first one to call me a pervert, but if I am one, I guess I am. Joy2x do you really want to be a wife to me?

Yes!

You understand that we are not adding any more girls to this house, right?

Yes, I understand.

And understanding that, you still want to marry me?

Yes.

Then, one at a time, take off each piece of your clothing, slow and sexy. Make me want to fuck you hard and long.

Joy2x begins a slow strip tease, but she is talking as she is stripping. As she unbuttons her blouse, *You don't want more girls, but you like the power you have. I know how to drive you crazy. You want me to try, Boss? You want me to show you the power you have?*

She is sliding her skirt down. *You know that blonde UN lady we see at the mall last week?*

She is removing her bra. *Sure but she would not be interested in me and anyway she has a nice husband.*

Boss, the panties are coming off, *her husband likes them young. I see it in his eyes.*

So, so do I. So what?

Joy2x has moved over to me and is unzipping my fly. *You want to fuck her, in front of him?* She is pulling down my slacks and boxers.

How?

You're going to fuck Gerlyn again?

No, what does that have to do with this?

We are going to have Gerlyn fuck the husband in front of the wife and then you will return the favor of doing the wife as he does Gerlyn. Joy2x is stroking my cock. *He fucks a girl that is not yours, and you get his wife.* I am rock hard. The wife is a 25 year old Swedish beauty married to a guy in his forties. Gerlyn can be set up to do it, with the right coaxing. That part is possible. I am thinking about it as Joy2x takes me orally and sucks me for all she is worth.

It feels good but I want in her cunt. I pull her off, push her on to the bed and onto her knees. A quick swipe with my hand tells me she is wet and I ram into her cunt. *Boss, you want to fuck her? Ugh, I will invite them over. Ugh, God! Yes, I will give her to you to fuck. Oooh, mmm, yesss... Then we girls will pass her around, before we give her back to you. Ah Yes!*

You want to fuck her too, don't you Joy2x?

Yes!

You want me to fuck other girls, so you can taste them too!

Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!

I am deep in Joy2x. She has excited me. Joy2x is also cumming hard. I am squishing in her cunt with all her female lubrication. Yes I want the Swede. Yes, I would love to fuck with her world and her head. Oh fuck I am getting worked up. Can Joy2x really do this? Shit, oh shit, my balls are sending me a message. The cum cannot be stopped and I send my love letter to Joy2x as she cums it into a milk shake.

Oh Boss. I missed that! I want to feel that many times again. I want you to make a baby in me.

It is good to be back with you Joy2x.

Boss, you want the Swede girl?

You mean that was not just a fantasy?

I think we can do it, want to try?

And ruin a guy's marriage to this girl?

Boss, this guy is going to be fucking girls anyway. She might as well see it. If she is OK with it, good for them! If not, at least she knows and we get her too!

Joy2x, you have an evil mind! But ... OK try!

Hehe. Boss, how long do you think I need to suck before you get hard again?

Do you want to try, before or after I put the ring on your finger.

Oh! After! After!

§ § §

Chapter 50: A UN Mission, Part 1.

It rained late last night as if the heavens opened up and poured it down in buckets. The water did not come down in drops. It came down in sheets. The sun is out this morning, but clearly the Rainy Season is back again.

This is Sunday morning and I am hoping for a quieter day than I had yesterday. The large Sunday paper lies open before me, a half-finished coffee in my hand. The three large ceiling fans overhead lazily rotating warm but not hot air. My movements are languid, without any urgency.

I see Iay enter the room and make herself a mug of Milo. After stirring the powder in with some authority, she comes to the table and sits down next to me. *Master, I want to be with you tonight. May I?*

So, Iay, you have chosen to call me 'Master?'

Yes, Master. No more 'Daddy.'

What does 'Master' mean to you?

It mean you own me and can do what you want with me.

Why do you choose this?

Because Mother took from you. Now you own me. It not complete replacement, but best I can do.

Wow. OK I see. I accept this Iay, only if you want me to own you. Not if you think you must do it.

I want it, Master.

OK, then I own you. Yes, come to me tonight, alone.

Thank you, Master.

Iay stands and leaves, Milo in hand. Lyla is in the room, and hears all of this. As Iay leaves the room, Lyla sits down in the chair vacated by Iay. She reaches out and holds my hand as she begins to speak. *Sir, how did you know she would select 'Master?'*

I didn't.

But it was one of the three I give her. I not think that a good one. Why you give it to me to tell her?

Huh, Lyla, do you know the word 'spectrum?'

No, Sir.

OK well in Tagalog I think it is 'espektro.' You understand that?

A range of possibilities, Sir?

Yes, exactly! So 'master' is on one side of the range. 'Lewis' on the other and 'Sir' is somewhat in the middle.

OK, yes I see that! So she take the edge of the range to serve you. She think she a slave to you. She want to be this?

She says she does. I will never know exactly, but she is deeply sorry for what her mother did. She is trying to make up for it.

OK, yes. I see. Thank you, Sir. Sir, do you want slaves?

No.

But you allow it with Iay?

Yes. She is the exception to the rule.

I not know what that means.

It means that her connection is so different with me that no one else will ever match it and no one else will ever be a slave.

I am learning a lot today! Thank you! Sir, when you going to be with Gerlyn again? Angeli is ready for you on a lesson she is teaching the girl.

Already?

Sir, that what she tell me.

OK. Where are they?

In Angeli's room but they will come to your room when you are ready.

My coffee cup is almost empty. I drain it now. *Well now is as good a time as any. Send them to me.* And I get up. Might as well do this now so that I have time to recover before I am with Iay tonight. After placing the now empty coffee cup in the kitchen sink, I cross the lanai and walk to my bedroom.

This room has become a refuge for me and a place of sanity. This was never Ann's room and so the hurt I feel from my loss of her does not echo in deadening peals here. Here I have solace and safety. Here I have love. This is my room. And so, I enter here with a sense of comfort. Being alone in this room, does not produce loneliness. Rather it produces tranquility. And I feel tranquil when Angeli enters with Gerlyn in tow.

This one's a good student, Lewis. She learn fast.

And does she enjoy what she has been learning?

Ask her!

Gerlyn, is what you are doing enjoyable?

Yes! Very much yes! Why is this wrong? How can God make something feel so good and so right and then say it is wrong? I think father must not understand God's plan. This cannot be wrong! And when I am with a girl, this is different from a man. It does not replace the need for a man. So why it wrong?

All good questions, Gerlyn. Being with a girl is indeed, not a replacement for a man. But it is also true that some girl's do not want to be with men. They only want to be with other girls. I am unwilling to call this wrong, for Nuns also are not with men. If it is OK for a Nun to be without the company of men, I cannot criticize Lesbians.

Yes! I not think of that! So Analyn is like a Nun?

Yes, she is and I respect that in her.

See! I tell Angeli that you are like Jesus. You accept and love. You are good! You want me to be a saint!

I bet Angeli does not agree.

True! But she say she love you, so it not matter. Angeli is rolling her eyes. This is a bit too much for her. Here she is giving the girl lessons in deep throat and calling me Jesus-like is a bit more than crazy. I agree with her, but it is not the time to argue the point.

Angeli, are you here to teach more about oral sex?

Yes, Lewis. I tell her that most girls cannot do this and no one will expect it. She say she will be one who can and I must teach her. I do as much as I can with eggplant, but now she needs you to finish the teaching.

OK, so you want me with my pants down and on the bed?

No. Please allow Gerlyn to undress you and be in control.

Angeli signals Gerlyn to proceed by the most subtle of gestures. The girl approaches me and coaxes me to stand. Once on my feet, she drops into a deep squat, and proceeds to unbuckle my belt. She strokes my member lightly through my slacks, and puts her mouth on the fabric, blowing her warm breath through the weave to my member. She strokes me again before unbuttoning my slacks.

Lowering the fly, she inserts her hand between the slacks and the boxers, stroking me more. She squeezes my member and then my balls, before lowering my boxers, and removing both items from their natural resting place. She strokes my member, flesh to flesh, a few times, before putting her lips on the now rigid pole. I feel nothing but lips, tongue and hot saliva as she sucks my cock and squeezes my balls. I am hitting the back of her mouth on occasion but no deeper.

Gerlyn's left hand is on my balls. Her right hand is on my ass. Her head is working me as deep as she can without taking me down her throat. And then, in a highly choreographed move, Gerlyn fingers my prostate, which causes me to push my cock forward while at the same time she pushes her head forward and I plunge down the girl's throat. Before I know it, Gerlyn has me cumming. I feel like I got sucker punched. Gerlyn played my body like a musical instrument. I had no control. Gerlyn finishes cleaning me up by sucking me absolutely dry and clean before pulling back, looking up and asking, *Was that OK, Sir?*

Yes Gerlyn, that was as perfect as it gets. You passed any test. You are ready for your first assignment. Before you help heal the couple I told you about yesterday, you have one more task. This one is a little confusing and I will not explain the reason for it. You will just have to trust me, that it is for a very good reason. OK?

Yes, Sir. If you say it is for goodness, I will do it.

Good! This does not have anything to do with Joy2x, but she will explain what is needed. OK?

Yes, Sir. Should I go now?

Yes, now is fine, and thank you Gerlyn. You made me feel very good.

Thank you! Hehe. I go now.

And off she goes with Angeli looking at me with a questioning look. A look that says 'What is happening? What is Joy2x about to tell Gerlyn to do?' I

ignore all that. *Angeli, you taught Gerlyn very well, but now I want to taste that pregnant pussy of yours.*

Lewis! Bastos ka!

Maybe but that's what I want! So drop those panties and get on the bed.

§ § §

By supper time the talk throughout the house is of Joy2x's plan with the couple from the UN. I am a little amazed. First there is no reason to believe that they will accept an invitation to come for a dinner here. Second, there is no reason to believe that the guy won't outright reject Gerlyn's sexual overtures. Third, even if we can get the guy to fuck her, why think he will do it in front of his wife and the rest of us. Next, say he does, what makes Joy2x think that his wife won't either storm out, or cold-cock him, or beat the shit out of Gerlyn or just be a real bitch? It's a wonderful fantasy, but the more I think about this, the more I think it is a recipe for disaster. And so, since I have never been accused of keeping my mouth shut, I speak up about it to my senior council. That is composed of Maricris, Angeli, Joy2x, Noime and now Lyla, by Noime's insistence. We meet in the Sala in the extension.

Noime thinks it's a dumb idea and asks Joy2x why they should do it. That, in my estimation, was the right question.

Noime, first, I want her. Two I see how he looks at the young ones at the mall. He wants this very much and she has no idea. Three, I think we can do it. She looks at him like he is the father and she is the child. She will not do what Lewis is thinking she will do. I am sure of it. Plus, I think he will fall in love and lust with Gerlyn. Lewis, Gina's parents are poor, correct?

Yes, that is right.

Well I have an idea how we can help them financially, give Gerlyn a future and give me the girl. Please, I want to try this.

Angeli surprises me by supporting Joy2x. I turn to Maricris and she indicates that she backs Angeli. Lyla is lost and says nothing. I look at Noime, who ends the discussion with, *Let's try it.*

And so it is decided. Joy2x, who has the Swedish girl's cell number, texts her and invites them for dinner tomorrow. No more than twenty minutes later, we have a text back of acceptance. Game on.

