

Jake's Journal:

The Philippines ~ Joyfully



by VeryWellAged

Jake's Journal: The Philippines ~ Joyfully by VeryWellAged

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Aging

or

*How a man who was too old to marry again ended up with nine
mistresses and avoided prison so far.*

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

A Novel

26 July 2021 Edition

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None of this book may be used by others without the express email consent of the author. You may contact the author at: VeryWellAged@ymail.com.

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Author's Foreword:

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 with Ganda* (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. But, by and large, in the intervening periods between the marriages, 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.' We were both at fault. On my side, it was probably far too much scar tissue from my past experiences.

So there I was, overweight, with high blood pressure, and false teeth. I snored so loud that I bet you would have heard me if we had rooms next to each other in a hotel.

In many ways I was a good man but, for whatever reason, marriage and I did 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 in whom I had no interest, but what's the point in that? The sad truth was that at this point in my life I was only emotionally responsive to slim, pretty women at least fifteen years my junior and, in truth, usually even younger. Considering all that I was, no one of such a group, who had her head on straight, was going to put me on her 'A' list.

Truthfully, I really didn'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 the 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 was still hanging out there when we got divorced.

I was fifty-seven. I had 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 was alone, just barely getting by financially, and sexually starved. As much as I would like to have gotten laid regularly and frequently, there were no options.

Hell, for the first seven months back in my house I slept on a couch. I went through so many variations on how to set up the couch as my bed that I gave them version numbers. By the time the mattress I purchased finally arrived, I was on Couch v4.2-5. It actually worked quite well.

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

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

Once the reality of the third divorce sank into my skull, I knew that I did not want another wife. I did not want, would not be

able to find, a mistress; but needed the ministrations of a prostitute on a regular basis. While my need for emotional intimacy would go unmet, my need for physical intimacy might be met. There were only two problems: I did not know any prostitutes; I did not have the money to pay for one, yet. But that might change.

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

When the legal settlement finally came about, that was the state I had been in for a while.

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

Finding a prostitute was not easy in a small town.<Split> As I continued my search for one, I had an unexpected visitor.

My mother, age 93 at the time, decided it was time to see her son. She flew 2000 miles and I picked her up at the Airport in Denver. Her time with me was, in some ways, a revelation.

She said, 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 was 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 wasn't bullshit, it was just plain crazy.

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

I looked at her. She was nuts. I probably said as much.

She insisted that I was not too old and that other men had done it. Finally, she said that if I went to meet a girl, she would help pay for the trip. She could afford it (as could I) but it was sort of a 'double-dog-dare-you' type of thing.

Before I put her back on a plane to go home, I was looking at Asian dating websites. I posted my profile on a couple of them. One of them was a loser and nothing came of it. The other came alive in a way I could not believe. I was inundated by offers from women who wanted to meet me.

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

I learned that there was 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 also means it is doable.

All along, I said, and I say here again, I really did not want another wife. I was having second thoughts about, this even as I started the process. I decided that, even if I did get married, I would make sure by all means, including legal, that I had no obligation to be monogamous.

Still, the USA's visa rules make it damned hard to bring a mistress into the country. In fact, the visa rules are incredibly restrictive. Whomever I brought in, I would have to marry.

My web/dating profile included my correct height, weight, age and an honest picture. I listed all my drawbacks and made it clear I was looking for a woman who would bear me children. By my calculations, that meant she had to be no older than 35, which would make her at least 22 years younger than I was.

I got a few invites from older women, but the flood was from women aged from 25 to 34. I got a serious one from an eighteen-year-old! Were they all pretty? No, but a surprising number were 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 was like walking into a candy store. There was a proviso. I had read many warnings about cons and that women weren't always what they appeared to be. This issue of doctored (*photo-shopped*) photos and doctored letters was irrelevant when dealing with women in the Philippines, since those women I dealt with could read/write and speak English and would engage with you over a webcam at an internet café. It would cost the Filipina ₱20 (Philippine Pesos), or what amounted to \$0.40, for an hour at the café to chat with me.

Knowing what the women really looked like, sounded like, and such, was not an issue. If you didn't send them money, it was hard for them to scam you. Some did essentially demand money and those I turned away from with alacrity.

I made it clear to all the women I met this way that, when I headed over to the Philippines, that I was not there just to meet only them. I would meet a number of women before I made a choice. That, in retrospect, was a very smart move.

By the time I was ready to travel in August 2003, I was interested in three women. Each had a daughter. The women ranged in age from 25 through 32. I will call them Drama, Ganda and Joy.

Drama was 25 with a five year old. Not only the youngest, she was the smallest. At 4' 10" and 90 pounds, a US woman's petite XXS size dress fit her fine. I was to learn she was a fickle girl, full of passion, who was in ways a real drama queen. Being with her was fun, but staying with her would have been impossible. While it took a while to convince her it was over, I knew it was over for her before the end of our first day together. In truth, I had my doubts about her before ever leaving the States. We did spend four outrageously fun days together. She wore the clothing I bought for her. I insisted she

not wear panties, which drove her crazy, but I did not care. She was cute as you please and I fucked her in every hole she had, but one, each day. But we were 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 were endless. I had a two hour flight by jet-prop to the Denver airport. From there I took a flight to Los Angeles. In LA, you leave the domestic flights terminal and walked outside in the hot, humid Southland air to the international departure terminal. So far, I had been up since 3:30AM (MDT) to catch my 6:05am flight to Denver and, as I stood on line at the Philippine Airlines departure counter it was 9:00PM (PDT). My plane would leave LA at 11:14PM that evening. We would have a refueling in Guam, no one would leave the plane, and then arrive in the Philippines at 6AM (Philippine Time). That translates to 4PM back home ... or the fact that I had left my bed some 37 hours earlier ... Do you think you can sleep on the plane? Ha! Bless the Filipinos. They fed me five times on that flight. You could catnap, but that was 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, 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 16. In southern Mindanao where much of this journal concerns itself, the common languages are Visayan (also called Cebuano and Bisaya) and Ilonggo (technically called Hiligaynon, but none of

the speakers call it that). Some residents of southern Mindanao will speak Visayan, Ilonggo, Tagalog, (other languages such as Maguindanao, Ilocano, and Maranao,) 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 got to the Ninoy Aquino International Airport (NAIA¹) Terminal #1, I was really tired. After I made my way to the front of the line, luckily, the Immigration and Customs folks at the airport just basically waved me through with a welcome to the Philippines.

I was careful to find a metered cab out front – I had been warned that this was necessary. Off I rode 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 sights of Greater Manila left an impression that has stayed with me ever since and it was not far off the map. Think about a capitalist system without meaningful laws regarding commerce, no planning and a real entrepreneurial spirit. It looked like Manhattan on an acid trip. The traffic looked exactly the same. I will 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.

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

I got 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 was about \$44US per day.

I had arranged for Ganda to meet me there at 9:30. I took a shower, changed my clothes and lay down for a nap. At 9:40 there was a knock on the door. Ganda had been escorted up by a bellhop. I tipped him and Ganda entered the room.

How can I explain this so that you will really appreciate what transpired? You know I was fat. By fat I do not mean grossly corpulent. But I did carry far too much weight. I was 58 at this moment in time. I had 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. We lie back on the bed, still kissing. Slowly the kissing becomes more intense and the clothes start 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 eat her pussy. It 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 did right before I lay down, and then a few times later, as the days continued, 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 dresses, she wears a thong and a small padded bra, and that is all. Fucking her means only lifting up the hem of her dress. When we are out she hangs onto me like to lose 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 has been converted by a homeowner into a dormitory for either women or men. 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 usual: Except for where foreigners stay, no one has hot water.

In fact, if you ask a Filipino about it 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 hot water device for your shower. It connects to the wall in the shower where the spigot normally is found. 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 day starts at 2pm and runs until midnight or later. <Split2>

I knew Ganda had 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.

The night before I am to leave, I ask her if she will agree to be with me if I add other women to our life. She is less than happy. She wants to know what she is doing wrong. I told her she isn't doing anything wrong, which is why I am asking. She is truly confused, but fundamentally unhappy about that and it remains unresolved when I leave the next day for Boracay and my next girl.

To see the next girl and the one after her, I will be on different islands in the Philippines. I am not sure 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 makes her a less likely candidate.

2

I have arranged to meet Drama at NAIA Terminal #3. It is the place from which Cebu Pacific 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 airline. 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.²

The airline has an odd sales technique. The closer to the flight you book the more the ticket costs. This first flight costs me a lot because of that, but in future flights until they do away with the practice a couple of years later, I always manage to purchase my tickets early.

When I get to NAIA #3, I go immediately to the ticket booth – not a counter – and purchase two round trips to Boracay for Drama and me. 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 (or Cebu) first. I have sent her money to fly to Manila. 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 is the youngest, at 25, and smallest of the women I will 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 in an angelic beauty. As with just about

2 - At that time, their website could not process US credit cards. That has subsequently been resolved.

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.

She had told me before I travelled to the Philippines that she was afraid I would 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 was, 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 (Nocona) boots (you might call them cowboy boots) and 501 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. I get ashore and am 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 could 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 nipa 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 a wet dream. 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 tried 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 were Ganda's. They are sensitive and she loves my sucking on them. She also refuses condoms. She says she has not been with a man for five years and is disease free. While I have no way to prove it, she has also asked 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 does not want to marry. She is in the second year of college for a four year degree. What she wants is a man who will 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. Yes I would prefer a mistress, but there is no way to do it, as far as I can see and just being her educational financial program is not what I think I am looking for.

On the webcam she had said, *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 be 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. Lying 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 is 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, or is adjacent to. Hell ... There is the hotel. You step off the terrace on to 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. Filipinos are small, slender, and 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 is 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 have Jun as our server again.

Up to now, Drama has avoided using her Tagalog while around me. Everything is done in English. But now, tonight at the table,

there is a discussion between Drama and Jun that most clearly is not in English. It ends and Jun departs with our order. I ask Drama what has transpired, and she just smiles and says that I will find out later.

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 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.

When we get back to our room, Drama proceeds to police the premises, and cleans up the place. She just about shoves me into the shower and then she follows. I have a guess as to why, and a knock on the door about 30 minutes later confirms my guess. We have a guest named Jun joining us.

Jun is a little unsure as she joins us. I assume that she knows the ropes, and that guess is very wrong. (Later, Drama tells me that she had informed Jun that I think she is remarkably beautiful and wondered if she would honor us by coming to our room that night.)

Jun is a good three inches taller than Drama, a full cup size larger, has longer legs, and more rounded hips. She is also barely seventeen. I thank her for joining us and tell her how lovely I find her. She blushes and says she isn't pretty. I ask her if she thinks Drama is pretty and she readily says yes. I then ask Drama, if she thinks Jun is pretty. Drama is laughing and says that Jun must be *loco* to say that Drama is pretty and Jun isn't.

Drama suggests Jun try on one of the bikinis, as it is true that the hotel staff uniform is not flattering. Jun blushes again, but agrees, and both girls move into the bathroom. When they finally emerge there is no doubt about it; Jun is a stunner in a big way. I walk up to her, wrap an arm around her and kiss her. I gather she isn't expecting that, but she does kiss back. We keep kissing. My hands roam around what is mostly flesh, the bikini not having any meaningful coverage. The triangles might cover the nipples from sight, but not from touch.

We kiss and arouse each other – mostly it is me arousing her – for close to ten minutes before the bikini falls to the ground and I lift her onto the bed where Drama is waiting for her.

Drama – now also naked – starts kissing and fondling Jun, right along with me; we work the young girl into a frenzy of previously unexplored passion. Jun is gulping air and grabbing us and imploring us to hold her, kiss her, love her.

I think I detect a hymen still in this girl and I whisper in her ear, *Are you a virgin?*

To which she whispers back, *Yes!*

Drama hears this and whispers in my other ear, *Take her, fuck her, give us a baby.*

As Drama whispers, she is pulling my Levis off and playing with my cock. I don't need Drama's help to get hard. I am hard. I roll Jun under me and spread her legs. Gently, and with Drama's assistance, I place my cock against Jun's labia. I enter slowly, expecting to find some resistance from her hymen. I immediately hit it and stop for a second. I ask Jun if she is ready to be filled with my love. She just looks at me and quietly nods.

The hymen gives way rather easily. I push all the way in and hit bottom. If Jun is experiencing any major pain she neither shows it nor gives any indication. She starts pistoning her hips against me in a serious and insistent manner and mumbling some Tagalog that has no meaning to me.

Then, following a hesitation in that motion, she slams her hips into me, grabs me with her arms, arches her back and screams for all she is worth, while her whole body shakes. That evidently is my cue to cum. I let loose, deep as I am, inside her. That causes a shocked pause in the scream followed by more pleading and screaming for half a minute. Slowly she calms down and starts to breathe in ragged but deep breaths.

In very hesitant English, she says, *I am yours now.*

It is not a question; it is a statement of fact. She is mine as far as her world is concerned. The rest is for me to figure out.

Drama and I have one more day on the Island before we fly off, her to NAIA and then home, me to NAIA and then to Cebu to meet Joy.

There is the complication of Jun and while she is a very lovely complication, it is still complicating things. Jun has another month of work at the hotel. We swap contact information and, apart from one more very happy night of love making, we will not see each other for a prolonged period of time.

Drama and I spend the last day exploring the Island; Drama in a dress without panties as I have requested, (actually, required). We go out to dine at a nice place in town and on the beach (all at the same time). Arriving back at the hotel, we meet up with Jun and, on this night, I teach Jun to eat pussy, suck tits, lick asses and give head. You might call it school! At least, Drama gets something out of it.

I also have Drama eat her out while I, in lazy fashion, kiss Jun for a good half an hour. In the process, I am explaining to Jun – at times with Drama's Tagalog – that, if she is mine, she needs to understand that means being with other women while with me.

She just nods her head, so I ask her directly, *Will you obey me in this?*

This time I get a clear, *Yes Jake, I obey you always.*

With that clear, I turn to Drama and ask, *Will you obey and do as I ask from now on?*

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

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

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

I have no idea why I get the idea about requiring her to obey, other than that she had been so willful and obstinate, but it is my way of pointing out to her, and to Jun, why I am going to accept Jun and leave Drama.

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 did it.

The next morning, Drama and I both fly to NAIA together. As we are about to separate, she has an honest-to-God tantrum right there in the airport. She wants to go with me to the next girl. I quite literally have had enough of Drama. How to get rid of her in the airport proves to be a bit of a pain. We are still arguing and she is wailing when my flight is called and I board the plane. 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, this truly lovely young twenty-five-year-old and this old man. And the old man is saying go away, go away. Nothing more strange in my life could have been imagined by me before I made the trip. I have a twenty-eight-year-old waiting for me in Manila if I want her, a seventeen-year-old who is mine waiting for me to get her on Boracay, and I am flying to meet thirty-two-year-old Joy in Cebu.

Joy sent me a text two days ago. She needs extra airfare for her daughter. I send the extra three thousand Philippine Pesos. At the conversion rate on that day, it is just under \$64.00. Joy doesn't live in Cebu. She lives in northern Mindanao where the Islamic terrorist forces hold sway. The US State Department has a travel advisory against going there and that is enough for me. I arrange for Joy to fly to Cebu to meet me. The Island of Cebu is centrally located in the archipelago and it is a hub for Cebu Pacific, Duh!

The flight to Cebu is only an hour. The airport is very much not the new, modern architecture of NAIA #3. It is an old building, serviceable and quaint. Many places in the Philippines have roofs but no walls and that is very much the nature of the baggage claim area at the Cebu airport. I had one bag to claim and it is there that I am going to meet Joy.

She and her daughter must have arrived minutes before me as they are there in the baggage claim, still looking for their bag, when they notice me. We wave to each other, collect our bags, and join up to get the cab to the Marriott Hotel. I have booked two rooms (when I learned the daughter was coming) for four days.

Joy is oldest and, in all honesty, it shows on her face. She has none of the flush of youth about her. She is no longer close to her childhood, but she is lovely. Her face is graceful, and her beauty-parlor styled hair adds to her appearance. There is an absence of any fat anywhere. She is a very attractive woman and she is twenty-six years younger than I! Her smile is warm and relaxed.

But she has a very serious question to ask me even before we leave the airport.

Jake, you still really interested in me? You already see two others. You not already make up your mind?

Now, that is a far more complicated question than it might have been if I had been asked seventy-two hours earlier. Certainly, I am not committed to either of the two girls I had intentionally come to see, but there is the matter of Jun. How I am to resolve that remains unclear. How I am to resolve any of it, is unclear. I give Joy my best smile and tell her that, quite honestly, nothing is resolved other than that the second girl is not under consideration.

She looks quite hard at me and asks, *You don't like her? She do something bad?*

I guess there are times when the best advice is to withhold information and this is one of those times.

I tell Joy, *I will not talk bad about any woman I meet. Do not ask me such a question again. What a woman says to me and does with me is private and not for the rest to know.*

Joy looks at me and smiles, *You are not tsismoso. That is good.*

Later I look it up, and find that she is glad that I do not engage in gossip. At the time, that conversation ends the matter.

We climb into a cab. The cabby – driving a metered cab – initially refuses to take us to the Marriott as it is too far away, traffic is too heavy, and the meter will not give him enough. He wants an extra ₱200. I relent and off we go.

The Marriot in Cebu is as nice as the Marriott City Center in Denver. It is more than I am expecting and the adjoining rooms we have are more than great. I put both girls in one room for the beginning and I take the second. I am really unsure what is going on with Joy and her daughter Abbey. Abbey is barely thirteen; she had her birthday only a month earlier. What she is doing with us is something for Joy to explain. But... that is not how it works out.

After the boat trip on Boracay to the cab, which took me to the first airport, the two plane rides and the cab ride to the hotel, I am dirty and sweaty. The shower works well and the hot water is great. I am just dressed after all that when the adjoining door opens and in walks... Abbey.

The girl has a short skirt and simple blouse on, no different from any young Filipina on the street. Her hair is black and straight, her eyes are black, her complexion without blemish. She has small breasts, but so do most Filipinas. If you see a full blood Filipina with large breasts, it's a good bet they are silicone implants or she is of mixed blood, a mestizo. Abbey has all the hips any Filipina would ever develop. But there is no question she is very young.

I greet her with a 'Hi' and some general comment like it is nice to get to meet her. She just looks at me, smiles and takes off all her clothes. I just stand there, not moving a muscle.

She comes to me, and takes my hand and – I swear – leads me to the bed. I have never, in my life, been with a juvenile before. I have never thought about it, never dreamt about it, never planned to do such a thing, or had reason to believe that I wanted such a thing.

If I was in the US at this moment, I would have run as fast as my legs would have taken me. But I am not in the US and this place runs on a completely different set of tracks. I, sure as hell, have not asked to engage in sex with a juvenile on this trip. But here I am and this is happening. It seems that I do not want it to stop.

I let her undress me and then we lie down on the bed.

At that moment she asks, *Will you be kind and gentle? I am a virgin.*

I am both not surprised and incredibly surprised at the same time. How can she not be a virgin? How can a mother send her virgin thirteen-year-old into my room? Are they pro's at this? How can they be pro's if she really is a virgin? Just what the fuck is going on?

Yes, Abbey, I will be gentle and kind, but before we start you must answer a few questions I have.

I pause and she nods.

Why did your mother send you in here?

Her answer is one of those 'oh shit' moments that comes along every once in a rare while and provides a clarity that could not have been expected. Abbey, a child essentially without guile, just sits there and tells me the unvarnished truth.

Mama is old and she knows your other girls, they are young. Maybe they are virgins. Mama say to me that I will be our virgin for you. If you will have her, you will also have me. Maybe I will make you want us more than you want the others.

That takes more than a moment to process. Since we are not in a race, I take my time gathering my thoughts.

My first level of amazement is that Joy found her age of thirty-two makes her old, even when dealing with an old man like me. That set off a series of thought processes it would take weeks, if not months, with which to fully come to terms. Second is that the mother and daughter were offering me a package deal. That's a concept I had never considered. Third is that such a thing might – even if illegal - fly under the wire in the Philippines, but I doubted it would continue to fly in the US. Lastly it is becoming clear that I am a commodity. And there is a bidding war for me going on. As an afterthought, there is the realization that, in some cases, once the bidder wins, the rules might very well change.

At that moment, my view of what I am doing and what I want from it changes. I have come to find a wife to bring to the US. But I have never really wanted a wife. I can still marry Joy in the US and such a deal might well hold for the girl once she got to the US. But there are many other options and none can be carried out in the USA. Maybe the best option is to not marry, stay in the Philippines and have a number of Mistresses. So long as the 'bidding war' is never officially over, I remain in the catbird seat. Yes, I could have done the same with Drama, but Drama is a problem in and of herself. Will Joy be a problem? That is something I need to discover.

I clearly have another decision to make. I know I really I do not want a wife. My dream had been for a mistress or mistresses. But given who is now sitting on my bed, do I want some of them to be underage?

I turn to Abbey and tell her to relax, we will take it really slow. And, as I say that, my hands start to explore her body. My hands and lips touch every part of her. I am in no rush. At one point, I open the door to the room where Joy is waiting. I stick my head in and tell her she can either stay there or come in, but that I will be with Abbey for a few more hours. Joy stays in the other room.

I make love to Abbey. I roll her little nipples between my lips; I lick her hairless pussy. I play with her asshole, gently, and she relaxes, enjoying it. My fingers play with her pussy. I teach her to give me head the way I like it. She is more than willing to

learn. She wants to know if I will learn to love her. She wants me to also take her mother. I tell her I will take her mother later.

We get playful and smiles emerge, turning this serious business into a happy time.

I have brought some KY oils with me and I carefully anoint Abbey's pussy before entering the child for the first time. She is aware that when I break through the hymen that it will hurt, and hurt it does. But half a minute later the pain is forgotten and the two of us are fucking with real pleasure.

I ask her, *Are you afraid to get pregnant?*

Her response is that I should please give her a baby. Yes, we are talking about a thirteen-year-old.

She wants my cum inside her and we are fucking bareback. Because of the Viagra, it takes many hours before my cum hits the back wall of her pussy. By that time, her pussy is sore and her legs more than tired. She will not be able to walk right for two days, but she is happy and proud.

By the end of it all, I carry her back to her room and lay her out on her bed. She won't be ready for anything for at least a day. Now it is time for Joy. Except I need a shower, sleep and food, in that order, before I am ready for anything else.

I don't get it in that order because Joy is unwilling to go down to the dining room alone. A shower does get first billing and then a trip to the dining room for sustenance. The buffet is magnificent. A surfeit of food for any palette awaits us. Joy and I both fill our plates twice and enjoy the meal. Following which, with ₱4000 (\$95US) provided by me in hand, Joy visits the attached shopping mall (bigger than most malls in the US) and I go to bed.

I sleep a good six hours and rouse to find Joy in bed with me. As with every Filipina I have ever been with intimately, Joy's pussy is shaven clean. One of my girls at some point tells me it is a health issue.

Joy is snuggled against me. She looks so happy. It is hard to imagine what she is feeling. I have done everything I could to get her child pregnant just hours earlier. And then, my mind engages. This is a very nice mattress in a cool, quiet and private room. There are fine linen sheets under her and on her as she sleeps naked with me. Her belly is full and her body had the luxury of a first rate shower just before sleep.

