

Jake's Journal:

The Philippines with Ganda



Jake's Journal: The Philippines with Ganda

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Aging

or

How a man who was too old to marry again
ended up with
one wife, six mistresses, and avoided divorce
and prison so far.

A journal of my later years as edited and corrected from time
to time.

A Novella.

Second Edition

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Author's Foreword: (please read first)

There are four “Jake” threads. You are about to read one of those that deals mostly, though not completely, with the Philippines.

Though the first three (The Jake’s Journals) **start identically**, events move each thread in a radically different direction.

This version is identical to version *Jake’s Journal ~ Close to Home* (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi) through half of the first chapter. I have placed a <Split> where they diverge.

It is identical to *Jake’s Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully* (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi) until the <Split-2>. By the end of chapter 1, you are in a completely different story.]

1

There is nothing innocent about me, or what happened to me. I make no apologies for my choices or the results.

I was divorced for the third time in my life in 2003. I am not proud of that. Sad is the best way to describe it. Three times divorced is not a record any man should strive to achieve.

My first marriage was a fool's errand. I was 18 and she was 17 and pregnant. She - we - got pregnant in July. We were married in October, the nineteenth to be exact, and our son was born in May. By the time he was eight months old, she was gone and so was my son. What happened? Hell, I'd be lying if I told you that my memories were accurate. I have told the story so many times that I no longer know what is true and what's invention. All I can be sure of is that she ran away with a drummer from a rock band. After all these years, I still remember his name. I will keep his last name from these pages – but his first name was Kenny. Within the year of her leaving me, we were divorced. That was in Vermont. I was twenty when I got the final divorce judgment. All I can say is that over the years, my assessment that she was clinically nuts seems to have been borne out.

It would be eleven years before I married again.

I had some short-term girlfriends in those long years, but for the most part I was alone. There were a few intense relationships, each lasting about a year. Between each, there were years of true celibacy. I never learned to play the field or date casually. I was either playing with all my chips on the table or I was sitting it out completely. During those celibate years I would wonder if my fate was to be married to my right hand for the rest of my life. The failed marriage had left me feeling that

I was not desirable; that I was incapable of attracting a truly desirable woman. Most of my relationships were with damaged women who had little to give me, and no way to grow into a healthy relationship. Why were they damaged? The reasons varied, but the fact is that I sought them out. I figured that with them I had a chance of getting lucky for a day or two. I didn't give myself a chance with women who weren't damaged. I didn't try. Or ... you could say with some honesty, I didn't know how. In all honesty, maybe I still don't.

My second marriage lasted exactly thirteen years. The divorce was granted by the court on our wedding anniversary. (The odds are 364:1 and considering 365 random things probably happen each day, it's not as unlikely as you might think.) There were a few days of good marriage, followed by twelve years of hell. For the last few years we slept in separate rooms and lived separate lives. I finally swallowed my pride/shame and admitted defeat. I left the marriage because it was the only sane thing left to do. It was that or continuing to live with a woman who had a hard time distinguishing her funds from the funds of others. Her first embezzlement had cost me in the end about ninety thousand dollars. When I left the marriage she was playing fast and loose with federal funds and I wanted no part of it. The judge didn't believe me and pounded me in the divorce decree.

Five years later, I married again. I thought I had learned from my past disasters, but that was not the case. We were together a little over eight years before I left the marital residence and seven months later, she filed for divorce. She was a good woman. Not nuts, not a thief, but damaged in other ways. Truth be told, was I not damaged? I was and am damaged by the events of my life. It is fair to say that the marriage just did not 'take.' It was both our faults. On my side, it was probably far too much scar tissue from my past experiences.

So here I am, overweight, with high blood pressure, and false teeth. I snore so loud that I bet you can hear me if we have rooms next to each other in a hotel.

In many ways I am a good man, but for whatever reason marriage and I do not work well. Was it my entire fault each time? As you can tell, I think not; however after three failures, you have to question my ability to make good choices!

Could I get married again? Sure, I guess, if I married someone who I had no interest in, but what's the point in that. The sad truth is that at this point in my life I am only emotionally responsive to slim, pretty

women at least fifteen years my junior and, in truth, usually even younger. Considering all that I am, no one of such a group, who has her head on straight, is going to put me on her 'A' list.

Truthfully, I really don't want to marry again.

For the entire time I was in my three marriages, I was not rich and sometimes I was pretty poor.

During my entire last marriage, I was in a lawsuit to recover income and ownership that was illegally taken from me over a year prior to the marriage. Even though we got along OK financially, there was this big payday always hanging out there.

It is still hanging out there when we get divorced.

I am fifty-seven. I have a house to live in. (I had never sold my house when I moved into my third wife's home. That should have set off alarms!) I am alone, just barely getting by financially, and sexually starved. As much as I would like to get laid regularly and frequently, there are no options.

Hell, for the first seven months back in my house I sleep on a couch. I go through so many variations on how to set up the couch as my bed that I give them version numbers. By the time the mattress I purchased finally arrives, I am on Couch v4.2-5. It actually works quite well.

Family? I have a son age 39 and a daughter aged 37. Both live in a different state. Though I love them both very much, they have little to do with my life on a daily basis.

I live in a truly rural part of the American West. The kids live in NYC.

Once the reality of the third divorce sinks into my skull, I know that I do not want another wife. I do not want, will not be able to find, a mistress; but need the ministrations of a prostitute on a regular basis. While my need for emotional intimacy will go unmet, my need for physical intimacy might be met. There are only two problems: I do not know any prostitutes; I do not have the money to pay for one, yet. But that might change.

I just hang out; not quite a hermit but without anything going on either.

When the legal settlement finally comes about, that is the state I have been in for a while.

The settlement does not leave me filthy rich as some got to be in the "dot com" boom of the nineties, but I am now financially secure. In addition, I am still working and drawing a salary. I can easily afford a prostitute. I figure I would allocate two thousand dollars a month for whatever that will get me. The rest I will invest. As I am in a rural area, I have no idea how much those dollars will purchase in services, assuming there are any services to purchase.

Finding a prostitute is not easy in a small town. <Split> As I continue my search for one, I have an unexpected visitor.

My mother, age 93 at the time, decides it is time to see her son. She flies 2000 miles and I pick her up at the Airport in Denver. Her time with me is in some ways a revelation.

She says, It's my fault – and your father's – that you have failed at the marriages. We never argued. We had a perfect marriage and you never learned how to deal with normal marriage issues. We were a bad role model.

Well in truth, that is a bunch of bullshit. Bullshit, to the extent that it is her fault. She is right that they never seemed to argue, but that is because they both respected each other and because as much as he chose not to exercise his authority, we all knew he had it. He had the final say, if one was needed. It just never seemed to be needed.

What came next isn't bullshit, it is just plain crazy.

She says, Go find a girl. Look overseas. Find a girl who will give you children.

I look at her. She is nuts. I probably say as much.

She insists that I am not too old and that other men have done it. Finally she says that if I go to meet a girl, she will help pay for the trip. She can afford it (as can I) but it is sort of a 'double dog dare you' type of thing.

Before I put her back on a plane to go home I am looking at Asian dating websites. I post my profile on a couple of them. One of them is a

loser and nothing comes of it. The other comes alive in a way I cannot believe. I am inundated by offers from women who want to meet me.

So now my less than intense interest in the possibility is refocused. This thing is becoming real and serious. I have no idea about the process. Before I go an inch farther, it is time for homework.

I learn that there is a formal process for becoming engaged overseas and bringing the fiancée back to the USA for marriage. At which point the girl gets a provisional green card. It is not easy, it is bureaucratic, but that means it is also doable.

All along, I had said, and I say here again, I really did not want another wife. I am having second thoughts about this even as I start the process. I decide, that even if I do get married, I will make sure by all, including legal means, that I have no obligations to be monogamous.

Still the Visa rules make it damned hard to bring in a Mistress. In fact, the Visa rules are incredibly restrictive.

My web/dating profile includes my correct height, weight, age and an honest picture. I list all my drawbacks and make it clear I am looking for a woman who would bear me children. By my calculations that means she has to be no older than 35 presently. That will make her at least 22 years younger than I am.

I get a few invites from older women, but the flood is from women aged from 25 to 34. I get a serious one from an eighteen-year-old! Are they all pretty? No, but a surprising number are attractive to my eyes. I have in subsequent years come to the conclusion that Anglos assess beauty in Asian women differently than do Asian women assessing Asian women. But from my vantage point it is like walking into a candy store. There is a proviso. I have read many warnings about cons and that women aren't always what they appear to be. This issue of doctored (*photo-shopped*) photos, and doctored letters is irrelevant when dealing with women in the Philippines since those women I deal with can read/write and speak English and will engage with you over a webcam at an internet café. It costs the Filipina ₱20 (Philippine Pesos) for an hour at the café to chat with me.

Knowing what the women really look like, sound like and such was not an issue. If you don't send them money, it is hard for them to scam you. Some do essentially demand money and those I turn away from with alacrity.

I make it clear to all the women I meet, this way, that when I head over to the Philippines, that I am not there just to meet only them. I will meet a number of women before I make a choice. That in retrospect is a very smart move.

By the time I am ready to travel in August 2003, I am interested in three women. Each has a daughter. The women range in age from 25 through 32. I will call them Drama, Ganda (pronounced G-ah-n-da) and Joy.

Drama is 25 with a five-year-old. Not only the youngest, she is the smallest. At 4' 10" and 90 pounds a US woman's petite XXS size dress fits her fine. I am to learn she is a fickle girl, full of passion, who is in ways a real drama queen. Being with her is fun, but staying with her would have been impossible. While it takes a while to convince her it is over, I know it is over for her long before I make my final choice. We do spend four outrageously fun days. She wears the clothing I bought for her. I insist she not wear panties – which drives her crazy but I do not care. She is cute as you please and I fuck her in every hole she has, but one, each day. But we are not to be together beyond those four days.

I will write about the other two in a bit. They were the ones I was really going to seriously consider. First, I will paint a picture of the Philippines as I saw it in the summer of 2003 and explain a few oddities of the country.

The plane rides to get there are endless. I have a two hour flight by jet-prop to the Denver airport. From there a flight to Los Angeles. In LA I leave the domestic flights terminal and walk outside in the hot, humid Southland air to the international departure terminal. So far I have been up since 3:30AM (MDT) to catch my 6:05am flight to Denver and now in LA as I stand on line at the Philippine Airlines departure counter it is 9:00PM (PDT). My plane will leave LA at 11:14PM that evening. We will have a refueling in Guam, where no one will leave the plane, and then arrive in the Philippines at 6AM (Philippine Time). That translates to 4PM back home ... or the fact that I have left my bed some 37 hours earlier. Do you think you can sleep on the plane? Ha! Bless the Filipinos. They feed me five times on that flight. You can catnap but that is it.

The Republic of the Philippines is part of the Malaysian Archipelago. Filipinos are racially related to Thais and others in the region. There are two official languages in the country. Tagalog (also called Filipino) and English. Yes, English is an official language. There are 7,107 islands in the country, but not too many really large ones. The largest is Luzon island, and that is where one will find Manila. Most people in Manila speak a form of Tagalog from childhood on, but not all, and on Luzon but outside of Manila, they often speak other languages. On most other islands they speak one of the other one hundred and seventy-five languages in their home. Since the schools teach in Tagalog and English, many Filipinos speak at least three languages by the time they graduate high school at age 16¹. In southern Mindanao where much of this journal concerns itself, the common languages are Visayan (also called Cebuano) and Ilonggo. Some residents of southern Mindanao will speak Visayan, Ilonggo, Tagalog and English.

The weather in the Philippines normally ranges from the 80's Fahrenheit into the 90's. It will make a guy from the States sweat, but it is not nearly as hot as Austin, TX or Phoenix, AZ during the summer. Most do not use air conditioning, which they call air-con, but all the malls are air conditioned. Taxis pretty much will be marked with Air-Con on their doors to assure you of a more comfortable ride.

When I get to the Ninoy Aquino International Airport (NAIA²) terminal #1, I am really tired. After I make my way to the front of the line, luckily the Immigration and Customs folks at the airport just basically wave me through with a welcome to the Philippines.

I am careful to find a metered cab out front – I had been warned that this was necessary. Off I ride to the Best Western in the old part of Manila proper. Greater Manila is like Greater New York City to the extent that there are essentially many cities that are all lumped together and called Manila. Makati is the financial center. Quezon City has some of the more wealthy areas. Old Manila is the original city and it is no longer the true hub of either government or business. Still it is where the US embassy is found.

My first sight of Greater Manila leaves an impression that stays with me to this day and it is not far off the map. Think about a capitalist system

¹ The school age was ordered to be raised to age 18 a some years later, but it was 16 at this time.

² Rather than pronouncing the letters like is done in the USA, in the Philippines they say, nah-eee-aa.

without meaningful laws regarding commerce, no planning and a real entrepreneurial spirit. It looks like Manhattan on an acid trip. The traffic looks exactly the same. I drive in the outer provinces in the Philippines but I will never drive in Greater Manila. And that is from a guy who has driven a tractor-trailer through both NYC and Chicago. Driving in Greater Manila is an elaborate game of chicken, although when you are in the middle of it, it more closely resembles bumper cars where no one exactly touches.

I get to the hotel at 7:15AM with a boost of adrenaline thanks to the drive. My room at the Best Western including my internet access is about \$44US per day.

I had arranged for Ganda to meet me there at 9:30. I take a shower, change my clothes and lay down for a nap. At 9:40 there is a knock on the door. Ganda has been escorted up by a bellhop. I tip him and Ganda enters the room.

How can I explain this so that you will really appreciate what transpires? You know I am fat. By fat I do not mean grossly corpulent. But I do carry far too much weight. I am 58. I have gray hair and a gray beard. Into the room walks this 28 year-old beauty in high heels and a dress that comes to mid-thigh. She is wearing minimal makeup and precious little else. Her face is really pretty and her smile is tinged with a trembling fear as the door closes behind her.

All I am able to say to her is, *Wow you are beautiful!* She smiles. We sit on the edge of the bed and try to talk but that is just not working. We are fumbling badly. I kiss her and she kisses back. And we lay back on the bed kissing. Slowly the kissing becomes more intense and the clothes started to come off. By noon she is naked and I am in her bareback. She is as active as I. Giving as well as taking. We take turns, I eating her pussy that has no smell at all! The pussy is clean shaven; not a hint of hair. She goes down on me and does a good job though she does not swallow. We fuck like rabbits in between rest breaks. (When using Viagra, which I do right before I lay down, and then again later a few times again as the days continues, there is an interesting side effect. You can stay hard for a long time but it is hard to cum.) By 4PM we decide we are hungry. We shower and go downstairs to the hotel restaurant for a meal.

Once done we retire once more to the room and commence more lovemaking. She weighs 96 pounds and I am 220. She is a small, pretty Asian beauty and I am just a white guy with nothing special about me.

What I am experiencing is out of this world. She denies me nothing. She allows me to take her ass as well as her pussy. Anything I want, it is OK with her. The next day after we finally get out of bed at 10AM following a morning of more fucking and sucking, we go shopping for a few things at a Mall and then return to more sex. Under her dress, she wears a thong and a small padded bra, that is all. Fucking her means only lifting up the hem of her dress. When we are out she hangs onto me like losing touch would mean her death. She sticks to me and simply refuses to let go.

In the first three days we have not learned much about each other, other than I am not going to hurt her and she doesn't want to lose me. But, the first three days are all we have at that time and she knows it. She knows I am about to meet someone else.