Joy2x's game plan has a part for all here. I must say that it is going to be a hell of a show. Tomorrow, Monday, is a Muslim holiday and there is no school for the girls. Joy2x is meeting with them and explaining what needs to happen tomorrow. It is going to be something of a bacchanal.

There will be all sorts of 'cover' for the guy to think he is just participating in some orgy. With the young ones engaging in kissing, sucking and pussy munching in the room he is in. Gerlyn will then come up to him and entice him to fuck her. Joy2x is convinced it will not take much to get him to say yes at that point.

He will not know it is being staged for him, to feel no inhibition, to fuck Gerlyn in front of the rest of us and his wife. We will have his wife watching from the Lanai where she can see him but he cannot see her. Joy2x will be on one side of her and I will be on the other as she looks on at her husband plowing fourteen year old Gerlyn.

We will make sure both he and she know Gerlyn is fourteen before the fun begins. There will be a little lubrication in the form of wine and rum, with the meal, but not enough to get anyone drunk.

While she watches the action of the young ones and her husband, I and Joy2x will at the same time, put the moves on the Swede. Joy2x is convinced that she will be ours. I still am doubtful, but as Angeli and Maricris will be photographing the husband only, as he fucks Gerlyn, Joy2x thinks that should there be any push back, we will have some cover. Like I said, it is going to be quite the evening.

In the meantime, I have an appointment with Iay this evening. She is waiting for me as our council ends and I enter the bedroom. *Good evening, Iay.*

Good evening, Master. Master, may I give you a body massage?

If you would like to, yes, that would be nice. Do you know how to give a massage?

Yes, Master. Mother send me to classes to learn. She say it a good thing to do for men. Is that true?

Yes, she was right.

Good, I will do that. Then I give you a sex show. Then you fuck me. OK?

I see. Iay, you do not have to do that. We can make love and only make love. The rest is not needed.

I know Master. You will never order me. I know. I do this because I want to be your slave, not because you make me a slave.

I see. And this is what a slave does?

Yes. I read this. I see sex show things from sex dvds mother buy from the street venders. I learn what to do.

OK, Iay. We will do this. Iay does give me a very good massage. I am relaxed and stimulated at the same time. The massage has taken a long time and I am ready to grab the girl and give her some wood. Iay has other ideas. She is equipped with a dildo, an eggplant, nipple clamps and a clip for her clit. She puts on long black gloves, black thigh-high stockings and black four inch stiletto heels. I want to ask her where she got them, but that will wait for later. Iay starts by deep throating the dildo. She removes it from her throat and inserts it into her cunt with her legs spread. She attaches the clamps on her nips and clit. She pulls the dildo out of her cunt, walks up to me, and puts her ass damned close to my face. Looking at me from between her legs, she puts the dildo tip on her asshole. With her

other hand, grabs my hand. She puts that hand on the other end of the dildo and pushes my hand and the dildo all the way up her ass. She, and I, are working the dildo, in and out. With her other hand, she hands me a string, attached to her clit clamp and urges me to tug on her. The eggplant is between her heels. I grab the eggplant and regain a grip on the string. While fucking her ass, I put the eggplant into her cunt and as I work the eggplant in and out of her, the clit clip string gets pulled and released repeatedly.

I keep this up until the girl shudders with an orgasm. But I choose not to stop and drive her to a second cum moments later.

Removing the dildo, I replace it with my cock and fuck the girl's ass while continuing to abuse her cunt. Iay cums again. I am not done and the fucking continues until I find the semen spurting forth into her bum. The eggplant falls out of her cunt and she collapses on the bed with the clamps, hose, gloves and stilettos still attached. I remain standing. I take the remaining ring from the night stand drawer and put it on her finger. Iay looks at me. *Master, does this mean you will marry me?*

Iay, if Maricris is correct that I can, yes you will become one of my wives for real and for life. Is that what you really want?

Yes Master, but I do not deserve it.

That is not for you to decide. It is for me to decide and you to accept. Do you understand?

Yes Master! Yes!

§ § §

As Gerlyn knows that everyone is participating in this event tonight, she is just going along with the group, not being an outlier. Joy2x is right, she will do what is needed. The other young ones think a group orgy is the perfect way to spend the evening. In fact, they ask for a 'dress rehearsal.' They want to do it now, this morning. And so we get into places. Angeli has the role of the husband. Maricris has the role of the Swedish girl.

Gerlyn is surprised by Angeli when she rehearses her part to find that Angeli has a dildo strapped on. Gerlyn gets fucked but good by her sex teacher. Maricris, who knows that Angeli was so equipped, is giggling. She is not a very good simulant for the Swedish girl, but Joy2x and I do get to figure out our blocking for the evening.

The girls group as follows: Noime is with Analyn and Lyla; Moon is with Res; Iay is with Laarni.

There will be lots of food. Joy2x has a number of texts with the Swedish girl, making sure they will eat what we are serving and finding out what they like to drink. Nothing is being left to chance that can be done in advance. She even asks the girl to ask her man if he will be upset if there are eight underage girls at the table tonight. She says to tell him that we normally include them in such dinners but can exclude them if he really wants. Joy2x is sure that he will insist they be there and she is right, the text comes back, *Lars insists the girls be there. He asks, how old are they?*

Joy2x hoots, *Hala sha![99] We have him!*

§ § §

[99]He should watch out!

Chapter 51: A UN Mission, Part 2.

Boss, Lars and Svea will be here at Six. And that's the last I see of Joy2x for a while as she runs off to confer with Maricris and Angeli. Having learned that the female Joy2x wants me to fuck tonight is named Svea and her husband's name is Lars, I evidently have all the information Joy2x thinks I need. I have no idea what they do, or why they are here, or when they came, or how long they are staying, or how long they have been married, or, hell, anything other than the guy seems to have an eye for young girls, that Joy2x likes Svea's looks and that we should do them a bit of a dirty trick.

Of course, it's not exactly like I am without 'sin' as the phrase goes. So there is no reason for me to sound pious now. And since I have not a damned thing to do with any of the rest of the planning, I think I will see if some of the guys want to play cards.

§ § §

I lie down for a nap after cards and before supper, only to have Noime and Iay join me. Evidently Noime wants Iay to teach her how to give a massage. Noime isn't physically big enough to give a good one, but that does not seem to be a reason for her not to learn. I guess they see me as the practice dummy, but I must admit, I love it and fall asleep as they are 'practicing.' I love my life.

§ § §

The good tableware is out as are the good glasses. The aroma from the dirty kitchen is enticing. The house has been cleaned as if it were not already spotless to begin with. All the girls have 'dressed' for this formal dinner. Every one of them is in heels and a short skirt with thong panties. On this last point, I can attest to it, as I was asked to inspect each one of them. Each is wearing the best pushup padded bra they have, with the exception of Angeli who is nursing and has a nursing bra on. All have applied makeup, but lightly. Perfume has been also applied lightly as with

all them assembled, the cumulative aroma would be intense otherwise! Hair has been curled, against my wishes, but so it goes.

By the time that our guests arrive, everything is ready. I must admit they look every bit the textbook Scandinavian couple. Both are blonde and very fair skinned. The skin color is what probably excites Joy2x as much as anything else. However Svea's large breasts are also a novelty for her. I'm not much for large breasts but know I am in the minority on that issue.

Lars is on the high side of his forties. He's more than a half a foot taller than I am. His hair is already thinning and he has a small paunch. But as things go, he is a handsome man and I can see Gerlyn sizing him up appreciatively.

Svea is a stunning twenty-four year old. She is my height which means she towers over my girls. She is slender around the waist but her hips and breasts make her far more curvy than my Asian lovelies. Her hair hangs over her shoulders with wisps down to her remarkably large but gravity defying breasts. I can say that they are not pendulous as the bra which shows through the semi sheer blouse is one that could never support the weight being surrounded. Her legs are a thing to be enjoyed quite separately. They are long and magnificent. Maybe that's what attracts Joy2x, though I doubt it. She is wearing as short a skirt as the ones my girls have on, at least proportionally as short. There is more to her. She seems to be fully aware that she is in competition with the other females her husband comes across. That seems to work against Joy2x's assumption that she is clueless about his desires.

Both speak a perfectly understandable English. Lars is an Urban-Rural Linkage Specialist. It's a UN job but it's funded by USAID! Go figure. Svea is a Provincial Coordinator. Officially there is a ban on UN staff on Mindanao, but there are exceptions for Davao and southern Mindanao.

The dinner table, as per Joy2x's plan, is a pantomime of feigned sexual come-on's between the young ones. No one is paying attention to Lars. A few are teasing Svea and that is driving Lars to distraction. In fact, Svea is flirting back, and ignoring Lars's confusion about the direction of the sexual play. He asks me, who of the assembled girls, is my wife and how are the

others related. I sadly tell him, I am a widower. He is embarrassed, confused and apologetic. I explain that I have made it through the loss with exceptional support from those here and other good friends. He then asks, *Are the husbands, of your friends here, working?*

Excuse me? We are all assembled. There are no others.

That leaves him totally stumped and without a question that isn't indelicate. Instead I ask him about his work, his background, his plans for the future, how long he has been married to Svea, and what attracted him to her. He has been married six years. He married her when she was eighteen. He stumbles on the question about attraction, but the answer is clearly her beauty and her youth at the time.

While he could not openly express what attracted him to Svea, the question has the effect of reminding him that she is no longer eighteen and a number of the girls at the table have a number of years before they get to that age. It is turning the sexual/emotional knife, quietly but effectively.

During supper, the food Lars is served, is laced with Viagra. We want him hard and not likely to cum for a long time! I have an acceptable wine to serve, but both opt for beer with supper. Lars has two and Svea one.

I pour both an after dinner brandy and we retire to the main Sala. All join us. The Sala is large with many places to sit and recline. Some of the girls are playing with their smart phones or tablets. While Lars goes to the CR, Joy2x suggests to Svea that she get a tour of the house. Svea seems happy to accept and leaves the Sala for the Lanai and extension. I go with them, following Joy2x's request that I join them.

The following is told me by Maricris later as I am not there to see it. When Lars returns from the CR Angeli and Maricris put him back in the main Sala and tells him that his wife just stepped out for a tour of the house and grounds. She will be back in a bit. At the same time, the young ones are starting the beginning stages of the orgy. No clothes have come off yet, but there is kissing and a little groping going on. The older two ignore this and after sitting him down, retreat from the room. Lars is now sitting alone watching a sex show which is ramping up in the explicitness of the sexual

acts quite rapidly. Lars is making furtive glances around, expecting Svea to walk in at any time.

What Lars does not know is that Joy2x and I are sitting with Svea in the extension Sala, asking her about life and hopes. A little more brandy is being sipped and the glass is never allowed to go empty, but it is just a way to keep things going, not get her drunk. I am finding Svea a very interesting girl who has been following Lars around like a puppy dog, but knows that her time with him is coming to an end. She is aging out of his sexually acceptable range. Joy2x asks her something I was not expecting. She wants to know where they are living. Do they have a place? The answer is that they have an apartelle[100] room and she is literally living out of a suitcase as they may have to leave at any time and in a hurry.