Of course she is happy. Those things you and I take for granted, she cannot. I might not be the wealthiest guy in the world. I sure as hell am not a young, virile stud. I am, as I said: fat, old, essentially toothless and I snore. But I am stable. I have a decent income. I am never going to hurt her. If she gives me what she thinks I want, she hopes, she and her daughter have found a safe harbor. She is no one's fool. She isn't selling her child, she and her child are using the assets they have in a *quid pro quo* for a lifetime of safety, calm and opportunity.

To those who put their nose up in the air, I am reminded of the old joke about the man who offers a million dollars to a woman to go to bed with him. When she says, if you pay me the million up front, sure! Then he asks, 'How about fifty dollars?' She, as the joke goes, complains that she is not a prostitute. He says something like, 'but we have already established that you are my dear! All we are doing now is haggling over the price!'

In life, it is frequently a matter of how you perceive the benefit. The more the values are high, the less it is seen as a crime when it comes to morals, and the more it is seen as an arrangement; and that depends on the financial position of the arbiter. Seen from the position of a poor, and at times desperate, Filipina, she is the one who will benefit the most. There are many of her and very few of me. There is more there than that simple arithmetic. In the *cui bono* of the transaction over time, there is a larger fabric of those who benefit than just the participants in the room at the time.

I enjoy the feel of Joy's body and run my hands over her, gently taking in the feel of her. It is another hour before she awakens with a smile on her face. She says nothing other than 'wait' as she leaves the bed for the bathroom, (or what she would call the CR, an abbreviation for comfort room). Quickly she is back in

bed with me and her hands immediately find my cock. At that moment, it is soft and a little shrunken. I have left the Viagra and a glass of water on my nightstand. I down one and enjoy Joy's playful attempt at rousing my member from its sleep.

At the same time, I start playing with her breasts. Her nipples are little hard rocks and, after rolling them between fingers, I start sucking on them with some heavy suction. She seems to enjoy that, and my hands are now free to play with her pussy and her ass. I assign her ass to my left hand and her pussy to my right as I hold her in my arms; she continues to play with my cock.

I have two fingers up her cunt, a thumb playing with her clit while on the other hand I have one finger, two knuckles deep, up her ass. I lift my head from her breasts and gave her a long, deep kiss. She responds to the kiss with enthusiasm. She has one free hand and it goes behind my head, holding me to the kiss for a long time. There is a sense of connectedness but not one of urgency in me.

Joy, on the other hand, is being stimulated in ways that are having a definite effect. She just about bites my lip off as she hits her orgasm for the first time. I continue the hand-work right through the orgasm, and kiss her neck as she works through the second orgasm only moments later. Still, I give her no relief as I persist and she explodes on number three, squirting the sheets with an ejaculation that is quite impressive.

By now, I am hard enough to slide into her and she is definitely well lubricated. We fuck as she chews on my face holding my head between both of her hands. *Mahal Kita Jake ... Mahal Kita Jake ... Mahal Kita Jake...* she speaks in my ear as I build up the passion and pressure in my loins. **Mahal Kita** is Tagalog for 'I love you' and it is the first time I have heard that while making love to any of the Filipinas. I do not take it for more than it is. Obviously, I have my cock in her at this moment. But I know what is meant and it does help bring me off. I come deep inside her.

We stay entangled and go back to sleep for a bit.

Later that morning we finally rouse, shower, and get Abbey on her feet. We three troop down to the breakfast buffet. We look like a couple and their daughter. In one sense, we are. In another sense we are certainly not.

Both of them eat well, but there is a limit to what their bellies can contain. Still, they both announce that they are stuffed.

Right outside the restaurant, on the hotel property is a pool and Abbey moans that she would so much like to swim in it. She wishes she had a bathing suit. Joy giggles. Evidently, Joy noticed the pool last night when we were at dinner. While I went up to sleep, and she was at the mall, she bought bikinis for the two of them. Abbey, upon hearing the news, rather than thank her mother – who she should have been thanking, thanks me for giving them the money with a '*maraming, maraming salamat*'³. When I say she should thank Joy, Joy stops me and says that Abbey is right to thank me. I accept the thanks with the standard response of *walang anuman*⁴.

The two of them go to the rooms. They change into the bikinis, grab the short terry robes provided in the rooms and troop back down to the pool area outside where I join them.

Abbey just has a ball in the pool. She is every bit a thirteen-year-old with all the energy and playfulness of youth, jumping in, splashing about, climbing out, and jumping in again. Joy does swim a couple of laps and then comes to sit beside me in the shade.

She looks at me with a serious expression on her face. *How you like us?*

I smile at her, take her hand and tell her I like them a lot.

Will you choose us?

It is a valid question but I am not sure yet.

3 - Thank you, thank you very much.

4 - A Filipino will tell you that means 'you are welcome.' It doesn't. It actually tracks closer to the Spanish 'da nada' or in English 'it is of nothing.' As the Spanish had ruled the Philippines for 350 years, the fact that there is a cultural impact is not exactly surprising.

Will you obey me? Will your daughter obey me?

And as surprised as I had been with Jun's response, I am blown over now.

We are your slaves. You are our Master. You take care of us and we will always do as you want.

She is serious. But I need to probe further.

What if I marry another and tell you that you and Abbey are mistresses?

You want us to be your Mistress? Yes, very good that is what we are!

No Joy, I was only asking if you would still be mine if I did not marry you.

Of course, if that what you want, we do it.

Are you sure you can speak for Abbey?

You ask her yourself.

When Abbey gets out of the pool, she comes over to us and there is a brief discussion. It is in a dialect that I do not think is Tagalog.

Abbey then turns to me and speaks in English. *My mother said you will ask me a question and I should tell the truth.*

If I chose you and your mother, will you obey me?

Opo⁵. Of course. You tell us and we do. It is simple. We will love you and take care of you.

5 - In Tagalog. Yes is oo (pronounced oh-OH). A person of age or respect is Po. To say Yes to a person of age or respect you say Opo (pronounced oh-POE).

How can I evaluate such statements made at such an early time in a relationship? If I were in the States, I would call the entire damned thing nuts; this was not the States.

Look girls, you live in a place in which I cannot live. If we are to be together then you have to move to somewhere else. Are you willing to do that?

Joy speaks for the two of them. *Where you want we live?*

I had been thinking about that very thing this morning. Prior to coming to the Philippines, I had done some reading on the issue of Mindanao as that is where Joy is from. Once I realized yesterday that my plans might need to alter, I had made a decision that, if I chose them, we will just about have to live at the southern end of Mindanao, if we were to stay on that island at all. It seems that the only really safe parts of that island are Davao and General Santos City. Davao is the bigger city, but both seem to be OK.

Another confession is needed here. I am a little bit of a nut for getting a full understanding of laws and customs before I step foot somewhere. That quirk of mine proves useful now.

So it is not completely out of the blue when I ask, *How about somewhere in southern Mindanao. That area does not have the problems that exist in the north and you could travel up north on occasion without having to fly.*

You will rent a room?

No, I was thinking of leasing some land and building a house.

Joy looks at me with a real stunned silence. She shakes her head. *You can't own land, you not Filipino.*

I know, but I can lease land.

*Ganun?*⁶

6 - Really?

*Talaga.*⁷

You will live here with us?

Yes, we can't live like this in the US, so I would have to live here.

Joy looks at me with eyes filled with doubt. *You serious?*

*Are **you** serious? Will you move in with me and give me both your daughter and yourself for life?*

*Opo Jake, Opo, of course, talaga. Salamat, maraming salamat po.*⁸

Remember, as I told you, when I met you online, never lie to me, never steal from me. Never gossip. OK?

Joy and Abbey both with huge grins, almost shout out, *Opo*

Abbey kisses me and runs into the pool with a big sound that sounds curiously like yippee!

I turn to this lovely woman and speak in a way she has not heard from me before. *We have a lot to do. I need to get you to somewhere around General Santo City or Davao. Do you have a preference? We need to work at finding a nice place and I need to close up my affairs in the US. We need to cut short our time here in Cebu City and fly to Mindanao. Joy ... which do you want, Davao or General Santo City ?*

Joy looks out at the sky and quietly says, *GenSan. That what we call General Santo City. We go to GenSan.*

And so, GenSan it is.

7 - Truly.

8 - Yes Sir Jake, Yes Sir, of course, really. Thank you, Thank you very much.

3

I head back to our rooms and proceed to get some things moving. With the major and extensive assistance of the Marriott hotel's concierge, who becomes a real majordomo for me, for a good three hours, I am able to do a number of things.

I contact Cebu Pacific and rejigger our flights to take us to GenSan the next day. I make a reservation at the East Asia Royal Hotel for the three of us in one room for two days.

I contact an account person at the GenSan branch of the Banco de Oro, right by the Sydney Hotel at the corner of Pioneer and Pendutan Avenue. I explain that I am moving my affairs to that city. I intend to make large deposits into that bank and wonder, if they might be so kind as to provide me time the next day to meet with them and open an account? (In later years non-citizens will have to have an Alien Certificate Registration card (ACR-I) to open accounts but not so now.)

While I have that person on the phone, I ask for the name of a top notch attorney for a variety of business and property matters. And finally I ask for the name of top notch realty company.

I call the attorney's office, and get an appointment there. Lastly get an appointment to meet with a realty agent two days hence.

All that done, I turn around and see both Joy and Abbey just looking at me.

Finally Joy speaks to me with something that seems like a little fear in her voice. *You are an important man Sir Jake. We did not know. We promise, we be good to you.*

Abbey is nodding her head up and down very fast. It is cute. I have done nothing other than what is needed, if we are to actually get things in motion. To the two of them, it is a world in which they have no experience.

Now that business is finished for the time being, the girls drag me onto the bed. They both strip and together they proceed to undress me. Joy takes a Viagra out of the pill bottle and brings it to me with a glass of water. Abbey asks her something – I don't understand and Joy seems to explain for what reason the pill is taken. A light flickers in Abbey's eyes and a smile spreads on her face. She looks at me with an earnest face and says, *Take two!*

Abbey then just latches her mouth onto my cock. Joy and I kiss and I play with her breasts. As I get hard I move to enter Joy – Abbey is still a bit too tender – my face is close to Joy's and I whisper, *If you are willing, please lick Abbey's pussy while I kiss her.* I get a moment of fear and then an acceptance across her face as she proceeds to do exactly as I have asked. I have already started kissing Abbey when Joy's tongue hits home.

As the information being received by Abbey's pussy is being processed by her brain, she starts to kiss me harder and harder.

Joy starts pumping her hips into me, as Joy's tongue brings Abbey to orgasm. Abbey's orgasm triggers mine in Joy's pussy.

And, at that moment, I think about all those years I spent alone back in the States with only my right hand as comfort. Damned straight, I am not going back to that.

Following a CR (comfort room) break, we are back at it again. I have Abbey concentrate on her mother's breasts, sucking them for all they are worth, while I enter Joy's ass with my cock. We succeed in getting Joy to squirt again during her fifth orgasm. Finally, I dump cum in Joy's ass.

We all nap for a while, and then down to supper we three go. The girls are a hoot during meals. They have never in their lives been at a buffet where they could simply take all they wanted that wasn't just rice, noodles, vegetables, dried fish, and thin soup. The amount of high priced protein on the buffet is intimidating to them.

Back in my room, we snuggle for a bit, all three in the same bed. There is some TV watching and then quickly to sleep, because we will leave early for the airport.

Three showers in the morning, (with two bathrooms,) a quick breakfast and a cab ride to the airport (this time without a bribe) gets us there in plenty of time to hear that our flight is delayed. Cebu Pacific is behaving just as I will learn to expect it to operate.

We are traveling now as a family. In the little time that we have been together, we have bonded. There are no dramatics. There is no holding on for dear life. Joy looks at me with a sense of relief and safety. Abbey is animated even though she is still a little stiff in the walking department.

The plane is late enough that it delays our check-in at the hotel in GenSan. I register at the front desk and we just drop our bags there. I ask the hotel staff to provide my family restaurant and lobby privileges until I return and then take a quick cab ride to the bank. I could have used a tricycle⁹, but I am too damned big to fit in them easily.

At the Bank (BDO) I meet with a Mr. Dizon, who assists me in filling out a myriad of forms. My passport is photocopied, as are other documents. I make an initial deposit and leave on very good terms.

My next stop is the law offices of Atty. Espejo. The attorney is in his late 40's and seems relaxed and comfortable in his world.

I explain that I am going to relocate to the GenSan area and there will be legal issues for which I require guidance. Atty Espejo is dubious, as he explains the laws regarding employment of foreigners in his country. I am aware of the law, and wait for his lecture to complete before I explain that my work is done remotely and is in essence overseas. I will not be providing services to anyone in the Philippines. I am providing services to companies outside the Philippines from my location. He smiles and acknowledges that there was no law barring that type of employment.

I then indicate the need to build a house that suits my needs, and he interrupts, and informs me that I cannot have a house,

9 - A motorcycle with a sidecar is the ubiquitous and inexpensive form of travel.

as once again, I am not a citizen of the Philippines. On this matter, I am not as confident, but I have a plan and wait for this lecture to end before I broach it.

Atty. Espejo, do I understand that there is no law prohibiting me from leasing land?

That is correct, Sir Jake.

And there is no law against building on leased land, Atty. Espejo?

That is also correct, Sir.

Then, Atty. Espejo, may I inquire whether a lease may last 99 years?

It may, Sir.

Atty. Espejo I would like you to draft a document that allows for the lease of land, not yet specified, for 99 years, with a buyout provision at the end or that time in the sum of ₱100 provided that the individual is both my direct descendent and a citizen of the Philippines. Please include that I may sublet part or all of the land at my sole discretion. Is that something you can do?

Sir Jake, I must be frank with you. It is rare to meet a man of your business knowledge and understanding of how to navigate through our laws. I think it will be a pleasure to work with you.

Atty. Espejo, I think the feeling is mutual. Now, Sir, just this morning I established an account at the BDO. I only have this counter check to use today, but allow me to provide you a retainer against this and future work.

I write out a check and hand it to him. He agrees that the sum is suitable and I leave.

From there it is only a five minute cab ride back to the hotel. We complete the previously abbreviated check-in process in and retire to our room for a little unwinding.

We shower again... Have I noted how hot and humid it gets in the Philippines? Besides, sexual congress ought to be with clean bodies whenever possible!

Abbey asks me while we were drying off, if I am really sexually attracted to her. I assure her I am and ask her why she asks.

Because for the past two days you only fuck my mother. You leave me alone in that way.

I laugh so hard I almost lose my breath. She is not amused.

Abbey, you could barely walk this morning! My sweet lovely girl, I would love to be inside of you right now, but you are sore.

Abbey is having none of that and her response is an animated, *Hindi!¹⁰ I am not sore. Just stiff and if you put your cock inside me I will no longer be stiff!*

So that is exactly what I do. I take my naked thirteen-year-old lover to bed and, with Joy right there, fuck her but good. I have her feet in the air, as I pounded her pussy. I have Joy suck her tits as I proceed and Abbey orgasms, good and long. When we are done I ask her, *Better now?*

With a big smile on her face, her answer is, *Opo.*

Dinner that night is at the hotel. The East Asia Royal Hotel restaurant has an excellent reputation. It is reasonably well deserved, though the Marriott in Cebu was far better. The menu was a combination of Filipino foods and international cooking. GenSan is famous for tuna and the hotel had tuna sashimi on the menu for ₱80. It is – I am not kidding – 8 ounces of fresh caught yellow fin tuna with soy and wasabi. I am in heaven. That, a vegetable dish of pork stuffed ampalaya (bitter melon), and rice is enough for me. I am full! The food is great, the price is right and life is good.

10 - Not

The next day I have three missions. One is to find land and the second one is to find a place for my girls (and me) to stay, while our house is built. I will be gone for about two months in the beginning, but I will be returning and that will be before the house is completed. The third is to find an architect I can work with – remotely when needed. I leave the girls with some pesos; they are in walking distance of two Malls. I tell them I will see them for supper, and leave.

The process ends up being far easier than I expected and feared. The realty agent with whom I deal knows of a property owner who has both a home in town and farmland north of GenSan. The farmland is going for ₱800,000 a hectare, but at 50 hectares, (123 acres,) I am able to get the price down to ₱650,000 per hectare. That works out to be a little bit more than \$660,000. I lease the house for ₱15,000/month while our place is being built.

The owner of the land loves my lease offer and agrees to it readily, so long as I pay the annual taxes for it. I agree.

We call the Atty. Espejo together and provide him with all he will need to complete the document. It will be ready the next morning. I provide the owner ₱45,000 (first, last and security, for the leased house in town) and get the keys to the house in return. The place is partially furnished. We have a place to sleep!

I have three more days in the Philippines before my flight home. There is the matter of the architect. I call Mr. Dizon at the bank. I say that I know this was a personal favor I am asking, but who are the best architects in the City. I get three names and addresses. I find a taxi driver who allows me to rent him for the rest of the day, including waiting for me at my appointments. I hand him the addresses and tell him to take me to the closest one. We will be doing all three.

The first place is simply underwhelming and we are quickly on to the next. Here we find gold. The architect, Mr. Reyes, has done some wonderful work, has an up to date office with the needed technology and a work/billing ethic with which I am

comfortable. He shows me some plans he has done for another client. I immediately see that, while there will need to be a few changes, the basics are all OK. We take a couple of hours going over the changes I need. He agrees to check out the property to see if there are other issues I have not contemplated, and get back to me electronically in about a week. I leave him a retainer and all my contact information.

It is late afternoon by this time. I head back to the Hotel. The girls have not returned yet. I pick up my cell phone and call Jun. She answers on the second ring. She is in good spirits when I give her our temporary address. Once her employment is over, she is to come here. There is not a moment's hesitation. She takes the information down and tells me that she will tell her parents that she is no longer returning to them. She will give them our address as well. I tell her I think she is doing just fine and look forward to our all being together.

About thirty minutes later my girls arrive with just three small packages. I am surprised, but they just laugh. When I ask why, it was my turn to laugh.

Joy looks at me like I am an idiot. *You are getting us a house? Yes?*

I did. It is done.

Then we will be spending money on that. So, we save for the house.

They know I have money, but they are being careful with it. It is my turn to laugh and I do. I tell them we will go to the house tomorrow.

But now Joy is excited. *When we go?*

Using the limited Tagalog I have picked up, I ask, *Bakit?*¹¹

We have surprise for you tomorrow.

11 - Why?

What do you mean surprise?

They laughed and Joy repeats, *When we go?*

After breakfast, tomorrow.

It is far from here?

No. It is about ten minutes by taxi.

*Mabuti.*¹²

For dinner we go over to a new place that has just opened called 'Grab a Crab.' The food is excellent and the kangkung (Joy laughs and says that's a weed! Hehehe) is braised and out of this world. The Crab in Chili sauce is not all that bad either.

After dinner, we shower and I take Abbey in her pussy and Joy in the ass. I am spent by that time. I tell them I want to watch Joy lick Abbey, until she has an orgasm. And that is what happens. Mother Joy bringing daughter Abbey to a bigtime cum. I am processing what this means on so many different levels.

Sleep comes upon us all.

The next morning we move into our temporary home. Like all such places in GenSan, the exterior of the property is an 8 to 10 foot high fence/barrier with something like broken glass embedded into the top. It is designed to be a security barrier and it does that pretty well. The weak spot is usually the gate. This gate is iron and substantial.

Inside any such compound there will be a house, possibly a carport/garage and a shed type structure plus a yard, some with plantings. Ours has all of it.

¹² - Good.

The five bedroom house has two large kitchens, (one inside and one outside,) a large dining room, a living room, two large porches and two bathrooms. My girls are in awe.

Joy asks, in the quietest of voices, *This is for us?*

Yes, but not only you.

You know about the present?

No, why? What present?

Then why you say, 'not only you?'

I will explain in a bit. What is your surprise?

Take us to the Bus Terminal at 5pm.

OK

The girls spend the day getting things in order while I clean up some business issues and ready myself to leave in the morning. Everything, and I do mean everything, gets washed down and cleaned. The floors are shined. It is clear that Joy and Abbey are not afraid of work.

Based on where we are living it is evident that I will need a car when I return. Cabs are not hanging around the house. I have to take a tricycle to Atty. Espejo's office. Later, we take a tricycle to the Bus terminal on Bulaong Ave. That is where the girls say we needed to be.

At the law office I meet with the land owner and Atty. Espejo. We review the lease. It is clean and perfect. I hand a check of earnest money to the landowner. We both sign the multiple copies of the lease forms. Following the earnest money, this would be a one payment, 99 year lease with buyout provision. Perfectly legal and skirting the problem of citizenship. I have ninety days to provide the rest of the money. It will not be a problem. I just have to transfer some funds. I provide a check to cover the balance to my attorney and he will send it via LBC (their version of FedEx) to the landowner once the money is in

my local account. It takes less than an hour to conclude the transaction. It is clear that I have hired a good attorney.

It is done; we have fifty hectares of land a little north of GenSan. It is good farmland, and it will allow us many options. I am happy and relieved.

I get back to our house mid-afternoon. The place is shining and all put in order. The girls are laughing and generally in a great mood. There is an open-air market just a few streets away and Joy has prepared a fruit plate for me of banana, mango and pineapple. All are incredibly sweet. At 5:00PM we go to get my surprise.

Once we get to the terminal, we wait only half an hour, which by my calculation in Philippines time is short. We are waiting for a person who evidently had just gotten off a bus. And as she walks to us, the surprise is another very young girl, close to Abbey's age.

Her name is Michelle but she is called Mitch. She is fourteen and she is Joy's niece. Mitch's mother has taken off. She has been living with her father who has recently been laid off. Joy tells me he was a welder and diesel mechanic and had worked at a company that operated Caterpillar earth moving equipment. He now has no income. If we will take in his daughter, it is one less mouth to feed ... and as Abbey notes she is both pretty and a virgin.

I greet Mitch. Her relations make a fuss around her. The kid has not had a bite to eat all day. I ask her where she wants to eat and her answer is Jollibee. (It is the Filipino answer to McDonalds, although McD's is here as well.) Jollibees is not a place where I want to eat, but to this fourteen-year-old it is the gold standard. And so, that is where we go. There are five Jollibees in GenSan, Abbey is sure the one closest to us is just up the street from the Hotel Sydney on Pioneer, but I remember from the driving around I did when looking for an architect that there is one at the RD Plaza. That's not much closer, but I win the bet!

It is a short tricycle ride. We could have walked it, but I don't want to get there dripping with sweat. I get in a tricycle on the front seat. Joy, Abbey and Mitch ride in the back.

Jollibees is as plastic as possible. The food is not to my liking but it is not meant to be. Mitch orders a "Yum with Cheese" burger and a Jollibees Spaghetti. When I start going for my wallet to pay, Joy whispers in my ear, *Let Abbey pay, Mahal.*

This requires two explanations. *Mahal* can mean dear as in a loved one. It can also mean expensive, as in 'You are paying dearly for that!' In a store if you hear mahal, it often means the latter. Here, it was meant as a term of affection. The reason Abbey would pay is that, for Abbey to have that much money would, in and of itself, be unusual. Mitch is without more than a five-peso coin when we meet her. It is Abbey's way of saying, 'things are very different here.'