One thing I have discovered is that she doesn't have a home, or an apartment, or even a rented room. She has what is known in the Philippines as a bed-spacer. Like much in that portion of population in the archipelago, a huge section of the society manages in an *ad hoc* fashion. A bed-spacer is a room that is converted into a dormitory for either women or men by a homeowner. The room may be small. It contains three, four or more beds and there is, somewhere in the place, a communal but essentially single use bathroom. So renting a bed-spacer is renting a bed in that room and having access to a toilet and cold shower. There is also no hot water. That is the norm. Except for where foreigners stay, no one has hot water.

In fact, if you ask a Filipino about hot water for showers they tend to laugh or giggle at you. If you, as a foreigner lease a place and want a hot shower, there is (as I discovered) an option. It is possible to purchase a water heater device for your shower. It connects to the wall in the shower where the spigot is found normally. The water enters the tank and exits via a flexible hose and showerhead. It is an on demand system. The heater uses electricity. It has a cord that runs from the tank to an outlet. (Normally the outlet is just to the side of the tank on the wall above where the shower-curtain hangs. It works fine, but, never in a million years, would it get UL approval in the US!)

Ganda is working at a call center. Not one that takes calls from disgruntled US citizens calling an 800 number. No, in this case she is selling BlackBerry phones with long-term contracts to small UK businesses. It is done by cold calls. Since the UK is 8 hours different from the Philippines, their workday starts at 2pm and runs until midnight or later. <Split-2>

The night before I leave, I ask her if she would agree to be with me if I added other women to our life. She is less than happy. She wants to know what she is doing wrong. I tell her she isn't doing anything wrong, which is why I am asking. She is truly confused but fundamentally she says she is willing.

On the last day Ganda and I am together, I get an email asking for money from Joy. I had told the girls, not to ask me for money and she has broken the rule; plus she says it is for her daughter. I didn't like the sound of that and tell her I am canceling. I decided that of all the girls I was expecting to meet, Ganda is probably the best bet.

I am aware Ganda has a daughter, but, clearly, she is not staying at a bed-spacer. I gather that the child is in the care of the extended family on the Island of Mindanao.

I am concerned about Ganda's living arrangement. Ganda is sharing her bed-spacer room with four other girls. Her shift work runs counter to the routines of the other girls and Ganda is not ever getting a full night's sleep. Noise and movement of the others is a constant in her life. While I am away with Drama, who I had pretty much written off but am still going to meet, I arrange for Ganda to stay in my room at the hotel and take meals there on my credit. I give her a few thousand pesos to cover cab fees, back and forth, to work. She will be in my room when I get back.

To see Drama I will be on a different island in the Philippines. I want to see Ganda again before I leave. She knows we have enjoyed each other, but there certainly is nothing settled. Her hesitancy about other women in my bed make her a not perfect candidate but she says she is willing. We will see when I return.

2

I arrange to meet Drama at NAIA terminal #3. It is the place from which Cebu Pacific Airlines flies. If you haven't heard of that airline, then you simply haven't spent any time in the Philippines. It is something of an overgrown commuter airline³. It is not possible to book one of their flights through Orbitz or Expedia. No US carrier has a code sharing agreement with Cebu Pacific. Their website cannot process US credit cards⁴.

The airline has an odd sales technique. The closer to the flight you book it, the more the ticket costs. This first flight costs me a lot because of that, but in the future I always manage to purchase my tickets early.⁵

When I get to NAIA #3, I go immediately to the ticket booth – not a counter – and purchase two round trips for Drama and me to Boracay. I have booked lodging at the Microtel, not because I like it but because it has a website, and lists Internet Access in the rooms as a feature. For the entire length of my stay, I need access to work. Not knowing the lay of the land I probably make some goofy choices, but it all works out.

Drama does not live on the island of Luzon, which is where Manila is located. Nor can she fly directly from her Island to Boracay. She has to fly to Manila first. I have sent her money for that. I meet her as her plane arrives (a bit late but that is part of what you learn is standard for Cebu Pacific).

I mentioned before that she was the youngest at 25 and smallest of the women I would meet. Her five year-old daughter, is at home with her mother, with whom Drama also lives. How do I describe Drama? She has a huge smile. It engulfs her face and the face is both youthful and darling. Not pretty in a fashion model sense, but pretty with an angelic beauty. As with just about all Filipinas her hair is straight and black. Her black eyes are both big and expressive. Physically she is a little slip of a thing.

³ It was at this time. It has over the subsequent years become a second flag carrier for the Philippines with international as well as domestic routes.

⁴ Credit card problems were fixed in later years.

⁵ Later there pricing policy will change.

She had told me before I travelled to the Philippines that she is afraid I will not be there to meet her at the airport. She is happy to see me and as soon as she clears the rope barrier, she is on my arm, much as Ganda had been.

As reserved as Ganda is, Drama is the opposite. Constantly talking, asking, and commenting. She is most interested in my impression of Ganda, whom she knew I had just met. I am unwilling to go that way and resist her at every turn, frustrating the hell out of the girl.

The plane ride takes us to an island adjacent to Boracay called Caticlan. Boracay has no airport of its own. You take a motor boat with outriggers to get across the water. We get there at low tide and cannot get to a pier or jetty. Being just an old westerner, what I am wearing are western boots (you might call them cowboy boots) and Levis. One of the boat's employees carries my bag ashore. I take off my boots and socks, roll up the Levis and get wet up to my ass. Such is life. We get ashore and are taken to the hotel by the hotel van. The roads in Boracay are not one lane roads, they are $\frac{3}{4}$ lane roads and the van is a scaled down thing that I swear looks like something shrunk down in a Disney movie like, 'Honey I shrunk the kids.'

The back end of the van is simply open and there is a bench on each side. You just climb in the back and sit on a bench. The driver in the cab in front can neither hear nor see you. Such as it is, we come to an unimproved gravel driveway at what looks like a service entrance to the hotel on one side and on the other side, clearly someone else's property, a native Nippa grass hut. Out we climb and walk into the hotel. As soon as we walk through the door, we are at the front desk. So ... no accounting for entrances.

Drama and I are booked there for four days. While the hotel poses some difficulties, my time with Drama is something of wet dreams. She is physically agile. She can assume just about any position and it is literally impossible to wear her out in bed. As she weighs so little I try to keep her on top or take her from the side or from the edge of the bed with me standing. In truth we use so many non-missionary positions that I can only recollect them as a blur. She is sensitive about her ass and I never get more than a knuckle into her there, but she makes up for it in many ways.

The first thing she wants to do, after we get to the room and shower from our walk through the ocean, is to fuck until supper. I am surprised that her breasts are a bit bigger than Ganda's. They are sensitive and she

loves my sucking on them. She also refuses condoms. She says she had not been with a man for five years and is disease free. While I have no way to prove it, it is hard for me to argue as she also asks me about my sexual contact. She wants to know about Ganda, is she going to get anything from her? But she really does not want the condoms. She says, *Get me pregnant Jake, then I will at least be your mistress.*

That is exactly what she wants. She did not want to marry. She is in the second year of college for a four year degree. What she wants is a man who would take her on as a Mistress and pay for her schooling. Before I came to the Philippines, I had told her I wasn't interested in that.

On the webcam she had says, *OK, I agree to marry if you want.*

But once I get to Boracay the old Mistress stuff comes out again. It is clear from day one at the hotel that she will not be the one, but she sure is fun to be with for those few days anyway.

That night we have dinner at the hotel. We are served by a very pretty waitress, who cannot have been older than 17. Her name is Jun. The dinner is OK but not great. Later that night my mind gets to thinking about Jun as I am fucking Drama for all she is worth. Laying in bed after giving Drama another deposit of cum, I tell her that I want to fuck both Jun and her together.

Drama looks at me and says, *I think you are a sex guy ... that is what you like. You want me and her in the bed with you?*

I smile, as there was no reason to deny it. I simply indicate that I do. Drama agrees to assist me the following day to see if we can make that happen. In the meantime, the sexy little Filipina already in my bed is enough for me to cum deep in her once more that night before sleep comes to us in that air-conditioned room.

The morning finds us out on the beach, which the hotel sits upon/adjacent to. Hell ... There is the hotel. You step off the terrace onto sand. You walk fifty yards through the sand and you are in the ocean. Is that upon or is it adjacent to?

We negotiate for a snorkeling adventure later that day; then we take a quick breakfast and a trip into town to see if we can find me some flip-flops. We also need, much to my surprise, a bikini for Drama. She has no swimwear. I buy her two string bikinis. They almost aren't there at

all; just three triangles with cords. Drama likes them and I never have reason to complain.

I don't have a big foot, but it is wide and finding flip flops that fit is a real hassle in the Philippines. Filipinos are small, slender, and evidently with thinner feet. I am a triple E. In the end, we find a pair and head back for a light lunch and sex before the snorkeling.

The sex is brief but I am having a hard time keeping my hands off Drama. She is not complaining. She is begging me to get her pregnant. As luck had it, she doesn't get pregnant. I dodge a bullet.

The snorkeling is great. I know there are such things in the Caribbean and many other places, but the Philippines are not known for this and to this day I really don't have a clue as to why. I have a blast checking out the fish as they play around us. It turns out that Drama is a fish too and she is swimming circles around me, having a ball.

Once back at the hotel, it is time for another shower, a sweet fuck and off to dinner at the hotel. As luck would have it ... we do not have Jun as our server. We never see her again.

Dinner is another ho-hum affair. We will go out the next night to somewhere else. The problem is that they are trying to make dishes for Americans and Europeans and they just are not getting it right. Later when I learn to eat and really like Filipino food, I will find that I can avoid those traps by asking for foods they really know how to cook. It turns out that Filipino food is really good.

Back in the room we strip down. For some reason Drama just looks like a better dessert than any of these I have just passed over in the restaurant. We take showers and as soon as we hit the bed I start at Drama's feet and nibble my way up until I am face to pussy. With a handful of ass in each mitt, I eat my dessert and am rewarded with a juicy topping.

Having given Drama a nice orgasm, I slide up to kiss her other lips.

She says for the hundredth time, *OK, Marry me now.*

Drama, if I marry you, will you obey?

Drama smiles and says, *I do not obey! You obey me!*

And that, Drama, is why you will never be mine.

Drama looks stunned, but in truth, she meant what she said. There are some tears but she has never really been ready to accept that I am not going to do things her way.

I'm not sure why I get the idea about requiring her to obey, other than she has been so willful and obstinate. I have never asked for a submissive before and do not see myself as a Master. But, at that moment, it is the right thing to do. Looking back, I am glad I have done it.

We have one more day on Boracay, and Drama keeps up the tergiversations between marriage and being a mistress. I just ignore it and have a nice day on a nice island. Dinner is in town and on the beach. The sand is covering the restaurant floor as you walk into the place. Dinner is nice but subdued. Drama knows the fantasy she is living out with her foreigner is about to end and end badly.

The next morning Drama and I fly to NAIA Terminal #3 together. As we are about to separate, she to her home island and me to the hotel, she has an honest to God tantrum right there in the airport. She doesn't want to fly home, she wants to stay with me. But I am on my way back to the Best Western and Ganda. How to get rid of her in the airport proves to be more than a bit of a pain. It is impossible. We are still arguing and I didn't want police asking me what is up as I try to leave the airport.

Then she says if I would just put her up for the night, she would visit her cousin in Manila the next day before she goes home. All the while, one moment she claims she will do things my way and the next saying she cannot. We have long passed the point where I will have her. There we are, in the airport and then in the taxi, this truly lovely young twenty-five-year-old and this old man. And the old man saying go away, go away. Before I made the trip, I could never have imagined anything so strange. I have a twenty-eight year-old waiting for me at the Best Western and I, fifty-eight years of age am trying to dump the twenty-five-year-old. This has to be one of the weirdest days of my life.

It is a hell of a scene at the Best Western. Drama stands in the lobby as I am at the front desk getting her a room. Then as she is being escorted up to the room by a bellhop... just to my left off the lobby Ganda appears from the restaurant and almost jumps into my arms. It is a

damned good thing that Drama doesn't turn around as it would have been one hell of a mess. Ganda and I go up to our room and I tell her everything about Drama. I tell her why I am dropping both Drama and the third girl I was to see. I tell Ganda that Drama is in the hotel for the night but that I have no intention of seeing Drama ever again.

I tell Ganda that if she will agree to other women in our bed, then Ganda will be my girl. Ganda cries a bit but then says, if that was what I want, OK she will agree. It is afternoon, I need to exchange more dollars for pesos and Ganda wants to introduce me to some of her friends including a married couple.

We leave the hotel and make our way from old Manila to Quezon City. On the way I stop off at a Banco de Oro (BDO) and exchange my dollars before eventually ending up on a nondescript street somewhere in the middle of Quezon City.

We are there to meet Maria Rose and her American husband Cliff. The street is shabby looking and the front of the building does not inspire confidence, but there is an armed guard there and we have to tell him, whom we are there to see, before he lets us pass. Once inside we take an elevator to the third floor. The heat of the city is amplified in the building and the elevator is an oven. But we get off and find the door. It is opened by a Filipina no more than twenty-three years of age. Inside there is a two-year-old playing with what looks like a real cell phone. As we enter and the door closes behind us we see an anglo guy with sandy blond hair, blue jeans a little shorter than we wear them in the west, as they do not come down and cover his heel. Hell they barely get past his ankle. Barefoot as the guy is, it is OK, but in boots they would look like he was irrigating a field, or what you might call high water pants. His short sleeve shirt is worn outside his jeans. He has blue eyes and a ready grin. He seems to be in his late forties or early fifties. The room has a few plastic chairs, the type that you can leave out on your lawn and that might stack one on top of the other for winter storage. There is no table. The room seems to be a kitchen and "other", but there is no fridge, no microwave. Just a jug of water on the counter, a two burner hot plate and a rice cooker. There is a flight of stairs to a room on the floor above which I gather is the bedroom.

Cliff is from Iowa. He grew up on a small family farm and had never left home, until the trip to the Philippines. His dad died years ago and he stayed on the farm with his aged mother, a bachelor farmer, until she died. A friend of his from childhood, with whom Cliff remained in

touch over the years never seemed to have made it back to the US after Viet Nam. Now this guy, Cliff's friend, was living in Quezon City.

When Cliff's mother died three years ago, his buddy urged him to close the house up, lease the land and move to the Philippines. Cliff was lost and bouncing off the walls at home, and the offer seemed like a 'what the hell' thing to do. Cliff literally boarded up the house, leased the land and bought an airline ticket.

For a week he and his buddy just knocked around. One day hanging out in a mall at the food court, which happens to be the best place to pick up girls, they met three girls in their late teens. The girls started flirting with the guys. Cliff's buddy seems to have hooked up with one of the girls for the day. Cliff, who for all his fifty years may never have had a girlfriend in his life, found himself in love with this kid.

That's how Cliff met Maria Rose, a nineteen-year old flirt with a killer figure and a face that, while it wouldn't stop traffic, wouldn't have you running for cover either. He was fifty. Two months later they were married and she was pregnant. She had a child from a previous hookup but she had never been married. The kid was living with the father's family. Exactly why, I never learned. I suspect that Cliff was a virgin when he lost his cherry to Maria Rose.