Lars is wiggling around, incredibly turned on and incredibly uncomfortable watching Noime eat out pregnant Lyla's cunt while Analyn sucks on Lyla's enlarged nipples. And then, when he turns his head he sees Moon and Rez in a sixty-nine, while Iay has a strap-on and is fucking little Laarni. Lars is beside himself and is having a hard time holding on to the reality of the situation when Gerlyn comes up to him on the couch and reaches for his belt.

No! Do not!

It is OK, Sir. She says as she strokes his member through his trousers. *Your wife will not be back until we are done. Sir Lewis has arrange for you to have me tonight. Do you not want me? I think you do from the feel of things!* And as Lars relents, Gerlyn removes the man's clothing. Putting him back on the couch, Gerlyn, whose hand has a firm grip on his member, places it directly against her lips. She takes him in a little, putting saliva on his pole and easing his fears while increasing his desire. She is pumping with her hand and sucking with her mouth, bringing him further and further into her world, and then, in a move that is a surprise to him, but now not to me, she takes him all the way down. He is not ready to cum yet and Gerlyn is staying away from his prostate. Still he is totally enthralled

[100] A small apartment (with small kitchenette) rented like a hotel/motel room. In the Philippines, these places are frequently more like an old style motel. A long one story series of attached apartments with parking in front of each.

as she removes him from her throat and removing her clothing, mounts the guy. While this is happening, my cell phone which is set to vibrate only when receiving a text for Angeli, lets me know that we need to start moving into position. A second text tells me that Lars now has Gerlyn on her back, legs in the air and he is pounding her, as the aggressor, not the passive recipient of a lap dance.

By the time Svea is walked back into the Lanai, she can see Lars and Gerlyn only. The other girls are out of her view. What she sees is her husband, naked, plowing a fourteen year old girl. Joy2x has one arm around her and now holds her tighter. I get close to her and whisper in her ear, that I am sorry she has to see such a thing. All the time I am stroking her back and holding on to her arm. But we do not pull her away from the show. We want her to watch this, to absorb the view.

Svea cannot hear Gerlyn, but I know Gerlyn is asking Lars if he will love her and take care of her. We see and hear him tell her that he desires her and will keep her forever. He will marry her when she gets old enough. This news hits Svea hard and she almost slumps in our arms. She is crying.

Joy2x signals, 'now,' and she leads Svea to my bedroom.

Lars is looking right at Gerlyn. Theoretically he knows that girls this age will do this in the Philippines, but he was not, until this moment, in a situation where it would happen. Now that it has, he does not want to let loose of the girl. He is as hard as he has ever been and she wants it all and more. As he continues to fuck her, the other girls gather around, getting access to Gerlyn's nipples, where they suck, to Gerlyn's mouth, where they kiss. They hold her legs out and open for Lars as he fucks her for all he is worth.

Svea, is in my bedroom and Joy2x, pulls Svea to her, face to face, strokes the Swede's wet cheek and goes in for a kiss. Svea kisses back, hard. Joy2x, backs up and puts me in front of Svea. I repeat the action, expecting Svea to reject me. She doesn't. She puts her arms around my back and pulls me in. Damn, Joy2x is right!

You want to fuck me and Lars does not! So you fuck me. I will fuck everyone in this house except the bitch who fucks my husband!

Joy2x whispers in Svea's ear and the answer is, *In my purse. The name is on it.* At which, Joy2x texts something and returns her attention to our guest. *Then you stay with us now. After we get it, we will send him home and tell him you are done with him. Correct?*

Fuck me first and then you can tell him anything you want.

I am still holding Svea very closely. I ask, *Who do you want first? Me or Joy2x?*

You, and then she will suck you out of me. Now fuck me and make me forget that bastard.

In the Sala, Angeli approaches Lars who has just cum in Gerlyn and suggests they take it to Gerlyn's bedroom for now and do it quickly. Lars assumes that it is a warning that Svea is about to enter and scoops up his stuff fast, and follows Gerlyn back to the Spare room which has been vacated for her this part of the evening.

When they get to the room, Gerlyn insists on giving Lars' cock oral resuscitation. Lars is happy to accede to the request. Gerlyn's goal as she knows it is to make the guy fall crazy in love/lust with her. She cannot go with him, but that reality is expected to redound to her favor. She has been schooled in making sure every fantasy he might have about being with a young girl is sated. If he wants to take her ass, she is to present it to him. For this eventuality she has been practicing with an eggplant. She can masturbate him with her feet. Her breasts are too small for a tit fuck, but there is no part of her to which she will not give him access. Lars has no words for the joy he is feeling. Gerlyn is a truly lovely girl. She is fulfilling every dream he has had and he doesn't even have to ask. She is doing it.

When he asks her if she has a boyfriend she can answer truthfully that she does not. When he asks her if she will be his girlfriend she can answer truthfully that she wants that very much. But she asks how that will be? He cannot marry her, even if he divorces, for another four years at a minimum.

And she is poor. She is staying at Lewis's house for a few days because her parents evicted her but she may end up living on the streets. How will they be able to stay in touch.

He asks her if Lewis is throwing her out and once again she can answer truthfully that he would like her to stay with his deceased wife's brother and his wife as they have room and have lost their own daughter, but they don't have money. They are poor and cannot afford to take her in. All this is reasonably close to true even when not completely, exactly true. But it's a setup too. Lars will house his love at the in-laws, providing them with extra income to care for Gerlyn. He will see her whenever he can and marry her in four years. In four years, Ann's brother will probably want someone younger, and so Gerlyn will be free to go with Lars, should he still want her.

That was Joy2x's plan and from the activity and dialog in the spare bedroom it seems to be working. But Joy2x could not have known that Lars has a fourteen year old daughter from a previous marriage. Joy2x could not have known that Lars secretly desires to fuck his daughter. While he was fucking Gerlyn in the Sala, he called her Ingrid a few times. Now Gerlyn asks him, *Lars, who is Ingrid?*

Why do you ask? How do you know her name? He seems unaware of his earlier slip of the tongue.

Who is she?

She is my daughter.

Is she pretty?

Yes, she is a very pretty girl.

Gerlyn is stroking Lars' semi-soft cock, and playing around close to his ass as she asks, *Lars, you must call me, Ingrid from now on.*

Lars is instantly hard. There is no denying that he would. Gerlyn giggles. *Good! From now on, you call me Ingrid.* And she takes him in her mouth and sucks hard. Lars is beside himself and close to cumming when Gerlyn

pulls the same damn trick she pulled on me. Deep throat and prostate press at the same time. The reaction is the same as she got from me. He gives her cum. After cleaning up her man, she sits cross legged before him, stroking the now limp instrument. *Lars, do you want to fuck her for real?*

Gerlyn!

No, call me Ingrid! Do you want to fuck her? She is stroking him, soft though he be, with some ferocity. *Don't lie to me Lars. I am your lover. You must always tell me the truth. Do you want to fuck her?*

Yes, damn it yes!

OK, so we do that! I will help you.

Lars is having a dry cum with a limp dick and all he can say is, *Oh shit, Yes. I love you, Ingrid. I love you!*

And I will love you too Lars. You will see. I will be the best wife you ever have.

You already are. Oh Ingrid, you already are.

Of course, at that same time I have no idea about it, as I have Svea in my arms and under my hips. She is a tall, lanky girl, and I expected her cunt to be large as well. I am very wrong. Her pussy is as tight as a thirteen year old. Her breasts, outside the bra are simply amazing and they are completely natural. Anything more than a mouthful, may be wasted, but I am engaged in a very wasteful activity as is Joy2x. Each of us has had a breast in a mouth.

The contrast between ivory white Svea and light skinned Filipino Joy2x makes for a study in comparative beauty. At the moment, while Joy2x sucks on mammaries and mauling her clit, I am fucking Svea from the back. Svea is a talker and we are being urged to make her our whore.

I am having trouble paying attention to her words as I gaze over the backbone of this female. She could have been the model for some white

marble monument giving everlasting praise to womankind. She is the very embodiment of a Norse goddess. But then this goddess screams a raw bellow and cums so hard that her muscles tighten painfully on my pole as she bucks and bucks some more.

I would like to say I fucked through it. But that would be a lie. I let lose my cum inside her at that moment. Following which, Svea pulls Joy2x into place so that she could sit on the school teacher's face and force that teacher to suck my cum dripping from her cunt into the teachers mouth. And while she was being sucked from below, she pulls me to her, for a serious and intense kiss. *Now you can tell him to go to hell. I am no longer a married woman. I am a whore.*

§ § §

Chapter 52: A UN Mission, Part 3.

Svea's things are retrieved from the apartelle within the hour. Lars can be sent home now.

With a brief knock on her door, Gerlyn knows that the next step can be made and she sends Lars home to his rooms after adding her cell number to his phone.

When Lars gets back there, he finds that all of Svea's things are gone. But he also has a text on his cell. It is from Svea, telling him, to marry his new girlfriend.

He looks around and makes a call to Svea. It doesn't take but a couple of short exchanges in Swedish to convince him that she is not coming back. The call ends quickly but politely. He texts Gerlyn, *Please come to my rooms in the morning. I am sorry that you cannot stay at the apartelle in the evenings. It would create a problem. I hope you understand.* She texts back an*, I understand. Where I come in the morning?* Following the details of the place, they text good night's and Lars falls into bed.

Svea's first evening is in Joy2x's bedroom and they do not get much sleep. The two stayed up talking half the night. Joy2x, is attempting to convince Svea to stay with us until her assignment ends. It may be working. Time will tell. As with the conversations I reported between Gerlyn and Lars that happened last night, I report this because it is what Joy2x told me about it. I am sure that it is not complete... but at least you know what I heard.

Joy2x, are you a Lesbian?

I thought so before, but Lewis tells me I am Bi. I think he is right.

What is your relationship with Lewis?

We are engaged to be married.

Wow! Congratulations! I thought that Maricris was his wife.

Oh she is also engaged to him.

How?

Lewis is not Christian. Maricris say he can have many wives.

So, this is a polygamist home?

Yes, maybe. But he not married to anyone now, so not now.

Which ones, of the little ones, are his children?

None. Well you did not see her, but little Ann, is his babae.[101] *Some of the other young ones are daughters of Angeli and Maricris, but not all. Iay's parents are dead. Moon's father raped her mother and her mother is not OK to take care of her, so she lives here. Noime's parents are poor and she is a niece of Lewis' dead wife. She lives with Lewis for many years now.*

Joy2x, who is Lyla's baby's father?

Lewis.

How old is Lyla, Joy2x?

She sixteen and she try hard to get pregnant! Her mother worry that Lewis not get her pregnant.

So, it was not rape? The girl really wanted Lewis' child?

Yes. Lewis not want her to have a child by him but Maricris and Lyla insist he do this.

Why?

I think in the beginning, they look for security, but now I think it is more love, because they know even if there is no baby, they are safe here, Lewis

[101]Babae [Pronounced: bah-bah-EE] A girl.

not tell them to leave. So, long after they learn this, they still want Lyla to get pregnant.