Mitch's eyes get big when Abbey withdraws the ₱500 note to pay for the food, but she makes no comment. She proceeds to wolf it all down and then she leans back, burps and laughs out loud.

Mitch looks at the three of us and asks, *Where do we live?*

With that, the Visayan dialect is in full force as the three of them chat up a storm all the way back by taxi.

When we get back to the compound, Joy takes care of unlocking the gate, getting us all in and relocking it completely. Once inside Mitch asks if we are the only ones who live here. Joy takes a long look at me and says, *oo¹³, for now.*

It is time I take Joy aside. I tell her about Jun. Once she has the story, she only asks, *May I talk to her?*

I pull my cell phone out and speak to Jun, before handing the phone to Joy. This conversation is in Tagalog and Joy is welcoming Jun into the family. She tells Jun that I am a good man and that I have already made sure they have all they need.

¹³ Yes.

I am only hearing one side of the conversation, and as it is Tagalog, I don't know what is being said anyway. I only catch a few words but, by the tenor of Joy's voice, it sounds OK to me. She tells Jun that we have a farm; a big one. She is excited, animated and happy.

When the call ends, Joy looks at me and asks, *how many more?*

None that I expect, how about you?

Joy laughs. *Maybe one more but you will like her. She is Mitch's older sister. Angel is nineteen.* She laughs again. *You better live a long time Jake!*

I ask Joy when Angel is going to appear and if she does not think she needs to ask my permission for any of this.

Joy looks at me with big eyes filled with fear. *I tell them to go home if you want mahal. I am sorry to make mistake.*

I smile at her. *No, Joy, no one is being sent home, but after Angel, no more additions unless you come to me first and I agree. You understand?*

Joy takes a deep breath, her head held down a little and answers me. *Opo, Jake. I make no more orders unless you agree.*

I just say, *Mabuti.*

The younger ones are in the house. Abbey is giving Mitch the tour. When they get done I remind the girls that, as this is my last night at home for about two months, I will be spending the early evening getting to know Mitch; following that, Joy and Abbey should also join me.

We find two double beds in the house. We will order other beds later. But for now, these two have been pushed together. So Mitch and I enter the only bedroom with beds.

Mitch, are you expecting me to take your virginity tonight?

Opo.

Is that what you want?

Opo, if you let me stay with you.

Will you obey me?

Opo.

Then, Mitch, it is time for you to take your clothing off.

She does, and I am not disappointed. I take a picture of Mitch and later I save it to my computer where I will look at it from time to time. It is a simple photograph, but it captures the sweet innocence of the girl just before I take her. Mitch is all sorts of ready until the moment comes, then she is all sorts of worried or scared. I cannot tell which and so, naked though she is and lying on the bed ready for me, I stop.

Mitch, I will not take your virginity with you shaking like this. There is nothing wrong with deciding this life is not for you. I will give you money for the ride home, give you money for food both on the ride home and for you and your father for the month. Would you like to go home? It is really OK if you do.

Hindi, Sir Jake. I am not scared, I am worried that I will not be good enough for you and you will tell me to go home. Sir Jake, I do not want to go home. I want to stay with you. Please don't send me home. I am young. I do not know how to please you or even what to do.

Before I tell you how Mitch and I make love, please keep in mind that I am still that overweight 58-year-old. I still have to take Viagra to get it up and I really do snore. And the girl sitting on my bed is a very cute girl, not close to being a woman. She is looking at me and telling me she wants me to take her virginity. This is in a country where virginity is important. Also, keep in mind that I already have a beautiful 32-year-old and another thirteen-year-old in the next room plus a seventeen-year-old on another island. I have already taken two virgins this trip.

At this point, I am sure I am the luckiest bastard in the world. I know that is not what I should expect out of life, but I am not about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

I undress and slide onto the bed next to Mitch. Putting my arms around her, I pull her to me; her skin against me. There is no resistance. In fact, there will not be one moment of resistance the entire time. I taste her breasts, her hairless pussy, her back, and her lips. I explore her pussy and her ass with my fingers. She is wet all on her own and I do enter her. She is tight, but not tighter than was Abbey. I run into her hymen. She winces in pain. She urges me to break it and make her my girl. I pull back a little and ram down, ripping through her hymen. She cries out, *Aray!*¹⁴

I am through and I stay at bottom for her to relax a bit.

Now, slowly, we start a gentle tempo and the noises from Mitch become mewling sounds. We are in no rush to finish and the slow, steady fucking has us both happy, but not orgasmic. As we fuck, Mitch starts asking me questions. Will I love her? Do I think she's pretty? Do I love her cousin Abbey? Can she live with me forever? Will I pay for her to go to school? Do I want babies? I answer yes, yes, yes, yes, and oh yes.

Good, give me a baby Sir Jake. I think this is a good time.

And that gets my fire going; Mitch also picks up the tempo. We are not doing anything special. This is straight-ahead fucking; Mitch and I, working on making a baby. She whispers in my ear, *Give your baby now!*

And that does it, I blow my load inside Mitch. When I pull out, not a damn drop is going to dribble out as she does all but a headstand to keep the cum running in the right direction. Still upside down, Mitch looks at me and says, *I am going to be your best girl. You will see. No one will ever love you as good as me!*

¹⁴ - Ouch!

Even though I have only met her a few hours ago, I have no doubt that she means every word.

After sliding on a pair of shorts, I go to the door and open it a little. Mitch is still on the bed with feet against the wall and in the air. As I stick my head out, Joy sees me and asks if I am hungry. I am, and so, after a few words of thanks and encouragement to Mitch, who is not hungry, I put a shirt and sandals on and head to the dining area. I ask, *what is for supper?* The answer is a Sitaw and Pork Adobo, and Eggplant cooked in Coconut Milk with garlic and sautéed onions. There is a desert of 'Leche Flan.' (Sitaw is the Tagalog name for what you might call Chinese Long Beans.) Of course, there is a copious amount of rice on the table. The meal is beyond delicious! (*masarap!*¹⁵) Who knew she could cook so well?

While we are eating, Mitch, in a borrowed robe from Abbey, joins us with a big smile. She takes some rice and adobe, but between bites takes center stage.

I will have the first baby here! I will be the first mother to Jake's children.

There are both howls and laughs from Abbey and Joy, but there is also, as of now, a race to become pregnant. I have no idea if I can get anyone pregnant. There was a time when I could, but I haven't fathered a child in decades. For all I know I am shooting blanks. Though it is a fantasy, it is not a priority. I assumed that I might have one or two more kids if it is possible. But a contest? We will see. And how do I deal with children from children? There are midwives here ... but the kids still have to have birth certificates. I do not want to spend my days in prison. This is going to take some research.

Before we leave the table, I chose to address them all at the same time. *Girls, I came from the US to see if I might find a wife and maybe a mistress and return to the US. Joy, as you already know, I am not going to do that.*

15 - Very delicious!

They just stare. I continued.

I am moving here and will live with you because I simply can't get all of you to the USA, ... but if I stay here we can all be together. Does anyone have a problem with my decision that you are my girls forever?

No one says anything for a bit. Joy is the one who eventually speaks, *Are you saying we will all live together here forever as a family, each of us girls your mistress? Pero, hindi Ganda?*¹⁶

I answer with a simple, *Yes.*

Mabuti, we are your girls.

That last night I have something I had never had before and had never even dreamed of having. It is a foursome in bed. It is as unlikely as it is outrageous fun. I cannot begin to describe it because I am at the bottom of the pile. Half the time I have no idea who is holding my cock, or whose tit is in my face. All I know is that I go to sleep a happy man with three girls in my bed, all happy and committed to the plan. And to think, three weeks prior and for more than a few years prior, the closest I was to a pussy was my right hand. Who knew?

¹⁶ But, not Ganda?

4

The next day is the beginning of the long and arduous trip back to the States. The length of time it takes and the number of planes I have to ride is appalling and not worth retelling here. A day later I am home in the US and, after a few hours rest, I have my work cut out for me.

I have to do the following: Sell off the parts of my business which are involved with physical things; Arrange for some services to be transferred to others; Notify clients that, while I will be available for remote service support and consulting, all the other things I have done in the past will now be handled by others.

I put my house up for sale. This is perfect timing. The market is high – it falls off a few years later, long after I am gone. It is not a big place and it is not in a metro area, but I still get over \$350K for the place. I bought it for \$94K some 20 years earlier. I am not crying. My new land in Mindanao is costing me \$663,000. Fifty hectares is, in US terms, 123.33 acres of very fertile ground. The average farmer around GenSan has one or two hectares. I have an idea how to use that land to my benefit.

I sell a bunch of stuff and arrange for shipment of the rest to the Philippines via a 40' cargo container. It might take two or three months to get GenSan, but that is just fine. I work with my banks to transfer funds.

I arrange for the installation of as fast an internet connection as I can get into the house we have in GenSan using PLDT. They are hard to work with and I cannot get a business class account because I don't have a Philippine business. Saying you are a business doesn't cut it. You have to acquire a license as a Philippine business to get that class of account but I get as good a connection as is possible.

I buy a plane ticket with a return trip as delayed a date as I can get and then contact the Philippine Embassy for an immigrant visa. They give me only a 60 day tourist visa, which I can renew multiple times once I get there. There is some rule about only

50 general immigrant visas per country available per year, unless I marry a Filipina. I'll have to fix that once I got there, as I gather there may be a workaround. I am not going to marry so I will have to figure out how to deal with the issue.

I transfer significant funds to my BDO account and Atty. Espejo has sent the check for the final lease payment. That check has been deposited, and it has cleared my account BDO. Lease or own ... that land is mine.

Meanwhile, I have been in contact with Mr. Reyes, our architect, and we have finalized the plans. He, with the assistance of Atty. Espejo, to whom I had provided limited power of attorney while I was gone, has chosen a contractor. Ground is broken long before I leave the USA.

Seventy-five days after I returned to the USA, I say goodbye to one and all. I am headed back to the Philippines.

I am about to be an expat. I know there are others in and around GenSan, but I have yet to meet them. I am not sure I want to meet them. My lifestyle may make that problematic.

I am going back to a home with more things and people in it than I had when I left. Angel has arrived, as has Jun. Beds have been purchased. Kitchen equipment has been acquired, as has a 20-cup rice cooker/steamer, two hot/cold water dispensers that take those blue 20-liter/litre jugs. And, the most important addition, a hot water heater for my shower.

On the return trip, I stay in Manila for a couple of days. I need to adjust my visa and the best office to do that is in Manila. I know I will be in the Philippines for longer than 60 days and I don't want the hassle of re-upping every sixty days. My research has discovered that there is a visa that is good for up to one year, and is renewable year after year. That's the one I want. It's called an SRRV visa. The visa requires that I claim to be retired.

While I am not really retired, the nature of my work will allow me to act that way for the Philippine Retirement Authority, the PRA. It is also a little pricey, requiring a deposit that is frozen

while I am here. I can't touch it, but that is not really a problem. It allows me to stay indefinitely without marrying. I bring all the needed documents with me and hope it will all be OK.

One of the beauties of the SRRV Visa is that the cargo container I am bringing in will be duty and customs free!

I am back at the Best Western in Manila again. There are nicer hotels, but this one is fine and the price is right. It does not take long to arrange for the Visa. While there is a lot of official corruption in the Philippines, the PRA office in Manila is a paradise that is completely free of the fixers and other corrupt practices. I gather not all the Immigration offices are so clean.

I fly back to Mindanao with a temporary paper copy of my visa. The fancy plastic card will follow later. My 'family' has rented a van and driver to meet me at the airport. There are six of us: Joy, Abbey, Mitch, Jun, Angel and me. Adding the driver, we are seven.

Oh my, if we start having babies in a serious way, I am going to need a Jeepney just to move us around. My SUV, loaded in a second 20 foot cargo container, will not accommodate that many people!

That gets me thinking about the new house. Maybe I should push to get it built faster than what I take is the more normal and relaxed timetable Mr. Reyes was telling me about via his emails. I will speak to him and the contractor tomorrow and see what can be done to get the construction completed as soon as possible.

We get back to our house and I walk through, checking out what is what. I had let Joy know I needed a room for my office. The girls have set up one of the bedrooms for this purpose. There is a little table. My desk is on the bigger cargo container that will arrive in a couple of months. The Internet is running to the house, but we need a wireless router, a printer/scanner/copier, a couple of large monitors and some patch cables. I figure, I will do that tomorrow. Though I am shipping that sort of stuff in the container, I need it now.

But... today I have 'personnel' issues.

First is Jun. After giving each girl a hug and a kiss, I retire to the bedroom with Jun. She starts to get undressed. I smile and sit down to enjoy the view. But I stay dressed. Naked, she looks and asks if something is wrong.

Nothing is wrong. Jun you look beautiful and I am pleased that you are here. Are you OK? Have you been treated well?

Yes Jake, they all treat me good. They say we are all family. I know we are not, but it is fun.

Jun, did you finish high school?

Yes, but no money for college.

I am told that there are good colleges in GenSan. What would you like to study?

Will you let me study business?

Of course. Tomorrow morning you go and get the forms and sign up for the next semester. I want you to work hard at this and graduate.

Maraming salamat, Maraming salamat, Maraming salamat. God bless you Jake.

You are welcome. Now, because you are mine, I want to know if you want to have children. Do you? If you do not, we need to get you on birth control.

Do you not know?

What?

Mitch is pregnant and we have a contest to see who will be next! I hope I win!

There are times that words are useless. Here is a naked seventeen-year-old girl, who has declared herself to be mine and wants me to get her pregnant.

I take my clothing off and get into bed with Jun. Starting at her ankles, (she claims her feet are too dirty,) I kiss and lick my way all the way up. I have described her to you before. Nothing has changed. But this time we are alone with each other. And in this one-on-one time we take care of each other: touching, talking, kissing, teasing, and earnest licking of hidden places. When I finally center in on licking her pussy we have been going for forty-five minutes. She loves having my mouth on her pussy and she grinds her cunt into me with a power and determination that is beyond measure.

The decision to mount her and give her a baby, if I can, occurs after fifteen minutes of pussy munching. I take her missionary style and her orgasm is almost immediate. I keep her going for a while, but the scent of her body, her body's insistent need for cum, makes the rest of it unimportant. I pound her pussy until the urgent need to cum produces the result we both want.

After I give her the cum, she does what Mitch had done. She is just about on her head with her legs up against the wall. Nothing will leak out.

I leave her there and take a shower.

Now is the time for me to get to know Angel, not that I am able to fuck anyone at the moment. But, I do not know if she even belongs here. When I find her in a back room, she is a little reserved, maybe even frightened.

Angel, I know exactly why every other girl is here. Do you want to be here? Do you want to stay here, and if yes to either, would you be kind enough to tell me why?

My Tatay¹⁷ say I have to go to you. I tell him I have boyfriend and I can live with him. Tatay say hindi.

17 - Father

Is your father still out of work?

Yes, Sir.

Does he know how to work construction, like build houses?

Yes, I think so.

OK, listen closely and stop me if you do not understand any part. I am going to offer your Tatay a job. If he accepts, he will have to move near here, but it is a real job. I am telling him that you are a good girl but not right for me. He can either take care of you or let you go to your boyfriend. If he wants to accept my job offer, you can wait here until he comes. But I will not touch you and you will never become part of this family. Do you understand that?

Well, she does and she doesn't. I have to explain parts of it a few times and I even have to enlist her younger sister, Mitch, to explain parts to her. And that creates a minor shit-storm. Mitch is insistent that Angel stay and I am having none of it. Only after I get it into Mitch's head that her father will have a job and be able to support Angel, does she relent. As Mitch is already pregnant there is no talk of her returning to her father.

In the end, Angel is relieved to not join the family and I am happy with the result. I do not want unwilling girls. Joy is also a little irritated until she hears I have offered her brother a job. Then all complaints stop.

Her Tatay, Joe, accepts the offer, only an hour after I have spoken to Angel. Tomorrow, I am going to meet with the contractor anyway. It won't be hard to get him to agree to hire Joe to help build the house. After that, the contractor will have no obligation to keep Joe on the books. I will also arrange for Joe to be able to live in a Nipa hut on my land. As part of the deal, Joe has agreed to allow Angel to go to the boyfriend. We put Angel on the bus tomorrow! All matters seem to be resolved.

I am down to four girls. That is far more than enough. That first night back, all four are in my bed. It is silly, out-of-control, sweet and just plain fun. Abbey will not allow Mitch anywhere near my cock. Mitch is pregnant and Abbey says she is not. In Abbey's mind that is enough, she wants a baby too. But so does Jun. They both get some cum that night, but from then on, I insist on a schedule. Each non-pregnant girl gets 2 nights a week. Pregnant girls get one night per week. When there is no pregnant woman, then each will in turn give up one day per week.

I do mix things up a bit on a regular basis, having on two nights a week both Joy and Jun with me and then, for a while, for two nights a week both Mitch and Abbey together. I am able to introduce more real girl-on-girl activity with the two younger ones. Joy and Jun are a little embarrassed to show that they are really enjoying it.

Abbey and Mitch are becoming very close and I count that as a good thing.

It seems to me that Joy is my true de facto wife. I think she knows it. I depend on her a great deal and in the ways I need a wife to be.

Jun is a beautiful unknown. She says she is committed to me, but I remain unsure about her and her future in general. Yes, I fell for her looks at the hotel in Boracay, and yes, she punched all the right buttons to end up here with me. And no, I am not sorry about any of it. But it was so random. I take her virginity and, in her mind, as she would have me believe, that is that. She's mine. Really?

Oh, I guess I understand Mitch. A cousin to Abbey, a niece to Joy, it's sort of the family plan. From what I understand, these two girls have been with each other since they were in diapers. Having one grab the brass ring, while the other is left out, just isn't going to wash.

On the subject of bedding teenagers, my working theory at the moment is that it is important not to assume you can communicate with them or be on their level. As much as you

think you are, well, you aren't. You can't be and you can't play mind games on them. If they say they love me, I take them at their word, but my interests are not theirs. Most of the time during the day I don't see them. I don't expect to see them and there are no demands. But, for all the differences, they choose my bed and I always let them know that they can choose to be elsewhere. There is no arm twisting from me. The pressure to stay is in their hearts and heads; it is a pressure based on their reality to a large extent. I haven't created it; I haven't amplified it; but I do enjoy the fruits of it. I do make sure that all three are in school. I let it be known that school, including college, is not optional and that I am paying for it.

On the transportation side, I have a problem. There are just five of us now, and my SUV would have worked, but with Mitch already pregnant, an SUV will not make it a year if we all need to go somewhere. Or so I think at the time. In reality, Filipinas have no problem putting six on a bench made for three. (I am only to learn this later!) The best answer is a van, but for short trips, it is just too big for the city traffic. The result is a modest motorcycle plus the van. The purchases are done within a week. With my US driver's license in hand, I am able to secure a Philippine driver's license. As I settle in, it is very unusual for women to drive in the Philippines, though this will change in later years. But for now, none of my girls want to learn. So be it.

The decision to purchase a van is doubly right. Just days later, Abbey finally tells Joy that she has not had a period since I left for the USA. She is ever so pregnant! That makes two of them. Joy is having her periods regularly. I hear talk that some Filipinas are used to irregular periods because of what amounts to malnutrition. My girls are eating well, but Abbey might have been assigning a missing period to the vagaries of life. On a hunch I ask Jun when her last period had been. She had one the week before I arrived. That gives me a benchmark to track Jun's cycles.

With both Mitch and Abbey pregnant, they both start on the one day a week regimen. That means that I have five days each week for Joy and Jun. While it is nice to be alone with them on occasion, I normally have both of them with me each night, making sure that I split up the distribution of my semen.

I am having some luck with the two of them as far as three-way play. Jun is getting good at getting Joy off with her tongue. Joy is less comfortable and needs some urging, but now it is not just me urging, Jun is directly asking Joy for action. Joy just isn't getting into it. Then Jun pushes a button when she asks Joy, *If you don't want to be with me, should Jake find a girl for me?*

That sure as hell gets Joy's attention. Joy looks at me but I do not say a thing and wait to hear what Joy will say. Joy remains silent. It appears to me that she is getting real scared. But I think both Jun and I need some clarity. *Joy, if you do not like being with me and another woman, you need to say that is so. I will not send you away, but I will not lie, I will be with you less often. If you are only afraid of enjoying being with Jun, you need to get over it. No matter what, you are here for life.*

Mahal, I will try to make Jun happy. If Jun is not happy, then you go get another girl.

Joy does start taking care of Jun and Jun in response is so nice to Joy that a week later Joy comes to me crying.

Jake, I have a problem.

OK, what's your problem?

I think Jun loves me. She is so nice to me now. She sleeps with me when we are not with you and loves me in bed on those nights.

How do you feel for Jun?

I not know. I confused. I love you. How I love a girl if I love you!

Are you saying it is not possible to love two people?

Yes!

Do I love all four of you?

Yes, I think so.

So it is possible for me to love more than one person. Why is it not possible for you?

You different. You a man.

Joy, I know you love me. You will make me happy if you allow yourself to have feelings for Jun too.

Ganun?

Yes, Joy, really.

OK, I will try

Two months later, Jun is pregnant and Joy is her constant companion making sure that Jun has all she needs.

Now there are three pregnant girls in the house and I am worrying about the consequences. I need the new house ready sooner than ever.

5

Our new house is about ready for occupancy. Electric service is established. We have DSL Internet, which sort of sucks but it's the best you can get in GenSan. (A few years later we will be able to get a fiber optic connection.)

Mitch's and Angel's father has been working for the contractor, Mr. Vasquez, as per my request. I assumed that would mean the end of his employment as the house is about finished. It never happens. I speak with Mr. Vasquez. The guy is so well skilled and such a good worker that he has succeeded in obtaining long-term employment at a good salary from our contractor. Go figure.

On the matter of childbirth, I am stumped. I request that Joy look around for a good midwife who is discrete. Joy reports that there such a woman not far from our new home. We make arrangements with her for all three pregnancies and births.

The week after the midwife was found, Joy has news of her own. She has missed her period.

I make private inquiries about the families of the head of the Local Central Registry and the local Sheriff. I find that there are brothers in both families who are out of work in a serious way. Through an intermediary, I let it be known that I have more land than I can farm and am looking for tenant farmers who will take care of the land I lease them. The lease will be at a very low rate, and the lease fee only kicks in after they bring in their first crop. Until then, it is free of charge.

Three men take the offer and are leased two hectares each. It is a goodwill gesture and I hope that, when the birth records are entered in the Local Central Registry, there will be no issues raised in regard to the age of the father in relation to the age of the mothers.

We move into the new home in early December. There is still work to be done, but it is better that we are out there now. A

sturdy perimeter wall has been built twelve feet high around two hectares of the land where the house sits. The home has far more room than the one we had been leasing in GenSan. The entire first floor is a huge inside kitchen, outside covered 'dirty' kitchen, outside covered wash room, dining room, sala¹⁸, and a CR. It has covered porches all around. The second floor has eight bedrooms with a sink in each, and four CRs. The third floor has eight more bedrooms with a sink in each and four more CRs. The fourth floor has a master bedroom, master CR, and my very large office. There is an elevator reaching all floors for my use. There are also stairs.