When Ganda and I met them, Cliff was running real low on funds. He was months away from the yearly lease payment on the farm land. They were trying to get a visa for the family to travel back to the US, but Cliff is not the brightest bulb and dealing with the US government left his head spinning. He just can't figure out how to do anything right when it came to the visa process. You might say of Cliff that he couldn't pour piss out of a boot even if the instructions were written on the heel.

But he is a genuinely nice guy. Maria Rose is a ditz but she loves Cliff and is proud of her little white faced girl, Tabatha. Even though Cliff, at this moment in time, barely has two pesos to rub together, Maria Rose never bails out on Cliff. She sticks to him like glue. She might have been a flirt and a ditz, but she is a loyal wife and a dedicated mother to Cliff's little girl. These are Ganda's friends and they have been good to her when she needed help. That makes them good people in my book.

We decide to go out to supper – my treat. Ganda suggests a restaurant near the Eastwood mall. It turns out to be an inspired recommendation. We have a wonderful meal for a tiny price. It is not a place for tourist

trade, but it is a place for affluent Filipinos. We eat until we are bursting. The dishes are exotic and tasty. The stuffed crab is a dish called Rellenong Alimasag. I will always remember it.

After supper we say goodbye to my new friends and head back to the hotel. It has been seven blissful hours without Drama!

3

Back at the hotel, we shower, and as full as we are, sex is a slow and sweet matter of licking and sucking and kissing for a couple of hours before we even get around to a legitimate fucking. Ganda's body is firm and if not as flexible as Drama's, it is plenty enough for me. Each time I am face to face with that hairless, shaved pussy of this Filipina, the more I feel like I am having sex with a girl far younger. From the small breasts and narrow hips to the small stature to the naked lips greeting me from between slim thighs, she is a woman in a girl's body.

As my cock slides into her pussy, I know that Ganda is mine for as long as I want her. She is not loud. She is not flippant. She doesn't demand. She doesn't ask for anything. If I offer she will accept, but never asks. She is in some ways simply childlike. For breakfast at the hotel she is ordering chocolate shakes. God bless her.

She knows that I am the real deal and she is not going to blow it. Her orgasms are real and strong. But I also know there is a side to her that is not presented directly to me but not hidden either.

I more than sensed that she could be a real character with whom to contend. Whenever we take a taxi, there is a voice and a tone that comes out to the driver that is neither meek nor is it lady-like. It is Donald Trump talking to the elevator operator on a bad day. And the drivers, once she says her piece, never fuck around taking us all over town. We get to where they are taking us without roundabout routes.

In bed, though, Ganda follows, she does not lead and she is fully compliant. Not a word of complaint as I take her in the ass right down to the root. Her body belongs to me. There is never a 'no.'

That night after two hours of comforting each other we fall asleep.

We are awakened at 5am by a pounding on our door by Drama who is hollering as well. Ganda and I stay silent and after five minutes the pounding and yelling stops. I am told later that she was escorted out of the hotel and into a taxi to the airport.

Ganda takes it all in stride. She has the guy, and Drama doesn't. Since I had been honest with Ganda the previous day about Drama, neither

Drama's appearance nor her behavior are a surprise and no explanation is required.

I have two items of business that need to be taken care of quickly as my trip is ending in three days. I want Ganda out of the bed-spacer and I need a place to stay when I return to be with Ganda on a second longer trip. And there is a difficulty in marrying Ganda as she had been married at age 18 and though she has been separated for six years, her annulment is not completed. Ganda had filed for the annulment and there is an attorney I want to meet. However, first is the issue of securing an apartment. Ganda says she will work on that and by seven in the morning she leaves to go back to the Cubao section of Quezon City in search of an apartment to lease.

Ganda's call center is in a high-rise on P. Tuazon Street in Cubao. That's where she is looking to find a rental. By mid-afternoon she thinks she has one located. We will try to close the deal the next day. In the meantime her attorney agrees to meet us at a mall, and not his office. This just doesn't feel right. I ask Ganda about it but I don't think she understands my concern.

I take a taxi to a Mall in Makati where I meet Ganda. We wait for Attorney Cruz to appear. About an hour later this young pudgy guy with two toddlers shows and introduces himself. The pudge is Cruz.

He gives me this song and dance that they have done everything and are waiting for word from the court before anything else can be done. All the hearings were completed 60 days earlier. Nothing he says rings true but I don't know enough about the annulment process and the courts to say much.

When we are done with attorney Pudge, Ganda and I wander over to the food court of the mall. I ask Ganda to pick out three girls. If I can pick up one, Ganda must agree to have sex with that girl and me tonight. Ganda is a little weirded out by the request.

She selects only one.

OK I will try and if she says no, then you will pick another.

She agrees. I suggest Ganda go into one of the shops close to the food court for five minutes and she gathers herself up and does as I have asked.

The first woman Ganda selects sits down with a guy. I text her, she comes back and eventually selects another girl. Once again Ganda leaves. I approach the woman. She is nice but it comes out that she has a boyfriend. Strike two.

I text Ganda yet again, she comes back and selects a third and she says, *Last girl.*

We will see. I don't agree to that but no sense in arguing at the moment.

I watch what the selected woman, who is maybe in her early 30's, is doing and finally where she sits once she has purchased her food. I sit down on the other end of the same table – it can seat maybe six and there are just the two of us.

She has her hair shoulder length and it shows the effects of a trip to the beauty parlor. Lazy open curls fall down her neck. Her skin is light. She is wearing a short orange dress and pumps with three-inch heels. I see no sign of a wedding ring. She is thin, five foot two and very attractive.

I say hello and she returns the greeting.

My name is Jake. Is it OK if I sit here?

Hi Jake, I am Krissel and of course you can sit there. Are you waiting for someone?

Yes I am waiting for a friend. Are you waiting for someone?

No Jake, I just having a meal before I go to my room.

I see. I do not mean to be noseiy but I am still learning about your country. Is it OK if I ask a few questions?

Yes of course you should ask.

You said you are going back to your room. Do you rent a room or a bed spacer?

Ah you know about bed spacers? OK. Yes a bed spacer.

Are you single

Yes Jake I am single. Are you single Jake?

Yes Krissell I am single. I am trying to decide two things.

Haha. What are those two things Jake.

Well Krissell I am trying to find a woman to marry and I am trying to find a Mistress for my wife and me.

Why you want a Mistress if you do not even have a wife? I understand if a wife is no good then you get a mistress but you don't have a wife yet. And why do you say for 'your wife and you?' Why you not just say 'for you?'

*Krissell, those are good questions. I want two women not just one. It is the way I am. And I want them in bed with me at the same time. So it needs to be **with** my wife.*

How you going to treat the wife and the mistress?

I will treat them the same. I will support both and take care of both.

I think you are lying, no woman would agree to this and be your wife.

Krissell, if you meet the woman I might marry and she tells you that she picked you out for me to talk with, would you consider being a mistress?

Really, she is here and she picked me out?

Truly Krissell. Do you want to meet her? I will only introduce the two of you if you will agree to come with us tonight and see how we work out together. If it works well you will no longer be in a bed spacer ever again.

Sure I will meet her. I do not think this is the truth!

I text Ganda and ask her to join us. Two minutes later Ganda walks up and Krissell immediately starts chatting in Tagalog with Ganda. Ganda is answering. This is a long and involved discussion and I have no idea what is being said, but at some point the discussion seems to be completed and the two are smiling and laughing.

Krissell has not even touched her food and Ganda is motioning for both of us to get going. I tell Krissell to leave it, I will pay for a nice meal back at the hotel.

In the taxi Ganda tells me that Krissell is working for a lower wage than Ganda is getting. The call center will hire Krissell if she goes to work with Ganda at her next shift. The two of them can share the apartment and so my costs will not go up, in fact they might be lower. As I learn the economics of it all, I find that Ganda earns ten thousand peso a month. She sends a quarter of that to her mom and sister for the care of Ganda's daughter. Krissell's story is similar. At the exchange rate I experience during that trip, Ganda's monthly salary in US dollars was approximately \$215.00. And since she was sending \$54 of that back to Mindanao, it left her with \$161 a month to live on. The bed spacer was costing her one thousand five hundred pesos or \$33 a month. The rest went for food, toiletries and sundries. It was a meager existence.

We go back to the hotel in Manila from Makati. The staff at the front desk and the bellman just smile broadly as I escort both women up to my room. Ganda insists they need the bathroom which she calls the CR (for comfort room). She says they need to freshen up before we go to dine. Once up in the room the girls disappear into the CR and while I hear talking and laughing I don't see them for twenty minutes. When they do come out, each one gives me a peck on the cheek and Ganda announces they are ready.

The dining room staff hovers over the girls and me so attentively that I think Krissell is about to panic. She has never eaten with staff just standing there watching. I beckon the guy who I think is the head waiter and whisper that a little less attention to our table would be nice. Within seconds the army is in retreat. My reward is a volley of giggles.

The girls have bangus (milkfish) and pancit (noodle dish). I have shrimp and pancit. We share a large platter of Yang Chow fried rice. The girls are chatting in Tagalog and I do not have a clue of what is being said. I say as much.

Ganda looks at me and lays it out. *You want two of us? OK I accept that if I must, but she is going to be my best friend in life. So we have a lot to talk about. OK?*

OK, I gather 'I have been told' and it is a direct consequence of my desire and request. I concentrate on the food in front of me and ignore

the girls. And that is what I am doing when I get one of those questions it is hard to answer in public over dinner without everyone listening in.

Jake. How you going to get Krissell to the USA? You only allowed one wife. One visa.

You are correct Ganda, only one fiancée or marriage visa. But if Krissell has skills I need in my company, and there is no one I can hire where I am to fill the job, I can get a visa to bring her in on a work Visa. I can bring both of you over. Not at the same time ... but I can do it.

She is not a nurse or med-tech, so no way.

There are other types of jobs. This one time you are just going to have to trust me.

No. You are wrong.

*Let me restate that. **You don't have to trust I can do it, Krissell has to trust.** You, I will bring over, with a Fiancée visa, so **for you this is no worry.** Krissell needs to work with me to build up some skills for her visa. So long as she has faith and cooperates with me, I can get it done. Besides, I have only met Krissell. Let us get through a day before we are sure. OK?*

I get two double eyebrows. And that requires explanation. With Filipino's, the eyebrow when raised, once but usually twice, in answer to a question means, 'yes'.

After supper we head back to the room. Both girls say they are stuffed and it occurs to me that they probably are truly stuffed indeed! With their meager incomes, their normal diet is one of getting enough to get through and never really eating until full. That may be one of the reasons they are slim. That is something to think about as I start to make their lives easier.

Back in our room there is the issue of how to deal with a girl I have never been with before while Ganda is in the room. In truth she needs to stay in the room. The thing I had been saying to Ganda was that the extra woman will not be in replacement of Ganda. It is not because Ganda is not good enough, and it is not a separate arrangement which excludes Ganda. It is always to be with Ganda. The two of us plus a woman. And so Ganda has to be in the room.

I am still thinking about how to handle it when Ganda says, *Krissell and I will go to the CR to get ready. You get into bed now and turn off the lights. OK?*

I, not being a Filipino, just smile and nod my head.

In just a few minutes the sheets move from both sides of the bed at the same time. In no time I have a girl on either side of me. The first problem is to figure out which one is Ganda. I have a hunch based on the side of the bed that Ganda prefers and the hunch is right. I give Ganda a long slow kiss and tell her she is an angel, and a sexy angel too.

Then I turn towards Krissell and take her into my arms. We kiss and I caress her back and down her ass. I pay attention to her breasts. They are larger than are Ganda's and her hips are a little wider. Her pussy is shaven and that is no longer a surprise to me. I would have been surprised if she had hair there.

As I am kissing Krissell I feel Ganda's breath on my right ear and then a very quiet whisper, *Jake, be careful, she is a virgin.*

I speak to Krissell. *Until we are sure, I do not want to take your virginity. OK?*

Krissell throws her arms around me, *Salamat po. Maraming, maraming salamat po.* (This requires some translation. Salamat means thank you. Po is sir, or indicates respect of an elder / someone important. Maraming should be translated as 'very much.' So what Krissell was saying was 'Thank you Sir, Thank you very very much.'

I am just learning Tagalog, but I know how to answer. *Walang anuman.* (Filipinos and books say that means 'You're Welcome.' Well it does in the same way the Spanish 'Da nada' means that. However my mother told me to never say, 'Oh heck it was nothing' and be a gentleman and say 'you're welcome'. So you figure it out. All I know is I hear my Mom pounding away, saying that I am diminishing the thank you by saying 'it is nothing.' Every time I say *Walang anuman*, I get Mom in my head. Jeez that is all I need at this moment!)

I teach Krissell to give me head. Ganda already knows and helps show Krissell some techniques. They are handling my cock like a science experiment. But Ganda is getting the ideas across and Krissell is a

willing learner. Ganda has turned on a lamp by the bed for purposes of instruction. My god these are two good looking females.

Soon enough Krissell has her suction working, her rhythm established and she is going to town on me. Her attitude is good, her technique for a beginner is excellent. And based on Ganda's instructions she swallows my cum while maintaining the suction. I am on cloud nine.

I give her a good pussy eating, with Ganda sucking on one of her breasts the whole time. This brings the girl to her very first orgasm.

Once she comes down to earth, I quietly tell her that she needs to eat Ganda's pussy as I ate hers.

Ganun? (Really?)

Talaga (Truly)

I slide down with her. Ganda spreads her pretty thighs and I engage in a physiology lesson with Krissell. Two minutes later my help is long past being needed and as she digs into Ganda's pussy, I whisper into Krissell's ear, *She will be your wife as much as I will be a husband to you. Make her need you and you will always be happy.*

I get the eyebrows from Krissell and she is no longer paying any attention to me. She is going to get Ganda off. I slide up and latch on to one breast by mouth, the other by hand and we do not give Ganda a moment without stimulation. In a matter of minutes Ganda starts to orgasm and she doesn't stop for three solid minutes. But she is not done because her reaction to all that is to pull me on top of her and demand that I fuck her.

Krissell moves her head out of the way as I mount Ganda missionary style. I pull Krissell up and push her head towards Ganda's right breast. Krissell knows what to do from there as I slide into Ganda and kiss her in anything but a gentle way. Ganda explodes again. I turn Ganda over and with some KY oil I brought with me, I slick up her ass. I lean over to Krissell and ask her to start kissing Ganda and, *make her your lover.*

Krissell gets on her back and slides over to get below Ganda's face. The two are now kissing as I slide my cock into Ganda's bunghole.

Slowly I penetrate her ass, back and forth. At the same time, I find Krissell's right hand and I bring it up to Ganda's pussy. From the back of Krissell's hand, I push Krissell's middle finger into Ganda's pussy. Krissell indicates she can take it from there and starts finger fucking Ganda while I take my girl's ass.

Ganda is going through nonstop involuntary spasms and I cannot contain my load. I dump my cum deep in Ganda's ass. I withdraw from her ass as Krissell is withdrawing her fingers from the girl's pussy. Ganda is totally out of it.

Krissell kisses me and tells me she will be right back. She quickly ducks into the CR, returning with a washcloth. She proceeds to clean up my cock along with the surrounding area.

Krissell asks me, *If I am good to you and Ganda, you will always treat me good like you treat Ganda? You not get drunk or hit me? You not do drugs?*

I assure her she is not in any risk of any of that.

Take my virginity.

Not without Ganda's agreement.

Ganda, face in a pillow and seemingly totally out of it, mumbling muffled through the pillow, *oo, sige* (oo pronounced Oh-Oh is Tagalog for yes, sige pronounced sig-ee means OK or go ahead.)