Does Lewis love Lyla?

Of course, Yes. He love all of us!

Lewis is the father of Angeli's new baby too?

Yes, silly, who else?

Do you love Lewis?

Yes, very much. I been with Lewis for a long time now. I call him Boss, but he not boss me. I call him Boss, because he is the one in charge here and that is the way I like it.

§ § §

Lars is awakened at 6:00 with a text from Gerlyn, *Gud AM, Mahal! I come now?*

When morning arrives for me, I think we have the issue of how to handle Gerlyn and Svea in the same house. But I am wrong again. Joy2x has already figured that out. Gerlyn, is going to my ex-in-laws this evening. Currently, Gerlyn is on her way to see Lars briefly, before she goes to school this morning.

Angeli and Joy2x have been in contact with the 'in-laws' since yesterday. They have agreed to take her for a week and see how things go. They do not know that there might be a financial windfall coming for taking the girl in to their home. The question for them is one of compatibility. While Gerlyn is with Lars, Lyla is transferring Gerlyn's things, to her new if provisionally temporary home.

By the time that Svea is sitting down to a breakfast meal, Gerlyn has been gone for a good hour. The other girls are getting ready to go to school and Joy2x must hurry too!

Joy2x, where is the bitch who fucked Lars last night. I do not see her here now.

Oh, Gerlyn? She is not one of ours. She was just visiting. She has gone back to where she lives.

She's a guest?

Oo. She is a school mate of the girls here. That is all.

I see. She comes here often?

No. It the last two years, she has been here maybe for three days only.

Oh! OK.

Svea, I must get ready and leave for my duties at school. Will you be here tonight?

I am not sure right now. I also must go to work in an hour. I am not sure what I will do. We will see.

The question of how long Svea stays with us and specifically with Joy2x, remains hanging and unresolved. Svea ponders. Where will she go? Should she quit her job and return home to Sweden? Should she get her own apartelle away from Lars? She doesn't work with him and would rarely if ever see him, if she stays. She knows Joy2x wants her to stay with us, but should she? This is one weird house! Svea is not uncomfortable with Lesbian sex, and it seems clear that I am shared among the girls, but I am not someone with whom she will settle down, so should she stay and if she does, for how long? All this is going through her head as she sits at the table, with the fried rice and fried egg on her plate. But for now, she needs to finish her breakfast and get going. There is real work to be done. She has an important job and there will be people waiting for her.

§ § §

I get a text from Lars. *Do you know where Svea is?*

She has gone to work, but as I have no idea where that is, I can, and do, tell him, *No.*

Another text comes in return, *Gerlyn says you want her to stay with your ex? in-laws? It that true?*

That one is easy. The answer is, *Yes.*

May I meet them?

I will ask them when I see them. Why do you ask?

Before I tell you, can you assure me that they are good people?

Yes, they are very good people.

Gerlyn says they are poor.

That is true.

I want to help them financially if they will agree to host Gerlyn until I can take her with me.

Really? You only met her yesterday!

I know, but yes really.

OK, I will talk to them. May I tell them how much you think you can provide?

I was thinking about €500 a month.

A fast calculation in my head tells me that he is talking about ₱30,000. That is a lot of money for the family! *Well if you are offering that much, may I make some suggestions?*

Yes, please.

Make sure they send her to private school, and provide her an allowance.

Thank you, I will do exactly that. What school do you suggest?

I give him the name of the school to which I send Noime and tell him to make sure it happens. The texts end and I am flummoxed. How did Joy2x figure all this out? She has not missed a thing. It is all falling in place as she expected.

§ § §

In the coming two days, Gerlyn has been permanently moved in with the in-laws, Lars, is their sugar daddy who has access to Gerlyn when he wants. However she is fucking up a storm with the in-laws as well. We have resolved the Gerlyn issue completely. Gerlyn's siblings never come back to school and the family has just disappeared. Gerlyn has no idea where they may have gone.

Svea is still staying here but nothing has been resolved. She is camping with Joy2x, but that does not signify anything other than the power of inertia. Joy2x is surely not complaining. She has access nightly to Svea and the goals she had set have all been met. The topic of the current moment is not Lars, Svea or Gerlyn, it is Analyn. We are no closer to finding a good solution for her than we were when all this started. She isn't complaining but I am stymied. We have avoided talking about this in front of Svea and that has produced some blow back. Svea thinks we are talking about her behind her back. She announces at the supper table that she is leaving because it is clear that she is not welcome. That causes consternation among us all and demands from all sides of the table for elaboration. Svea explains what she sees happening, which elicits eye rolls, cries of foul, and general frustration. Of all the reactions Svea thought her comments would engender, she was not expecting this.

So it is not about me?

And then as if it were a Greek chorus, all at the same time shout, *No!*

Now Svea is embarrassed as well as frustrated. I break in, quiet all of them and explain, *This is about one of the girls here and her personal needs which are not, and cannot, be met in this house. She needs a place to go.*

She knows this, as do the rest of us. We love her and she loves us. There is no animus in this matter, still she needs to leave us. The problem is we have no idea of where. This is something private between us. You are still a visitor here and we do not want to bother you with a completely internal and very private issue.

But maybe I can help! I am good at solving problems!

Svea, as I said, this is a private matter. There are things you do not know about us and we are choosing not to share them, since you are not part of us. If you were to join us in all ways, then you have to know everything. But for now, we wish to protect ourselves.

What are you protecting me from knowing? You think I do not know that all these girls are yours and I mean sexually? Even the youngest? You think I do not know this?

Ah. Well yes, I didn't think you knew this. But for the record not all are.

And the one who is not, she is the one that needs to leave?

Yes, that is one way to say it.

Well, it's clear that it's not another man, as you, Lewis, would have gotten her together with the guy, like the way you got Gerlyn with Lars. For some reason, you don't act like a jealous guy. It's odd, considering the girls you have collected. But that's the way I see you.

I am not saying anything. Shit, I do not know what to say.

You think I am as stupid as Lars? You set him up, to give Gerlyn her man. Of course, Joy2x also wanted me, so you figured, it would work out.

We are all silent at the table. *You Lewis are not interested in girls with big tits. So I don't think you have anything to do with this. This was Joy2x and maybe Angeli? Correct?*

Joy2x nods and murmurs, *It was mostly me.*

Well, at least you actually love me, which is more than I can say for Lars.

So the question is why would a girl you all love and who seems to love all you based on what I see at this table, need to leave? Every one of you girls is Bi, but if there was one who wasn't and wasn't hetero and able to be with Lewis, she would be loved, but would still need to leave. So which one of you is a real Lesbian? I know it isn't Joy2x. You sweetheart are very Bi. I know Angeli and Maricris are not the ones. You two would throw your bodies on a bomb to protect Lewis, plus Angeli, as well as Lyla carry Lewis' children. It can't be Noime, the one who has been here longest. That rock on her finger signifies her as the number one female here in spite of her young age. So which one of you girls is the true Lesbian?

I am Ate. It is me.

You are Analyn? Is that correct?

Yes Ate.

How long have you lived here child?

Maybe two years?

And you just realized you are Lesbian?

No Ate, I know for all the time, really.

OK, Analyn, why has the problem started now, if you have known for a long time.

Joy2x wanted me to go to Lewis with her. I not want that and not want her to be with him. She my wife but she love Lewis too. I get jealous.

Joy2x! Your very young lover left you! When did it happen?

Joy2x is mortified, crying, as she answers, *Saturday.*

This past Saturday? Two days before you invited us to dinner?

Oo.

Shit, you move fast!

Analyn, you are wanting to love someone who only loves you?

Opo.

Lewis, it is hard to be a Lesbian in the Philippines, correct?

Yes, more than difficult. That is why we are having a real problem finding a solution for Analyn.

You know she needs to leave this country. That is the only option for her to live a happy life.

She is only fourteen. So leaving is not an option.

Oh yes it is. There is a way.

How?

Lewis, we can get her a student visa.

Not to the US.

No, but I can arrange it in Sweden. Same-sex marriage has been legal in Sweden since 2009. While the marriage age is eighteen, the age of consent is fifteen. So Analyn could enter into a legal sexual relationship as soon as her next birthday. Analyn, are you willing to leave the Philippines?

Opo.

OK, I have a sister who is eighteen. I will call her and see if you can stay with her. If she says yes, I will contact my government to get you a visa. But you need to be very sure you want this, Analyn. Maricris, this is your daughter, correct?

Yes.

Is this what you want to happen?

No, but I think it is best for her, so I say, yes, anyway.

You all talk about it for a few days. In a week, if you still want to do this, I will make it happen.

Now, let's talk about me. I will not stay in the Philippines. I am here because of a position I hold. I cannot stay longer as my visa will run out. I would like to stay with you until I leave. May I?

Joy2x answers before anyone else can speak, *Yes!*

Joy2x, I think I have a say in this, as does Noime, and others.

Sorry, Boss. You are correct. Boss, will you allow Svea to stay?

Maricris cannot sit still. I see her fidgeting and ask her to say what she wants to say.

Lewis, if you want her to stay, OK, but what she say not right.

That gets the attention of all and I ask Maricris to explain.

Lewis, she say she not able to stay after her position ends. That not right. You Lewis, you can do something to get her a permanent visa.

How! That is Svea and she may be the only one at the table that has not grasped the salient fact that I am a dual citizen. If Svea is my wife, she can get a 13A visa and become a permanent immigrant. That will permit her to work here, without a diplomatic visa. But, and it is a big but, it assumes that Maricris' assumption of multiple spouses will fly. I have significant doubts. Datus can legally have multiple wives, but I am not a Muslim Datu.

I am shaking my head. Svea is demanding to know what this is all about. I explain what Maricris believes. I explain the state of current law. In doing so I am expressing my doubt that it will fly. However, Svea is a 'Provincial Coordinator' and she weighs in. She is taking Maricris's side. She thinks if

the Datu recognizes me as a Datu in my religion, then the law requires it. I still think it's nuts. However that brings us back to Svea's initial statement.

So, given you think it is possible for me to marry you, your initial position has now been challenged, as you can stay. What say you now about staying with us? We need to hear this before we consider our response. I will give you a week to think about your options before you answer.

Boss! Why? Maybe she will say she want to stay now!

Joy2x, the reason is simple, even provisionally, I would not trust any such decision that is made so suddenly. In the meantime, Svea, we would like you to stay with us while you consider your options.

Thank you, I do have a question for you. May I ask it now?

Yes.

Why would you want to marry me?

That is a very good question. I do not, right now. You would have to convince me that you could, and eventually do, love me. Failing that, I do not want to marry you. I find you exquisitely beautiful, sexy, smart and intriguing. But along with that, I would need to learn I can trust you implicitly and that you love me deeply before I would marry you.

Can you say that about all these girls here? Are you sure?

Yes.