The cost for all this extravagance is under \$450,000 or twenty-two million pesos. A huge chunk of that is for the elevator.

I have been sending Mitch and Abbey to the Catholic school as it is the best in the area but, by December, the girls are beginning to show their pregnant status. Now that we have moved a little out of town, the time is right for a change. The girls are ripe. I cast about for a live-in teacher to home study my girls.

The concept of home study requires a teacher who has been certified by the Philippine Department of Education, DepEd. You use the certified curriculum, and so it is different from "home schooling" as done in the USA.

Joy is a little uneasy about this. I remind her that it is my choice and that she is not in any jeopardy. I have a local employment agency screen the applicants based on my criteria. There are no 'equal opportunity' employment laws and I am able to specify that the applicant has to have a BS in education, be between 20 and 26 years of age, female, and single. She has to be in good physical health, able to oversee the physical training as well as classroom training for the girls, and be willing to reside on premises. Two photographs have to be submitted along with the application, a face shot and a full body shot. In fourteen days we receive over thirty applications from the agency.

18 - Living room

We check out the recommendations and sort the applications by a number of factors including general beauty. Every candidate has to sign a non-disclosure agreement prior to the interview, to prevent gossip. If the applicant is hired, the penalty for violating the NDA is the loss of salary and firing. There isn't much I can do if she gossips about an interview but doesn't get hired. However, I tell each applicant that problems will be reported back to the agency.

We interview eight. The one we choose is fully qualified, really good looking, truly poor and in desperate need. Her name is Cherise. She is 23 years old. She stands 5' 5" and weighs 120 pounds. She has black hair and black eyes.

We have just moved into the new place a couple of weeks prior when Cherise joins us. She is the only one on a second floor bedroom. I have the top floor all to myself. Jun and Joy share a room on the third floor. Mitch and Abbey do the same.

At dinner, the first night we are all there together with Cherise, she makes the comment that she is going to rattle around alone on the second floor. The girls just giggle and nothing more is said. But I know that the reason for their giggles is that the only way to get a room on the third floor is to also be in my bed.

We set up one of the other bedrooms on the second floor as a temporary schoolroom and classes begin a few days later.

There is something surreal about making love to a thirteen or fourteen-year-old. Especially a tiny Filipina one. There is no question that they get horny. And there is no concern of getting them pregnant, as that has already been taken care of. Until late into the pregnancy they have an exuberance in bed that knows no bounds. The nights I am with one or the other – and, with four pregnant women the rules about access being meaningless – they just about wear me out. I try to wear them out and only start to succeed late in their terms. They stay on top or on a side. Seeing a bouncing pregnant teen sliding on and off my cock with pussy juices dripping is a sight that makes me blow my load deep inside them on many a night. Their breasts are getting far larger. I can hardly wait until I can drink from these damn sexy breasts. God knows, pregnancy makes them look

even hotter and more desirable. I have a hard time keeping my hands off them during the day.

Abbey and Mitch know this and start walking around the house topless with their engorged breasts jutting out. This produces a complaint about the two girls from Cherise, who is, sure as hell, not used to seeing breasts in class or anywhere else! I listen patiently to Cherise until she was done.

Thank you for your concern. Can you tell me, whom are they hurting by their displays?

Me?

Only you?

Yes.

Then the solution is simple. You should adapt and accept, because I like it and no one is really getting hurt.

Yes, Sir.

Cherise, tell me, are you a virgin?

Yes, Sir.

Do you understand that you are under no obligation to stay here? That you can quit at any time? That you do not have to have a reason to quit? That I will pay you two months' salary extra when you quit? That if you do not want to do what is requested of you, you should quit? That there is no shame in quitting and you will get a good recommendation from me? Do you understand all that?

Yes, Sir.

Good. Now take off your clothes.

Here in your office, Sir Jake?

Yes, Cherise. Here in my office.

And that is exactly what the girl does. She is certainly every bit as lovely in the nude as she was dressed. Her nipples are pointed out in excitement or fear. I know not which.

Cherise, what is going to happen next is that I am going to take your virginity. In doing so, I will take you, as one of my girls. If you do not want that to happen, you can quit now and nothing bad will be done to you. Do you want to leave now?

No, Sir.

I take Cherise by the hand, walk her, naked, across the hall to my bedroom and close the door behind us. Her clothing remains in the office. We pull the covers back and climb onto the bed. I hold her closely and begin gently kissing her and touching her all over.

Slowly, ever so slowly, I increase both the tempo and the time I spend on her erogenous zones until, an hour later, she is humping my finger and kissing me incessantly. I am careful to leave the hymen in place for now. Her breasts are a little larger than any of the girls' prior to their pregnancies. Now, in their present condition, both Mitch's and Abbey's breasts are about as large as Cherise's are. But Cherise is not pregnant... yet.

I ask, and Cherise confirms, that she has taken no birth control measures. That is fine with me as I mount her for the very first time. I hit the hymen immediately, retreat a bit and then ram down hard, breaking through the membrane in one smooth plunge. She is breathing hard and I stay still while she gets back some measure of control.

Sir Jake, will you give me babies too?

Yes.

Good.

We start to move as a couple working to a common goal, both of us committed to the task. Her legs wrap around me, her arms holding me tight, her youthful body hungry for the

outcome. *Give me, give me, give me...* She is committed to the process.

Then her eyes get very big. *Jake, Oh Jake, I feel ... Oh My God, Jaaaaake!*

She, from what I gather, never has had an orgasm in her life. This one is her first and it is an edifying experience for her. She takes skin off my back as her nails dig in and rip! Her body is literally bouncing on the bed with me still on top. And that is enough for me. My cum enters her pussy mid-orgasm. Her eyes focus on me and stay there without blinking for better than a minute. She swallows hard. Takes a deep breath and then asks me, *What else I not learn in school?*

She is holding me close, kissing and whispering *salamat, salamat.*

I tell her to get some sleep, pull the covers up and stay with her until she drifts off. I slide off the bed, dress, return to my office, retrieve Cherise's clothes, bring them to my bedroom and lay them out, before returning to my office to get some work done before supper.

This evening, supper is a hoot. Joy and Jun have cooked the lumpia, fried rice, ampalaya with egg, and sinagong. Yes, of course, there is white rice on the table. There is also atchara¹⁹ that Joy had made a few days earlier. We have a feast, as usual. In walk both Mitch and Abbey, boobs a' bouncing and topless. The two older girls are just laughing at the younger ones being a little silly, then in walks Cherise, boobs a' bouncing and topless!

Well, I tell ya', the whole room falls silent for a moment, and then the noise is deafening, with shouting and laughing and clapping. Mitch and Abbey run up to Cherise and just hug her for all she is worth. They are chattering away in Tagalog as we sit down at the table together.

19 - Atchara Papaya is an appetizer made from pickled green papaya. Julienned or grated green papaya is placed in airtight containers and soaked for a week in a cooked vinegar and sugar mixture with onions, garlic, ginger, pepper corn, and red bell pepper.

We get busy passing the bowls around, when Jun looks at me and asks, loud enough for everyone to hear and, subsequently, quiet down...*Jake? Does this mean that Cherise moves to the third floor?*

I look at her and then at Cherise, who is looking at me. I smile at Cherise and I hope she feels my happiness with her, *Yes Jun, Cherise moves to the third floor. She is officially part of this family.*

If Cherise doesn't get pregnant that very first time, she does get pregnant that month. That makes for five pregnancies and five women.

Other things stay pretty much the same for about four years with only a few exceptions. Yes, sure, they get older. Yes, life continues and I am happy with my girls and they with me. Yes, the house is working out just like I had hoped. But the bottom line is that, with the exception of the children I am fathering, no one is added to our home and my life is, as improbable as it seems, happy and tranquil.

All those years, all those divorces, and all the failures that came with all that, are, as improbable as it would seem, so distant a memory as to not even be in my rear view mirror. Old names, old places, no longer needed to be held on to, have slipped out of my consciousness. Maybe for the very first time in my adult life, I am at peace with my world and truly happy with my life.

But of the events that will have an impact on our future, it helps to know these things:

Jun decides early that she is switching her major to education. When Mitch graduates high school (home study to age 16, as that age is the end of High School in the Philippines,) she enters college to procure the business degree that Jun has abandoned for the education degree. Abbey follows Mitch into College the next year in Computer Science.

In these four years, with the help of a very discrete midwife and an agreeable local registrar, there are 12 births recorded; eight girls and four boys. Mitch has three girls, and Abbey has two

babies, a girl and a boy. Jun has twin girls and then one more girl. Joy gives me two, a girl and a boy. Last to the party but pulling her weight, Cherise has two boys.

Cherise laughs that we are all doing our part to keep her employed as a teacher for years to come. She has just helped Abbey complete her high school years, and the youngest of my children, which includes Abbey's, are about to enter Kinder 1.

At this point I am 62, Joy is a beautiful 36, Cherise is 27, Jun is just getting lovelier every year and is now 21, Mitch is 18, and Abbey is 17. I am traveling back to the USA once a year because of business issues that are hard for me to resolve from here, but returning right away. My consulting work, which I had hoped would continue for a while, has dwindled some, but I still have an income and, based on the cost of living in the Philippines, I am adding to the pot every month, not drawing it down.

This is the life I had dreamed of and never thought I would ever have. It is everything I wanted and more. My fear about being with underage girls is being resolved by the passing years. They are still improbably young, and I never expected anything like this to happen. As much as I was sure that the young ones would come to their senses and leave, they haven't. And then, there is Jun. Jun who decided she was mine that very first night.

Jun graduates after four years in college with a Bachelors in Education and takes the "licensure" exam. We are very, very proud of her when she passes the first time. Jun seeks and receives a position teaching 6th grade in a public school. All of us, but Joy, are surprised by her interest in teaching at a public school, where the standards are low, the pay lower and the classes are overcrowded. What Joy knows, she isn't saying.

That fifth year there are no new pregnancies nor have there been any for over two and a half years. Toward the end of the year I am scratching my head about it all, when Cherise spills the beans. All the girls have gotten on birth control, each following her last child. Cherise says they had made the decision together.

When I ask why, Cherise laughs and asks, *Do you not think twelve is enough for now?*

Well, I guess I don't, as I had asked the question. Cherise just looks at me, kneels down, opens up the button and fly on my shorts, takes my cock in her hands and plays with it while she says, *Just wait, you will get everything you want and more.*

With that, she proceeds to go down on me, deep, deep down her throat, up and down, squeezing my balls and working me until I cum down her throat with all there is in me.

6

My girls seem happy. They are surely not complaining to me. I ask and they all say that they have a far better life than they ever expected to have. Joy laughs and says that the biggest problem the girls have is to not get fat! There is so much food in the house. They are not used to eating so well or so often. They have access to education they would never have been able to afford and Mitch tells me that her father is doing better than he ever has in his life. They are not unhappy.

It is a happy year for Mitch who is graduating with a Bachelors in Business. I ask her if she would like to work in my office with me and she readily accepts the job. A wage comes with it, the size of which took a while for her to accept and understand that she is worth that much. She really is earning it. Sure it is outsized against Philippine salaries, but her job is serving customers in the USA and Europe, and wages there are far higher. I am simply charging the going rate and passing it on to her.

One late afternoon in mid-March, just before the end of the school year on the 20th, Jun's first as a teacher, she comes in to my office, and closes the door behind her. She sits down across from me. There is a determined look on her face. This is not normal.

Jake, I would like you to meet a girl I have been teaching this year. She is really nice and smart and I know you will like her.

Jun, what are you trying to do?

I want you to meet a girl.

Bakit?

Because you will like her?

Jun, what is the real reason?

Do you know why I decided to become a teacher? Why I wanted 6th grade?

No, I don't. Why don't you tell me?

We girls were talking about how much you mean to Mitch and Abbey. They said that their entire lives were turned around by you. That you were kind to them as you are kind to me. We all know our lives are better. The lives of our children are blessed because you are their father. The fact that we are not married to you is not important. You are good in all ways. You do not drink, or smoke, or gamble. You never hit us. You have an income that allows all of us to live very, very well. We have never seen you raise your hand towards anyone or anything. Even when you were making sure you didn't get into trouble by getting the girls pregnant, instead of a bribe to a fat politician or government worker, you raised up poor people and gave them real work, pride and honor. Because of that you are treated with honor and respect here in your home and by others. ... Joy and I decided that if I could find one girl a year in my class who was worthy of your help, I would bring her to you.

Did you ever think about asking me?

We were afraid you would say no and stop us!

But you are not afraid now?

Jake, please just meet the girl. She's great.

What have you told her?

Everything.

Jun? What exactly do you mean, 'everything?'

About what it means to be one of Jake's girls. What our life is like. What hers would be like.

Does she have parents?

Yes, I talked to them too.

Jun, for God's sake, what did you tell them?

Everything about how you treat us and what our life is like.

And you are telling me that these parents are willingly giving their twelve year old daughter to me?

Yes, Jake! They say they will have a party with a big lechon,²⁰ if you agree to take her! They are poor and know that her life will be so much better with you!

Good God, Jun, this is crazy.

Please, Jake, please meet the girl.

Where is she? When do you want me to meet her?

She's in the hall outside your door.

I see. What's her name?

Anabel

Bring Anabel in and stay here while I am with her.

The door is opened. Jun makes a gesture and in walks the damned prettiest twelve year old I may have ever seen. I remain sitting as the child just stands there, her eyes darting from me to Jun to the room to me.

Welcome Anabel, please sit on the chair here at my side.

She walks over and sits down. She is still in her school uniform; the standard white blouse with the big peter-pan collar, a red skirt at mid-calf length, white socks and black leather shoes. Even poor families seem to get the pesos scraped up for the uniforms.

I gather Jun is your teacher, is that right?

20 - A roast pig. It is spit roasted over a very hot fire. With the use of basting oil, the skin is slick and crunchy. The average weight of a lechon is between 30 and 40 kilos.

Opo ... Yes Sir. I am sorry, Jun tell me to speak English to you.

It's OK, you are nervous. I understand. Anabel, I want to know two things from you. You have to be honest in your answers and they will not be easy. Here is the first question. What is the scariest thing that you will have to do if you live with me?

There is nothing scary about living with you, Sir Jake.

Really? Well, I will get back to that! This is the second question. What do you hope will happen if you live here?

I hope to give you children, graduate high school, go to college, get a good job and help my parents in their old age!

When do you think you will have your first baby?

When I am thirteen or fourteen.

Do your parents know all this?

Yes, Sir Jake! They look forward to white grandchildren! It will be an honor!

Are you a virgin?

Yes, of course, Sir Jake. If I wasn't, Jun would not have considered me.

Anabel, before I say yes I want to meet your parents. Do you think they would be willing to come here for supper?

Yes! Yes! Sir Jake, Opo, salamat po, maraming salamat po.

You are welcome Anabel ... now off you go!

The child is escorted out to the door by Jun, who then turns around and looks at me. I turn to Jun and tell her to tell Joy that we might expect at least three more for supper and possibly more. Jun is not leaving. She is not moving. What she is doing is crying.

Bakit?

Jun answers, through tears, *Wala.*²¹

If it is nothing, then go!

Instead of going, she runs to me and jumps into my lap. She just hugs me for all she is worth and cries, or actually sobs in great heaves. I hold her; she holds me, for about five minutes like that. She then slides off, stands up, takes my right hand, with the back of my hand turned up and lifts it to her forehead as she bends forward. This is an 'honoring' gesture. I have seen children honor parents or grandparents thusly. I have never received such a thing. I know not to take it lightly.

You are a good girl Jun and I am happy you are mine and are part of this family. Now go with my love and inform Joy.

Opo Jake, Opo. Maraming Salamat.

It seems that I might be the only one who still has some questions needing answers, but this is not the time. As the matter currently rests, regarding Jun's that request I take Anabel, I have not decided to say yes. What I have decided to do is to give the parents the ability to pay their way and take care of their daughter without handing her over to me. Jun means well, but I am damned sure it is not a good thing to be doing. I like my life as it is. This is an unwelcome complication.

At this point I put the matter away and return to what I had been working on prior to Jun's interruption. There are a good two hours of work ahead of me. Because there is nothing to do on the Anabel matter right now, I put it out of my mind until later. There are no further interruptions for the rest of the afternoon.

The large dining area is set with plates, tablespoons, forks, glasses of water, and a pile of napkins for those who want them. It is possible that Anabel's family eats their meals "province

21 - Nothing, or It's nothing

style," without utensils, but we do not. It is our table and I assume they will adjust if they need to do so.

I had not specified a supertime to Anabel when she was with me. There was no need to do so. Prepaid cell phones with ₱30 loads are common and everyone texts all the time. The time for supper is provided ... somehow. We have four extra persons for supper: Anabel's father, mother, brother and Anabel herself.

It is clear that Anabel's parents are poor, but poor does not mean without pride. Their clothing is old but it is spotless and even the Tee-shirt her father wears is ironed. Her mother's straight black hair has been curled. It probably took her two hours to get ready to eat with us. Hair is combed; nails are clean, trimmed and painted on the females. They are all smiles.

Here is a couple, seemingly ecstatic. They are about to see their prized young twelve-year-old daughter, (who is an A+ student, and who is easily the prettiest girl for many a kilometer,) enter into a commitment to be a mistress of a sixty-three-year-old man, who already has five mistresses and twelve children. If you told me such a thing was possible just six years ago, I would have said you are crazy. I still think the whole situation is crazy and I am living it.

After we greet each other, shake hands, hug, and a seemingly never-ending a round of *Salamat's* has been dispensed with, we sit down to a dinner of shumai, chicken adobo, pancit bihon, pork with chopped asparagus, an eggplant dish that has a layer of ground pork fried in it, fried tilapia with shrimp and egg coating, and pinakbet. There are four heaping plates of rice on the table. Since there are ten of us at the table this night, Joy has cooked 20 cups of rice. After supper, Joy brings out a serving dish of sticky rice with a brown sugar caramelized syrup topping, another of leche flan, and the cake from Goldilocks, which has been brought by Anabel's parents.

Bringing a gift of food when visiting is considered standard manners and her family may have skimped on their ability to pay bills just to bring that cake. I am aware of what such a thing may mean to them. I am also aware that it will not be

considered rude for me to hand them some pesos when they leave. I will do so.

After supper, while still at the table, I thank the parents for coming. Then I launch into a speech that I prepared just prior to this supper. If it sounds stiff to you, now you know why. But, as the parents probably don't have very good English, I ask Cherise to be a translator after each sentence which makes the whole damned thing even more awkward.

I am honored in many ways tonight. I am honored that this most beautiful, young and incredibly smart girl, only twelve years old, thinks me a good and happy match for her and her children. No man could be more flattered. I am honored that her parents seem to agree with her and are happy that such a match may be made... .. No man deserves such a thing and no man should take such a thing without the knowledge that he is not deserving of the honor. I am most certainly not. ... It seems to me that, as parents, you want to do the best you can for your daughter. Knowing I have an undeserved reputation as a good man, you accept my odd desire for young girls, so that your daughter can get a good education. I understand and respect your actions. I expect that I would do the same if our positions were reversed. Allow me to make you an offer, which will permit you to hold your family together. I have land that is not being farmed. I will lend you the use of two hectares to farm. I will give you enough money to live on it, while you plant crops so that you will have enough for food, other bills and tuition for school for your children. Once the crops come in, the income you will get from those two hectares, as you know, is enough for you to take care of your family and to keep all your children in school. You can have this without Anabel needing to join my household. Would you prefer the offer?

The expression, no good deed goes unpunished, applies here. What happens next is something I will long remember and it informs all my actions from now on.

This is a list of things that happens:

- Four chairs go flying backwards and females jump to their feet.
- Seven people are screaming
 - Five at me
 - Jun
 - Joy
 - Abbey
 - Even Cherise, as she completes the last sentence!
 - Mitch
 - Two at Anabel
 - Her mother
 - Her father
- Some dishes are broken.

Somehow I regain a semblance of control and get the room quiet.

Stop this! STOP! I never said Anabel is not welcome here. She is and she can move in tonight if you, and she, wish it. If you were only doing this because of money, I gave you a different way, if you wanted it. It is clear you do not want it. Now I have one other question and there is to be no screaming! After I say what I have to say, Anabel's father will speak and NO ONE ELSE!!! Sir, if Anabel comes to me, will you accept the land and farm it as I explained before?

Cherise is needed to translate as I am just not understood, and the man's answer is returned to me via the same method.

Sir Jake Po, I am looking forward to Anabel's children. I hope to be a grandfather very soon and, even though her mate will be older than her father, I will be happy to call you son! Yes, as your father-in-law I will be happy to farm your land!

OK, I tried, but it is clear I have a new girl. So I turn to this precious beauty and ask, *Anabel, when would you like to join me?*

NOW! Right now, Po.

If you will all excuse us, Anabel and I have some things to do right now!

I take Anabel by the hand. After the shouting and fearful excitement she is somewhat nonplussed, but she willingly takes my hand as we head to the elevator and the top floor. When the elevator door closes and we have ascended a floor, she looks at me and asks, *Am I here for good?*

Yes.

God bless you, god bless you. Oh yes, God Bless.

I am not thinking that God has much to do with this, nor that God will be cheering no matter what the parents and this child think. On the other hand, I am about to take this most stunningly pretty girl in the most complete way and she is going to be part of my household and in my bed from now on.

This was, sure as hell, not my plan. It is sure as hell going to cause a multiplicity of problems. But that is for tomorrow. Right now, I just have to make sure that, no matter what happens tonight, it doesn't blow up in my face as I take this little one.

The elevator is a bit slow and the trip up is memorable for the silence of it in the cabin. Then the lift stops and I open the door onto my floor; the fourth floor... my domain. Tonight Anabel will lose her virginity here. And here, she will start her new life. That is not a simple thing. In moments, she will be transformed.

From an amazingly lovely and bright child who had a very limited future, in no more than a few heartbeats of life, she will become a girl whose future is assured. The basics of food, shelter and clothing will be something she will be able to take for granted. Schooling will take her as far as she wants and her intellect will allow. She will finish college, whereas she would not have gone on to high school. She may get an advanced degree. She will probably have a career, where she would have been lucky to be selling cigarettes one at a time from a sari-sari store, or packing asparagus at a piecework rate at the Dole plant north of Polomolok.

Her beauty would assuredly have faded in the hard life she would have led. Now her biggest problem is to learn to moderate her diet so as to avoid getting fat with all the food in the house. Her intelligence would have been left unused and dulled by inattention.

But tonight, it is all about the sexual capacity she carries within her, and the sexual attraction she has created in me. There is a great deal of attraction.

There is not an ounce of fat on her. She already may have the breasts she will have for life, unless they are artificially augmented, and I will have none of that. Her waist is tiny and her hips are as big as they will likely get in her lifetime. Her face is that of an angel, unmarred by time and its petty cruelties. Her straight black shiny hair has been curled into sweet lazy swirls that hang down in surrender to gravity. Her skin is a beautiful light mocha. She will in the future probably want to use lightening / whitening agents on that skin. I will fight her on that, but I will lose. Her color is magnificent. Her teeth are a bright white and her eyes as black as it is possible to get.