4

I had just dumped a load in Ganda's ass. I had nothing for Krissell at that moment.

OK, but not now. My body is not ready. Come here and just let me hold you. You think you can love an old fat man like me?

Opo (pronounced Oh-Po, means Yes Sir or Yes Ma'am.) *You are Pogi.* (handsome)

I am holding Krissell in my arms. Her head rests nested on my right between my arm and my chest. She is lying on her side with her head looking at my chest. My right hand rests on her right hip. Her right leg crosses over my legs. We are cozy, safe and comfortable. Ganda is on my left, face down on the bed. Her left hand is on my left shoulder and my left hand is on her left buttock. The drone of the air conditioner on medium-low is the only background sound.

Krissell, I want you to start at the first thing you remember as a young child and tell me your story. The places you lived; the people in your family; the problems you and your family dealt with. The schools you attended. Who your friends are and how you got to where you are, at the bed spacer and work now. We have all night. There is nothing I want more, than to know this.

I am shy to tell you.

If you want me to accept you; if you want me to bring you to the US and be part of my family, this you must do.

Ganda mutters, *Where were you born?*

And so, slowly with frequent questions along the way, Ganda and I learn Krissell's story. Ganda might have had a little of it before in Tagalog, but I have it new for the first time.

As she opens up to me, she becomes a real person with a family and brothers, sisters, cousins, nieces and nephews. We learn that she has a BS in computer science, but that she is unable to get a decent paying job

in her field. We also learn that she knows Chinese, as well as Tagalog and Visayan and Ilocano.

After a long time and a lot of sharing, she rests her tale and I, with new vigor, start kissing her lips. I move my right hand from her hip to her ass. She shifts her body and starts humping my right leg.

My left hand travels from Ganda's ass to Krissell's pussy and is met with a welcoming sigh. She gives me access and encouragement. I give her love from my lips to her lips, sweet kisses meant to communicate caring and love first. I roll on to her, and in a basic missionary position, enter her slowly. I meet resistance as I reach her hymen and then it is like the hymen has never been there. She gives the loss not a moment's commemoration as she pulls me into her and requires my cock's full attention, telling me, *I am yours, I am yours pogi, yours.*

And she is mine. Mine and Ganda's. The lovemaking is delicious and long. We shift positions time after time and finally when Ganda starts to squeeze my balls and kiss my neck as I stroke in and out of Krissell's cunt, my cum meets Krissell's inner sanctum sanctorum. I bury the word there. Hell, I bury the whole dictionary there. And so it is every time a man enters the House of the Lord, the Beth El, and pays due homage. Krissell was my Vestal Virgin and now she will be my Temple Whore forever more.

I would be lying if I say I remember any more of that night. I don't. I do remember Ganda shaking me and telling me that we have to get going if we want any breakfast before meeting the property lady about the lease on the apartment. At that point, it is all ass and elbows as we get showered and toileted and dressed.

At breakfast, Ganda has her chocolate shake. Krissell has chicken and rice. I have eggs over easy with corn beef hash, OJ and coffee ... and no, hash is not a foreign dish in the Philippines, they love their corned beef hash. Go figure.

Afterward we three pile into a taxi and head to Cubao. It's an hour drive and this time the game of chicken our taxi driver is playing has me hurtling out of the back seat, over the back of the front seat and toward the windshield before Ganda and Krissell grab enough of me to stop the impact of head on glass. The driver doesn't say squat. He just drives on.

When we finally get to the Bougainvillea Mansions on P. Tuazon Street, I am ready to disembark from that damned taxi.

The place looks nice. There are two five-story buildings, a gated security entrance and it looks well-kept and clean. P. Tuazon Street itself looks just fine and the address is a short walk from Dampa Farmers Market, SM Mall, Ali Mall, Gateway Mall and Farmers Mall. The Gateway Mall is built around and on top of the Araneta Center, a huge public auditorium venue for live events from pro basketball, boxing and cockfights to first run movies and huge TV spectaculars. Ganda's workplace is in walking distance. The apartment – I am told is a condo – a studio affair with a bathroom. It is a bit dirty but completely serviceable. I provide the down and security deposit and we sign a lease. It is ours for a year.

With the key in hand, the three of us head over to the SM Mall. I purchase a queen size bed, and sheets and pillows, and a table and chairs. The furniture will be delivered later. We carry the pillows and sheets back to the place. Ganda calls Maria Rose and tells her she now has a place for some of her stuff and gives Maria Rose the address. Ganda then takes off afoot to her bed spacer to remove her things from there. I give her pesos for a taxi ride back. I give Krissell pesos for a taxi to Makati and back to gather up things from her bed spacer. I stay put.

Two hours later Ganda is back, Cliff and Maria Rose (with Tabitha) are there with other things of Ganda's. I thank them and hand Cliff some pesos to cover the costs he had incurred getting the stuff over to the condo. They can walk home without cost now, but I told them to hang out as I was going to take everyone out for a nice meal. They are happy to stay.

Shortly thereafter, Krissell shows up with a single suitcase. What she brings, amounts to all the things she owns in this world. Ganda goes out to arrange for the electric service to be put into her name. Water is provided by the building management. That fee is paid to the building manager. The next day Ganda will arrange for cable TV and DSL, which I need if I am going to be able to stay in this place on my return.

I also provide Ganda and Krissell money for a microwave, a small refrigerator, a two-burner hot plate, air conditioner, and a water cooler/heater. You know the type with the huge blue bottles you put in upside down? All these things will arrive after I leave this time but will be there when I get back. They did not need a laptop as Ganda has one. That is in itself a long story and not worth telling here.

For now we have done all we can do. We have one more day at the hotel and then I am flying back to the USA and the girls will be at the Call Center when not at the condo. Five of us walk and one is carried across the EDSA highway and down a block along the service road of the EDSA before turning, just after the stairs for the MRT trains, away from EDSA, and past the Dampa Farmers Market, across the street and around the Gateway Mall; then finally, across one more street, to the Ali Mall. This night I eat for the first time at Gerry's Grill in the Ali Mall. I will be back many times. Ganda and Krissell cooperate in ordering for the two of them and me. I get lechon, a rotisserie pork with a crisp crunchy skin and savory fat layer. There are so many dishes that I cannot remember all the wonderful flavors of the night. There is one thing certain: I love Filipino food.

We split up, as we leave the restaurant. Cliff and Maria Rose are not far from their apartment but we three have a long taxi ride back to the hotel for one last night. Remembering the ride in the morning I am not looking forward to this ride. However, it is uneventful, though slow. We return to a quiet lobby and smiling staff as we walk up to our second floor room.

The day has been a bonding experience for my girls. There is a difference in their interactions now. A protectiveness. Taking care of each other. You can see it in many little gestures and actions. This is something that will be going on for some months and I will not be there for much of it.

The feel of the night is informed by the new awareness between these two girls that their life is a bonded one, from now, and forever forward. The love making that follows is different from any I had experienced before. I am the object but the communication is between the two of them as they start to work out their communication system; how to approach me as a pair. It was erotic, sexy, stimulating but I am also distant from them a bit this time, not physically but emotionally. The kissing was between the two of them. The give and take of communication was between the two of them. Still my cock is well treated. I end up coming in Krissell's ass and Ganda's pussy.

It is a first for Krissell and me, but, it is Ganda who greases up Krissell's ass. It is Ganda, who is whispering instructions to Krissell as she learns to take my cock up her bunghole.

Still, I do have one on each side of me as we drift off to sleep that night.

The next morning is a bit different. I have slipped out of bed for a quick run to the CR and have a woody as I come back into bed. I pull Krissell's ass over to the edge of the bed. She is face up as I grease up her ass and slide in while standing at the side edge of the bed. As Ganda moves closer. I pull her over so that she is kneeling with her legs on either side of Krissell and face to face with me. I push Ganda so that her pussy is in Krissell's face. I am reaming Krissell but good. Krissell is eating Ganda's pussy. Ganda and I are kissing deeply and with real passion.

It is taking a long time to come and I decided to have the girls switch positions. Ganda cleans my cock off with a damp towel that has lain by the bed since the previous night. And then I enter Ganda, with Krissell on top. Krissell is attacking my face with her lips. She is excited and getting off on the tongue-lashing she is getting when she whispers in my ear, *I will make Ganda your slave and she will do anything you ask next time you see us. I am your slave now. I will do anything you want. You will see.*

And with that my cum lets lose inside of Ganda, who subsequently rewards Krissell, who then comes from Ganda's attentions. I whisper to Krissell to finger fuck Ganda until she comes. Then I lay back and watch as Krissell takes my instructions on with a vigor that is amazing to see. Krissell is tit to tit with Ganda, kissing her, mauling Ganda's breasts with her left hand and finger fucking Ganda with her right hand. Ganda is on her back with nowhere to go. Ganda's hips are bucking, her legs are flailing around and then she becomes a board as she cums long and hard, leaking juices all over the sheets.

After a morning shower and a trip downstairs to the restaurant, we finalize our plans as it is about time for me to leave. We agree that I will be back in early December. It is now September. I will stay until February and meet both their families. That includes Ganda's daughter who is nine. I will meet five of Ganda's sisters and her two brothers. I will also meet Krissell's two sisters. Her parents are both dead.

There will be an engagement party in Mindanao with Ganda's family attending. We will spend Christmas and New Year's with them. Krissell's family is somewhat disintegrated and so other than meeting her sisters there's no one else to visit other than the aunt with whom her sisters live.

In the mean time I give Krissell instructions to get certified on as many Cisco certs as possible including the security and telephony stuff. She knows I am paying for it. If getting the certs is impaired by working at

the Call Center, that's OK ... She should quit the job. She's excited to be going back to school. She's excited knowing that tuition for the first time in her life is not going to be an issue. With Ganda looking on, Krissell looks at me and says, *Jake, you are pogi and you are also good. I know Ganda will be the wife. But I am yours for life too and what you do for me now, I will never forget. Anything you want, I will give you. You will see.*

Ganda looks at Krissell and then at me. She swallows hard before speaking. *Jake, if Krissell will do anything, I will too. No offense Krissell, but I am not going to lose you, Jake, to anyone, ever.*

I hug them both and assure them that neither of them were ever at risk of being left or replaced. I am not sure they believe me.

As we leave the hotel for the last time I look at my two girls. I know I don't want to marry and yet I will marry. Still this is not to be a marriage like any other of which I have ever heard. Ganda will have the honors, but Krissell is there too. The dynamics of the marital relationship will be radically different. I am looking forward to the future.

We three take a taxi to Terminal #1, of NAIA, where Philippine Airlines has their international flights. They drop me off and head to Cubao, with tens of thousands of pesos in their pockets.

5

The trip back home is long and uneventful. Once I get stored away and immediate matters are attended to, I make my reservations to get back to the girls. I also start advertising in local and regional papers for a position in my company. The person needs to be able to speak English, Tagalog, Ilocano, Visayan, and Mandarin Chinese. The skill set includes Cisco certs in Security and a BS in computer science. The individual has to be willing to relocate. I place the ad, (one ad per month,) in three newspapers covering a two state region around me and then I cross my fingers and wait. The ads are to appear for a year.

I also investigate Philippine family law and more specifically the law regarding annulments. It is clear that Atty. Pudge Cruz is full of shit. I start pressing Ganda on the issue, asking her to get another attorney. Finally she agrees to meet with one for advice. My demands strain our relationship as she is not used to questioning the authority of an attorney.

When she meets with the second attorney – her eyes are opened a bit. This second attorney advises her to go to the court and get copies of her entire record. When Ganda does as directed the court clerk tells her that the case was about to be dismissed in sixty days due to lack of activity! Ganda asks, what is the next thing that is supposed to happen? The secretary tells her that if her attorney is done with witnesses he should file a case summary and ask for a decision. Ganda is stunned. It is now October and the last hearing had been in July. The claims of her attorney have been bogus. Now Ganda is totally beside herself. Nothing in her upbringing prepares her to go nose to nose with an attorney. But there I am demanding just that. I write an email letter to the attorney, cc'ed to both Ganda and the second attorney. In it I tell Pudge that there is ample evidence of incompetent counsel on his part and that he is either to file the summary forthwith or withdraw from the case in favor of the second attorney. There is a bunch of back and forth after that letter, but the upshot is that Pudge files the summary within seven days of my demand. We pay Pudge off and never hear from him again.

The court secretary tells Ganda she no longer needs an attorney as Ganda can do the rest on her own, with the secretary's help. Of course that includes a fifty thousand peso bribe to the Judge and a trip to Goldilocks bakery, for goodies every time Ganda visits the court. Still in a matter of weeks, the decision in favor of the annulment is signed. It

is then sent to the Federal Prosecutors' office for review. That office has the right to object. There is no objection. Then the process of stamps, service on her "ex" in Mindanao and related bullshit goes on for two more months. By the time Ganda's passport is reissued in her maiden name – which is a requirement – it is three months. However, I am back in the Philippines by then and can't file for the visa when I am overseas. Only when I return from being with the girls that second time can I file for the fiancée visa. That will start a five-month clock. Five months is how long it takes to get such a visa processed by the US government assuming there are no hang-ups.

Krissell is taking every Cisco Cert she can in the order mandated for her to get certified in Security and Voice.

In the months I am back in the USA and the girls are in Cubao, we video chat every day for a few hours. It is nice, but not a substitute for being with them. I do get introduced to Krissell's sisters, Ann, 16 and Ninay, 14. They are cute kids and fun to chat with as well.

The time at home isn't restful as it is an interlude. I replace some parts of computer systems that are close to their MTBF. I re-arrange staff responsibilities to deal with things that are normally my concern. It isn't perfect but it is as good as I can make it without shutting down parts of the business.

I decide is time for me to purchase shorts and tropical weight shirts. I find that Sierra Trading Post On-line is the perfect place to get that done.

Just before I am set to return, Ganda's Call Center closes their operations and she is out of a job. She is anxious to find a new one, but I tell her not to do so since I will be there in a couple of weeks. She agrees. I send some extra money to cover costs as she will not be getting paychecks.

It is another long, and for that reason alone, unpleasant series of flights back. I arrive at night at NAIA Terminal #1 and get to our condo door close to midnight. I expect to be tired, but instead I am a little wired. I think we are all on edge a bit. Ganda is worried what her family will think of her as I have two women. She is embarrassed. Krissell is excited about her progress in her certification classes.

I promise Ganda it will be OK but she is unconvinced. I congratulate Krissell, which makes Ganda a little more nervous. We will not be

seeing Ganda's family for two weeks. I tell her to give me time; she finally agrees to give it a rest.

Ganda has also gained weight. Five kilos to be exact. That isn't going to work. I tell her that nothing will stop me from marrying her with one exception. She has to get that weight off. Now Ganda is crying but I am not going to give in on that. It is on that somber note that we go to bed that night. Me in the middle and a girl on each side.

The next day Ganda is moping around and Krissell is doing her best to cheer Ganda up while not trying to act like it isn't serious. Krissell asks me how much time Ganda has to take off the weight. As she has added it in two months I tell them that she has to get two and one half kilos off in a month and the other half off before I leave. At that, Ganda brightens up. She is sure she can do that. She wants to know if I will make love to her now? Or does she have to wait until she has lost the weight? I tell her I will make love with the both of them without penalty and without delay.

A minute later both are in bed, naked and telling me I need to join them. We spend four hours in bed, playing, fucking, sucking, talking, fondling and in general re-bonding. When we are done, both have cum in their cunts and both have smiles on their faces.