Addressing the females, Svea looks at each of them and asks, *Is there anyone here who has any doubt about that? Is there someone here who you think cannot be trusted? Is there anyone here who does not love Lewis deeply? Is there anyone here who thinks she loves him more than the others do?*

Not a one of them says or does anything but stare back. And then Noime speaks. *If there was, she would be gone immediately. I would make it happen. There is no one here like that, other than Analyn.*

No! This is Analyn! *I love Sir, very much. I will do anything he tells me to do. You, Ate, are right, I want to love just one girl for my life, but if he say, stay and get into his bed, I do that. It is he who not allow that. He say no one may be in his bed unless they want to be in his bed. I do not. But no one ever ask me if I love Sir! I do! He is the best father. He is always good to me and he takes care of me. He can always trust me and I will always love him. Just not in his bed!*

Lewis, no man is that good. I do not know what you did to convince them that you are that special, but you and I know, it can't be so.

Svea. I have never claimed to be a good man. Never. I am not. All these girls know I am not. That is not what they are saying. I give you a week to even ask for provisional status. After that, you will need to find other digs if you choose not to join us.

§ § §

Chapter 53: A full house.

There is nothing for me to report as regards Gerlyn, because we are told nothing. Analyn sees her in school and reports that she is very happy. The change in schools - if it is to happen - will be at the next school year. That's the sum total of what I know.

Not much is happening other than everyone is tense. Analyn is struggling with whether she really wants to go to a place that is so cold and so dark, so much of the year. I am staying out of this. It has to be her decision. I give Maricris the same advice I am taking. I do not think she is following it, but that's between them. In some ways, this is a golden opportunity for Analyn. In other ways, it will be cutting herself off from her entire world. This is a Hobson's Choice.

Joy2x is a mess. Svea called her out on what she did. She is both mortified, but at the same time, goofy with a crush on this blonde bombshell. I hesitate to call it love. I doubt that it is pure lust. She desperately wants Svea to stay, but my money is on Svea leaving. Joy2x knows this and though I have nothing to do with the decision, the options I made clear, that she will have to vacate, if she is not asking to be part of us, is a high hurdle. Joy2x thinks it is too high. Maricris, Angeli, Lyla and most especially, Noime, thinks it is exactly right.

Most nights Svea does not make it here until long after we have eaten. She has a very heavy work load to carry in her position. I respect her dedication to doing a job that has many frustrations and few real rewards. We talk about it a little, but I can't say I am fully versed in what she is doing.

Anyway, as is the way of things, seven days do eventually pass and this is decision day for both Analyn and Svea.

We all assemble at the supper table. All are tense and no one has a clue as to what the answers will be. I sure as hell have no idea. As no one is talking, Noime looks at me and asks me to do something!

OK, I guess we need to hear from Analyn and Svea tonight. Since the first matter was Analyn's, last week, we will start with that. Analyn, what have you chosen?

Sir, may I ask Svea a question?

You may ask. I cannot assure you of a satisfactory answer, but go ahead.

Ate, may I tell you 'no' now and ask that you allow me to change my mind later?

Svea smiles, and visibly relaxes. *Yes, Analyn, you may. May I ask you a question?*

Yes Ate. What you want to know?

Why have you chosen this?

Ate, I know I am not right for Joy2x, but I am confused about my feelings about Sir and about this place. I am safe here. I can and do have love, and sex Ate, with the other girls here. It is not that I am alone. I have a fantasy about one true love. But maybe it just a fantasy? What if I believe I am only Lesbian and I am not? Maybe I am confused. I need time to think about it. [Pause] *Sir, may I ask you a question?*

Yes, Analyn.

Sir, may I come to your bed?

Analyn? Really? This is your request and not your mother's pushing?

Hehe, Yes, Sir. My mother say, go to Sweden, I can always come back! But I think, maybe I have been makulit. Maybe I need to really know.

Then yes, you may. When would you like to come to me?

Is tonight too soon?

Tonight is fine. But, if you want to stop at any point, you must stop, and tell me to stop. Do you understand the rule?

Yes Sir, it is the same rule that Noime and Joy2x tell me about. I know, Sir.

OK. Well there is one other matter to be resolved tonight. Svea? What is your decision?

Damn! Lewis, did I just hear all that correctly? This pretty little girl wants in your bed and you are questioning if it is really her decision and then you tell her that even if it is, she can tell you to stop at ANY time? AND the other girls know that's the rule here?

Yes you heard correctly. Why? Everyone here, is here because she wants to be here. I am not forcing any to stay. I refuse to allow any other girl to force a girl to have sex with me. They either want to or they do not. It is very simple.

No! Analyn is strident and clearly disagreeing with me. *That is only partly true. If you do not want to, then you need to find somewhere else to stay. So if you want to stay with Lewis and this family, you need to be in his bed. That is why I had asked to leave. I did not want to be in his bed. Now I am not sure about that.*

Lewis, is Analyn's description correct?

Yes, it is entirely correct.

You girls all agree that this is correct?

There was no sound but eyebrows went up on each female.

And you are all OK with this?

Once again the eyebrows went up.

Well that clarifies why you made the requirement that you did last week. So if I say I want to stay, I become part of your harem? Is that right?

You could say that.

And I could still leave if I wanted to?

Anyone here can leave. But if they have been honest in their feelings, they won't.

Yes good point. If they truly love you and have accepted the way things are here, there is no reason why they would leave. If I stay, I will be making love with all of these girls?

Probably.

Even little Laarni?

Yes, even little Laarni.

Do you have any idea how jealous Lars would be if he ever knew I have access to more underage girls than he did?

Oh, yes, I do!

You think that's funny! You didn't do what you did, for Lars. You did this for Gerlyn! Oh, my God! Joy2x wanted me and you wanted to support her, but you did this for Gerlyn! Son of a bitch! The bitch was special to you! She must be a very important friend to one of the girls here! She was not yours, but because she is a friend, you wanted to set her up with a man who would take care of her and who would never leave her because of the scandal it would cause if he tried! You don't give a shit for other men. You only care about your girls! You'll do anything you can to take care of them. That's why they stay! That's why Analyn is staying! If they wanted to go, you'd help them, but they would be with a guy they could not depend on. They know, deep in their heart, they can depend on you. That's why they stay! That's why they love you. You really love all of them, completely! But, you'll fuck over anyone else to protect them.

Yes, that's about right.

OK, so if I stay, you protect and love me too?

Yes, if you really join us, though I suspect you don't need much protecting.

Do I understand that I can pursue any employment I desire?

No.

No? Explain.

No sex work. No sexual contact with anyone outside of this house, ever.

OK. That's reasonable. I hadn't thought of that as employment, but yes it could be. Excluding sex work, are there any other limitations?

None.

And I can travel for work?

Yes.

Do I have to check in or prove I have been 'good.'

No. We live a life here based on trust.

Must I have children?

No.

Do you expect me to have children?

No.

Will you want me to have children?

No. I want you to know what you want. If you want a child by me, come and talk to me and tell me why you want that. Otherwise, no.

Must I join your religion?

No! Heavens no. None of these girls do.

Must I be Joy2x's, to live here.

No. Joy2x may not be happy about that, but if you join us, you are a free agent as regards that issue, however you need to be clear on this, everyone who lives here is mine and no one else's. You may room with someone, but you are not 'theirs.'

OK, then I have my decision. I want to stay if you, Lewis, will have me. What do I need to do to convince you that you should want me?

Well, you can start by divorcing Lars.

I started that two days ago.

Whom do you want to bunk with?

You mean I can stay?

Yes. You are staying.

I am bunking with Joy2x. That will not change, so long as we are equals. But ... I want to taste the rest of you. All of you! Including you Analyn! And one other thing. I do want a child. I did not want to be told I have to have one, but I do want one.

Joy2x is crying, I assume with relief.

§ § §

How did this happen? I was sure we would see Svea leave! I am still not convinced that she will be with us for long. Let her actions speak. We will see. In the meantime, Joy2x is happy. That is a consolation as she will be with someone who doesn't get between us. Svea is correct. I am not a big tit guy. But hers are fantastic. Of course in the coming years, gravity will assert its preeminence and all the reasons I do not like large tits will become clear.

That being said, I just don't think she will be with us long enough to see this happen in her case.

I was reasonably sure Analyn would leave and I never expected her to ask to come to my bed.

I think Analyn is suffering from cold feet. Running away with a school mate to another house in town is very different from leaving your country. I will be good to her tonight, but not try to sway her, or sweet talk her.

I do not see tonight's events as a real change, but rather as a waypoint that will foster a larger and more complete resolution some time in the near future.

§ § §

Analyn sits on my bed. A pink floral patterned silk wrap around her. Her feet are bare. Her hair is down and hangs down to the lowest reaches of her shoulder blades. She smiles wanly at me as I enter the room.

Are you sure you want to be with me? It is not too late to stop. I will understand completely.

You not want me?

No, Analyn, I did not say that. I am worried that you are here because of the fear of leaving, more than anything else. If you really want to be a mistress to me, I will happily accept you as my lover. But I honestly am not sure you want to be a lover to me.

Sir, I am here to find this out too! I do not know. But I want to try. OK? Sir, everyone outside our home say you are normal or you are Lesbian. They say not possible to be Bi. Here all the others are Bi. It is very confusing. You do not force any to be Bi, but it true that they cannot stay unless they are normal or Bi. Still, no girl here is normal. I wonder, how can that be? So maybe I am just confused that I am Lesbian. I think, maybe I wrong.

OK, Analyn, OK. Maybe and maybe you are Lesbian. It is not about anyone else. It is about your heart and your real desires. It is not about anyone else. Also, not everyone wants to live in a big family like we have. If this is not for you, you need to be honest with your heart. Don't try to be someone else.

Sir, before we begin, I am confused about something. Do you love me?

Yes, Analyn, I do.

But we do not make love. How you love me?

Making love, seals the love but does not create it.

Huh, I will think about that later. Thank you for your answer, Sir.

OK, now I have a question. When you make love with Joy2x, what do you like best?

Hehe. When she lick me and play a little with my bottom. I like that very much.

If it was any other girl, I would lean in for a kiss, but with Analyn, I suspect that would be a mistake. Instead, I open up her wrap, and gently cup one of her exposed breasts, with my thumb directly over the little nipple. My thumb moving the nip, back and forth. I lean in and kiss the nape of her neck and then her shoulder. As she sheds the rest of her wrap behind her, I lay her back on the mattress and kneel on the floor, with her legs spread wide to accommodate my body.

Analyn sucks in her breath, as I tongue her cunt and lick her clit. My hands are on her thighs. My tongue is snaking in and out of her cunt.

Using my hands, I urge her to move herself further back on the mattress and I climb on to it. My mouth is still attached to her cunt. We roll over. I am on my back and Analyn is now on her knees with her cunt mashed into my mouth. While sucking her clit, I have a hand on, and am teasing, the rosebud of her anal opening. I continue sucking, flicking my tongue.

I sense Analyn is getting very excited as my jaw is dripping with her juices. I keep this up until my jaw can't do any more, at which point I ram a finger into her ass. That does it and she cums, big time.

I choose to not go face to face with her. Rather than a missionary position, I get behind her and enter her cunt in one firm motion. She gasps and then moans.