When I undress her, there is not a rib to count, nor a roll of fat. The skin is smooth and fits a perfect body, neither bone nor excess exposed. Her breasts have small nipples; they have never been touched by man or boy. They are mine, as is her hairless pussy, her sweet rounded ass, and her sweet shapely legs which run down to the sweetest women's size 4 feet.

Because she has lived most of her entire life in flip-flops, her feet are not deformed as are the feet of women in the "first world." Each toe is rounded and perfect, the nail for each floats on top and is painted with a gentle pink nail polish as are her hands. No tattoos, nothing pierced except for a single earring in each ear.

I guess I want to say something here about naturally shaped feet. My feet have been in boots all my life, since I was a little boy. The nails on my toes have been 'trained' to form in a pattern related to the limited space they had to operate within. I look at my feet now and compare them to those of Anabel, or

any Filipina who is almost always in flip-flops, and I can see the damage that the boots caused. But what do my girls think? They think their feet are pangit²² and mine are nice. There is something wrong with that.

Anabel can't be more perfect to the eye. I have steadily been losing weight; I am no longer overweight at 155lb. But I am a sixty-three-year-old with gray hair and a small bald spot from male pattern balding. And... here she is naked in front of me and waiting for me to take her.

I undress. It's not a pretty sight, but she smiles when it is done and, I swear to God as my only witness, she says, *You are pogi²³, Sir Jake!*

I just smile, and shake my head. I take her hand and climb onto the bed as she follows me. I lay her down on her back and let my hands discover every inch of her body. There are times that, from the intense and sudden breath she takes, I know she is sensing something in the manner of stimulation. I take it slow. The odds are that she has never had any sexual education prior to tonight. (That turns out to be wrong, as Jun has seen to it that she has a sense of her body and other necessary matters.)

I make love to her lips, neck and breasts. I spend a long time kissing her and paying attention to these things. My hands wander down to her belly, hips, and legs. In the beginning the pussy is left alone as I work around it. Her entire body is one huge erogenous zone and just about everywhere I touch seems to elicit a response. When I finally pay attention to her pussy, her hands fly to the back of my head and bring my lips to her mouth. She kisses me deeply and swaps so much saliva that it was clear she is more than a little excited. Her legs have opened wide for me. The pussy lips are so smooth, wet and tender that they feel buttery.

With one finger, I enter her pussy. She smashes her face into mine with her hand on the back of my head and cries out my name into my lips. She bucks her hips into my hand but, as my hand is on her body, it does not force my finger in deeper and

22 - Ugly.

23 - Handsome

does not pierce her hymen. Nevertheless, she bucks, trying to get me to do just that.

When she finally figures out that I am not going to take her virginity that way, her hand in a flash moves from my head to my cock. I am semi-hard but hard enough to get inside her. She pushes me onto my back and climbs on top of me. Problem solving skills, Anabel seems to have in spades, as she centers her pussy on my cock and lowers herself down.

The head enters and immediately meets her hymen. At the same moment when I know we have met it, she rams down on my cock. Her hymen is no more.

She rides me like a pony, bouncing up and down. She is exquisite. As my cock is ridden, this girl, with a smile as big as Texas, is doing the one thing you would never expect a twelve-year-old to be doing. Her pert little breasts flipping up and down. Her pussy lips, pulled down and outward by my cock, as it briefly emerges from her smooth skinned pussy. I am so excited that my normal slow pace is lost as I cum deep within her pussy this first time. She has not had an orgasm, but that is irrelevant to her. She wanted my cum inside her and that she has.

As soon as I am out of her she flips around so that her feet are held high against the wall over the headboard. The cum running into instead of out of her pussy. I have read that this makes no difference at all, but you cannot tell that to my girls. They believe this is how to get pregnant. To the extent that they have been very successful at getting pregnant, it's hard to argue the point with them.

Jun has evidently given Anabel the advice, as she leans back and says, *I will stay here for about half an hour. Why don't you go down and talk to my parents. I will join you when I am done. I will not shower tonight.*

Getting advice from a twelve year old takes getting used to, but as she is just parroting what Jun has taught her, I accept the suggestion and leave. She doesn't know that we are not done yet this evening.

When I get dressed and back downstairs, everyone is having a good time with the MagicSing Karaoke machine. Anabel's father is in a duet with Jun as I come into the room. They don't even notice me. But Anabel's mother comes up to me.

Sir Jake, is everything OK for you with our anak²⁴?

Yes, Nanay²⁵, your daughter is mine now and happily so.

Anak say that Jun teach her things. I hope you like that.

Yes, I liked very much.

I am glad you like her, you are pogi!

Nanay, I thank you, but your husband is a more handsome man than I am.

Oh no, Sir Jake ... If I were young like Anabel I choose you.

Nanay, I understand that you are only 31. That is still young. Joy is 37. She is older than you and I find her very desirable. I am sure your husband still finds you desirable.

Maybe he does, but he can't give me white babies like you can do. If you want I can give you more babies.

Nanay! What will your husband say if that happens?

He will be happy for me.

I doubt that! I think your desire clouds your good judgment, Nanay.

And with that, the duet ends as does my doubly awkward conversation.

I shake the father's hand and ask him to stop by during the day to work out the details of the farming agreement. I hand him two ₱1,000 notes and tell him it is for a taxi ride back to his

24 - Child

25 - Mother

home. I know the van-taxi he will share with others will not cost him more than ₱80 for all three of them and the tricycle he will use to get to the van will only cost them ₱24, but it covers the cost of the cake, plus more than ₱1,200 extra. I wish my entire new family a good night and retire back to my rooms.

When I get back upstairs, Anabel still has her feet in the air.

Do I need to leave?

No, you do not. I will re-join you.

I thought we are done.

I smile at her, finish undressing and slide onto the bed. There is much to enjoy and I restart with the lips and the breasts.

Her feet are in the air, but her head and back are flat on the bed. Eventually, her feet come back down and I spread her legs and start eating her pussy. This is a first for her, and she starts bucking her hips into my face as my tongue finds her clit. I grab her hips to control the damage to my jaw as I continue. And then it happens, as I constrain her hip movements, her feet planted firmly on the mattress, she literally tries to lift me up in the air with her hips as she bucks her way into her first orgasm.

She is a screamer and all of it is in Visayan, as her orgasm explodes throughout her body. This little one is gasping for air. She is trembling from something akin to shock. Her muscles are still going through spasms.

Anabel looks at me with a panicked look and asks if she will be OK. I ask her how she felt. Her answer is priceless.

If this is what it feels like when you die, I want to die now. I never feel this good in my life.

I do not know how it feels to die. What you had is called an orgasm. If the sex is good, you get one of these. It is possible that you might have more than one of these when making love. Some girls do and some do not.

Ganun, you will do this to me again?

Talaga.

She rolls over and hugs me. We lie like that for a while. At 82 pounds, there is not much weight to handle. My hands roam over her body once again and her right hand finds my cock. Then her body shifts and I feel a tongue on my cock; this is followed by her lips. Her right hand now cradles my balls. Jun has clearly spoken to Anabel but there is no technique in what she is doing. It feels good, but needs work. I decide to wait on instructions until I have Jun join us in bed another day.

I am hard enough to enter Anabel again. This time it is a slow comfortable screw and I want it to take a long time. As we screw, I speak to her.

Is this what you expected?

No, I not know it as much fun making babies!

Did Jun tell you that there will often be three of us in bed at one time?

Oo, she did. But I not understand why.

Because I want my girls to love each other as much as they love me.

But we can only make babies with you!

Yes but the stuff that feels good can come from a girl as well as it comes from me.

Anabel laughs, saying, *But a girl not have a penis!*

Did I use my penis when I gave you an orgasm?

Oh! You used your tongue and so could a girl! Wow, I never knew that!

I am playing with her breasts as we fuck. As we are no longer talking, kissing resumes.

Anabel breaks off a kiss to speak. *Sir Jake, you will never be sorry you say OK to me. I will always be good to you.*

At which point, Anabel changes positions and starts a fast fuck that is clearly hitting some sensitive spots inside her pussy. She is screaming, *Yes, Yes!*

Then, for the second time that night she cums. This time, however, I am inside her and feel the walls of her pussy do everything except grow teeth as the pussy muscles collapse around me and milk me until I do cum deep inside the girl.

I have no idea how long we stay locked up. I know I fall asleep inside her, but wake up with her back to me and my arm around her in a spoon position.

Nature calls, and I have to take a leak. As it is morning, I shower and such before exiting the bathroom.

When I come back to the bedroom, Anabel is awake.

Good morning, Anabel.

Yes, good morning!

Did my snoring keep you up?

Ganun? Do you snore?

Are you telling me you did not hear me snore?

I fall asleep. I hear nothing.

Joy also claims that she never hears me snore. She just sleeps through it. So I take Anabel at her word.

Anabel looks fantastic in the morning sunlight, but it is time to re-join the family ... and there are other very pretty girls in my family. Anabel is maybe in a class by herself as far as young

beauty is concerned, but that is a matter of personal discernment and not to be shared with anyone else.

I have been dressing as we speak. Now finished, I come over to the bed, pull back the sheets and take a good long look in the light of day. If anything, she is lovelier now than she had been last night. She is perfect and, to be crude about it, she is mine.

You like what you see?

Yes, very much. Understand that, up to now, beauty was a matter of what God gave you. From now on, it will be a matter of how you take care of what God gave you.

Thank you for that advice, Po.

Anabel, we are lovers. In this house you will call me Jake. Understood?

Yes, Jake.

I kiss her gently and then go downstairs by elevator.

7

When I get to the kitchen, I find my entire family just waiting there. A mango sits, cut up, on a plate for me along with a little sticky rice. A pot of coffee has been brewed and so I pour some coffee and, as well, as a small glass of OJ. With that, my breakfast is complete.

They are all awaiting news / gossip and they are going to be very disappointed, at least as it comes from me. I do instruct Abbey and Mitch to get Anabel situated on the third floor and assist her in bringing over any of her stuff. My family informs me that her parents have already done that and are waiting in the sala for me.

I quickly finished the mango and sticky rice, down the OJ and take my coffee into the living room. There, her parents stand up to greet me. I accept that as a matter of course, even though it is not necessary. We talk business. As such, it is not for this journal. The dealings, as they are worked out by us and memorialized by Atty. Espejo, can be read in my legal papers that are filed pursuant to the agreement.

Our business is concluded in under 30 minutes. They ask after their daughter. I tell them that I expect Anabel will be down soon and they should ask her directly but, as far as I am concerned, she is an angel and I am a very lucky man. And that, as much as it shouldn't, makes them very happy.

After the meeting, I ask Joy to find Jun, and tell her that I would like to see her in my office.

Of all the girls in my house, Jun was the most beautiful until Anabel entered, and it would still be a close call. She is also bright, educated, motivated and a truly decent human being. Of course, she is also good in bed.

All that being said, she has taken it upon herself to act in a way that affects me and all those in my home. She has done so without consultation with me. Yes, she evidently spoke to Joy,

but I think Joy knows better. I had sent Angel home, five years ago, and warned her not to do this very thing again. It is hard to see Joy specifically telling Jun this was an OK thing to do.

While Jun's motivation was of an act of mercy, it was a rash act that is bound to cause problems. She presumed that she could decide to add one girl every year to this family. That is foolhardy beyond measure.

Such activity will draw the attention of others to my fucking young girls, and that is not a good thing. I have no idea how big of a problem we have, I just know we have one.

When Jun comes in and sits down I ignore her for a few minutes. Then I turn to her and ask her, *Do you have any idea how upset I am with you at this moment?*

Jun goes from complacent to terrified, in a matter of seconds.

I thought it was just fine between you and Anabel! What has she done wrong? I'll fix it, I promise!

Anabel has done nothing wrong. It is you who has done wrong and who has created a huge problem for this family.

How?

Do you think what happened to Anabel and her family will not be told in every place where there are poor people? And do you think I could take their daughter, without making the offer to them? Even after making the offer, including the return of their daughter to them, might I not expect to get arrested? And why do you think you can decide to add a girl a year to this family? Who gave you that permission? How many poor families will be lined up in front of your school in two months trying to get into your class? How long do you think it will be before too many people will be asking questions? This is a God Damned mess!

Jun is stammering and crying. She simply has not thought about the consequences of her actions. Now that she does think about it, it scares her out of her skin.

Don't ever in your life pull another trick like that. Do you understand?

Yes, Jake. I will never again act such as I do this time.

We just better hope this does not tear us all apart!

I am worried even more that I can express. It seems to me that I must do something before the problem emerges on its own even if, in doing it, I risk making me less secure here. There are some things that must be done right now. To wait is simply to court true disaster.

I think I need to quit my job. You are right. If I go back there it will create even bigger problems. I am sorry, truly sorry Jake. I not see how my actions would affect others. All my life I saw myself as someone who has no power. But you have power. Since I was offering you as the prize, I was using your power. It is not an easy thing to do. It is too easy to cut yourself if you hold the knife! You know how to hold it. I do not. All I wanted to do was teach, and help children. Now I must not! I do not know what to do.

Jun, will you please ask your Principal if she would be so kind as to visit us?

But she doesn't know about us, Jake!

She is going to in any case, it might as well be us from whom she learns.

I will contact her now and keep you informed.

Thank you. Please allow me some time alone to think.

Jun leaves, closing the office door behind her.

An hour later, there is a knock on the door and followed by the door opening. Mitch and Abbey stand there and I wave them in. They look worried.

It is Mitch who speaks. *Is Anabel in trouble?*

No.

Abbey seemed confused. *Is Jun in trouble?*

No. She is not in trouble. Why do you ask?

Mitch and Abbey, together and stepping on each other's words, blurted out, *Because Jun is crying and Anabel is in her room and will not talk to us.*

Is everyone home?

It is Mitch who answers, *Yes.*

OK, call a family meeting for ten minutes from now. I will be right down.

Ripple effects. Drop a seed in still water and a ripple will expand from that point to a mathematical absurdity of the original item and the immediate event. All Jun wanted to do was help one small girl, and the result is having effects throughout the family and will reverberate throughout the province and maybe much further.

In my experience, doing good normally creates so many unwanted bad side-effects that the initial effort is insignificant compared to the evil subsequently generated ... 'Being good' is a purely subjective matter which requires a suspension of broad vision on the subject. Some may call me good, more will call me evil. So long as I do not attract broad attention, I can live with the reality fairly easily. But, put a spotlight on it and there is no way to protect yourself and nowhere to hide. What we need to do is contain and redirect the public comments to something that looks like a 'good thing,' to limit the damage.

That is what I want to tell my girls, but there is no way to communicate it successfully. The issues are too subtle for the English/Tagalog translation ability in any of us.

They are all assembled in the sala when I descend in the elevator. I have no intention of making a royal entrance, but that is how it seems to Joy, as she describes it later. I go up to

each. To each, I give a big hug and a long, full on-the-lips-kiss, ... that includes Jun and Anabel.

As they are all standing, I bid them all to sit, seating myself as they take seats.

No one is in trouble with me. None of you are in trouble now, and no one was in trouble with me, in the past. We do have some difficult times ahead because of Jun's actions. She took those actions with an honest and good heart. As with many actions based on good intentions, the repercussions can be, and often are, disastrous. The repercussions of Jun's actions have not even begun to come clear and will not for a few weeks now.... ... I am going to try to get out ahead of the most immediate repercussions. To do that, I have asked to meet with Jun's Principal. If need be, I will pay for the wages of a single teaching position, Jun's. The school can hire another teacher for the sixth grade. Parents who bring their child to the school for the express purpose of having Jun as their child's teacher will be accommodated by being placed in Jun's applicant pool. Those parents will be vetted to make sure they aren't a problem now or weren't so in the past. The child will need to pass some standardized tests and have passed the previous grades with top scores. Finally, each parent will have to sign a form that says that no child will be chosen by Jun for this family and no one will be given any land to farm.... ... Once agreeing to that, each parent who still asks the school to sign a daughter up for Jun's class, will be sent to a building far from the school to submit the paperwork. The parent will also be given a time to arrive. In doing so I hope we will space out the individuals and avoid a long line or crush of people. You will all be there to help the process move forward quickly and avoid lines. If asked, I ask you to say no girl will ever be brought into the family. All their children will get is an enhanced 6th grade education and nothing more. I also direct you to say that I am not handing out any more land for any purpose. I have yet to meet with Jun's Principal and she may not agree to this plan. But, until we know differently, this is the plan. Is everyone clear on this?... ... OK – the meeting is over.

My hope is that, by making it clear that there is a “Jun track,” but it is for special girls who will get one year of enhanced

education, that the word of mouth about Anabel will be drowned out by the new message.

I go back upstairs to my office and the girls scatter in their many directions, with two exceptions.

Jun hops into the elevator with me. Once the door is closed, she throws her arms around me, kisses, cries, hugs, and generally is all over me as the lift stops. I open the door of the elevator and, with Jun attached, enter the hallway.

Mahal, mahal kita. Maraming maraming salamat Jake²⁶.

You are going to have a classroom of the poorest, prettiest, brightest children you have ever seen assembled in one place and you are going to see them every day. On top of that, you may not add even one of them to our home. I am not sure I did you any favors. But I do want you and Anabel in my bed tonight. Are you able?

Jun nods her head. I ask her to arrange the change with Mitch so that no one is upset. With that, Jun leaves via the stairs. At the top of the stairs is Anabel, just waiting.

How much did you hear?

Everything. She is looking down at the porcelain floor tiles, seemingly unwilling to meet my eyes. She seems tongue tied for a bit before going on. *Jake, I am sorry I created such a problem. If my going home would solve it, I would do that now. I also understand the reason you made the offer to my parents last night. We should have accepted the offer.*

The offer really would not have solved the problem, and you are right. Your going home would solve nothing. You are wrong about one thing only. None of this is your fault. You did not do this. This happened to you. You did not create it. But I think you can see why, the way it was done by Jun has created a real problem. Maybe it might have been possible to have done things differently, and avoided the public notice, but now it is

26 - I love you. Thank you very, very Jake!

too late. Jun is right in wanting you to join us, in some ways, but wrong in how she went about it. She knows that now, and as you can see, she is not in trouble with me. You certainly are not in any trouble with me. So, will I see you with Jun tonight?

Oo, Jake!

I mean, how can I tell a girl I just fucked last night, that I wish she wasn't here? Sometimes, I guess, lying is not optional, but rather, a requirement.

The rest of the day is quiet and without event. Suppertime is a bit bawdy. The joke around the table is that, if you are horny and need a little of the good stuff, all you have to do is piss Jake off and that I, Jake, will screw the daylights out of you that evening!

Joy is having the most fun with that, and warns me that, if she doesn't get the next night, she will cause a ruckus. I promise her all she wants, starting as soon as supper is over tomorrow, and she just smiles for the rest of the evening.

As supper ends, I take Mitch aside and ask her to forsake Abbey for the evening and go to Joy's room. After I ask Mitch to give Joy the ride of her life, Mitch slides over to Abbey to explain what I have asked her to do. Abbey turns around to look at me with a big smile and a thumb up. Her mother is going to have some fun and I am concerned for her mother. For Abbey, that is enough to mitigate the loss of Mitch for the evening.

Anabel has not been with a woman before and she probably does not see, in Jun, a woman who enjoys being with women or girls. She is about to learn very differently tonight. Jun will never admit it, but she would like having access to Anabel's charms every bit as much as I do. Tonight she will have her first chance.

One thing different about the States and the Philippines, is that girls dress sexy all on their own without prompting in the Philippines. Jun and Anabel show up in the short skirts, thong panties, and very small and pretty tops. Both are wearing house

slippers, as is the custom in Asian countries. The slippers fall off as they climb, unbidden, onto the bed.

It is hard for me to put in words the joy I have with my girls. First is their beauty. Their bodies are exquisite. Their faces beyond lovely. Their desire and willingness to do anything I ask of them is beyond my understanding. There is also the thing we call attitude... theirs is loving and caring.

The girls are still dressed. None of my girls wear pantyhose and, as they are fastidious about hygiene, their pussies are without any odor. At least partially, because they don't wear pantyhose, they also never get yeast infections.

(As a general rule, no one here wears pantyhose; the climate is too hot. The only exception is for the girls who work in an air conditioned mall business and their company requires it.)

There is no hair on either of them other than what is on their heads. Everything else is shaved as a matter of normal hygiene. Their pussy lips are full, plump and, though currently clothed, they are waiting to be touched.

I kiss them both and then ask Jun to undress Anabel. Jun shoots me a quick glance of surprise before attending to the request, which doesn't amount to a much of a task, as far as Jun is concerned. There are only four articles of clothing: skirt, blouse, bra (they always wear bras and you simply cannot get them to do without,) and thong panty. Once out of those, the only things on Anabel's body are the dainty pearl earrings she has put on this evening.

Anabel, now it is your turn to do the same for Jun.

Now, that gets Anabel a little shaken but she does it. And she does it with the same results. Four articles of clothing. The results are almost the same. Earrings, and a ring.

The color of both girls' skin is comparable, neither unusually light nor dark by Filipina standards. (They all demand that I allow them to purchase whitening/lightening lotions. I tell them no. I do not like such things; I think it is a waste of money;

I think it is crazy, as their color is beautiful. They think I am crazy on this matter and proceed to ignore me. However, I am adamant that there is no nose surgery to make them look more European mix, and no breast implants. On that, my orders hold with some grumbling. But, I swear, if I had a peso for every time I hear one of them complain about their pango²⁷ noses I would be rich! Telling them that I love their noses gets me nowhere.

I am still dressed in shorts, a short sleeve shirt, and a pair of briefs.

I turn to Jun, and instruct her to eat Anabel's pussy until the girl cums. Now there is a look of instant surprise on Anabel's face, but only a knowing nod from Jun. I scoot over on the bed so that I can kiss Anabel but will not be in Jun's way. Jun goes right to business and, Anabel, once over the shock, sighs deeply. I start sucking on Anabel's left breast, fondling her right breast with my right hand as Jun is going down in a serious way on Anabel's pussy.

Anabel is in all sorts of arousal. She moans, groans, bucks, thrashes about, swings her legs around Jun's head, and smashes Jun's head into Anabel's pussy. And then Anabel does something for which Jun is not prepared. Anabel squirts a stream of pussy juice into Jun's face, hair, and onto Jun's shoulders and arms. Anabel's orgasm is profound. We all just rest as Anabel calms down a bit.

We take a break, I strip down and we all shower before changing the sheets on the bed.

When we get back to the bed, Anabel tackles Jun, after announcing that it is her turn. Quick as you please, Anabel's head is buried between Jun's thighs, bobbing up and down. Jun's eyes are big and looking right at me. I smile back and kiss her long and deep before moving down to her breasts. Anabel's cheeks are dripping wet with Jun's liquids and her face is glistening with those juices as she looks at me before returning to her business. Jun lasts about fifteen minutes before her

27 - Stub or flat. It actually refers to the bridge of the nose, not the entire nose. The low or nonexistent bridge makes eyeglass wearing a bit more problematic.

orgasm, following which she grabs Anabel's shoulders and pulls the girl up so that they are face to face. Jun then plants a long, passionate kiss on Anabel, which is returned as passionately. Each finds the other's pussy and are fingering each other while they kiss.