We are still just lying in bed but not doing a damned thing when there is a knock on the door. Giggles followed by both girls jumping out of bed and telling me to put my pants on. Then following a yelled message to the knockee, in what might have been Tagalog, we all get clothing on before Ganda opens the door. In walk Krissell's sisters, Ann and Ninay. There is a bunch of hugging between the girls and then Krissell is about to formally introduce them to me. But since we have already chatted on-line that sort of seemed redundant. Ann, Ninay and I all say as much at the same moment causing a lot of laughing.

Hey, I don't need to be introduced, I need a hug from each of you.

Ann steps up first, gives me a hug and then a kiss. But, not a sisterly kiss and her hands weren't doing sisterly things to my crotch. It has been a good ninety minutes since I had last cum in her sister's cunt and Ann is getting me hard.

As we stop I ask Ann, *What was that for?*

Her answer is honest as she stands back enough to show off her figure. *Krissell and Ganda aren't the only ones you can enjoy. I can make you happy too.*

At which point Ninay inserts herself between Ann and me. She sidles right into my arms and if I had thought Ann was being provocative, Ninay leaves nothing to the imagination. Her left hand pulls the zipper on my shorts down and slides her hand into the shorts, finding my cock as I am not wearing underwear. She is kissing and working my cock for all she is worth.

I disengage from her and ask her if she is also wanting in my bed.

I got an Opo from Ninay as clear as a bell.

Krissell moves to my right side and whispers, *Ganda will accept this now, it's OK, lets all get into bed.*

I whisper back, *No Krissell, these girls are too young.*

Krissell whispering again. *They know you can't take them to the US now, but you fuck them now and support them in school. Then later they will have the education like mine and you can hire them too! You will see, they will be good to you.*

I am saying no. All the while there are four pair of hands pulling me on to the bed. My shorts are removed. I am, honest to God, the blue plate special. Ann and Ninay are the hungry diners. Ganda and Krissell are the waitresses, serving me up. With the exceptions of CR breaks, there are five of us in that queen size bed for another three hours. In the process, the sheets get bloody. I clearly have broken the law, but for the life of me, I didn't ask for this. What I need to do is limit the damage.

I tell them no more sex until each one has turned eighteen. They don't say a word, but they don't say no either. Ann has graduated high school so I tell her to get her ass enrolled in a college offering a BS in computer science. Ninay has two more years of high school but her aunt says she could not afford it and Ninay has not been in school since the previous May. We spend the rest of that day getting her tuition paid and Ninay back in school. I also pay for some tutors to get her back up to speed with her class. It looks like I have a larger household than can be accommodated by the studio apartment. I speak to the building manager and arrange for an upgrade to a vacant condo on the fifth

floor that has two bedrooms and an open room for everything else. Five days later we move upstairs.

Ninay tries to have sex with me the second day they are there, but I refuse and tell her she will just have to wait.

But I need help to play tuition. If I don't do this for you, why you help me?

Ninay I am helping you. I will continue to do so. You must stop trying to have sex with me. You are too young.

Hindi (no) I am not!

I tell Ninay to knock it off or I will stop helping her and that ends it.

Ann is another story. She has Krissell and Ganda helping her at every turn. Ann is stunningly good looking, and convinced that she is simply not too young. I will go to bed with Ganda and Krissell and by morning while Ganda is still there, the pussy I am in is often Ann's. I give up trying to stop her and she is often in our bed.

The issue of Krissell's coming with Ganda and me to Mindanao got even more confusing now with the addition of Ann and Ninay. I send a basket of flowers, chocolates and cakes to Ganda's parents with a note that says,

Dear Nanay and Tatay, (mother and father)

Your wonderful daughter Ganda has, to my great happiness, accepted my offer of marriage. I look forward to seeing you next week at Christmas time. I am an unusual man and you may find me odd, but I promise you I will always love your daughter, she will always be my wife. No one will ever replace her. I will never raise my hand in anger towards her. Neither she nor you will ever see me drunk. I will support her forever more, and when she and I marry, I will provide the two of you with fifteen thousand pesos a month for the rest of your life. You will soon see that there are others in my life, but none of these women will ever replace your daughter and none will ever be my wife. My only wife for the rest of my life will be your Ganda. I hope you can accept me and accept my choices.

Respectfully, Jake

I show the note to Ganda before I send it and she says OK. ... I can only hope for the best.

I have already rented a house for our stay in Mindanao through a realty agent, so the added two girls will not be an issue on that account. We do need more tickets on Cebu Pacific. Luckily I am able to get seats on the same flights as Ganda, Krissell and I are on. There will now be five of us flying. Three, Krissell and her sisters, have never flown before. All the schools have a long break between Christmas and New Years, so none of them are losing any school by going with us.

It's interesting. The girls are watching me as their role model. As I don't seem to be concerned about flying, it doesn't occur to them to be concerned. The result is that they handle the flight without any concern at all.

We leave from NAIA terminal #3. It is a new, huge and seemingly underutilized facility. Our Airbus 321 lands at the General Santos City (Gensan) Airport to find a very different facility. While not quite as small as the one at Caticlan, it is not large. The visual aspect ... this little building sitting out in the middle of what looks like a flat version of nowhere ... under the intense heat of an island seven degrees north of the equator. For this northerner ... it is daunting.

When we finally get our bags, and there are four of them for the five of us, we leave the sanctuary of shade, which the building has afforded, and venture out into the heat to find a taxi.

I have Ganda provide the directions to the driver, and four hundred pesos later, we are at our rented home. Before we will go "meet the family" we decide just to spend some time at the house and settle in a bit. We figure out what we need to purchase right away and what things we can get later but will need at some point.

Ninay announces a list of all the places in the house in which she wants to have sex. These included a long kitchen counter, the living room couch and the front porch. Ganda laughs, whispers, 'children!' and gives me a kiss with more heart in it than need. She is going to be my wife and with all the other females around she has noticed that I am hers. In a real sense, the more the others circle around, she sees the difference between that and my commitment to her. She also sees that I have not had sex with Ninay since I put my foot down. Ninay can fantasize all she wants, she isn't getting any from me.

Ganda is relaxed and confident. She has just a few days earlier gotten word from her mother indicating that so long as I am not an axe murderer, I will be welcome. Ganda then had a very long conversation with her mother via cell phone. The upshot is that Ganda is no longer worrying about the consequences of this trip.

There is one other thing to note. Ganda has been dieting and she has already dropped over a Kilo. I am dieting as well. Not a crash diet; just more fruit, and less of everything else. I have already dropped two kilos. Ganda is giving me grief!

The trip to the family home is by a rented car I have arranged for, through the realty agent. I don't know where I am going but I am the only one with a drivers license. Ganda gives me directions. We arrive without incident. While driving on Mindanao is not for the faint of heart, it is far easier than attempting the same in Greater Manila.

If Ganda originally had doubts about coming home with me in tow, her mother had very different ideas. Now that Ganda has been open with her, her mother aged 72 has made sure that the young girls of the family are front and center as I was introduced to all. And when I say young, I mean young.

There are of course many little children and many older ones. There are many adults to meet. But there are only three to whom I was first introduced. Ganda's daughter Muriel and Ganda's brother's daughter, Venus. They are within months of the same age. In three months they both will be ten ... but now one was ten and one nine. And they are cute kids. But both come up to me, gave me a warm hug, a kiss on the cheek and say they have been looking forward to meeting me. From then on while I am at the family home, I will be in the company of one of these two girls.

I am then introduced to the youngest of Ganda's unmarried sisters. She is a nice girl but a bit homely.

There are many others gathering around day after day. I remember some but not all. There is an unending array of foods and meals. Fresh, twelve-inch long, whole grilled tuna, eaten out of the pan, working the flesh from the bones and dipping the flesh in a clear liquid, with a hot red pepper broken in half and in the middle of the liquid. It is the tastiest tuna I have ever eaten. I have a paella unlike any I have ever had made with sticky rice and raisins; fresh coconut literally right from the

tree; a fruit salad with fresh coconut, and the list could go on for paragraphs.

6

This is Christmas time. Christmas in a tropical clime is a different experience. Fireworks are an integral part of this one, as are roaming groups of carolers. Two of the suitcases we have brought are filled with nothing but presents, called pasalubong, and we have a fun time giving them out. Coins are also big for the kids and by only dumb luck, my random choice to empty my pockets of coins on Christmas night is a big hit with the small kids.

With all the food being pushed on me, I am not losing any weight, but Ganda is refusing food except in the most meager portions and she has dropped another kilo. She is on a mission and I let her know I appreciate her for her choices.

We have the engagement party between Christmas and New Years at a pleasant place about 25 kilometers north of Gensan. I pay for two lechon, whole roasted pigs, and the works for the party – including Red Horse beer. The party is a big success. The pigs are devoured, and everyone is happy.

Through it all Krissell, Ann and Ninay are welcome as part of my family and treated with warmth and dignity. I let Ganda's mother know I appreciate it. Krissell and her sisters learn that as far as I am concerned, they are an essential part of my family and they don't have to worry.

The Muriel and Venus issue is a wonder and a concern. Muriel will be coming to live with Ganda at the end of the school year in March and I am including her as a dependant for a K-2 visa. She will be with me. She is young now but she is already being groomed for something – I just am not sure what. Venus is pretty clear that I should call her "girlfriend." That sounds ominous to me; but nothing has happened on this trip. I should note that both girls are at the very top of the school classes. These are smart kids.

New Years comes just days after the engagement party and the fireworks are incredible. It is an event in the round, that is independent of where you stand. We have a nice celebration and the next day fly back to Manila with four suitcases, two of which are completely empty!

Three of the girls are now in some type of school or training and not at the condo during the day. Ganda and I have lots of extra time together and while not all of it is sexual, there are many late mornings and early afternoons of sexual congress.

Ganda and I work on all the forms I need to fill out for the K-1 visa. We collect forms and official papers, both from Mindanao while we are there and from Quezon City. An NBI clearance, a police clearance, the birth certificates for both Ganda and Muriel, the annotated marriage certificate which notes the official annulment from the NSO, a copy of the passport pages for Ganda and Muriel ... it all had to be right.

Through it all Ganda cooks my meals and I must confess amazement – Ganda is a world class cook. She has a deft hand and everything she makes is beyond good. I am going to marry a beautiful, sexy, compliant, fun, woman who also is happy to wash and iron my clothes and clean the house. She even required that I let her clip my finger and toe nails. That last thing became an issue one day when we were in Mindanao and her mother decided that Ganda had failed to keep my nails in good shape. Ganda's mother then instructed Ganda's sisters to correct the matter, much to Ganda's humiliation. That had produced the only dust up I saw among the family members.

When I talk about ironing – that includes my briefs! I told Ganda there is no reason to do that and, man alive, that girl just about blows a gasket telling me to mind my own business. My clothes are her business, not mine. Now I am seeing the assertive side of Ganda. I also see that it is done with love and commitment. So far so good.

Ganda continues to lose weight. She has lost almost four kilos and is looking good again. I have lost six kilos and Ganda is now feeling like she can joke about just taking a knife and cutting off my belly. But she lets me know that if I lose too much she will not like it because she wants a soft shoulder to sleep on. She is worried I will get too bony.

At night I am always in bed with three girls. Which one I am having sex with is often not my choice. Between their three individual and dissimilar menstrual cycles and their horny times – who is really ripe changes almost daily. All I know is that I never have to go to sleep horny and that is something new to me, in my life. Even with a wonderful and accommodating female, there will be times that she has cramps or is flowing too heavy or really doesn't feel well or just doesn't want to have sex. That's life. With three females, even if two don't, one does. Normally at least two do and there were plenty of times when all three

are ready to go. That's when the girl on girl stuff really is useful. So every night I sleep well and satisfied. I have no need for anyone else. But I am going to go back to the USA without any of them. And then, I will have only one for a while. It might be years before I have all three of these girls in the USA.

I enjoy my two months with my girls. I do remote work while there but over all I am enjoying life and living a life I have never known before.

And then it is time to go. It is already February and I need to return to the USA. I say goodbye to my girls and fly back from Manila NAIA Terminal #1. I had flown in to Manila, on the last hop, via Philippine Airlines. I am on PAL again to HongKong and United back to San Francisco and then to Denver. Then finally on the PropJet of Great Lakes Airlines back home and alone.

Within days I have filed my I-129F, three sets of I-325A's, an I-134 and all supporting documents and a postal money order for \$445.00 to the USCIS in San Francisco. Seventeen days after that I get the 797 acknowledgment form with my case number.

Ganda and Muriel's K-1 and K-2 visa request is in process. Two weeks later I have a copy of the Cisco Network Security certification for Krissell. With the help of a consultant, I file for an H1-B visa for Krissell and an H-4 for her sisters, as she is their legal guardian. H1-B visa's if approved tend to take between 3 and 6 months.

In the meantime, there is a prenuptial agreement to have prepared by an attorney. I contact the local school system to prepare for Muriel's arrival. Find someone to marry Ganda and me when she gets her visa. I buy a car with which Ganda will learn to drive. I am not going to have her learning with my Hummer.

Since I have been advertising for the job, far in excess of the number of times required, and for longer than required, and because the person I was trying to bring in under the H1-B fit the description entirely, Krissell has her Visa and the H-4 Visas in four months! At about the same time Krissell gets her Visa and I am about to arrange air travel for her, I get word that Ganda will within a very short time have her interview in Manila. We put off Krissell, Ann and Ninay's travel.

I fly out to be with Ganda for her Interview. This time I am coming in via NAIA #2 as my ticket is on Delta. Arriving just two days before the

Interview, I also have with me, the one-way tickets for Krissell, Ann, Ninay, Ganda and Muriel to return with me in twelve days.

We have filed all the documents needed other than the DS-156, DS-156K and the DS-157, which we have just now filled out as needed. We pay the fees of \$131 each, in pesos, at the Banco de Oro, for the two DS-157s. We get the receipt. As a result, the interview at the Embassy with Ganda, Muriel and me is somewhat pro forma. Possibly the fact that I am there mitigates any question about if she has really met me or if I have really come to the Philippines. In any case, the visas arrive five days later via Air21 – a private courier service.

We still have a few days before we fly out, but there are a number details not cleaned up yet. The big one is the condo. We speak with the building manager and buy our way out of the year's lease. Ninay and Ann will continue their schooling in the USA.

We have five visas! Never in my wildest imagining did I see this happening.

We board a Delta 747-400 flight from NAIA Terminal #2. We don't all get to sit exactly together but with some horse trading we are all close. It is a long trip but we survive and I return to my home with five new residents.

The house I live in would have been too small if I were not sleeping with two or three of these girls every night. As it is, we fill up only two bedrooms. The Master and one extra, leaving the third for my office. The Queen size mattress I have gives way to a King. The extra sixteen inches in width matter when there are four in the bed! The Double in the other bedroom gives way to the Queen. We dispose of the double. Ninay and Muriel share the second room and sleep together.

There many things to do. First is to get a marriage license and get married. And before the wedding I have to get Ganda to sign the pre-nuptial agreement. She does though it causes her to cry a bit. It is only to protect me if she leaves me; so long as she stays, she gets everything.

The wedding is six days after we all arrived. Attending along with Muriel, Krissell, Ann and Ninay are Cliff and Maria Rose, who are now back in the States, and a variety of local friends. It is a small ceremony but there are twenty-five there to help us celebrate our vows. It is a nice wedding.