I sense her clit may be a little tender at this point and play with her nipples as I ream her from the rear. Analyn is doing fine. She is clearly horny and pushing her cunt against my cock. I keep it up, fucking her without any interruption. She does not want to stop. That much is clear. I am getting audible encouragement to fuck her cunt.

Is this what you want Analyn?

Yes, fuck me, Lewis. Fuck me. Make me your girl. Fuck me.

You want to be my girl?

Yes. Yes.

Maybe you want to be Svea's girl!

And she cums hard. Well that tells me something.

But Svea is Bi, she wants cock, Analyn.

I don't care anymore. I want a girl and she can fuck you. I will fuck you. I like it. I want you to fuck me, hard. Lewis. Hard.

There's my answer. She will take cock now and enjoy it, but she is fundamentally a Lesbian at heart. That's OK with me.

She wants me to fuck her hard and that is what I do. I give up trying to be careful of her Lesbian nature. I put the girl on her back, pin her legs to my shoulders and push into her, running my pubic bone hard on to hers. All I

get from her is a look of sexual hunger and acceptance. She wants what she is getting.

Analyn is not on any birth control. I am completely aware of this as my cum boils up and out of me, coating her uterus with my seed and bringing her to another orgasm.

We are lying on the bed, just looking at each other. I am stroking her hair. She is kissing my arm. Her left leg is draped over me and she is smiling, when she asks, *Lewis, is this how you make love to the others?*

No, Analyn it is not.

What you do different?

Well I kiss them on the mouth and I have them take me orally.

Analyn slides down on me and takes my cock into her mouth. The fact that it is coated with the remains of our lovemaking doesn't stop her for a moment. However, she is totally without understanding of how to do this correctly. It feels good and I do not complain. I will have one of the girls with her next time and they can teach her. Still I am excited that Analyn is doing this and thanks to some Viagra I took before, I am getting a little bit tumescent. Analyn giggles at this, looks up and asks, *Again?*

I pull her up so that we are face to face, put her on her back and push into her. I am getting harder as I work in and out of her very wet cunt. God, does it ever feel good. Her arms are around my neck. I look at her and while fucking her, ask, *Analyn, do you want to belong to Joy2x, Svea, and me?*

Yes. Sir. Sir, I am sorry I call you Lewis before.

Oh, Analyn, I like that! Please do it every time we make love. OK?

OK, Lewis. Lewis, I do love you. I love you but I want to be owned by a girl.

Owned? I don't know why, but I am getting really hard now and the pace of our fucking increases though the conversation continues too.

Yes. Owned. That is how I feel. Is that OK?

Yes, it is perfectly OK.

God damn, I swear her cunt is on fire, it is so hot!

Good, then I am staying.

I pinch her nipple, as I fuck her and we really kiss, tongues dancing, saliva merging, breathing each other's breath. She cums.

Analyn, why don't you want to go where you can have a girl of your own?

You mean, do what Svea say?

Yes.

Then I not have all you and I will be lonely Lewis. When I leave to be with Gerlyn I am lonely. When we are outside the house all night I think, I am a stupid girl. I not want to leave all here. I think, I make a big mistake. I am playing with her butt hole and she is gasping between words. *Then when I learn Gerlyn not Lesbian, I decided I am worse than stupid. I completely bobo, Lewis. I never have chance to talk to you after that. Too many things happening here. I not want to leave.* I am pounding her cunt, fingering her ass, as she cums and says, *Never, Lewis! Never!*

§ § §

Chapter 54: In the name of Religion.

I have not written anything for two months. I was waiting for something to change. For either Analyn to come to the conclusion she had made a mistake, or for Svea to decide she was nuts to hitch her wagon to our mules. But no such thing has happened. In fact, it is clear that Analyn is very much Bi and not pure Lesbian. Analyn has asked twice, when does she get her ring? She could not be more clear about it.

It is also clear that Svea wants to stay in the Philippines, long after her UN job ends. She sees what she can do here and so do others who work with her. She has been told that it is wished there was a way she could stay longer. She has not mentioned the possibility to them that there may be such a way. But she is clearly telling me she wants to stay. So on a motivational, professional level, it would seem that she has no desire to move on. On an emotional level, Svea has bedded everyone in the house and insisted on being in my bed so many times that Noime is rolling her eyes and suggesting that maybe they all need boob jobs.

Svea's activities have caused two things to happen. It has caused Joy2x a lot of discomfort. But it has also brought Joy2x to my bed more often, as her 'mate' is in many other beds. Secondly, Analyn has been with Svea and me together, more than half the times Svea has joined me. They have connected strongly, which is the other reason Joy2x is in a bit of turmoil.

Other things have happened. We have had a number of birthdays. The ones that seem most important to mention are: Analyn, 15; Moon, 15; Noime 13; Laarni, 12. I am aware that under Shari'a law, marriage is permitted at age 15. So Noime would have to wait only two more years! Rez is very close to her 15th. Of course, that assumes all this isn't pure bullshit and not possible. I am beginning to really want it to be true, but the sensible part of me says, it cannot be.

Iay has been in my bed frequently too, though she doesn't come alone. She comes with anyone who allows her to come 'with,' so to speak. Iay insists on giving me a massage every day. I must admit, the daily massages are

great. It is also true that I am with her via the massage and the bedding, more than anyone else here. She has become a constant companion. She isn't usurping power and is incredibly respectful to my privy council. But she is also carrying messages to them if she sees the need and I have not mentioned it to the others.

The last thing happened just yesterday and is probably the reason I have finally returned to writing. We have a new pregnancy. It is not one that makes me very happy in some ways and in another way, oh hell, how can I not rejoice when one of my girls is with child. So just a week or two before Lyla's baby is due, Analyn, yes now fifteen year old, Analyn is with child! And if there was any thought that she would be freaked out by this, well, no, the girl is ecstatic. We will have to pull her out of school, but Maricris seems OK with that. I offered to get her a tutor and no one, except Svea and me, seems to want that. So Analyn will stop the schooling soon unless I can change some minds here.

We know the sex of Lyla's baby. It's a girl and the child will, by prior agreement, carry the name Ann Lyla. We also know the sex of Angeli's baby, in waiting. It is another female. This one is Ann Angeli. So if you are taking note, we will have Ann, Ann Lyla and Ann Angeli. In the statistically unlikely case that Analyn's child is a girl, (and we all hope she can carry to term but it's so early in the pregnancy and she is so young,) by prior agreement she would be Ann Analyn. However there is mutinous talk of naming the child Ann Analyn Lynn. That is on the crazy side of things, but Filipinos do like to be playful with the names, so let's hope it's a boy!

The one thing that hasn't happened, is Svea asking for a ring. I am not sure what that might mean. Is she planning to leave? Her other messages do not suggest that but I do not know. I do not want to raise the subject. So rather than purchase two rings, I purchase one this morning. I figure that since Analyn is going to have my child, Analyn is one of mine, for sure. I will put the ring on her tonight at the supper table. This is quite a change from the girl, who had insisted, she had no interest in straight sex, or men, for that matter. She has joined the club of Lyla and Angeli. That fact seems to be a source of pride for her and a source of major frustration for Joy2x.

Maricris suggested yesterday, that I send Joy2x to a clinic to see if there is anything that can be done. I disagreed. I do not seem too fertile, based on the number of these girls I have left seed in, and the number who have become pregnant. In fact Joy2x is on the side of the many, and the ones who are pregnant, the side of the exception. I say as much to Joy2x, but it seems little solace to her. She reminds me that when Ann was still alive, I said I might have to get fertility pills for her. Now she calls me unfair, in denying her what she needs. I remind her that she has not been back in my bed for very long and the others, with the exception of Analyn took a long time before they got pregnant. I ask her to wait. She is pissed. When I explain all this it to Maricris she calls me something I will not bother to translate! It's an obscenity, so what's the point.

§ § §

I have been researching the Shari'a laws in this country[102] and they do affect both the age of consent and the age of marriage. If we are under Shari'a law I can marry all but two of them, in just six weeks, that giving Rez time to turn 15. Noime and Laarni are both technically old enough to request parental and Shari'a court permission to married, but that is pushing it. Still it remains unclear to me if I could be placed under Shari'a law and if I really want to be so ruled. Do I want to proceed? It would make all the children legitimate. And, in the event that Svea is staying, it provides her the 13A visa. Neither are a small things here. Maybe I need to meet this Datu.

§ § §

The supper table is a festive affair with lots of gentle kidding towards Analyn, who is enjoying the attention and celebrity. As the general hilarity dies down, I go over to her chair, kneel down and ask her if she will accept this ring from me. There are tears in her eyes as she accepts. She then

[102]The law, as explained deep in the attached link, for the girls including Noime and Laarni! Here's the relevant part (I have underlined and italicized the very interesting part!):

Marriage Age: Minimum marriage age 15 years for males and puberty for females (female is presumed to have attained puberty at 15 years); Shari'a District Court may authorise marriage of female between 12 and 15 years if she has attained puberty, upon petition of her wali; khiyar al-bulugh: marriage of minors to be defined as betrothal and may be annulled by either party within 4 years of attaining puberty if marriage was not voluntarily consummated and neither father nor paternal grandfather served as wali[.]

reaches out to give me a real tonsil tickling kiss. That elicits cries of, *Hala!* from the rest as well as applause.

Damn, is that what it takes to get a ring around here? OK, well I was going to keep quiet another month, but damn it, I am pregnant too! Do I get a ring?

Svea! Wow! As per the ring, that depends on when you get divorced. But girl, that means you are here for the long term and that makes us all very happy. To that last sentiment, all, except Joy2x, signal their agreement as they huddle around the blonde to give her hugs and kisses.

Lewis, I am divorced, already! In Sweden, when there are no children and both parties agree to the divorce, there is no reconsideration period required. Lars and I filed immediately after the split and were granted the divorce two weeks ago. So when do I get a ring?

Are you sure you want this?

Lewis, I am carrying your child. Yes I am damned sure.

OK, so Joy2x is now totally hysterical and runs from the room. Maricris running after her and looking over her shoulder, in effect saying, '*See this is why you have to send her to the clinic,'* to which I also silently nod my head in acceptance. This clearly is what happens to a girl who desperately wants to get pregnant and can't, while both her bed mates are with child. The scene is chastening all us and takes some of the levity from the room.

I ask, *When are you due, Svea?*

Same time as Analyn, Stud. And Stud, I will resign my position when I am six months along. So you had better get something done soon, to normalize my position, because I do not want to give birth as a tourist, and I want to be able to work after the child is born!

Angeli, ever the household manager, in Maricris's absence, points out that we need another room or three. We are full up and there are now four more kids on the way. I had Manny do the last addition, but I doubt he

will do this as his circumstances have changed. But maybe things are not as good now as they were when I saw him last time. I mean, how long can he make money from Coraline and the dogs? He is no longer a relative, as Ann has passed away. But I will see what's up with him as a start.

§ § §

Maricris did settle Joy2x down, last night. I am told some rhum was used. Joy2x looks like shit this morning and refuses to talk to me before she leaves the house.

Today is Saturday and Maricris has taken Joy2x to the OB/Gyn clinic. Who knows, if that will help her get pregnant, but it buys time, before the next breakdown.