While they were kissing, I take a tube of KY jelly from my nightstand drawer and start applying it to Jun's ass. She likes a finger up that way and I grease her up very well with the one finger. The girls continue to finger each other's cunts as I get behind Jun, spread her ass cheeks and slide my cock into her bung hole. I hear a gasp from her and then she pushes her ass back to greet me as I slide further in.

Anabel's hand now notes my ball sack smacking the back of her hand as she continues to play with Jun's clit. And now, I ram all the way in. Jun stops kissing long enough to say, *Oh God!*

Anabel shoves as much of her hand up Jun's pussy as is possible, while I maul Jun's ass. Anabel is urging me on, *Take her, Jake! Take her good. Make her your slave. She is yours, Jake.*

Jun then utters, in a raw fashion, *Yes, OK! Make me a slave. Make me. Make me. Oh God. Yes, make me. Make me, and make her! Make us both! Oh God, do it ... Nooooowww.*

And she cums with a force that is every bit the body of a girl that size can possibly deliver. She lies there for minutes shaking, crying, and gulping air. When she finally calms down, she flips Anabel over and says to me, *Do her now!*

I have not cum yet and so there is no reason why I can't. Jun starts playing with Anabel's pussy and sucking her breasts. I load up Anabel's rear with the KY. Anabel has never had any type of anal play. She is in for an experience. I start with one finger deep to one knuckle. Slowly I build her up, until I figure that she can take my cock. Then, applying a liberal amount of KY to my cock, I gently enter her that way for the first time. My cock slides in just below the ring and stops. Ever so slowly, I go deeper and deeper, until I am all the way in. I start a gentle but persistent fucking motion, while Jun starts to get three fingers

into Anabel. As I increase my tempo, Jun does as well and Anabel starts begging for more!

Anabel wants it harder, more. *Yes, God, give it to me hard. Make me your slave! Just like Jun. I will be your slave. Give it to me. Make me a slave; I am your slave. Come inside. Deep! Please give it to me. Please, please, please ... Yeeesssss!*

And, as hard as it is to fathom, the two of them are, from then on, two slaves, who will, when alone with me, call me Master.

We sleep together and rouse the next morning all looking a little ragged.

When we get downstairs, I find that we are not the only ones looking ragged. Joy looks like she has not had a moment's worth of sleep. Mitch must have really done a job on Joy. But when it comes to looking the most used up, Anabel and Jun are the dubious winners, sporting pillows on which they then sit; their asses are a little too sore.

Abbey looks around and can only giggle, giving Mitch a high-five.

Breakfast for me is a mango and some sticky rice. The girls have everything from rice and adobo to "nothing for me".

During breakfast, Jun's cell phone signals an SMS text message. It is her Principal. She will be here in about 90 minutes.

8

Jun and Anabel vanish. I suspect they have gone upstairs to change and spiff up a bit. Joy, after rolling her eyes at me, instructs Abbey and Mitch to get the kitchen cleaned up, as we have a guest coming. All three of them start moving around in a well ordered but rapid fashion. I repair to the office to await our visitor and answer some emails while waiting. I send a text to Jun and Anabel to join me in the office as soon as they can.

The two girls are in my office when Jun's principal arrives. Her arrival, by the elevator and escorted by Joy, is solemn. She clearly is unhappy. I welcome her and thank her for agreeing to meet with me.

She informs me that she is not accustomed to being summoned and thinks that I am a bit of a bully, much like most foreigners she has observed. Further, she relates that she is aware of my highly improper relationship with underage girls. She finds me to be a truly unacceptable individual. I guess I could have quoted her here, but I think I have provided enough to make her feelings toward me clear, though I suspect she is guessing at my relations with the girls, rather than knowing. If she was so damned sure, why hadn't she called in the police? Still, she might have other reasons to hold her fire in that regard. It's hard to know.

Anyway, with that as an introduction, I have nowhere to go but up. It can hardly be a worse beginning. I thank her again for joining us. I tell her that her feelings toward me are noted and understood. However, as one of the underage girls, and the youngest by far, to whom she is referring, is in this very room, maybe she should convince the child that it is in her best interest to leave this house immediately. I offer to leave while she does that. She demurs, granting that her opinion will likely not be shared by the girl.

In light of the fact that Anabel would not agree with your evaluation, either of me, or of this place as a suitable home for her, allow me to note that Anabel's recent addition to our

household has created something of a real problem, both for my family and, most likely, for you and your school.

That gets the old girl's attention. I explain what might be perceived by others, might create a deluge of applicants next year for that very selection. It will create a real mess for her. I advance the proposal I had sketched out earlier to my girls. After a few initial squabbles, we work together to make a better, tighter plan. She might think I am the devil, but she knows that I am right, in that we need to do something before it becomes impossible to remedy. When she hears that I am completely opposed to adding more girls to this family, she is mollified even further. By the end of what becomes a two hour meeting we are in agreement and she agrees to meet the rest of our family.

Jun has not said a word up to this point, now she does. *You may disapprove of me ... and of all of us; but unless there is a way in your world, using your rules, for deserving kids to be able to attend school when their families cannot afford it at all, when they can't even afford a uniform, I think it would be prudent to hold your tongue. Sir Jake was gracious to you today for the sake of the kids, even though you were not at all gracious to him. Do not make the mistake to think you can say tsismis²⁸ about Sir Jake and our family without injury to yourself.*

The Principal stands, looks at Jun and then at me, and finally at Anabel; her eyes rested on Anabel. *Anabel are you truly happy here?*

Oo Ma'am, I am with a loving family here. Plus, I have not lost my mother and father who are here on the land. I can, and do, see them whenever I want! There is love, support, laughter, nice beds, good food, and a nice place to study, all here. Plus I will be able to go to school without worry from now on. Do you know my mother and father have supper with us sometimes? Sir Jake is the best. When you say bad things about him, I get angry with you. You do not say the truth.

28 - Gossip.

There was a silence.

Please excuse my girls. They speak from their passion and not their wisdom.

As did I, Sir Jake, as did I. No apologies are needed. I did not take offense. They spoke the truth of their hearts. That is a good thing and to be respected. Do you really love and protect all of them?

Yes.

Do I understand that you tried to talk Anabel and her family out of this?

I tried, but obviously, not effectively.

And you don't want any more underage girls to join you?

Ma'am, I don't want anyone else to join me and most assuredly no one who is underage, whatever the reason she is here. My life is filled with wonderful females. I do not need any more in my life. And may I say that perceptions of what my life is like, based on gossip outside this house, does not reflect the reality of life here in the house.

Sir, I still think what you do here is wrong but, maybe I am not as sure I understand now. Just be good to them. Do not hurt them.

Yes, of course. Once again, thank you for meeting with us.

The meeting ends with more 'thank yous' and 'you are welcomes'. Jun escorts her principal out. Anabel holds back in my office. She wants to apologize for speaking. I stop her from finishing the apology by kissing her. When we are done kissing, she no longer remembers that there is anything to say and leaves the office.

Jun returns to the office after introducing the Principal to the rest of the family. If she hadn't returned, I would have called for her. It is time for me to set the parameters of the selection

process for the next semester. Jun's parameters are far too large and would create a logistical nightmare for us. We have to set the parameters so narrow that few will be able to qualify. That being the case, after the first year it is my hope that we will not see the crush we are about to see. In that and, because of my later decisions, I am deluded in the hope.

Jun and I chat about it for a while. She is reluctant to accept some of my proposals. There is some give and take, but the decision is mine. The child has to be very bright, a hard worker, and very pretty. She has to be the child of a mother without a husband. The mother has to be attractive. (I just hate to see ugly women. It is a fetish of mine.)

That ought to make for a small class and it will kill off the gold rush ferment we may see this year.

I call the contractor who built our house and arrange to use an empty warehouse for the evaluating of those who might apply at the school to enroll in Jun's classroom. I have previously had Mr. Reyes and the contractor build a one-room schoolhouse and a roofed but open-air gymnasium on our land. It sits a few hundred meters from our house. I now ask him to add on another schoolroom and a dormitory for up to 20 mother/daughter pairs. It is to include alcoves for beds, an eating area, CR and shower functions. It needs to be completed by June 1st. I know I am not giving him much time, but I also know he can get it done. (There is a side benefit for Mitch. Her father will be a supervisor on the crew! She will get to have meals with him for a month or three.)

I create a form for the school to use and provide a calendar and time slots for the interviews. Once that is done, Jun runs it over to the school. The school will need to provide us with the records for each student they are sending to us so that we might have some background on each child as we evaluate her. We will need the records prior to the interview.

I ask Joy and Cherise to join me and I explain what is happening and ask them to join Jun in evaluating the candidates. However, when it comes to evaluating beauty, they will not make the decision. They are to take pictures and we

will discuss it. What they think is beautiful has more to do with the addition of perceived European features, even if the person is truly ugly. It has far less to do with the beauty of the Asian form.

School ended on March 20, and will begin the first week of June. May is when the parents sign the kids up for the next year. By the third week of April, applicants are coming in to us. In the beginning we see three or four applicants and their families a day. By the second week in May, we are seeing twenty. We are able to eliminate over 80% of the applicants based on one or another of the criteria I have set for the selection process. If we can eliminate them, they are told immediately that they will not be considered any further. It is the most decent thing to do. I do not want to leave people hanging if I can help it.

We announced a cut-off date of May 20 for all applications and the school knows of the date right from the beginning. Anyone coming in after that date will be told the class is full.

Of the approximately three hundred and fifty applications we receive, we are able to eliminate two hundred and eighty without considering issues of beauty, though truly ugly girls are turned away immediately. That leaves seventy girls and twenty slots. The remaining girls are decided on beauty alone, as all are well qualified in all other matters of substance. Each girl's photos, and those of her mother, are evaluated. There are four of us evaluating, but I make the final choice.

I wish I could post the photos here. There are only a few easy eliminations; seventeen are removed by general consensus in the first sweep. That leaves us with fifty-three pretty girls with reasonably pretty mothers. We are not making any headway so I ask for the ages of the mothers. Of those who had made the previous cut, one is 23 years old! Others range from 25 to the mid 40's. We arrange them by age and select the youngest twenty. No mother we select had a child when she was older than 17. One had a child when she was eleven.

We invite the twenty parents to a meeting at the warehouse. I attend with Cherise and Jun. Jun runs the meeting. Each parent

is asked to sign a confidentiality agreement. If either the parent or the child violates the agreement, they will immediately be removed from the program. Anyone who refuses will need to leave immediately. They all sign.

Jun welcomes them. *Thank you for coming. You all asked for your child to be taught by me, maybe, because you thought that your daughter might be brought into my man's household. You have been told that will not happen, that no one will get a farm and there is nothing that a parent will receive from this. If you didn't believe this before, you must believe it now. It is the truth. You will not get money or land or anything of value. If you would like to leave, you may do so now. Nothing bad will happen. The only consequence is that your child will not be considered for the program. Further, as I have already said, no child will enter our family. ... All your children are or will become twelve years old this coming school year. You have told us that they are virgins. If you want them to be virgins next year at this time, withdraw now! Nothing bad will happen, other than your child will not be considered for the program. ... If your child loses her virginity that is not in any way a promise that she will join the family. In fact I will promise this to you. There are twenty of you here. Not one of your girls will be a virgin next year at this time. I further tell you that none of your children will be selected to join the home. If that is not OK for you, withdraw now! Nothing bad will happen, other than your child will not be considered for the program. ... Your participation in the program will be required from time to time. ... About your daughters, I can tell you that, of all the girls who applied, we only chose the smartest ones and, of those, only the prettiest girls with the prettiest and youngest mothers were selected. If that makes you uncomfortable, withdraw now! Nothing bad will happen, other than your child will not be considered for the program. ... The program will be taught at the location on the second form you were handed today. You do not need to provide the uniform. Because all of you are poor, Sir Jake is supplying the uniforms and all school supplies. You have the following responsibilities:*

- 1. To provide a safe place for your daughter to live.*
- 2. To make sure she gets a good night's sleep without interruption each night.*

3. To make sure she gets to school each day.

On school days, we will feed her breakfast, lunch and supper. Her school day will be from 7am to 7pm each day, six days a week. That includes the times she will eat her meals. She will be home all day on Sundays only.

*If you cannot provide for that, you can talk to me after class, **it will not** disqualify your daughter as we have built a dormitory good for your daughter or both of you, if you need it. Use of it is free, but there are restrictions.*

There is no tuition fee. It has been waived for the girls in this class. There are no fees of any kind. The school will pay for everything.

The classwork your daughter will do will cover everything she will need to know to pass all exams with a perfect mark. We expect every child we accept this year to have perfect grades and be able to score perfectly on any examination. She will also have advanced English lessons far beyond anything taught in a public classroom.

We make no promises about what happens after this school year ends.

I am going to give you five minutes to talk among yourselves. I will then ask for any questions you still have. After that, if you do not need to talk to me and have no more questions, you may leave. If you have a need to talk to me, you will form a line and I will speak with you one at a time.

The women do just that. They are talking among themselves. Some are crying. Others just look bewildered. Jun says nothing to Cherise, who will be teaching our children in the classroom next to Jun's. Jun says nothing to me. She just sits there looking at the women, all close to her age. She has a five year old and a three year old. Their children are more than twice the age of her oldest. She lives in comfort; not so these women.

At the five minute mark Jun asks for questions.

How will the children be punished?

Are they being taught any religion?

What do Jun or Jake expect of them?

Why is this not at the regular school?

Jun writes down all the questions and then answers them in order as received.

There is no punishment. The girls have to really want to be at this school. If they don't, this is not the place for them and they should go elsewhere. For girls who want to be at the school, no punishment is needed.

No religion will be taught. The mothers have Sunday and, if there is to be religious instruction, it should happen then.

Jun tells them that we expect their complete cooperation. Nothing less and nothing more.

This is not a regular school for any number of reasons, the first of which being that they want Jun to teach their child, and the second being that Jun has quit her position at the public school. (This is technically a prevarication. I am paying Jun's salary but Jun is technically on the public school's staff. The children are granted regular 6th grade diplomas, at the end of the year, and the kids are on the regular rolls of the school. However, the class size, curricula, hours, food services and all other things are at variance with what public schools do. And public schools do not have dormitories.)

There are more questions that have been asked and they are all answered. At the end, Jun thanks them for coming and tells them that, unless they need to speak with her directly, they are free to go.

Eight stay. Of those, five say that the home in which they are living cannot be depended upon to meet Jun's criteria. Jun hands each a packet to fill out, related to staying in the dormitory. The child can stay in the dormitory either on her

own, or with the mother. However, if the mother is staying in the dormitory, she needs to understand and obey the rules of the dormitory. Those rules are in the packet. The rules have to do with cleanliness, good order, and no boyfriends of any kind on the premises. Those with boyfriends are urged to stay elsewhere.

Five girls and four of the mothers choose to live in the dormitory.

Had I known that we are going to feed three meals a day? Was I aware that Jun would tell the mothers that every one of their children would have sex before the end of the school year and that was just that? No and No. I sure did not. I am not happy once again. What the fuck is the girl thinking?

After the meeting I ask Jun to meet with me. Before I could even say why, she stops me.

Jake, we are starting with four totally unemployed mothers who will be in the dorm. They are your housemothers and they are the cooks. We will have more before the end of the term. You need to supply the rice, fruit and some protein. The mothers can start a garden for the vegetables. I assume you will want some of these girls – as you like girls. By saying all, no mother later can say, I hoped you would not pick mine.

As a matter of fact, I don't want to have any sex with any of them. Damn it, Jun is still unable to see that.

By the first day of school, the classroom and dormitory are both complete. The four families, and the one other girl, move in. Jun lines out the mothers on the cooking duties.

The uniforms Jun selects for the girls have shorter skirts than are the norm; they end mid-thigh. The white blouses were more stylish than the average school blouse. Rather than the simple, old style “buster brown” black leather shoe that is the norm in the region, Jun has me spring for good quality sandals with two inch heels for each girl, plus athletic shoes and socks for the PE class. When the girls are dressed and in class, they are a

beautiful sight. Jun arranges that year for a beautician to come once every two months.

The girls get lessons on clothing, hair, makeup, menstruation and personal health, and birth control. That is just some of the stuff that is not normally part of the 6th grade school curriculum. Sometimes the mothers sit in as well.

Jun has told the girls that their mothers are welcome to come and sit in on the class at any time, are welcome to eat with them, and may even spend the night at the dorm.

The number of mothers in the dorm with their kids climbs to eight (including the mother who had previously just sent her child to the dorm). The nightly count climbs to sixteen. There are plenty of cooks and the mothers keep the dorm spotless. The garden is well tended and the vegetables are in abundance.

When the female health classes are taught, we have twenty girls and eighteen mothers in attendance. It is quite a sight.

Some three months into the classes, I have not dipped my toe in the sexual banquet laid out before me. I already have a loving and wonderful family. In no way am I needing any extra stuff on the side. I am just not hungering after these girls. Though ... it is a blast to see so much beauty all around every day. I am in heaven. Everywhere I look, the females on the compound are lovely.

In mid-September, Joy comes up to the office mid-morning to say there are six of the mothers downstairs asking to see me. She has no idea why they are making the request. I ask her to bring the mothers up in five minutes.

When they enter, it is apparent each of them has worn the nicest thing she has. I have eight chairs around my conference table but, in the preceding five minutes, I have arranged two rows of three behind my desk. I swivel my chair so I am looking right at them and there was nothing between them and me.

I stand as they enter and ask them to all sit. Once they do I reseal in my office chair and ask them, *How I may assist you?*

The youngest, Rose, speaks (evidently for the group). *When we all signed our daughters up for this school, we assumed you were just some horny old guy but at least our children might get something out of that. And we wondered how many of us mothers would have to sleep with you as well. But you haven't touched our daughters and you haven't touched us. The classes your Jun teaches are far beyond what the girls learn in public school. You have brought in experts to teach them about personal issues. You dress them very nicely, feed all who come very well and treat everyone with respect, just as you treat us now. We want to know why you do this. Are you just waiting to have sex with us and our girls later? What is happening?*

Rose, what do you think happened last year with Anabel?

You selected her from Jun's class to make her one of your girls and to keep her family happy you gave them land to farm.

Thank you for your honest answer. It is reasonable to think what you say. But, it is not what happened. ... I never knew Jun was intent on bringing Anabel to me. I had no need for another girl in my house. Anabel was the only truly poor child in her class last year and she was both lovely beyond description and very bright. Jun's heart went out to this girl. She wanted to help her in the girl's own home. But there was a problem. The family had lost their home and were living on the street. Jun told Anabel what Jun's life was like, and warned the girl that if she joined my family she would become pregnant with my child. By the time I knew anything about the matter. Anabel and Jun had many meetings with each other and with Anabel's parents. They all agreed that this home was the best place for the child. Close to the last day of school, Jun brought Anabel here and told me that this girl would be joining our home. I was not happy. I spoke to the girl, who quite honestly was looking forward to having my children and had told her parents she was moving in here. I tried every way I could to get her to change her mind without forcing her to do so. In the end, I gave up and agreed to allow her into the family but was concerned for her parents. So I arranged for them to farm some of my land. They are nice people. But I can't take care of everyone. That's the job of Government, not one person. I knew that this year, because of Jun's actions last semester, there would

*be a demand for Jun as a teacher. The result was likely to be a disaster for many people, including me. Jun quit the school at my insistence; I contacted the school and put a plan into action. We would take on a few very needy families. For at least a year we would give these girls the best schooling we could and relieve some of the economic pressure on their parents by paying the school-related fees, providing food and shelter... ...
... I never told Jun I intended to sleep with anyone and certainly never told her I would take the virginity of anyone. Yes, I heard what Jun said that night in May, but that was the first time I heard it. I did not approve the comments and didn't agree with them. Are some of you and your daughters highly desirable? Yes, hell yes, you are all beautiful! But, I never lie down with a woman who has not asked me to lie down with her. Even then, because I already have so many loving girls, I do not need any more. If you really want to have sex with me, and I cannot imagine why you would, ask me, or ask one of my girls. I am not going to take any woman against her desire. But no matter if I do, no one will join my household because of it. ...
... Does that answer your question?*

Some but not all. Why are you really doing all this?

Because I enjoy beauty. Because I had to do something for Jun, whom I love.

Do you want to make love to us?

Of course I do, I am a man and I want to have sex with every beautiful girl I see, but do you really want to make love with me knowing that nothing will come of it?

I can only speak for myself. Yes I do.

And do you want me to take your daughter?

Yes, and so does my daughter.

Is there anyone else who would like to speak?

They all do want to speak. It is a frank discussion and the main question that comes up is, does my making love to someone

affect what happened at the end of the school year. If it does, they all want to have sex with me. I tell the truth. I have no idea what will happen to them at the end of the school year. I have no intention to expand my family. I know of no plan for anything else that Jun might be considering. So, as far as I am concerned, the answer is no. Even if I do have sex with one of them, I will not tell Jun that I had sex with that person. So she will not know.

That being the case, five don't, but Rose still does want sex with me. It does revive the question of why I am doing it. I smile. I told them that I am just trying to handle the pressure created by Jun's decision last year, so that nothing bad happens to me ... I tell them, I love the beauty that girls create just by being there. If they want me to be happy they should just dress as sexy as they can while on campus. When their girls are not in classes, they should also be as sexy as possible. That seems to play into their perceptions of me as an old rascal, and gets them to leave without further complaint ... with the exception of Rose, who holds back.

Rose wants to get fucked in the worst way and, as soon as the door closes on the other five women, she lets her desires be known. Rose, the twenty-three year old who got pregnant at eleven years of age, is looking to get it on.

Without a word, she slides her panties from under her dress, walks over to me, unzips my fly, fishes my dick out from my briefs, sits her ass down on my desk, raises the skirt of her dress and pulls me into her. She is small, dark, pretty and without any reservations. Her thighs are soaking wet as I enter. Her lips find mine. As her legs lock around my ass, and her arms lock around my chest, her lips just attach themselves to my face. She is smashing her pussy into my groin. In the middle of all this, Joy comes in the office.

Through my peripheral vision I can see her, just standing there, with a bemused smile on her face. She knows I would never choose to have sex in this manner. I gather she is getting a kick watching this young woman attempt to claim her territory, not knowing that such a thing is impossible with me. But, hey! Maybe Rose is just that horny for an old geezer like me. Hell, I

don't know. All I am aware of is that there is a woman who seems quite desperate for me to bust a nut in her love canal. And that is exactly what she gets.

I let loose the cum deep inside her and she continues to grind away until she is convinced I am done. She dismounts, and Joy, who is still standing there, asks her if she needs a towel or anything. Rose's eyes get big. It is not clear whether she is about to be embarrassed or angry. Joy defuses the mess by giving Rose a quick hug and kiss on the cheek. *He's OK for an old guy, isn't he?*

You OK with me? You not angry? Why you smiling?

Friend Rose, none of us owns Jake. None of us controls what he does. And if you become a regular in his bed, you will find that you are rarely alone with him in his bed. You will be with one or two of us. We will learn to love you and you will learn to love us. That's the way it is here.

But he was cheating on you with me.

I am not his wife. He is not married and no one is cheated. He will not marry for that reason. You should think about why you want to be with him. All of his girls love him and understand that they can never have him as theirs alone. We must share him. If you really love him and want to share him, then you should join us. If not, then enjoy the fuck. That is all it will ever be!