Then I have to get three girls into school! I had previously prepared for Muriel's entrance but not for Ninay or Ann.

Ann is in some ways the hardest as she is 16. In the US they want her to go back to High School. But she has graduated high school and has started a four year college program in the Philippines. I get the local two-year college to enroll her in their computer science program. She can transfer to a four year school in two years. Ninay is the loser in her eyes as she was a senior in Cubao and she is being told she is a sophomore. I challenge that and ask if she can test out and up to her grade level of competence. There is an agreement and Ninay blows the doors off the tests. She qualifies for senior year. There is a bunch of foot dragging from the school district after the results come in, but they eventually agree to put her in twelfth grade. Ninay is mollified.

After an argument with the USCIS approved civil surgeon about forms and requirements, we file for an adjustment of status ten days after the wedding.

My home has gone from a home where I was bach'ing it to one that is full and filled with activity. Ganda takes over from me and runs the house with an efficiency that is a marvel. Neither she nor I ever look back.

Ninay is fifteen, Ann is now seventeen, and Muriel is ten. I still have my no-go on sex with Ninay. Ann is clearly a different story. Although I clearly should not be touching Ann – it is fruitless to try and stop the contact. I just hold my breath and hope for the best. For Ann's part, she sees herself as an adult and just doesn't understand the issue. On the issue of emotional bonds with me, Ann is as much a mistress as is Krissell and Krissell is as much a wife in real terms as is Ganda. So to say it most simply, for all practical purposes, I have three wives. Ganda is clearly the first among equals in all ways, but on a daily basis there is no way on a functional level that you can discern a difference, other than I am careful to never show an untoward affection to Ann in public. However it is a gas going out with all four of them when we might walk five abreast with me in the middle. I am one proud SOB.

The next two years are some of the happiest in my life. Krissell takes on more and more of my daily work. Ganda is the greatest of all wives, knitting my life into one seamless and sweet existence. Ann is so busy with school we hardly see her except at bedtime most days. She is carrying a twenty-two credit load. It is unheard of and yet she is pulling A's in all her classes. She finishes her two year program in 18 months.

She enrolls in an off-campus degree program for her BS in computer science. Ninay graduates high school at age 16 and proceeds to college, following in Ann's footsteps. We file for the removal of conditions from Ganda and Muriel's green cards.

At age twelve Muriel is developing into a young woman. She is quite pretty. As with my three wives, I insist that all dress nice and as it was something they want to do anyway, they are all to dress sexy whenever possible. That means just about all the time.

Ann is now nineteen and no longer jailbait. I am happy about that ... but that brought up the issue of Ninay, who has waited longer than had Ann. Ninay is seventeen and she demands to be allowed into my bed. No one is supporting me in the prohibition. At seventeen Ninay gets what she has wanted for close to three years.

By the time Ninay has access to me, with Ganda's help, I have dropped forty-five pounds. Ninay has a very different companion than she had three years prior. My stamina is far better.

Ninay's first night in bed with me is, alone with me! Everyone else joined Muriel in her bed. Ninay was always pretty and she has only gotten prettier in the intervening years. Why she wants me rather than a boy her age has to do, I suspect, with the fact that she is in the USA because of me, her sisters are mine and she wants what she has been denied for so long. I can think of no other reason why a seventeen-year-old wants a sixty-one-year-old.

Ninay has all night with no interruptions and we took all of it. I am methodical with her. First gentle caressing of her feet, legs, back, arms, and belly. Then stimulation of her breasts and sucking of them. Her breasts are not large and they are never going to be large, but they are pretty and her nipples are rock hard as I suck on them. By the time I get to Ninay's hairless pussy she is leaking juices in a serious way. I get there first with my fingers and this seventeen-year-old is more than ready to oblige. When I push myself down and start eating her out, she moans long and low. She ramps right up to orgasm but not over the threshold. I work and work her pussy with my tongue with the same result.

Her ass cheeks are wet and I slide one finger to her bunghole as I lick. That was the key as her orgasm comes on strong. Her pretty little thighs

wrap around my head. The perfume of her natural body fills my nostrils. I smell my little seventeen-year-old as she fills my lungs.

Once the orgasm subsides I move up on her and bring my cock to her small hairless cunt and drill in. I bring her legs up, her knees on her shoulders as I pound the pussy.

Tatay give me a baby. Please Tatay. Please I want a baby Tatay. Tatay pleeeeeeeaaaaase! (Tatay is father)

I keep on ramming my cock into Ninay. She's pleading for a child. She's begging. I keep on ramming my cock into her cunt.

Tatay, I'll do anything I swear anything. Give it to me, I'll do anything. Please give it to me, Please Tatay, anything you want, I don't care. Please.

My right thumb enters her bunghole. I am still reaming her. I am covered with her juices. The sheets are soaking. My thumb is now all the way up her ass as my cock continues its work.

oh! Oh shit! Of fuck! Oh Oh Ooooooooooh! JAKE!!!!

And the world explodes for Ninay. I cum deep inside her, while her next orgasm blows her mind. At seventeen years old, Ninay has been taken. She lays crumpled on the bed not moving for a good twenty minutes. Then she turns her head to me.

Jake, I told you anything, I told you I would do anything for you. I promise you I will. Just ask me Jake. I will show you.

I hold her and we go to sleep in the mess we made.

When we wake up in the morning, Ninay turns to me and asks what she can do for me.

I tell her, *For as long as you love me, be good to my other wives.*

I get a big hug and a kiss before Ninay runs to the CR.

And with that I thought OK, just hang on for another year, pray real hard and it will all be OK. Certainly Ninay was going to be discrete. But

the dynamics of the family change every time the status of an individual in the family changes. This time was no exception.

7

Until now, Muriel had what amounted to a big sister who was not sexually active and certainly not sexually active in the home. Muriel had not been there the day I met Ninay and that had never been discussed with her. Each evening at the dinner table sat her mother, my wife, Krissell, also an adult and clearly my mistress, Ann, also an adult and also a mistress and then the two of them, Ninay and Muriel. The three older ones had been my sexual partners from our time in the Philippines. There had been no additions once we got to the States. Muriel was accustomed to those matters, she just accepted as life, my connections to her mother, Krissell and Ann. She has never seen me when I wasn't with them. She has never seen anyone added.

Now she has. As Ninay is added, her place in the conversations and in the functioning of the family has changed. She doesn't want to spend time away from the family as she had before. Now she is inward looking, more considerate of the feelings of others at the table and more careful in teasing and speech in general.

And now Muriel sees a seventeen-year-old who is going to school in the US, who has US friends and who actually seems to be happy in my bed. Plus Ninay is getting more attention from me and more respect from the other females.

For this twelve-year-old whose own emotions are a virtual roller coaster minute to minute and whose body is developing seemingly as fast, it is a very confusing message. Muriel is the only female in the house I am not fucking and all of a sudden, that fact comes crashing down on Muriel. She is pissed off, confused, envious, repulsed and attracted all at the same time.

There are moments of intense teasing and there are moments when I am the smelliest dog in the pound. She alternates hanging on me for dear life to wanting nothing to do with me. I have not laid a hand on Muriel in any but the most appropriate ways. I do not ask Muriel for anything inappropriate. Quite the contrary, my requests are always sotto voce and mild and totally within the bounds of normal parenting. I learned years ago that the quieter I am the more effective I am. So there is never, no matter the behavior, never a raised voice or threat from me. I never 'ground' Muriel, never spank her, never do anything other than to let her know that some behaviors are not acceptable, or that actions

have consequences and here are the current consequences to her behaviors. Ganda is fully in support of my parenting and she backs me up completely. In some ways Ganda is far harder on Muriel than I am on the child...

As she approaches her thirteenth birthday the flirting behavior gets more intense. The need for my approval gets stronger. Her need for physical contact grows. I keep it in the safe zone, but she is wanting core physical contact. She is competing with four women, all of whom have access to my bed and use that access. And at the same time all the hormones that create sexual need are coursing through her little body. We are not intentionally setting Muriel up, but it is a setup.

Still I am the adult and nothing is going to happen because I am not going to let it happen. I give Muriel as much appropriate contact as I can. I try to spend more time with her and try to be interested in the things that matter to her in her world, but she is not welcome into my world and that is where she wants to be. When I ask her what is going on in hers, she becomes visibly upset.

On other matters, I am in heaven. I have four beautiful women at my table who all are happy to be mine. If I go out, I often have at least two of them on my arms. It might raise eyebrows but it also is my life as I want to live it. Work continues to be good and the income is fine.

That is where we are and how things are, when Ganda, Muriel and I take a trip back to Mindanao that summer. The idea was we will have a lazy month and a half, Ganda visiting friends and family, Muriel reconnecting with her best friend, and cousin, Venus. I will scout out some land Ganda might purchase – as I am not allowed to purchase land there. We are thinking about a retirement/vacation home there.

If I have not complained about it enough before, getting between the two locations (heartland USA to Mindanao in the Philippines) is brutal. Flying in, this time, we land at NAIA Terminal #3! What was for domestic flights before is now seemingly the replacement for NAIA Terminal #1! We have not been gone that long and yet it seems like we have been gone ages.

After the long flights we eventually get to Mindanao and settle into our rented digs.

I have an air conditioner so I can sleep and relax as needed. Ganda who now knows how to drive – women in the Philippines do not drive! – has our rental car, and takes off hither and yon visiting in a manner she was never able to do before. The vehicle is always filled with friends who are along to see other friends. I see Ganda most nights but there are times she is away for two or three days. I am not concerned for her loyalty, she is just having a good time.

Muriel connects with Venus and I think the world is good.

Muriel and Venus are hanging around Ganda's parent's place. I have our rental house all to myself. I am getting a lot of nap time in, as the heat of the day is not conducive to much activity. Since I am neither a Mad Dog nor an Englishman, a siesta works just fine. It is too hot to sleep in clothing and I strip down before I lay down.

I spend mornings with a fruit breakfast, a book to read until lunch, a lunch of more fruit and then a nap until I awaken and read again before supper. This is my routine and I'm happy with it.

I am enjoying my afternoon nap but a dream becomes highly sexual and I dream I am cumming inside a beautiful Filipina I saw at the market this morning. I open my eyes to see a naked twelve year-old Venus astride my loins with my cock buried in her little cunt; there by her side is Muriel and she is naked too. Venus has not stopped the slow cantering motion of her hips as I am now soft but still inside her. I am not soft for long once I see who is riding me. It is not a voluntary thing. My mind is doing back flips. This should not be happening. My mind tells me I should be puking. My body is saying Fuck Yes!

Venus continues to ride me until I am again rock hard, and then as if by some unseen signal she is off of me and Muriel is climbing onto my shaft. I am not exactly in a righteous position to say no after fucking her younger cousin. As she settles on the pole, I think I sense a hymen breaking as she winces.

Muriel's face is not a mask. She is supremely happy with herself. Once she starts her motion she is confident and composed. She is riding her dad and there is a sense of ownership. This is hers and she belongs here. I would like to say I am motionless but I am not. What I am not is actively pushing all her sexual buttons. My hands are at my side. I don't touch her breasts or her clit, or her ass. But that is my rock hard cock inside her.

I look up at her. *Anak, is this what you really want?* (Anak means Child)

She is pumping up and down hard now. She slides her right index finger onto her clit and starts rubbing. She begins gasping and then her pussy goes wild on my cock; spasming and squeezing. My balls explode dumping a load up and into Muriel.

The orgasm continues until she is spent. She collapses on me, holding and hugging. Looking up at my face with new eyes, she says in a very different voice than I have ever heard before, *Yes father it is.*

She lays her head down on my chest, her breathing regular and easy. I am still inside her. Venus snuggles in on my right side and both girls fall asleep. I do the same.

And that is how Ganda finds us when she gets home.

8

And then all hell breaks loose in the shape of the most pissed off woman ever seen on the face of this earth. She is screaming at me in Tagalog and while I know a little Tagalog, I sure don't know it well enough to keep up with her. But more to the point, I am not thinking of the Tagalog, I am looking at the 8 inch kitchen knife in her hand.

If she thinks she has a clear strike at me with that knife without hitting the kids, I figure I'm a goner.

But then the kids cover my body and start screaming back in something that is not Tagalog. It seems like Ilonggo, the language Ganda's parents speak. There is a whole screaming session back and forth.

I am naked as are the girls. It is hot in that room but I feel cold and scared. Ganda is waiving the knife around. Spit is frothing from Muriel as she speaks back to her mother, and cum is dripping down her leg at the same time. God I hope Ganda does not see that!

Then a pause. No one is speaking. No one moves. The knife does not move. Five seconds. Ten seconds. A minute.

Ganda is still angry as she spits out a question. Muriel screams back, *Hindi!* (No!)

Ganda spits out another question. Muriel screams back, *Hindi!*

Ganda is still angry as she spits out, *Ganun?* (Really?)

Muriel screams back, *Opo! Talaga!* (Yes Ma'am Really!)

Dead quiet.

And the knife drops.

And then Ganda drops, sobbing.

From deep in Ganda's belly she growls something I just cannot understand and in a split instant the two girls vanish from the room.

She crawls. Crawls, sobbing, heaving, retching.

She crawls to the bed and then to my arms.

She is a mess.

She grabs on to me and sobs, gulping huge slabs of air and then... choking and coughing that same air back out.

She shakes.

She is cold and clammy.

She smells of stomach gas.

And she holds on for dear life.

And she tells me she loves me.

Much of what Muriel has told her mother is the truth. But she has also lied. She has told her mother that I was asleep when she crawled on me and slid down on my cock. She tells her I had started cumming inside her before I woke up. She tells her that I was not happy with her and didn't touch her with my hands. She tells her mother that when it was over I was distressed and asked her, "*Anak, is this what you really want?*"

She tells her mother that it was Venus, but mostly she who had decided to do this and I knew nothing about it until it was done. And she tells her mother that she is glad she has done it and would do it again. And so would Venus.

Ganda is now apologizing to me! She believes Muriel because Ganda has attempted to wake me up at night when I am sleeping. It is very hard to do. You can even hit me. If I am sound asleep, then much could indeed transpire without my knowing it. As that is pretty much what happened with Venus, Muriel just left Venus out of the description and it tracked just fine for Ganda.

Eventually we both go to the CR and take a shower together. Ganda is still crying on and off but the retching is over. Before she dresses – she cleans up what is on the floor and strips the bed sheets. Once the room

is put back to order, Ganda is exhausted. We sit together in a one person wicker chair.

Jake what do I do?

About Muriel?

OO, of course!

Ganda, I do not know what she told you, so I am at a loss to know how to answer.

She said she will do it again. She say if we stop her, she will find someone else and maybe many else's. Why do we treat her like a child? I say to her she is child! She say hindi, she is a woman and she needs a penis inside of her! Mahal, you treat her good, OK. Do not let her go out to others. You be careful with her and give her what she say. Maybe it will be OK.

Oh holy shit! I really did not want to hear that! Even if the law doesn't paint a big bright line distinction between fucking a seventeen-year-old and a twelve-year-old, it should and I do!

Ganda does too, but something profound has happened in Ilonggo that I am not privy to and the upshot is that Ganda is telling me to be gentle as I make love to my twelve-year-old daughter and niece. This is beyond wrong.

I notice movement in the house and I whisper to Ganda that I think Muriel is home.

Ganda says something in Ilonggo and Muriel appears. There is a discussion that I am not privy to even though I am right there through the process. Then ... silence. Muriel is just standing there and Ganda takes a deep breath.