I have gone out this morning, to purchase another ring, and arrive back home, just in time, to meet the Datu. He's a nice guy and evidently an old friend of Maricris's family from her childhood. He's a little older than I am, well educated, and has a very proper bearing. In short, the guy's impressive. We talk over the legal issues.

He really sees no problem with me marrying under Shari'a law in the Philippines, as the Philippine law references Christians and Muslims only. So I am, in a way of speaking a 'free agent' and can choose under which law I want to be married. However, he brings up an interesting, and possible, show stopping point. The problem is that the girls are all Christian. The Philippine code says that Sharia law cannot be used when the individual is Christian. Each of the girls would have to convert from Christianity, but to what? To my religion, or must they become Muslim?

The Datu says it must be my religion. They could not be Muslin and marry me without other complications. It is going to be a real problem and the promise I made to Svea that she would not have to convert appears to be one I will have to break. How will she react to that?

The Datu and I talk about my girls and how things work. He tells me that if I were married to them I would be acting well within Shari'a strictures, but living without the benefit of marriage is a problem. He urges me to fix

that immediately including to Noime and Laarni, which his court will give approval to marry, so long as the parents do not object.

By the time he leaves, I am scratching my head. This is more information than I had anticipating on receiving. We have a lot to discuss here as a family.

I am now profoundly happy, I had not allowed little Ann to be baptized, which makes the claim that this is not a Christian home, more weighty. I must make sure that Ann Lyla does not get baptized.

§ § §

OK, I have skirted this for some time. But I had to talk to the Datu about it. It could have been a real problem for him, dealing with me, or so I thought.

I am a Sadducee Jew. The Sadducees believe: There is no fate; Man has free will; There is no immortal soul; there is no afterlife; there is no 'oral' law; and (wait for it) there is polygamy. A Sadducee Jew rejects later entries into the religion from the Pharisee version of Judaism, such as the the Haftorah and the rulings of latter day Rabbi's, all of whom are, by definition, members of the Pharisees.

The rulings of the Pharisee rabbis are not only, not binding, they have no import at all. So the Rabbinic law, such as the tenth century Rabbinic ruling against Polygamy for a specific period of time, (which has already technically expired anyway,) is not considered valid or in any way meaningful. Judaism in Israel is Pharisee Judaism and is, therefore, meaningless to me. While I do not claim to be particularly observant, that's what I am. It is the way I was raised by my family and the reason I never felt comfortable in temples, shuls, synagogues, whatever you want to call them, when growing up in the US. That version of the religion is at real odds with what we learned at home. I know the books say that the Sadducees are 'extinct,' but how can it be extinct as those are the values that I was taught as a child, and, as there is no such thing as an organized Jewish

religion anyway,[103] I stand firm on the position that if I say I am a Sadducee, that's what I am. As there are no other Sadducee here to challenge my stated membership, I am secure in this position.

The Datu was totally OK with this. He thinks it's cool. Go figure.

I have not explained any of this to the girls. I am not sure they want to know it, but the only option they might have is, if they want to marry me, they have to convert to my religion.

Well no time like tonight. Shit, I am not looking forward to this.

§ § §

I don't really want to go into the entire discussion we have had. Among my Filipinas, there was great discomfort that they would have to profess a belief that there was no afterlife and no savior. They have known all along that that is my belief, but, for them to say they believe that, well it's hard.

But they are all painfully aware that Maricris had clearly missed an important element, when she said I could marry many girls. It meant only that I could marry non-Christians and since they had been born of Christian parents and had all been baptized, and had all said they all believe in Jesus Christ, getting the government to consider them anything other than Christian, requires they convert, formally.

How bad do they want to marry me? That is the question for each of them. If they all choose not to do so, then I will wait another five years for Noime. But what if Noime chooses not to do so, and some of them do? Then I have to deny them, to marry my little one. I am more than a little uncomfortable.

The other issue is Svea who had made a big thing of not wanting to convert. She desperately wants her 13A, but unless Noime is OK with converting and she is as well, no dice.

[103]Citation: One; Two; Three; Four

Svea, had thought I was either Baha'i or Buddhist, and she had no use for that. When she finds what I am, she is both a little shocked and way happy, she says, *OK, I can sign up for that!* What she didn't want was any afterlife or reincarnation mumbo jumbo. So the one I thought was the hardest, is one of the easiest. Iay, Moon and Noime are equally easy. They just say, *If that's what you are, then that's what we are.* Done deal and end of discussion. Well that ends my real panic. I am now able to marry Noime and Svea. I am also pleased about Moon and Iay.

The other girls huddle in a group, in another room, for a good half an hour, before coming back to the rest of us. Maricris is the spokesperson for all of them, standing in front of them, her pronouncement is evidently final. *We are now Jewesses, that is correct word, yes? Lewis, Datu tell me we need to build a temple. And rabbi, that Datu check with, say you need to get us a Torah. Is that right, Torah?* So evidently, she has called the Datu and he called a rabbi. Good for her and them. Maricris is a smart one.

Yes Maricris, you have it correct.

Sir what is a Torah?

It is the Jewish holy writings, and it contains the laws of the Jews. It is in a long scroll, instead of a book. It will be kept in the Temple. (I did not get into the weeds about it can't be a temple as that can only be built in Jerusalem. Call it what you will... Temple is an English word and the word it refers to is Hebrew, does it even matter?)

I texted the Datu that I needed to know how to show legal conversion from Christianity, as my girls had all been baptized. He texted back that he would provide sample forms and I would need to modify them to conform to our religion. Further he texted, *Shall we schedule the wedding?*

I am in the middle of writing an answer, when Lyla yells, *My water broke!* We make a dash down to the lying-in clinic.[104]

[104]An alternative to a hospital. In this case a good place for sixteen your old to have a baby without a lot of questions.

§ § §

When Ann Lyla is born, eighteen hours later, the paperwork shows her religion as Sadducee Jew. Go prove she isn't!

§ § §

I return once again to this writing following weeks of efforts to file documents, at the LCR, and other places, to formalize the conversion with the formal channels, and then with the help of the Datu, get the marriage licenses. We have them. For a while I doubted that we would, but we got them yesterday.

I found a 'pre-owned' Torah for sale and purchased it. The thing was not inexpensive! It arrived attached to a rabbi, who hand carried the thing all the way to the Philippines! We took delivery and but are unable to place it in the Temple as it has not been completed yet.

When the rabbi learned 'the rest of the story,' about why we need the torah, he was a little bit more than initially horrified. I had to sit him down and explain what I was taught as a child. We talked about my heritage and how it was possible that such teachings could have made it through the many centuries to me. I have no way to explain it. It was never a topic within the family. But he came to believe that my beliefs are authentic. Once that barrier was breached, he asked if he might have the honor of staying for the wedding. So he's here staying in the same apartelle that Svea had stayed in. He's also at our place for meals which are made kosher for the guy. We went out with him and purchased some new pots, dishes and utensils just for him. He is eating mostly vegetarian with the exception of fish, he purchases live from vendors, and chickens. We have the chickens delivered live to the house, so he can see them slaughtered properly. He is having a ball, from what I can see.

A government official discovered he was here and asked to meet with him over the issue of polygamy. According to the rabbi, the official started with the statement, *I understand that polygamy is not accepted by Jews!* To my everlasting appreciation, the rabbi answered, *Well, Sir, if you are referring to Rabbinic Judaism, you are correct, but Sir Lewis is not a member of*

Rabbinic Judaism. He is a Sadducee Jew and that branch of the religion does and always has practiced polygamy. And so what might have wrecked our plans, ended in an official government endorsement.

The Temple and the extension to the extension, which are one and the same, are under construction. Manny is my contractor. He is as I was suspecting, normally disinterested in such projects. In fact, he is still making money with Coraline and the dogs, but he figures he owes me for the good fortune he has had. This construction project is pretty simple and we will have it done in a month! The wedding will be under a large tent with a small huppah inside it, in front of the new Temple. The reception will be in the house and first extension. For those who want it, we will provide monitored access to the Temple.

On a separate note, I should also mention that the OB/Gyn clinic has given Joy2x some pills. They didn't bother to test me as I have been producing off-spring with others. We will see if it helps Joy2x.

I feel like I am in a caucus race. Eventually everyone will be a winner, but I see no end in sight. I am busy every moment of the day. By evening, I am exhausted. No time to write.

Chapter 55: A married man.

OK, another month has passed. The extension is complete. Our visiting rabbi seems happy and is kidding me that he is thinking of converting to my branch of the religion. I am well aware he is kidding.

Angeli is eight months along. The other two are somewhere between, three and a half, and four months along. Little Ann Lyla is a very happy baby. And here's the crazy thing, we will have an Ann Analyn Lynn and an Ann Svea. Five Ann's in all. Not a boy in the group!

Joy2x has missed a period, but that does not mean much. She however is convinced she is pregnant. She has no morning sickness yet, so I am saying nothing.

We have a date for the wedding, and it is next week. We decided to do it before Angeli gives birth, because if we wait until after, we have to wait a bit and then we run into the same issue with Svea and Analyn. And we run further into the visa issue for Svea. So a week from this Sunday we will do it, with the Datu and the visiting rabbi assisting me! I have spent the better part of a day going over the ceremony and blocking with both guys, my girls, the bride's maids (all twenty of them) and the groomsmen (twenty to accompany the maids). Some of the groomsmen are guys from the Datu's mosque!

We, the rabbi and I, had a slightly challenging discussion about the breaking of the glass and whether there should be eleven glasses or only one. He was insistent that there be eleven glasses. I would have to do the damned thing eleven times. One glass for each of my girls and break eleven glasses. I held firm on one and only one glass. Each of the girls will take a sip, I will finish the glass, and then break it. I try to explain that they are all bound to me and to each of the others. That got the poor rabbi, way more, than a little confused, as he just has no idea about what our life is really like. He must think that the girls are separate and never swap spit.

So deciding, oh what the hell, we need tell/show him, I check with the girls. They laugh, giggle, make some fairly bawdy comments and essentially end up saying, *sure, why not! Let's see how badly we can embarrass the guy!* We put him in the main Sala, with all eleven of us, and proceeded to 'explain' the way our 'birds and bees' work to the poor guy. Well, it is partial explanation and partial demonstration. I really don't think he has ever seen such a thing in his sheltered life. I am sure he has never seen some of the girl on girl on guy stuff. Nor some of the girl on girl on girl stuff. In the end, the rabbi is sweating, and apparently, according to the girls who are watching, hard as a rock. When we stop, and all take seats, I say to him once again, *This is one marriage with eleven members. Everyone here loves everyone here. Do you see that now?* He does. The matter is settled.

I hope I have left nothing to chance.

I have hired four photographers. We have three cakes ordered. An official wedding cake and two cakes on the side. I have made sure that the cakes will be both Halal and Kosher. I take the Datu and rabbi with me when I order the cakes. I go to a bakery the Datu says we can trust. I ask him, *OK, but will it taste good?* He laughs but suggests we try their product. He and I do but the rabbi is a little unsure until we take him back into the kitchen. After looking around, he agrees it is OK and tries the cake we are served. It is fine.