And with that, Joy leaves the office. I have no idea what is in Rose's head, but I do know that if she is considering Joy's proposition and chose the former, I just had another woman added to my life without anyone asking me if that was what I wanted! It is exactly what I have just minutes before said will not happen! Damn it! What the fuck was Joy thinking?

As the door closes behind Joy, Rose drops to her knees and takes my limp dick in her mouth. She starts reviving it. In a few minutes I am hard again. This time Rose bends over the desk and asks me to take her ass. I use my finger to lubricate her ass and my cock with her pussy juices. In two quick motions I enter

her asshole and then ram all the way in. What I hear is an 'ah' and then a deep grunt as I reach bottom. As I have just cum earlier, it is going to be a long ride. That seems to be just fine with Rose. I reach under her hips and start playing with her clit as I ream her from behind. The stimulation brings on what I had not succeeded in doing before, orgasms. Each one just about squeezes my cock in half. They are intense and awesome in the effect they are having on Rose. She is squirting almost constantly out of her pussy onto the floor, where the puddle has gotten so large that both she and I are standing in it. My legs are soaked with her ejaculations. Her body has lost any semblance of control. She is a limp rag with liquid leaking out when I finally cum inside her. She quivers, but she has already collapsed on the desk.

I text Joy and asked for assistance. When she comes, she understands what is needed and retrieves some cleaning things from a hall closet. I extricate myself and go first to the bathroom and then to my bedroom for a change of clothing. When I return to the office, the floor has been mopped clean and Joy is cleaning up Rose. I suggest she take Rose down a couple of flights in the lift and put her to bed for a while. There are still two free bedrooms on the second floor. (The others are all occupied with my kids; twelve kids in six rooms.) Joy agrees and assists Rose to her feet. It takes them a while to get to the elevator, but it is done.

Once Joy has succeeded in putting Rose to bed, she returns to me. She enters the room, comes over to the desk behind my chair and puts her hands on my back and neck.

Do you have anything left for me?

I think I have just the thing.

I take Joy's hand. We walk out of the office and to the bedroom. I lift her skirt, remove her panties and take her with my mouth. She can handle a coarse tongue on her clit and so I do not need to be careful. I am giving Joy all I have when she cums hard.

Mahal kita, Jake.

Meaning every word I speak to Joy, I love you too, Joy. I love you, want you and in truth, I need you. But I am pretty well ready to spank you too! What part of 'no more women enter this house' do you not understand?

You angry with me?

Yes, but that doesn't mean I love you less. I just really wish you would not tell someone they can join us. I love you and the others here. Joy, that's enough.

She needs you. Like I needed you.

Joy, there are many like her and you. We can't take them all. No more! But now, the very problem I was trying to solve with Jun's actions last year may be even worse. I am not sure how I will fix it.

OK. Sorry, sorry. But you love me, correct?

Oh, Joy. Yes, and forever.

She wraps her arms around me and snuggles in.

We lie together on that bed until it is time for lunch.

9

Joy is back in my office mid-afternoon. There is a smile on each of our faces, but probably for different reasons. I am remembering our time together that morning, just holding each other.

May I talk with Mitch about rescheduling who has time with you? Rose has asked that her daughter lie with you tonight.

Joy evidently thinks this is beyond cute. Rose's daughter, Rosemarie, is the spitting image of her mother. Joy is well aware that the mother can barely walk right now, and she wants her daughter in my bed.

Who gets bumped out?

Jun and Cherise.

Please talk to them first. If they say OK, then tell Mitch it is OK.

Joy does as I asked, but then that is not news, that is Joy. Well, that is Joy for the most part. But I have told her twice now, no more females. Why isn't that working?

I am told that Jun and Cherise were doubled over in laughter after hearing of my morning as told by Joy and immediately said yes to the request. Joy then informed Mitch, who then sought Rose out to tell her that the calendar had been cleared for Rosemarie. Later, Joy invites both Rose and Rosemarie to supper at our table, seeing as how I will take Rosemarie with me as soon as supper is over.

After supper, Rose is invited to sing karaoke with my girls while I take her daughter upstairs with me.

Before I come down to supper I have placed two chairs in the hall on the fourth floor. Now, after supper, when the lift deposits us on the fourth floor, I sit down on one chair and indicate Rosemarie should take the other one.

Rosemarie, before anything happens tonight, I need to ask you some questions. There are right answers and wrong answers. Right answers are truthful. Wrong answers are lies. I only want right answers, no matter what the answer is. No matter how many years go by, I will only ever want the truthful answers, even if they hurt me to hear them. Do you understand?

She nodded.

Why are you here on the fourth floor of this house tonight?

To have sex with you.

Is that what you want, or are you doing what your mother wants?

Both of us want it.

Why do you want it?

I want you to give me a baby?

Why?

Mom had me when she was twelve that turned out great. I am so lucky!

Why me for that baby?

Of all the men we know, you are the kindest and the most respected and are the wealthiest. I want my baby to have the opportunities that I never have.

I have children with girls I love. Do I love you? Do you love me?

I don't know you.

That's right, so why do you want to have a baby with me?

Because my mother says I should?

Is that a good reason to have a baby?

No, I guess not.

Would you like to go back downstairs now?

No, I really want to be with you, but maybe no baby?

Why do you want to be with me?

You really are special and I want to give you my virginity. Sir Jake, otherwise it will just be wasted. This is true!

That is very sweet. Let's go have some fun.

Getting up, I take her hand and into the bedroom we stride.

I suspect Rosemarie has never seen such a large and tall bed. I ask her if she would like a few minutes just to look around and she is pleased to say yes. I show her the private bathroom, and where she can find clean towels.

She looks into the walk-in closet. She laughs; it is bigger than her cubicle. She looks into the drawers of the dresser. All this for one person seems a bit over the top for her. And then, she asks a question that simply has her stumped.

You have many women, but this is only a bedroom for you. Why? Why not the women that everyone says yours here too?

They are mine in some ways. In some ways they are not mine. I do not own them. I am not married to them. Any of them can leave here at any time. No one has the right to stop them. They stay with me because they love me. But there are too many of them. Too many for any one of them to be with me all the time. It would not be fair to the others. So each has another bedroom. Each comes to stay with me sometimes. Tonight I was supposed to be with Jun and Cherise. They allowed their time to be given to you.

Which one of them is your love?

They are all my loves.

I don't think so. It is only possible to love one person.

Well, you are wrong. Like so much in life, it is important to separate what you think ought to be right, from what actually is. If you are a great student, not just one who can get good grades, you will unchain your mind. You will stop believing things as they ought to be, by some rule, and open your eyes to see the real world. The world, in all the intricate variations, of how it really is. Tell me, what things do you want me to do with you tonight?

I want you to take my virginity. I want you to want me, again and again! Please, we do whatever you want!

Four articles of clothing later the girl is naked and sitting on the bed. Her breasts are only sweet puffy bumps, with little pink nipples. Her menstruation has started about three months prior and her last period, according to the girl's memory, was about two weeks ago. Her fingernails and toenails are painted a dark pink. On a cord around her neck, she wears what looks like a scrimshaw cross, which falls between her breasts. Her pussy is hairless. Like just about all Filipinas, she has straight black hair and it falls to her shoulders.

I have never been with such an undeveloped girl before. She is even less developed than is Anabel. I have no idea how responsive she will be to stimulation. I start very slowly, touching her body. But I do immediately work her breasts to see if the basic erogenous zones are turned on and functioning. They are. Playing with her breasts brings moisture to her pussy. Her breathing is shorter and faster. I start working her pussy with my fingers. She not only welcomes the attention, she spreads her legs further and arches her back into my hands.

This young one can't weigh 36Kilo (80 pounds). She looks a little less than ripe, but she is responding in all the right ways. I run my hand lightly over her ass and get no indications either way. Playing with her clit with my index finger, I let my pinky finger lightly touch the button of her rectum. She sighs. I push in a bit, and she pushes back. My finger is a knuckle in. She wiggles her ass on my finger. I run my finger in another knuckle. She seems perfectly happy. Now pushing all the way

down, she cries out something that sounds like encouragement and she rocks her body on my pinky finger.

I withdraw the finger and she cries, *Hindi!*

I immediately replace the finger with my index finger but attempt to go slowly. She fundamentally disagrees with that and pushes hard to get it all in, right away. She is going to town on my finger up her ass. As I slide down and start taking her pussy with my mouth, my tongue parting her lower lips, she rockets into her first orgasm. The backs of her knees are on my shoulders and her heels smash my back to pieces as the orgasm runs its thunderous course.

Once she returns to the land of the living, I ask her if she is ready to lose her virginity. My reward is a big smile and a wet sloppy kiss. I position her on top of me, as my weight is just too much for this little one. She is above me, and looking at me, as she centers my cock on her pussy and just slams down on the pole, as if there is nothing holding her back. But, once at the bottom, her eyes get wide and a tear creeps into view. She holds her position and I don't move. Slowly, she regains her composure and tries to smile. I smile and wait.

Ever so slowly, I detect a little movement. She is testing the equipment to see how bad it still hurts. Her face is a mask, but my groin shows blood. Then, there is barely perceptible rocking while staying bone to bone. She lifts a bit and stays mid stroke for a few seconds before lowering back down. She draws all the way up and stops. Her face shows surprise but not pain. And then ... she plunges back down hard and laughs.

Staying engaged, she bends down to kiss me. Rising up again, she starts pumping for all she is worth. Eyes closed and an expression on her face that I would love to have captured, it looks like the definition of rapture. She is having the ride of her life. I am below, enjoying but not doing much other than watching this sprite bounce. After about ten minutes, it becomes clear to me that, as much as she is having a whale of a good time, she still isn't getting off. Either her clit needs stimulation, or maybe her ass is the best bet.

I have a small dildo in my nightstand which has been used before on that hole. From my position on the bed, I am able to open the drawer and retrieve the little guy. I move my hand, holding it to Rosemarie's ass; her eyes fly open. I retrieve my hand with the dildo to show her. Still bouncing away, she gives me big smile and a nod. With her help, as she continues to bounce on my cock, I insert the little dick into her bunghole and hold on. Within 30 seconds, Rosemarie goes over the edge in a major way. She is a screamer. Exactly what she is screaming in Visayan, I do not know, but in the middle of her multi-orgasmic aria, my balls sing their own hard-rock song, and coat that girl like Pepto-Bismol inside the bottle.

Sated, Rosemarie flops forward and just lies on me for long enough for me to doze off. There's nothing like a tiny pussy to hold a cock in place. I stay inside, though soft. The warm, wet parking space probably aids my restful sleep. I awaken, a little later, with the Sprite kissing my neck and hugging me. I am still inside her, and still soft. Miracles do happen.

I'm not a virgin anymore!

On that we agree. How are you feeling?

Loved?

Yes you are loved. What else are you feeling?

Safe? I think so. I feel like, if I here like this, nothing bad happen.

That makes sense and is true except, that I snore, and you will not be able to sleep.

I heard you snore. It's OK. I don't mind. I like it. I have a man!

You do for the night, but remember, I love all my girls and to be with me, you have to share me.

I know.

Do you need anything before we sleep for the night?

No, I'm good!

There is sleeping. There are two between-sleep episodes of robust lovemaking. Once I bend her over the side of the bed and take her pussy from behind. The other time we are in this odd sidesaddle position on the bed. I am sure there is a name for it, but I don't know it. It does allow me to finger her ass while we fuck and keep my weight on the mattress. She gets off, really well, that way.

When morning comes, I am up and dressed while Rosemarie is still totally out. I text Joy that Rosemarie is fine, but sacked out, and maybe her mother would like to come up to the bedroom and be with her as she wakes up. I get a "K" back on text. As I am about to leave the room and head downstairs, I meet Rose at the door. I get a very sexy kiss and leave her with her child.

When Rose and Rosemarie enter the kitchen, I have just finished breakfast and am at the end of my second mug of coffee. Joy hands them each a mango shake. Mitch, who has been pumping me for the details without success since she walked in fifteen minutes ago, starts on Rosemarie. It seems that Rosemarie is in a very talkative mood. Mitch wants details and Rosemarie is wanting to share them. I decide this is a good time to go back to the office.

I text Jun and Cherise to come up after classes. The situation is unsustainable. I had told the women just yesterday that there was no way into the house and now Rose, with Joy's help, has proved me either a liar or at least an untrustworthy source.

There is a concept of too many women. I have come to the point where, with the other females a few hundred meters away, it is time to put some plan in place, to disperse the demand, on my time, and my bed, from well-meaning women, whom I have no way to assist. To say that I am not the only fish in the sea, is such a silly and obvious comment, as to make one choke with laughter. But for these women, it is neither funny nor readily apparent. Their lives have been hard and their options are severely limited.

I have the beginnings of a plan, but will need cooperation, and help, in working out the details and carrying it out.

In the meantime, I have a number of remote networks to access. While it is daytime in the Philippines, it is evening in the States. I will run the SOX (Sarbanes-Oxley) compliance reporting software on a dozen servers in NY and send the results to the CIO of that company. The reports will be in his inbox when he arrives in the morning, his time. All the while, I don't have to work at night. On a separate network, I will be installing updates to servers that need to be left alone during their workday in the States, but I can update them now, during my workday, without a squeak of complaint. I will also check on the outage and event logs to see if there are any other issues that have not set off alarms but need attention. All this from my desk, on the fourth floor of my home, in the Philippines. All done for firms in the States. It is not a bad way to make a living.

Joy serves me my lunch at my desk – fruit salad. I continue to lose weight. I had been 220 when I first arrived. I am now down to 153.

I finish at 4pm, my time, which is 4am NY time. Just as I am logging off the last server via my Cisco site-to-site VPNs (I have an ASA5505 installed on the network), Jun and Cherise arrive. Jun is in fine fettle as she sits down and asks, as if she is discussing the relative merits of wallpaper and paint, whether I have chosen my next conquest from the bevy across the way. Cherise rolls her eyes and I just groan.

Look, that is sort of why you are here. This has got to be the last one and we have to come up with a plan! We have to have a path forward for these families. My best guess is that we get them married.

That gets me a look from both of them, suggesting that I am just plain stupid.

Cherise responds as if she is talking to a third grader. *How do you expect to do that? Jake, some of these women are already married to men who left them. They would need an annulment.*

You know that is both hard and expensive. And the others have other issues. We might get one or two married but not all!

Jun just nods her head in agreement.

I can arrange for a lawyer to file for all the annulments. The lawyer can handle all the court work through to the end. I can teach you about what makes for a successful posting on a dating / marriage website and I think we can make it happen for most of these women if we start right now. Will you help me?

They want Mitch and Abbey's assistance as well, and they still think the plan is out-and-out crazy, but yes, they will do it.

*OK, find one of the women who would like to pursue this right now and is not married. Have the four of you here in my office with that woman tomorrow at four and we will get her set up – in that process you will learn how to do the others. ... **And, girls, we are going to use the lure of the available daughter along with the great-looking mom to make these marriages happen. Do you understand now?***

And now, for the first time, just maybe, the light bulbs go on. Both are smiling. We are done for the day ... except for two phone calls I need to make.

It's nice to have an attorney you can work with when things get complicated. I call Atty. Espejo. The chat proceeds at length and covers much of little consequence. I do get an agreement that we can use a legal intern (at a very modest cost) to put together the annulment filings for all the women here who need such. We will only need a licensed attorney for the court appearance. We can stack them up on the court calendar so that a number of them might be heard on the same day. Instead of costing two hundred thousand Philippine Pesos each, we might do ten for a total of fifty thousand pesos.

My second call is to the office of a Judge. I have made a number of contributions to a charity with which the Judge is associated. Her secretary knows me because of that and puts me through.

There are very few people with whom I will use Po, but this is one of those times that respect is the order of the day.

Your Honor, Po, I know from your concern for the charity work you do that you care deeply for the truly poor. Because of that, I call you today to advise me in a way no one else can do. As you may have heard, I have a connection to a small school for some very poor families who cannot afford to pay the school-related fees for their daughters' last year in elementary school. All the girls are very bright, but their mothers are poor and their only support. If there is a husband, he has abandoned the family. I am convinced I can help these mothers find good husbands overseas, but the cost and the time that can delay annulment proceedings can be brutal. I have arranged with Atty. Espejo to use an intern to put court papers together for each mother and I am going to pay for that out of my own pocket. Your Honor, Po, I do not ask or expect any law to be broken or ignored, but how can I get these mothers' applications heard and ruled on without excessive time or gratuities? Everything for these poor women is coming from my act of charity.

Sir Jake, I know you have unusual tastes, but if you can really get these poor women good husbands, then your effort is indeed worthy. If the current husbands did desert their wives, then there was something wrong with those men prior to the wedding and those marriages should merit annulment. I will send you instructions via my secretary as to how to file these so that I am aware of which ones are charity filings. Salamat, Sir Jake, for your efforts.

Walang anuman, Your Honor Po. Maraming, maraming salamat, Po, for your help.

That second call eliminated the need to pay bribes for the signature of a Judge. Instead of ₱50,000 to ₱200,000 in a paper bag, for each one, handed to the Judge's secretary while sitting on a bench in the KCC Mall, there would be no need for bribes and no delays.

Later, another call resolves the normal delay caused by the Sheriff in serving papers on the husbands.

For the first time that day, I am feeling relaxed. That lasts for the time it takes to ride the lift down to the first floor, and for the door to open.

10

The laughter that greets me is, I gather, all at my expense. When you live with six girls, and now eight counting Rose and Rosemarie, the likelihood of keeping anything confidential is nonexistent. As soon as Jun and Cherise left the office they headed downstairs and the word was out to all assembled.

They all think I am off my nut and, if I am not, then I must be very ill. I gather that my convincing talk earlier was ephemeral in its effect on Cherise's and Jun's views of the matter. The only thing I can do is to challenge them and, in a way, turn up the heat. I have something to lose by doing it, but my suspicion is that I will end up OK.

I take it you all think I am loco; that my plan has no hope of working. I believe it will work for the women across the way. With the exception of Rose and Rosemarie, it will work easier for them than it will for you because they have pretty twelve year old daughters, and even if you did, your children are my children and no one is taking my children from me. Still, if you are willing to leave your children behind, I will help you to find a husband of your own. Rose, as you do not carry my child, nor have you given birth to a child of mine, there is no reason why I can't place you as easy as the others. I understand that such a desire is not unreasonable.

That quiets them a bit. I continue...

My experience is that most Filipinas do not understand how to do the website posting to their best advantage. Yes, all of you, and I am going to fix that problem. These mothers also have something that other women don't have, or are unwilling to do if they do have ... offer themselves and their daughters as a package. Marry one and get two wives. It is illegal, so we have to do it right, but it can be done. Additionally, they don't know how to sell their looks. They post pictures that do not help them at all. Finally, they undersell their beauty and use terms that scare guys off. I am sure I can fix that. We have lovely mothers

with daughters living here. We will start with those. If you want to be added, just raise your hand.

No hands go up, but three are crying. Four girls asked at the same time, do I want them to go?!

No, I do not. I want to live the rest of my life with all you around me. But you need to rethink your attitude toward me and the task at hand. I find nothing funny about a dormitory of desperate women on our hands and, while I understand, Rose, that you may want to join the family, this has to stop! This whole thing is not funny. ... This matter is serious and needs a serious solution. Unless one of you has a better solution, I think it is bad manners to ridicule the only solution under consideration.

The crying stops, but supper is a quiet meal. After supper, I ask for an official photographer for the whole project. That is Mitch. The web content editor will be Abbey. Cherise and Jun will work on web-chat manners, do's and don'ts. Joy, Anabel and Rosemarie will work with the daughters.

Rose asks, *What do I do?*

Learn from Cherise and Jun. Assist Joy when she needs it.

I set out rules for some of the things the girls must and must not do.

- There will be no asking for money or gifts, no mention of presents or anything of value.
- There will be no gossiping.
- They will have to follow our guidance about dress and hair before they get in front of any web camera.
- We will have to approve the clothing worn in pictures.
- They will push for the guy to come here.
- They will present their daughter on the camera and those contacts must be closely controlled by us.
- They **must not** say anything about the daughter being part of the deal while on camera on in any chat session.
- If they need an annulment, they will be honest about it on the website, but tell the guy she does **not** need his

money.

- If he insists, and wants to pay, the guy's funds will in fact go only to defraying my legal costs in this matter.
- The girl will make sure the guy gets an OR²⁹ for the cash payment from the law office.
- The women may accept a gift, but it is critical that they not ever ask for gifts.

The question is, who will be first. We will learn that the next day.

I am still a bit irritated and go upstairs alone. I am sitting in an easy chair in my bedroom, reading the second volume of Mark Twain's autobiography, when Mitch and Abbey enter the bedroom. They ask if I wanted them to find boyfriends and leave.

Did you not hear me when I answered that question downstairs? No, I do not. I want you both to stay forever, but you are both far too young to be happy with me and I understand that you might want to find someone closer to your own age. Still, you are the mothers to five of my kids, so absolutely, no. However, I have become something of a joke to the two of you. I find none of this funny.

The two apologize and admit that they had laughed at a time. But they understand now that I am trying to solve a real problem. It is just that, from their point of view, most guys would give their right nut to be in my situation.

I have to acknowledge the truth of that. But that is a fantasy. The reality is very different. I have a real problem that has been brought on by Jun and Joy, not me. I am just trying to figure out how to survive it.

Yes, they understand it now. Our discussion ends as we undress each other and climb into bed.

These two girls are still teenagers. Yes, they are also mothers, but you would not know it to look at them. They are beautiful

29 - Official Receipt.

and have been able to take care of their bodies in a manner that other less fortunate girls cannot. I am more than forty years older than they are, but for them that seems to be a badge of honor. And tonight they are more than anxious to allow me to compare what they can do in bed with what the Rose and Rosemarie duo did for me.

Abbey also mentions that they have been talking that maybe it is time for more kids from them. I am happy to hear that.

There is no big deal to getting into bed. Both have wraps on with nothing underneath. I am in shorts and briefs only and those are off in a flash.

We know each others' bodies. I know where to touch both of them to elicit the best response and they know me. I have urged that they breast feed long after most women quit. I like their swollen breasts and the milk. They feed not just their own but also the other children on an as-requested basis, which ends up being a lot of breast feeding. Both of them have full breasts tonight and I feast on them both. I do it often when there is something inside their pussies or asses. It makes their orgasms far more intense. They cum easily these days; their bodies are used to being stimulated and just seem to snap right into the mode where the orgasm is right there ready for the turning on and turning up. They are not mind-blowing orgasms but long, slow events that cause their whole bodies to come undone.

We play and take care of each other for three hours on low-impact but highly effective lovemaking. The end is a tangle of three bodies that just naturally belong together and are at peace. I cum once early, inside Abbey, just as she is whispering that, in six and a half years, her oldest daughter will be ready for my cock. That sets me off like a rocket. Later, I awaken to Mitch giving me head. I move her up and enter her and, in short order – maybe thinking again about Abbey's comment, paint Mitch's pussy with my cum. She moans in delight when she feels the hot cum inside her and just settles back to sleep like a sweet child after a warm glass of milk.