Jake, this girl is now your wife. She may not leave you, ever. She will have your children and she will care for you when you are sick. Take a good look at her. She is no longer my daughter. She is only your wife to me from now on.

Ganda, you are my wife.

Yes, I am your wife. So is this girl. But you should find a name for her because my Muriel is dead to me.

Anak, I am told you do not have a name. Is there a name by which you would like to be known from this day forward?

I don't know Father, what would you like to call me.

First I am no longer your father, I am your husband and you are to remember that. I think I will call you Pandora and Pan for short.

Then that is who I am, asowa. (can mean husband or wife)

For now Pan get a pillow and sit at my feet. I have some thinking to do before anything else happens around here.

Opo

I knew what I wanted to do but Ganda had told me to be gentle with her. I wanted to run my cock up that little girl's ass and corn-hole her but good. But that would not be appropriate I told myself. That was the anger talking; the hurt I felt from Ganda coming out. In the end I told Pan to cook my #1 wife some supper. I went to bed alone until Ganda and Pan climbed in with me later that evening.

At some point in the middle of the night I awoke to a pussy impaled on my cock again. I panic until I realized it is Ganda. She giggles, and whispers in my ear, *I am glad you act worried, now I know you are my good guy! Please give me cum?*

And cum I do. Holding on to my wife for all I am worth. I fall back asleep.

Ganda and I awake at the same time. I shower first while she prepares my fruit breakfast. And then she showers. Once she is dressed, she texts her sister, and then tells me approximately when she will be back. She is gone before Pan wakes up.

Is Mom, sorry I mean, is Ganda gone?

Yes, she will be back late this afternoon.

Can we do something?

You mean can we have sex?

Yes that is exactly what I mean.

Call Venus over here first.

Bakit? (Why)

Because your husband told you to do so. Is that a problem Pan?

No Sir.

I have to admit I am still pissed off about everything that has transpired. But I am not sure exactly what **has** transpired. With Venus and Pan in front of me I intended to finally get some closure on the events that have already passed and how I might move forward.

I can't say I will ever be completely sure I understand all of it. But I do learn that Pan and Venus had conspired together. Each had her own reason for wanting to do what she did. Venus wanted me to find a way to bring her to the States. There were so many reasons that she gives me that it seems more a question of if there is any reason why she would not want to have that happen and the answer to that is no, there isn't.

Pan's reason is one of inclusion and isolation. She is the one outside the circle within the home. She is close to me but was barred by culture, by (lack of) maturity, by everything including me from getting across the gap. Pan is an A+ student who never quits on anything. She is also equally determined, to do anything and everything to be something, she has no business being, to be a sexual partner and wife to me.

I am aware that in more primitive cultures girls do marry at 13, but not ours damn it. Still she has played her hand, if not deftly, then successfully to achieve her end. There is a huge loss in doing so and she is learning about that now. She will continue to learn in the weeks to come. But Pan is stubborn and she never states any regret.

Once the talking is done and I have learned all I can hope to learn, including what they told Ganda during the screamer the previous afternoon, I have two horny kids on my hands.

I am still ticked off. I decide to not make it easy on them. Rather than ease them into anything, I decide that the first thing they will need to do

is show me that they can eat pussy. In this case, each other's pussy and bring each other to orgasm. We 'practice' that all morning. I just sit back and watch. After I decide that they actually know how to do it, I gave them each an assignment for that evening.

They have to select an aunt of theirs, who is not occupied with a husband or children at the moment, and get between the aunt's legs and lick the woman to orgasm. They look scared, but I tell them that if they want me to take them as real wives, that is something they have to be willing to do. Then after lunch I decide to not follow Ganda's request. I take both of them in the ass. All the way in, while the other eats her cousin out. Both orgasm and I leave a load of cum in each ass. Each is walking gingerly afterward.

Fucking them in the ass was incredible. Each was so tight as to keep my cock squeezed from beginning to end. I was taking them like salmon wiggling on the end of a spear. So small, so precious and so completely... fucked. When I am done, their eyes are big and they aren't saying a word.

So you little girls really think you want to be playing big girl games?

You are my husband. That is all I need to know. What you need or want, I will do. It is very simple. I demanded to be your wife. And now I am. There is no more playing games. I lost that right when I lost my mother. That much I have learned and will never forget.

She says it in a way that sounded less like regret and more like she understands the cost of her choices.

Venus just nods her head at that statement.

I wash my cock but good and then proceed to take Venus via the cunt. The last time I was in her cunt, I was asleep. This time I am awake and I feel how tight she is. As I enter her I am looking right in her face and she into my eyes. We are slowly fucking in a gentle rhythm as this conversation takes place. Little gasps and moans intersperse with the questions and answers.

What do you want Venus.

Your baby tito Jake. (tito means uncle) And then maybe you will take care of me too.

Is that what you want, for me to take care of you?

*Opo. Take care of me, ... love me, ... protect me, ... teach me, ... FUCK ME!!, ahhh ... make me your whore, ... own me ... I WANT all that!!
Yesss!!! Oooohhhhhh*

Will you do what I tell you from now on?

Yes ... yes ... oh, oh ... Yes ... Yes I will.

We fuck for a long time, Venus having small orgasms. I am just working the girl in a methodical manner. Finally as she is wearing out I run a finger up her ass, slip a finger on her clit and keep on pumping. Venus comes hard and long and then crumples in my arms.

While there is a prohibition against fucking young girls in the Philippines, if you have some money and take care of your girls, all is not only forgiven, you can be sought out. I imagine that I could have had any number of juveniles if I wanted them. I don't. I do feel both angry and sad for Pan who has lost her name, mother and identity to achieve her desire of being included in my world. There is no reason to want into my world other than her screwed up perceptions, but they are her perceptions and by the time she knows better, she has already crossed the Rubicon.

I do know that I was quite happy with my adult women and I don't need to be sleeping with children. But here they are and I have already had sex with them and they want more.

It is time to teach them more about girl on girl sex. It is time to make sure they learn that girls can like pussy and cock. Just because they did it for me when I am here isn't enough. They seem to be willing to do anything for me. Since they both have said I am the boss, I take on that role with a flourish and have them loving each other for the rest of the day. I have them tonguing ass and fisting pussy. By the end of the day they are sore and can hardly walk. I have not been in them for hours. That much I loved.

Ganda has a sister who is a bit holier than thou. I change their instructions and I assign both girls the job of completely seducing their tita (aunt) Jojie. I tell them I want photos from the phones and a full report of their time with their tita before they return to me again.

I am in no hurry to hear their report. I hope they will be successful but not too soon! Jodie is staying on holiday with her parents. Normally she lives in Quezon City. So the two girls will have to be hanging out there for a bit. That is a benefit to me.

When Ganda comes home late that afternoon she asks for a status report on the girls. I tell her everything. The only thing she says before kissing me is 'good'. Ganda loves her sister, but as far as Ganda is concerned, Jodie has become something of a pain in the ass lately.

9

My days and nights with Ganda are what I live for. I truly love Krissell and don't ever want to lose her. They are great when Ann or Ninay joins us, but I always insist on Ganda being with me, unless she is just feeling crummy and needs some peace and quiet. Ganda is my wife, not just in name, but in my heart. Ann and Ninay I love but if they decided it was time to take off I would wish them well and help them on their way to success in whatever endeavor they chose. I cannot abide the thought of losing Krissell. But I will go to the ends of the earth to keep from losing Ganda.

This trip back to the Philippines has helped me clarify that fact.

Still the idea of a little mischief with my sister-in-law Jodie was something I am up for, especially if it doesn't involve my cock. In the mean time Ganda takes the next day off from her social whirl of visitations and we spend it in each other's arms. In no way am I tired of my wife. Ganda is actually more lovely now than the day I first met her. She doubts that and says I am crazy. Now that she is 32, she says she is more ugly. I have no idea why she says that. If she had been relegated to a difficult life with heavy labor, she might be right on, such is not the case in her life.

Her whole body is as trim, if not trimmer than before. She still weighs 44K and does Pilates five times a week. Her complexion is clearer, her stature is more upright. She stands taller/straighter now and tends to not hunch over as she did when we first met. When we are alone she is as exuberant as a young school girl, shrieking in laughter, jumping around, laughing uproariously on occasion, noting the craziness of life and people. She still calls me pogi, still jumps up on me for a hug. We are a happy couple. And for the record her pussy is still tight and grips like iron when she cums.

We share the same views on organic foods. She has grown up on her father's farm and there was no use of chemicals there. As a child, there was little meat served and when it was served it was never beef. It was mostly chicken and fish. That is a diet that I – a red meat eater by culture and background – have come to love because Ganda cooks to enjoy food, not to diet. Her recipes are all wonderful, whether she uses a family recipe, one out of a book or the internet, or one she makes up as she goes along.

We share much of the same love for life without the need for drugs or alcohol. I enjoy a beer with supper on occasion and like to make beer, I drink infrequently and never to excess. Ganda is a 100% teetotaler, not for reasons of temperance as much as that it doesn't taste good to her. Since I am never drunk, she has no problem with my occasional drink.

We disagree on female beauty. Vehemently so!

For Ganda – from what I can tell, the addition of European features, like the nose and eyes make an ugly woman pretty. And the lack of those features make someone at least less attractive than they might otherwise be. I will have none of that and so there are many times when I find a woman attractive and she is sure I have lost it. Conversely, her choices for sexual conquests for me often miss the mark by a wide margin.

That day of just the two of us is welcome and really enjoyed. We snuggle, make lazy love on and off all day. We tell stories and laugh. What might have become a serious discussion becomes a source of rolling over in the bed laughter as I tell her what Pan and Venus are doing or at least trying to do. As they are not to return to me until the job is done. Ganda is convinced that I will have to give Pan a reprieve just to get her back to the US at the end of our stay as there is no way they will breach Jojie's defenses.

Jojie is Ganda's oldest full sister and she is a martinet. At 37 she is still a virgin, though she has, at one time or the other, had many boyfriends. None could measure up. She will not consider a foreigner. She is OK looking but not stunning and her requirement for a handsome Filipino male of her age means that she is bound to die a spinster. Filipino men her age look to younger women. The thought of her allowing both Pan and Venus between her legs is inconceivable. And so for the rest of the day we chuckle about the short term resolution of my problem. The long-term resolution remains elusive.

That lazy summer day we renew our happiness with each other and regain the center. It is a good day.

Ganda really did have some other people she promised she would see and so the next day she is off again and I am back to my lazy summer schedule.

That afternoon, once again I have a dream of sliding into a hot wet pussy and cumming. Then a moment of realization that Pan and/or

Venus must be back. I open my eyes and as I see Jojie on me, the left side of my face is slammed with her hand – I gather as hard as she could do it.

What do you say to a woman who has sexually assaulted(?) you and caused you battery and whose pussy your cock is lodged within?

I choose to say, *Good afternoon Jojie. You have a nice warm pussy. Care to go again while I am awake?*

She hits me again, just as hard and if you are wondering, yes, it hurts.

My response is to grind a bit into her hips and grab her ass with one hand and attack her clit with the other. That, thankfully distracts her from hitting me a third time! She started humping into my finger on her clit and in doing so, humping my now stiffening dick inside her.

Oh, ugh, oooo, ah oh! Oh ... Jake! Oh ... I hate ... I ... hate yooooooooooooo ... oh!

I ask, between humps, *Why?*

Jojie is trying to tell me but she is having too good a fuck for any of that and she gives up the cause as she gets wetter and wetter sliding up and down on my dick. I reach up, slide my hand up her shirt, push her non-wire bra up over her A cup tits and start playing with her nipples. She is humping me harder and, as I squeeze hard on her left nipple, she comes hard and long.

I roll her on her side, take her face in my hands and kiss her hard and intensely.

Releasing her I speak. *OK I believe you hate me and love me both. Now what is this about Jojie? ... and don't assume I know anything. Start from the beginning and tell me everything.*

Jojie looks at me and asks, *Why do you say you don't know? Huh? You know everything!*

Jojie I never thought you were stupid, but I am about to change my mind. Now do as I say!

OK I start from the beginning. Two nights ago when Muriel and Venus come back home, we all know they have been with you. We all know why. We know you are calling Muriel Pan now. They say they cannot go back to you for now and they have to stay with me. I say OK. They start getting sexy with me but I tell them to stop. We go to sleep. Then I wake up and they have an eggplant⁶ in my pussy. I am fucking it! They are kissing my breasts and I can't stop! I have to have more. I start kissing them and they are kissing me and I am fucking the eggplant. Then I have what you call that ... an org ... ah yes, orgasm and they just keep the eggplant going and then I feel a finger up my back hole and they are sticking a greasy finger in there. I can't stop, they put a greases eggplant in my rear and there is the one in my front and fuck me with both of them. I cum again and again and again and I can't stop. When they finally stop and it is over I ask them why they do that and they say you told them to do that. I cannot walk good yesterday. So I come today to hit you. I am not a virgin anymore since the eggplant took that away so I don't care that I put you inside me as I really hurt you.

OK, are you still angry?

I want to be but I am not. Jake, you took my virginity!

Not exactly. I never told the girls to do that. I never taught them about using an eggplant or anything else up your pussy. I did say that they were to try to seduce you. Honestly, I thought they would fail. I never thought they had a chance of success, so I wasn't worried for you.

What did you think would happen?

I wasn't sure, but I figured that they would not be as sneaky and get the success, but they are far better than I thought.

You ruined my plans!

Jojie, your plans were fantasy. You were well on your way to dying alone and a virgin. For that, I do not feel bad. You deserve to learn what you have been missing all these years before it is not too late.

⁶ This requires an explanation. Asian eggplants, and especially the ones grown in the Philippines are not like the big bulbous things in US markets. They are long slender and are approximately the size and shape of a dildo. Using an eggplant in such a way is not an unusual substitute for some Filipinas in need, though most won't admit to it!

You had no right!

Maybe you are correct, but I am older than you are, and if not smarter than you, I may be wiser than you and I claim that the right as an older wiser person to save you from your own bad judgments. I may think you are a difficult female, but as my sister-in-law, I love you anyway.

Who will want me now?

The same men who would have wanted you before. The ones you don't want!

Am I good at sex?

I don't know yet. Do you want me to find out and tell you?

Opo Jake.

I had cum twice already and so I suggested we clean up, shower and then start as two lovers would, with clothes on and go from there.

While showering, Ganda texts me that she would spend the night at her friend home in Davao. I text back that Jojie was here. Oh hell, here are the texts.

Pogi! I will stay at Mary's tonight.

OK Jojie is here.

Ganun? (Really?) What happened?

Pan and Venus succeeded.

Wow... Why she there?

Complicated. But it's OK.

OK. See u tomorrow.

OK

And so Jojie and I have the rest of the afternoon and all night together. We are both dressed. I tell her she is attractive. I slowly kiss and fondle her. We gently and slowly disrobe each other. I kiss her nipples and suck on them. I eat her pussy and get her to cum gently. She asks me how to give head and I teach her the fundamentals. She is a quick student. Since I tell her that it is required to swallow or the job is not considered really done, she swallows like a pro.

I take her doggy fashion and missionary position, and then from the side of the bed, with her on her back and her legs on my shoulders. We are changing positions when Pan and Venus appear and before Jojie is aware, they are naked and on the bed with us. They attack her breasts and clit. In no time we have Jojie cumming hard.