My goal is that this be a wedding of which my girls can be proud.

I have been back to the jewelers and have designed and ordered eleven rings. Each is the same design, though sizes are different. I have covered this issue of the rings being the same with Noime and she agrees.

One odd hitch is that when Analyn invited Gerlyn, which is totally appropriate, Gerlyn texted back asking if she can bring her boyfriend and her 'adoptive parents.' Analyn was apparently not thinking, so she said, *yes, of course the boyfriend can come.* The “boyfriend” is Lars, and so Lars comes to the wedding of his ex, to me. Shit. This could get ugly.

Gina is also coming. That means the Principal and his wife are coming. So the Principal will see Joy2x, whom he assumes is a Lesbian, is also getting married. I wonder how that will play out.

Of course all my card playing and expat buddies will be at the wedding. It will be one hell of a party. We expect about two hundred folks to attend. There will be three lechon and three large raw yellow fin tunas, from which staff will be carving sashimi right from the whole fish, not from fillets. It's how it's done here at upscale events.

There will also be tuna kinilaw, bihon with chicken, and beef kaldereta. All of these are Kosher/Halal as well. So any Muslim can eat all the Tuna and these other dishes they want as with the exception of the lechon, all the food will be strictly Kosher/Halal.

The Datu is bringing a contingent of men from his Mosque. That is fine with me. I like the idea that there will be Jews, Muslims and Christians all celebrating together. It seems right and good. We have also invited the head of the LCR and the Mayor. No one can say we did this on the sly or that it wasn't a Jewish Wedding. It will be the real deal. As per Philippine law, a Judge will/must officiate, or we must be officially married by a judge separately and have this wedding just for show. We have a Judge from the Shari'a court who is friend with the Datu and understands what is going on.

Sunshine, sans canines, is coming to see her daughter get married. Noime's parents consented to the marriage and will attend.

All my girls are going nuts getting their dresses ready and such things. I am staying far away from the excitement. It is safer that way.

I have been on the dead run for almost two months now. At this point I am slowing down at the very moment they are going into hyper-drive.

Oh, and I just learned yesterday that Maricris has taken Joy2x's unused fertility pills. Joy2x has stopped taking them, as she is convinced she is with child. So Maricris is working to get pregnant. I am not sure I need that many kids running around here.

§ § §

It's the day before the wedding and I have done everything I can. The rest has been placed in the hands of others. Manny is acting as my go-to guy. For my girls, as they panic, Manny's girlfriend, is acting as a one stop fix-it person, (with a staff of her own that she has put together). The girls are panicking a lot. We need to allow others to carry the ball now and that is happening.

I know that there are wedding planners, aplenty, in town, but they have no idea how to handle a wedding such as ours.

I hope we can get through the wedding tomorrow, before Angeli runs to the lying-in clinic! She has been having very frequent Braxton Hicks contractions. I know this does not mean she will deliver soon, but the things are almost constant now. She didn't carry to complete full term last time, so it really can happen at any moment.

Also today, Joy2x experienced morning sickness. So it's pretty official. She is pregnant. Other than being sick to her stomach, she is happy as she can be! She ran up to me and planted a big one on my lips. And she said the damnedest thing. *Now I have a good reason to marry!* Clearly I am relieved for her and happy for us as a family. She gets that as we hug and kiss a little more. I ask her, if the child is female, is she naming the child, Ann Gladys? Sure enough, that's what the name will be. I guess the others didn't know Joy2x's name was Gladys, because it causes much discussion in the house. So now, everyone in two of the bedrooms is pregnant. We have two maternity wards!

By tomorrow night I will be married to eleven, count them, eleven females. First among them all, Noime, who has been, and continues to be the most important touchstone I have. Nothing makes sense without her. None of this would have happened without her. Without her, when I lost Ann I would have been completely lost. With her because of that has formed around us because of her good heart, I am a very happy and lucky man. But there are ten others: Joy2x, Angeli, Maricris, Moon, Lyla, Iay, Analyn, Rez, Iay and Svea.

Tonight as I look out, on the tent under which we will make our vows, I am looking through the rain as it comes down in torrents. It is time for bed. Tonight Noime joins me, just the two of us. That seems the right thing to do.

§ § §

Noime comes to me in the Sala, hands me a glass of water and a blue pill, sits down by me and puts her head on my shoulder. *You are going to need that, Stud!* Noime giggles. The term, she first heard out of Svea's mouth, required an explanation to her later. She thinks the idea of me as a stud male is particularly hilarious. I agree with her assessment. Noime snuggles is she says, *I think Ann would be happy for us, Lewis.*

I hope so, but why do you think so?

She loved you and she loved me. She never wanted to see you hurt. She would be happy we will be together. I am sure.

You are right. So wife to be, shall we go to bed?

Good idea! And a big smile follows.

In the bedroom, Noime is a very different person physically from the girl I first made love to three years ago. This Noime has breasts and hips. She is taller, and more mature in many ways. She has also experienced more than has any other thirteen year old outside this house. My Noime is a real partner in life and tonight she insists on taking the lead in the evening's activities. Noime has a plastic tub and a large sponge, a squeeze bottle of massage oil, a bottle of whiskey with one glass, three candles burning and no electric lights on. She undresses me, and has me sit on the bed with a towel under my legs. She pours two fingers of whiskey into a snifter and warms the whiskey up over a candle before handing it to me.

While I drink my sixteen, or is it thirty-two drams, of the liquid. Huh, why am I wondering about drams while Noime is washing and massaging my feet. It feels great, as does the single malt dribbling slowly down my throat.

Once she finishes with my feet Noime massages my calves.

Having patted my feet and legs completely dry, she puts the water, sponge, oil and towel away, kneels before my spread legs and proceeds to take me orally, stoking my ball sack, and humming a dandy tune, 'here cums the bride!' It feels so good but I can't help but laugh, until she, in an instant, is no longer humming, and has all of me, down her throat as far as I can go. I am stationary as she fucks her throat on my rigid member. Having taken the Viagra, I am not close to cumming and Noime knows this only too well, as she exploits the situation with a prolonged performance of this skill. When she finally stops, she climbs on to the bed, and while on all fours, asks me to take her from behind.

Noime is not as tight as was her pussy three years ago, but it is still so tight that I feel every movement. As I fuck her, she is fingering her own clit. Her orgasms start cumming and do not seem to stop as I saw in and out, and she masturbates at the same time. Noime is now grunting, her juices flowing copiously. A huge orgasm hits her and she wails, as I fuck right through it. I squeeze her right tit and off she goes like a rocket again as I fuck her for all I am worth. I am still not ready to cum.

Noime asks for a breather and I pull out. She rolls over, latches her mouth to mine and sucks my tongue as far into her mouth as it will get while she puts my pole back into her cunt missionary style. Once she has me in, she breaks the kiss and whispers in my ear, *It's time for my baby, Lewis. I started on Joy2x's pills two weeks ago. I am in the middle of my days. Now give me my baby.*

Noime, you're too young!

I'm not too young to marry you, so I am not too young to have a baby. Now fuck me until you make me pregnant, Lewis. Ann could not, but I think I can. We are the same blood, Ann and me. So give me the child you could not give to Ann!

All of a sudden, Noime's cunt is on fire. My cock is burning hot inside her. I start fucking her with a fury that I did not expect to feel. But the realization that what Noime just said is true, has put my head somewhere I

had not been until now. I am not nice to Noime, I am ramming her hard, smashing my bone against hers, twisting her left tit, ramming a finger up her ass. And then as she cums big once more, so do I, unloading ropes of cum inside her.

Exhausted I roll onto my back and look at her, *My god girl, did I hurt you?*

No, Lewis, you gave me your love. I know you are mine forever. I am your Ann, Lewis, and your Noime. I am both. See?

§ § §

It's just been too damned busy to write for a good month! I am a married man, and the paperwork to prove it is staggering! All my girls, save Svea, have to attend a seminar at the CFO, before they can get their new passports with their married name in it. We have had to file papers with the LCR and then when those forms are digested into the system we apply for documents from the NSO. With Svea we have to file paperwork with her Embassy in Manila. Svea and I still have to deal with the Bureau of Immigration for her 13A Visa but that also waits on the paperwork to flow. We will be dealing with this for many months. Svea is leaving her UN position in a month, but will start a new position next year, doing pretty much what she was doing for the UN.

I guess I should say a word about the wedding. It went great. There were no problems, but a few surprises. Joy2x's principal was, is thunderstruck too strong a word? I think not. Yep, that's what he was. It was sort of cute. Lars did come with Gerlyn but too our surprise, there was another girl with the two of them. Svea told me as soon as she saw the girl, that the young blonde was his daughter, Ingrid. But if that was Ingrid, why was she giving Lars a lip lock in front of Svea?

Svea's eyes just about popped out of her head when she saw that. Analyn, seeing Svea's confusion, came over to us and explained that Lars had always wanted to fuck his own daughter. Gerlyn figured that out and made it happen. Considering what Gerlyn believed when we first met her and what has transpired since, all I can say is that nothing will surprise me anymore. While we were talking about them, Gerlyn looked over to us,

winked and grabbing Ingrid, planted her own, ravenous kiss on the blonde girl, who returned the passion from what we could see. Later, Lars told me that no matter what I thought, he got the better end of the deal. I learned years ago that when both parties think they won, it was a very good deal, indeed.

Angeli had her second child, Ann Angeli, a day and a half after the wedding. All went fine in a very quick delivery. The child is listed as a Sadducee Jew. So now there are three children in the house, with at least three more on the way.

I have contacted the US Embassy in Manila to get them US citizenship papers and passports. More paperwork! And, I gather, DNA tests. I am waiting for the shit they will be giving me with all the different mothers. We will also have to change the birth records for the first two girls to show that they are now both legitimate. This will be entirely in compliance with Philippine law.

The issue of the kids being US citizens opens up an interesting question. USCIS excludes folks who practice polygamy, but if when my kids are adults, should they be in the US, they have a right, at least currently, try to get a non-quota visa for their mothers. Will the mothers be excluded because they practice polygamy? It is not a problem, but not an academic question either. Of course many things may change in US law before my kids reach the age of 21.

Oh, and the rabbi? He's staying and converting, which means he will no longer be a rabbi. With Joy2x's and Analyn's assistance, he has started his own 'family' of seven! Two mom's each with two daughters, plus him, the ex-rabbi. He's a nice guy. But I wish I could have heard him explain, to those he left behind, why he is not coming back!

It's time I stopped for the night. Iay and Noime get me this evening. Iay has just come back in, from locking the gate, and she's soaking wet. It's the rainy season.

The End

Images

Tricycle

Return to Text.

Lechon (or Lechon Baboy) is Roast Pig

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When Filipinos eat Corned Beef, they are eating a canned chopped product.

Beef loaf with egg.

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Bahay Kubo

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Lumpia

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Saba Bananas just boiled and then on the plate.

Return to Text.

A San Francisco bush.

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Asian Eggplant

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Ampalaya with Egg

Pancit Canton

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Return to Pancit Canton Text.

Lying-In Clinic

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A Kalabasa

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