I whisper in Pan's ear and she gets the KY for me. I grease up Jojie's bung hole and had no argument about it at all. With Pan sucking on Jojie's clit, and Venus sucking on Jojie's left tit while rolling her right nipple between her fingers, I slide my rock hard cock in Jojie's asshole. I go gently but I do not stop until I am firmly and all the way inside her, my loins pressing against her ass, and then I slide back and down hard. Jojie just about levitates off the bed her orgasm is so strong. My cock is being squeezed and scissored at the ring of her bunghole all at the same time. I explode inside her. She flips out, her body flopping like a fish out of water. She is cumming hard.

Jojie, I am happy to report that you are good at sex, but that you need more than one person in your bed to do your best.

Yes I can see that! Wow. What I do now? I can't explain to some guy why I need my niece in bed with us!

At that moment I hear a little door slam in my head. The resolution of how to provide the resolution to the problem I just created is clear.

Jojie ask your friend who works at the Local Civil Registry how hard it would be to make a change in Venus' birth record to have you as the child's mom. And Jojie, remember how you refused my money a couple of years ago to study for the CPA exam? Well now I am giving you the money and you have to take the exam and you will take it over and over until you pass, is that clear?

Why?

Because I am going to create a job position in my company that only you can fill if you have the CPA board certification. At some point in the future – once you pass the boards, you will get an H1-B visa. And when you do, you will bring your dependent daughter Venus with you. Pan will already be in the US waiting for you as will I, and that will solve your problem. It solves Venus' problem and if everyone behaves, I will not be arrested and go to jail.

I am going to have sex with my new mother?'

Yes, anak. Are you complaining about that?

Venus giggling, *No Sir.*

I wander into the CR and return quickly having only washed my cock. I stroke it a few times as I return to a bed filled with naked females. I grease it up again with KY and roll Venus onto her back.

I lift Venus' legs onto my shoulders and take the child in her asshole. She is not expecting this and her eyes get real big. I tell Pan to fist her and with Jodie looking on, Pan has her whole hand up Venus' cunt while I butt-fuck Venus. I lean over to Pan and start kissing her. She is kissing back just as good. I stop briefly enough to tell Jodie to stop watching and start finger fucking Pan. Pan thanks me as we go back to kissing. Venus loses all control in a cum so intense that she seems to faint. While she lies in front of us, we ignore her.

I am now playing with Pan's breasts and Jodie now has her hand up Pan's cunt. Pan – eyes as big as they might ever get, looks at me, and says, *Anything ever, anything.* And then the child orgasms until the muscles are simply spasming. Jodie removes her hand and we lay Pan down next to her cousin. I take Jodie to the bathroom and we both shower. As we clean each other up, Jodie takes me in her arms and kisses me.

⁷ Venus's real mother is what Filipinos call an OFW or Oversea Foreign Worker. She lives in Jordan. She has been gone for ten of Venus's thirteen years. She has abandoned the man who fathered Venus and now is the mistress of a man in Jordan. She will not even know that all this has transpired.

Me too Jake. Anything ever. Anything.

After the shower, I go out on the porch and call Ganda. I ask her to move to somewhere private. Once she says OK, I tell her briefly what has transpired and put Jojie on the phone with her. They talk for twenty minutes before the phone is returned to me.

Pogi, salamat.

Why are you thanking me Ganda?

You are a good guy. You tell me the truth and you do not hurt my sister, you take care of her. That why Pogi. You're good guy.

I am still with Jojie, Pan and Venus when Ganda comes home the next day. I get a big kiss from Ganda and she tells the others to get her house clean right now. If they are going to screw her husband then the least they can do is keep the place spotless!

Now, it is one thing to yell at Venus and Pan, but Jojie was her 'Ate,' (pronounced ah-tay and means respected and older sister). It is not Ganda's place to be yelling and ordering Ate around! But ... Ate is fucking her husband and the rules have to change.

Jojie, Pan and Venus jump to it and stay at it for a couple of hours while Ganda and I unwind and spend time debriefing each other. At the end the other girls have sort of reassembled on our periphery. Ganda calls them and informs Jojie that she should henceforth consider herself assigned to making the meals. Jojie is also to be responsible for keeping my nails clipped. Pan and Venus are assigned to doing all the washing, ironing, mopping, sweeping and keeping everything picked up. From now of nothing is to be out of order and all meals are to be on time.

Though I am never without companionship for the rest of our vacation, there are no further surprises either and for that, I am grateful.

10

Returning home is an experience. It means saying goodbye to Jojie and Venus. We had arrived in the Philippines with Muriel, but that headstrong adolescent who was both a handful and somewhat disrespectful has been lost to us. We return with Pandora, a very young woman who knows she is on the shit-end of the stick and is just glad to still have a stick to hold on to.

It also means rejoining Krissell, Ann and Ninay and introducing them to Pan. Pan might look like Muriel, but that's all. Her demeanor, values and core have been radically transformed. She is no longer Muriel.

We have the hardest time with Ninay who is truly pissed off in the worst way. There is little I can do to help Ninay with her feelings. So we just ride them out. Her worst problem is that no one, not even Pan will support her tantrums and childish behavior. Pan is the clearest on this and that is what has been sending Ninay over the top. Pan's subservient behavior undercuts Ninay's bad girl stuff. Ninay is out of step with the entire family.

It is Ann who finally cuts the floor out from under Ninay one evening at the supper table when she tells Ninay to shape up or leave the family. She tells Ninay that we have no place for her as she is behaving. Right there at the table, Ninay appeals to Krissell who tells Ninay that Ann is right. And then Krissell adds, *Don't you dare ask Ganda, or God forbid, Jake. If you do, Ann and I will throw you out immediately!*

I ignore the entire discussion as does Ganda. Pan just sits there, not saying a word but clearly looking on. Ninay has been her best friend, but that was then and now they are no longer even talking.

Ninay asks where they expect her to go? Krissell tells her in very simple Tagalog. She will be going back to the Philippines as she is still a minor and Krissell is her guardian. Ninay gets real quiet. Now for the first time in long time the reality of how lucky she is begins to sink in to her head. For over three years she has lived in the US without fear, without need and with a very comfortable life. She has come to expect it as her right. Ann and Krissell have just made it abundantly clear that she has no 'right' to it and she is damned close to losing all of it. She is about to argue that they have no right, but she knows Krissell at least does have a right to send her back. And even if she can stay in the US, the College

education she is enjoying, her car, all will come to an end as will the connection to her only family in the world. Just as Pan has learned that cutting ties can be a very painful experience, so at this moment Ninay comes face to face with the consequences of her behaviors. She apologizes for causing an upset at the table and asks for permission to leave the table. I grant that and Ninay removes herself to another room.

I do not see Ninay until the next day and the change in Ninay from that moment on is complete. There are no more tantrums, no more 'me' stuff. The supper table returns to being a pleasant place. After a month of difficult behaviors, she settles down and finds a new normal.

But I do have a few problems. The first is the house. The house is now already too small for the people in it and how the house is being used. I have put it off way too long as is. Ganda has been tolerant, however as soon as I say something about it, she jumps on it as if our lives depended on it.

I work with a local engineer to build a house that has ten bedrooms. There are six of us now and two more coming.

Up to now most of the women have been on birth control (with the exception of Ganda) but there is talk of that ending and I am fertile. I have to consider that we may need nurseries and rooms for kids. Ganda, Krissell and I always sleep together. Ninay and Pan are sleeping together again. Ann needs her own room. We will be adding Jojie and Venus at some point. I want to give Ganda a place to lie down when she wasn't feeling well. That requires six bedrooms, even without any kids or a guest room. Within months we find land on which to build and the place is up within twelve months. The first floor is living room, kitchen, dining room, CR and office. The basement is laundry, utility, family/play room, network server room and CR. The second floor is six bedrooms and two big CR's. The third floor has three slightly smaller bedrooms and a shared large CR, and a master bedroom with its own CR and deck. There is an elevator for me for when I need it later in life.

We are in the home only eight months before Jojie and her 'daughter' Venus arrive. If anyone cares, that is seven women, each of whom I am fucking, and me. I am sixty-three at the time. With the diet I have been on for the last five years I have lost 65 pounds and now weigh 155. A whole lot better than the 220 that I weighed when I met Ganda.

The first month all seven women are in the house I just about lose it, there are so many hurt feelings and demands on my time. Ganda puts an end to the problems by instituting some regularity on who can see me when. I have nothing to do with this and am happy to stay distant from the process of the calendar.

From then on I am just fine as the pressure disappears. Ninay is nineteen. The only problem now is that we have two fifteen-year-old girls who need a regular screwing or they become unstuck from their moorings. And that is only a problem if it is known outside the family. It is the only thing that keeps me up at night with concern. I will be sixty-six before I can really relax.

It is fun watching hopeful boy after hopeful boy take our two little girls out to a dance only to get nowhere and bring them home earlier than they had hoped. Even Prom worked that way. The girls like to dance and go to a party, but then they need to get home. I would have been happy to see them leave, but they are having none of that.

Other than the happy arrival of babies from Jojie, Ann and Ninay, a boy and two girls, there is little that changed until about the time I turned sixty-six and Venus turned eighteen. The children are named Abraham Moses, Bella Charlotte and Rose Leah. It turns out that neither Ganda nor Krissell can have children. (Ganda because of a medical procedure she had after Muriel was born and Krissell because her plumbing is just screwed up.) Jojie, Ann and Ninay have no problems and prove it. The little ones we keep on birth control.

At home the supper table every night has me at one end, with Ganda to my right and Krissell to my left. Next to Ganda is Pan and next to her is Venus. Next to Krissell is Ann and next to her is Ninay. At the far end is Jojie. Days are hectic, Krissell is learning enough of my business that she is able to run it without me. Jojie takes over the company's books and for the first time I am able to have our books done completely in-house. All the other girls go to school through at least a bachelor's degree but are encouraged to further their education – even if that is on-line. Both Ann and Ninay get master's degrees.

Epilogue

It has been many years since I wrote what precedes this. My need to not be married has never been an issue since I met my Ganda.

Oh, I don't think I mentioned that Ganda was my nickname for her. It is Tagalog for pretty or beautiful. She would call me Pogi and I would call her Ganda. She is shy and doesn't want me to write her real name down here. She and Krissell are here next to me as I write these lines. When I am done I will give this to them for safekeeping. I don't want anyone reading this until all my girls and I are dead.

As I lay down my pen in my very late years, there are stories to be told by my girls. My chronicle of how a man who had been divorced three times found redemption in the arms of seven women, is essentially complete.

I remain happily married to Ganda. Krissell is a wife to me as is Ann and Ninay. Jodie is also a wife to me and she seems happy for that! The martinet of the past is only a distant memory. She has been invaluable to us through the years. Venus and Pandora? They are still here. They are adults now and have been for some years. Both have given me children. Maybe when I die they will tell someone why they stayed and why they gave me two more sons and another daughter! I have no idea and they tell me I am a crazy old man when I ask them.

My business is now Krissell's, Ann's, Ninays and Jodie's. It has been expanded way beyond what I had done in my day. They support the household, and so Ganda and I are dependent upon them – other than for what I get from Social Security. Ganda thinks that is right. She and Krissell love and respect each other. For that I can only thank God. He or she must have a sweet sense of humor.

§ § §

January 10, 2071

My name is Abraham Moses son of Jake and Ann. My father passed away forty years ago. My mother Ann passed away last week. Her sister, Aunt Krissell, Aunt Ganda, and Aunt Jojie all passed away over the last decade.

I found the document, to which I attach this memorandum, in my mother's papers. I am the executor of her estate, which is actually pretty substantial.

I knew my father for the first twenty-three years of my life. He was an old man then and while I loved and respected him, his life and his women were something I never fathomed, they just 'were.' The fact that no one else had a family like mine was just the way it was. I am the oldest of six of us. I know from this document that there are or at least were two other children and I tried to see if there are any other living relatives. Dad had a sister, Rachel and she had a boy and a girl. They both had kids and I found those kids. From what I have heard, neither of dad's two older children ever had children of their own. Was that why we were born?

It didn't seem to be the case from what I have read, but I guess it is possible. It is true Father reports his mother telling him to have more children. And he reports putting the issue of children on his webpage but he doesn't seem to take that on as his mission.

My mother, Ann, and her sister Ninay owned the company that dad had started. Ninay died a couple of years ago and left her interest to Ann.

There are twenty-five employees in the company. All are offspring of Jake's line. Most are grand-kids and some are great grand-kids. Ann directed me to have the company be held in trust and that the eldest five employees, "who shall also be of Jake's line" are to be the board. And so that is what I am doing with the company.

There is also a proviso in Mother's will that 'Aunts' Muriel and Venus, are to receive survivor's benefits from the company. I had no idea who Muriel was! The will said that they are the only living "wives" of my father. Now I know why I had never heard the name Muriel before! We all call her Pan! They are quite old now and are in a nursing facility. I remember years ago having an argument with my wife why anyone would ever name a child Pandora. Now at long last I know the answer. I

think I will break Father's directions and tell my wife! Won't she be surprised?

I am no spring chicken! I am seventy-three and a retired lawyer.

Father, Aunt Ganda and Aunt Krissell lived their last years in the Philippines in a place called Polomolok. There is a family farm there now that is set up as a cooperative for Aunt Ganda's relatives. I have visited it and was treated as visiting royalty, being Jake's son.

I have no comment on the content of the journal, but once Muriel and Venus pass away, I will follow Father's desire that it be made available to all his descendents. That will make for some very interesting dinner table conversations.

Oh, one other thing. I went to see Aunt Pan. I told her about the journal I had found. I asked her why she wanted Dad as her husband. Her answer is, *He was pogi!* (giggle!)

The End

Recipes:

Rellenong Alimasag

Rellenong Alimasag is the Filipino version of Stuffed Crabs. Crab meat is sautéed along with some vegetables, spices, and seasonings. The cooked mixture is later stuffed inside individual top shells of the crab, and fried in medium heat for a few minutes to complete the cooking process.

Typically a dipping sauce such as *banana ketchup* or *sweet chili sauce* is on the table.



Ingredients:

- Meat and top shell of 8 pieces steamed blue crabs
- 1 medium potato diced
- 1 medium carrot diced
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1 piece long green chili (*siling pansigang*), chopped
- 1 medium tomato, diced
- 3 teaspoons dried parsley
- 2 teaspoons garlic powder
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 teaspoon ground black pepper
- 2 tablespoons cooking oil for sautéing
- 2 pieces raw eggs
- 1 cup cooking oil for frying

Instructions:

1. Heat pan and pour-in 2 tablespoons of vegetable oil.
2. Sauté onion and tomatoes.
3. Add potato and carrot. Cook for 3 to 5 minutes
4. Put-in the long green chili and crabmeat (you may include the juice of the crab for additional flavor). Cook for 2 minutes.
5. Add parsley, garlic powder, salt, and ground black pepper. Stir. Turn off the heat and place in a large bowl.
6. Once the temperature cools down, combine the cooked mixture with breadcrumbs and eggs. Mix well.
7. Stuff each crab shell with the mixture.
8. Heat a pan and pour-in 1 cup of oil.
9. When the oil becomes hot, fry the stuffed crab shells. The part with the stuffing should be facing up. Gently scoop the hot oil using a spoon and pour the oil on the stuffings. This will slowly cook the stuffing.
10. Flip the crab shell and fry the side with stuffing in medium heat for about 3 to 5 minutes.

Servings: 8

Serve hot!

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