In the morning, Mitch is up and gone early, but Abbey hangs back and starts me up for another go. I am inside her in that

same side position I used with Rosemarie. It is a gentle position, allowing a long sustained session. It also permits face to face conversation. Abbey wants to fuck and talk.

You have us scared, you know. First Anabel joins us and then you take that Rosemarie to bed. When you first took us we weren't that young. They are really cute. So are all the other sixth graders over there. Jake, are we losing you?

I understand your fear. But how can I make you believe that I want you forever? If there was a way I could marry all of you together, I would; but just marrying one of you is worse than not marrying at all. I do not know how to make you understand that the reason I am trying to get these women married is for all our sakes. Two days ago, when Rose took me at my desk, we didn't even get to bed, and your mother told Rose how to join the family. She didn't ask me, she just told Rose. Jun didn't ask me when she brought Anabel home. I did not give Jun permission to tell all those mothers that I would be fucking their daughters, but that's what she told them. It's more than beginning to get out of control here. I have not wanted to add anyone new to this house since Cherise. I had no intention of adding anyone else. Now three new females are here. I need to find a way to shut it down by providing a path for those females that has nothing to do with me. I love you and Mitch and your mother, and Jun and Cherise and Anabel. I will accept that Rose and Rosemarie may be permanently here, too. But, as God is my witness, that is more than enough! I am needing your help to stop this now.

I will have to speak to mother. She should not have done that, but you are right, I heard her talking to Rose later. It may be too late for that one. I promise you, Mitch and I will help you.

As I tell her I am happy with her, unrequested, I stick that little dildo up her ass. I kiss her deeply as we continue to fuck. Seconds later we are both cumming as I tell her I want to fuck our daughter.

Twenty minutes later we are in the shower and getting ready for the big experiment.

After a quick breakfast of mango, a small sweet banana, OJ and coffee, it is back to the office. There is much to do in preparation for what I hope will be the solution to a real problem.

At 4PM, Jun and Cherise have our guinea pig, Flory (and her daughter, Ivy), and we are all on in my office. I have a 52" plasma display hooked up to a computer. Mitch is there with the camera. We have a rack full of clothing, a tray of cosmetics and Joy is ready as our impromptu beautician. The first thing we do is look at the profiles other women have on one of the dating websites. I have our guinea pig discuss what she thinks of the photos and show us photos she has of herself. One of the reasons this girl has been selected is that she has tried and failed to find someone using this website before. So we look at her old profile as well.

I talk about what is wrong with the photos we have seen in general and of hers. We have Mitch take pictures based on my advice. We don't need to show a beach, or a goofy action shot, or an odd one clearly taken via a mirror. Full face shots from right, left and front, a couple of shots with her in a chair sitting with crossed legs in a dress and a skirt, a few full length shots in a short, tight dress to show off the beautiful body, and a number of comparable shots with her daughter, also in a very short, tight dress. We finish off with a couple of face shots of both of them looking off. The hair was perfect in each. The clothing is perfect and the background was muted.

We update all the statistical information, including changing the self-effacing 'average' to 'very attractive.' We add information about the daughter. We replace the three bad photos with about twenty of our new ones. We change the text from *I am just a simple girl looking for an honest man*, to *I promise you that I am all you see and far more. Marry me and you will never have to worry. I will stay with you for life. I will be careful with your money, drive you crazy in bed, make you proud in public and never complain, because you will be my dream come true. You don't have to be a hunk to make me feel like a real woman. Just be kind and good to me and my beautiful daughter.*

We post it and set up the girl and her daughter with a notebook and webcam. We also go over all the rules that I laid out the night before. We coach her on chatting with the men. We make it clear to her that, while she cannot offer her daughter along with herself to the man, there are ways to let him know that he will be very happy when he comes over here. Once he is here, the two of them will both have him and seal the deal. We will help screen the men for the women to make sure the men are OK.

Just when I thought there is nothing more I need to do for this test, Abbey comes to me. It seems that our guinea pig and her daughter need some sex training with a man. Flory had been raped and knew nothing about sweet sex and Ivy is, of course, a virgin. My six girls tell me I have two days to teach them, as I can't expect to handle all the others if each takes more than two days. And that is nighttime teaching, as the chatting with the States is during the day.

For two nights, Flory and I make love every way I know. Once we have Flory OK with sex, we add Ivy. Because they are a team, they need to be comfortable with each other. Much to their surprise, I have them going down on each other. They are less freaked out than I thought they might be. I take each of them in every hole, and do that while the other is in the room. When we are done, I know they can handle anything that comes at them with some grace. I actually come to regret losing them.

It takes only 36 hours before we have a real serious hit. The guy is a contractor in LA, and three weeks later, he is in the Anchor Hotel in GenSan. Flory goes to meet him with Ivy. We don't see them for a week. By that time, she has a platinum and diamond engagement ring, and the daughter is telling us that her new dad likes it when she gives him a hummer while running a finger up his ass. The guy files the I-129F³⁰ forms two weeks after getting back to the States.

Even before we have proof of the filing I have fifteen other mothers wanting in the program. Nine of them are married and

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need an annulment. Our legal intern from Atty. Espejo's office sets up shop in the dormitory and works diligently getting the papers filed. We hire a psychologist to testify as needed (which we later find is not needed). I contact the Sheriff to quickly serve papers on the husbands. We identify the filings with the court clerk and Judge's secretary, as per the agreement I have worked through with the judge.

We have all the annulments completed in five months. All the mothers understand what is needed to make sure there is a new marriage and what to do to hold on to it. We are not playing nice, we are playing for keeps in a game where these girls and their daughters have almost nothing to lose and everything in the world to gain.

I don't have to teach any of the other mothers, but my girls are adamant that I have to teach all the daughters and that includes mother/daughter contact. For six months, I am a satyr. To say it isn't mind blowing would be a lie. To tell you I remember all of it will also be a lie. I can't even remember faces and who I do what with. But in the end not one of those females is a virgin and I have planted seeds in more than a couple. We will not do a mother and her daughter until the man is on his way. So even if my seed is in the daughter/student, the guy will assume it is his. Of the graduating class, seventeen are no longer virgins by my actions and three are left untouched.

We have posted profiles for sixteen mothers and, by February of the same school year, all sixteen are engaged with visa paperwork filed. We allow the families who are waiting on their Visas in March to stay on in the dorm until the beginning of the next school year. By May 15th, two weeks before the start of the new school year, all are in the US and married. It has been a major success. But, as with every success, there is a major unwanted set of consequences and some odd things that are neither good nor bad, they just are.

The first of this year's fallout, is that I had spent sixty-five days over six months making love to the students and their mothers. That means that I have had sex with sixteen girls twelve years of age. That gets to be addictive, and I do not recommend it to others. The next bit of fallout is that Rose and Rosemarie have,

as expected, joined the family. It would be unfair to call Rose a nymphomaniac. She is no more highly sexed than I am, but it is honest to say she needs sex every day and she isn't picky, it can be a woman or a man. She just needs sex every day.

Mitch's calendar springs a leak trying to add in Rose's needs. Mitch is stumped and I am equally unable to sort this out. I opt to contact a programmer friend to write a scheduling matrix application for us which automates the damned thing. Rose does every one of the other six girls, excluding Rosemarie. Rosemarie has our first child before she turns thirteen years of age. The child is healthy and so is Rosemarie. She has four more in the next five years, a total of five before she reaches her twentieth birthday.

The other piece of fallout is that we have an even greater demand for Jun's class the next year. We follow the same procedure but, with double the applicants, the pool is richer, with even greater beauty. It is frustrating as we have to say *no* to some wonderful people.

There are many things that we decide that we just must exclude, as they just don't work well in our model. Mothers with current boyfriends won't work for us, nor do very religious families don't either. It isn't that I dislike the deeply devout, it's just that they aren't a good fit. We find we need to exclude, what we perceive in the vetting process, as rigid thinkers. There are some great moms and some great kids, but if the great kid's mother is rigid, or vice versa, that doesn't work either.

I have Mr. Reyes, and the contractor we always use, build yet another dorm but with a larger eating and cooking facility. Before we accept the final class of twenty, Jun gives the same speech she had the previous year with a few additions.

Each of the mothers will have to live in the dorm with her daughter. There is a program for them as well, including English lessons, grooming, home bookkeeping skills, lessons with US currency, US measures and budgeting. The goal is to get the daughters in top position to sail through school in the US, and for both to learn what they need, to find and hold a husband in the States. They will go from the poorest of Filipinas

to middle class and upper class Americans in ten months. The bottom line is, no arguments. They do it our way, or they should just withdraw now. No one is withdrawing. As I look out at the forty females assembled (mothers and students/daughters), I know I will fuck each and every one of them for at least one day.

They will not be fucked by the fat man who had come to the Philippines seven years earlier. My fruit-for-breakfast-and-lunch diet with a moderate sized supper has resulted in a trimmer me. I am now 150lb and my high blood pressure only requires one lower-dose pill, not the three I had been using when I first arrived. I also no longer need the Viagra. The loss of weight seems to have an effect on that as well. I am still old and I still snore, but I need no other medication in my 64th year. I have more energy than I had six years ago. Because of all that, I am better in bed! Rather than feel intimidated by the circumstances, virility and endurance are not a concern. I tend to use the stairs and not the elevator.

This year, we have a younger set of mothers. Two who are twenty-three, five who are twenty-four, and five who are twenty-five. All the mothers gave birth to these children eleven years ago, making them as young as twelve, and no older than fourteen, at time of birth and maybe as young as eleven at conception.

Two mothers have a younger daughter as well. Cherise will be teaching those kids.

We have the legal intern already working on the annulments. There will be only five of them this year. I decided to add something else to the plan for the mothers. As Rose can never get enough sex, I decide to make sure all these mothers know about adult girl-on-girl sex. The mothers will learn how to handle a threesome for their husbands without a meltdown. Rose is going to be very busy and give my household a little bit of a breather.

The next unanticipated outcome comes from the mothers of our first group. All those who have married and settled in the US are keeping track of each other, via a private group web chat

site one of the husbands is hosting. They call the group, Jake's Girls. I hear about it via Rose, who is also in touch with the girls. When Rose tells them that I am aware of the website, I get an invitation from the webhost/husband to join. I find that there is a section for the women, and a section for the husbands. I have access to both. For the first few months I am busy answering questions for both groups. The Webmaster ends up collecting a bunch of that and puts it in a FAQ for later arrivals.

As a result of joining the group I learn that, of the sixteen daughters, eleven of them are pregnant when they arrive in the States. The girls want to know who the father is in each case. Working with Rose, they get a genetic sample from me. Based on genetic testing, all the kids are mine. There were four boys and seven girls. The mothers get together and decide that all the girls will be named Jacquie and the boys will be named Jacob.

Rather than causing problem for the men, the webmaster informs me that it actually provides cover for the men, as it provides proof that there is sexual activity outside the family; and the evidence is that the girls were active with others before the guys married their wives ... The fact that the girls were not virgins, therefore, lowered rather than raised flags. It seems the lack of such a pregnancy is a problem for the other fathers. That is valuable feedback.

Seven of the wives live in California. Three live in Hawaii. The rest are scattered across the USA. There is discussion about when to include the mothers of our current students into the website. Some mothers are for immediate contact, but I think it will be a distraction. I do not want inclusion until there is an I-129F filed. The husbands of the girls side with me, as do about half the mothers, and so that becomes the policy and the website has become a Jake semi-official extension of our operation.

The website allows us to track the progress of the girls throughout the two-step visa process. After they get to the US on a K1 fiancée visa, they have to marry and file within 90 days for an Adjustment of Status (AOS) to prove they have gotten married and that the marriage is not a sham. That first step, when completed, results in a conditional green card, good for

two years. Ninety days prior to the expiration of that card, they have step two, the application for a Removal of Conditions (ROC). That is the gold standard, the regular ten year green card. There is one more step we will track; the application for naturalization (citizenship). While it is not required, all the girls say they want it.

I gather that some of the girls who have settled in southern California are visiting each other with their husbands and daughters.

Of the original sixteen there is not one divorce. There is a problem with one of the guys with an incident of domestic abuse, but two of the other husbands show up at the guy's house and explain to him in somewhat graphic detail to never, ever hit his wife or daughter again. The next time, the only way he will see his testicles will be if he keeps them in a jar. The wife reports later that the problem has never occurred again.

Meanwhile, our dormitories are filled, and annulments garnered long before they are needed. As I had noted, once you get used to having very willing twelve-year-olds in your bed, you do get addicted. I will have the students only when the prospective fiancé is on his way to meet the mother, so, for the first few months, I can only look and wait.

The mothers are a different story. I take each of them for a night, then Rose and I both have them for a night, then Rose takes them for a week. Finally, I will see them again with Rose. The difference between my first session with them and Rose, and the second one, is like day and night. The first night they are tentative when it comes to girl-girl action. They just lie on the bed when I am interacting with Rose. When Rose is doing them, they look uncomfortable. That second time, they are fully engaged. If I am inside Rose, they will be either heightening Rose's experience or mine. When I am inside them, they welcome Rose's added participation sucking their breasts, or reaming their ass or kissing them on the lips. It is like a different woman in the bed each time.

Later, we suggest that the second group take it as a mission to instruct the first group on this and, to a certain extent, that does happen.

Also, in the second year, I have six new children of my own. Cherise and Rose are the only ones who don't get pregnant. Both of them are still using birth control. Between my active social calendar and my office obligations, I am as busy as I ever want to be.

We have a wrinkle the second year. It regards the few younger siblings of our 'students.' They are here, on-site, and in Cherise's class. Should there be sexual contact? If so, what is the age cutoff? The conversation is both at our supper table and on the website.

That issue is hard to resolve. We deal with it by providing some messages via our two classroom teachers that sex in the home is no one else's business and daddies need their daughters' love as much as they need love from their wives. That the time when they should let their daddies and mommies know they were ready to give their daddies real love is after their third period. For girls who are in the younger group but have already started their periods, we decide we would provide additional information both to the child and the mother. As there are only two of these in the fifth grade this year it isn't hard to handle. In the coming years the template proves very useful.

Both girls are eleven years old. I find it interesting that their mothers conceived their first child when they were eleven years old. I guess early onset puberty runs in families. Both show no outward signs of sexual development. They are cute but, seeing as how their mothers are stunning and their sisters are beyond cute, that these girls should be cute is not a long shot. Both like to flirt and are very much girlie-girls and not tomboys. They like frills and lace. When I take their virginity, I have the child's mother in the bed with us. This is a group effort. It is important that I am not hovering over these girls. So I lie on my back and have the mother instruct the child on the penis and the vagina. The mother demonstrates everything and allows the child to try it afterward. I am initially unsure that these girls are really ready for this. I am wrong. Both get wet pussies and both fuck

themselves silly the second night, without coaching from mom. In fact, both of them ask for further contact with me without mom. I am hesitant about the request. As a compromise, we set up a camera for the mother to watch from another room. The sessions are without incident, other than, for the first time, for both girls, each has an orgasm, as they bounce on my cock. It seems that mom's presence dims the chance of that happening.

The biggest surprise, late in the year, is Rosemarie. She is again pregnant. She wants to be with me all the time. She doesn't mind sharing me, so long as she is there. Somehow, she convinces the other girls that it will not be an imposition on them if she comes with them to my bed on the other girls' nights. The result is I am inside Rosemarie's pussy five nights a week, every week until the birth of her child. Rosemarie has turned 13, and so she is a year beyond Jun's class. As the outlier, she is a problem for Cherise, but Cherise does not complain and Rosemarie does fine in her school education. On the matter of her sexual education, she is already a master of the art.

Her breasts, at age 13 and with child, are B cups, large for many a Filipina. She looks wonderful and the pregnancy makes her look even nicer. Her love-making with me is just that. She has attached her heart to me and, no matter what I tell her about sharing, it only works for her if she is actively there in the room. She will sneak into my office during the day, crawl under the desk and just squat there under the desk, giving me head. She wants me up her ass and just about demands it on a daily basis. She is as addicted to sex as is her mother.

Eventually, she develops a strong attachment to Abbey, who also seems to have feelings for Rosemarie. Dildos up the ass replace my cock and, eventually we pull her into line with the rest of the girls.

I love and care for all my girls, but their relationships with me are radically different, one from another. Jun is mine because of that one day years ago in Boracay. It is a rule that came unbidden from her head. I accepted her and she will always be mine, until her untimely death from breast cancer at age 45; but her love is for children; for teaching and 'saving those most at risk'. The school and the children – and their mothers – she

rides herd on, satisfies that need. My love for her is the anchor, not what nourishes her. We both know that and there are no problems between us.

Cherise joined us because we needed a teacher for our children. She joined the family because it gave her the anchor she needed. For the rest of my life, she will be raising and teaching our children which includes her children. She is in a loving family and she knows she will always be safe and loved. She works very hard in the school and we all know that. She is respected and has the status of an expert within our family. My physical love for her is real and important to her, but her life is in essence about the children. She and I know this and, as with Jun, we have no problems or issues.

Joy is my anchor. She knows that and, to say that it is important to her would be to understate the matter. Other than my say on a matter, Joy's say is the final word. She also knows that if she needs it or even just wants it, she has first rights in my bed. She might be the oldest of my girls, but that makes no difference to me. Joy is the executor of my estate. In her hand is my assignment of medical responsibility if I am incapacitated. It is she I trust to know my heart. She does know my heart.

Abbey and Mitch – I cannot separate them in my heart. They are cousins who have known each other since they were in diapers and are attached to each other through a joint bond. I want the best for them. In the past, I was prepared for them to fly off together and leave my nest. I tried to make sure they knew that, while honestly telling them I selfishly hoped it didn't happen. But over these last six years it is only tighter that they cleave to my arms, my heart and my bed. It is apparently an unbreakable bond. In spite of age, it will not give way. I initially thought that their presence was a way to secure my allegiance to Joy, but that is never going to be an issue. Joy and I have spoken about that matter and we have spoken to Abbey and Mitch about it. The two do not have to be there to protect Joy's position. I even offered to marry Joy if they need that before they set out in search of their own lives. But that, they have told both Joy and me, is no longer a concern they have. They know I am committed to Joy. In their hearts they belong with me. I love them and they love me. There is nothing to discuss.

Anabel is another young one I wanted to help fly away on wings that caught the air with a firm resolve. I want her to get a good education, enter a career and get a good husband. Anabel wants to have my children, all the while finishing her education, but she has no intention of leaving. She politely asked me to stop pushing her away. We certainly enjoy sex with each other. As to why any of these women enjoy sex with an old man, is for someone else to consider. I only know the truth of it.

... And that was supposed to be it.

Then we added Rose and Rosemarie. In the end I decided that Rose was a female wolf who had been invited into the hen house. Anywhere else, that would have been a problem, but for me it is a blessing. I don't think she loves me as much as she loves the world I provide for her. While she is fun in bed and an interesting female to talk with, at the odd reflective moment, I do not perceive that she has ever bonded to me. Joy disagrees with me on this matter, and tells me that Rose is strongly committed and definitely loves me. In any case, I love her, and she allows for the smooth operation of a process that is far more difficult without her. Though she is not Joy's bed partner most nights, she and Joy have formed a strong relationship outside of the bedroom.

Rosemarie is a different breed of cat. She has her mother's sex drive and insatiable need, but she wanted me to marry her – as a twelve-year-old. I hoped that her attention would have been, over the years, diverted to other men. But her production of children of my seed and her steadfast determination to love me insures that she will be with me until the day I die. I do not know why, but just as is Anabel, this young one is mine ... and how can I not love someone who loves me so completely, has given her body to me completely, and has given me children. And so, both she and Anabel have my deep and complete love.

I do enjoy the sex with the other girls, but they are not family. In each case we are working hard to make sure they are someone else's family. We are working hard to make sure there is enough in the ingredients to make those marriages, both so unusual and so enduring, as to be bulletproof.

This goal is, in a bizarre way, decent, honorable and altruistic. Yes, altruistic to the extent that it costs me money to get the results we desire and succeed in getting; and, to the extent that there is no reward or return, other than the sex, which I could probably have without all the investment. The decent and honorable parts, well, OK, maybe they are a little more of a stretch. But we are working to better the lives of these women far beyond what they would have otherwise achieved. Isn't that a little decent and honorable?

11

Allow me to backtrack a bit to cover something that needs a separate section.

The first year of operation 'get them married' got sixteen marriages placed in the US. The second year we are shooting for twenty.

But we have two mothers who balk at the concept that they need to have their daughters in the mix of the marital bed to seal the deal. They are honest in their feelings and think that we are over reaching. I fundamentally disagree. But we decide, in spite of the no arguing policy Jun has, to acknowledge that they may be right and, if not, we will have a valuable teaching tool for others as the matter will certainly come up again.

We set up to produce a video of all twenty, as they go through the process this year, including the two who are insisting that the daughters are not to be included. (It is interesting to me that they told both Jun and me that I am welcome to have sex with their daughters, just not the future husband. I don't have sex with them during the experiment.)

For these two mothers, photos of the daughters are not included on the website. No mention of the sex of the child is mentioned on their pages. There were no other changes.

These two are in the middle of the pack in the time it takes to find a serious guy who is really interested. Our two mothers are excited for two weeks that they have been right ... but ... over the next two months, reality sets in.

All our twenty have boyfriends. Five have already met with their fiancées and have sealed the deal. Ten more have boyfriends who have purchased their airline tickets and are coming. The last five includes the two mothers and the last three to find guys.

In the following month, those three have their guys buy plane tickets and the guys are headed here. Eighteen who are doing it my way, against the two who have refused.

Those last two still have their serious boyfriends. The two mothers' guys have reason, upon excuse, for why they cannot come. Four months into it, I call the two mothers into my office. They know why they are there. I also guess that they will ask for more time. After playing hardball for about an hour, I give them two weeks. They should tell the guys to shit or get off the pot. They should either get their asses to the Philippines or the mothers will look elsewhere, which also means adding the daughters in to the mix.

On video, the two mothers agree that I am being fair; that, if after this much time the guys wouldn't even purchase tickets to come they are not serious after all. It reinforces the point to all, that without the daughters such things are crap shoots. Some girls will just get lucky, but many never will. We need to make sure that all get married every year.

The ultimatum doesn't take two weeks. As soon as the ultimatum comes down on them, both guys quit their contacts with the mothers. Twenty-four hours later, we post the new profiles on a different website with the photos and full description of the daughters. A week later, there is a good and serious guy in play for each of them. In a matter of another six weeks, each has their guy in a GenSan hotel begging the mother (and daughter) to marry him.

These two mothers are, arguably, the two most beautiful mothers we have the second year and their daughters are exquisite. One of these two guys is in his 50's, worth in excess of twenty million dollars, and lives outside San Francisco. The guy who had been stringing this gal along before was, no offense intended, a carpenter in St. Paul, MN. Both seem like good men but, in other ways, there is no comparison.

There are two other things about the last two daughters. They were not opposed to being in bed with the guy; it was the mothers. As to how they are in bed, while one is just average,

nothing to complain about but nothing out of the norm, one is something else again.

This twelve year old learns, in forty-eight hours, not only how to fuck and suck, but she is able to perform deep throat and take the semen, plus she loves ass play. On top of that she is having multiple orgasms and squirting. She loves fucking, the male body, and sex in general and asks for more time with me. If you think the millionaire got her, think again. Her mother marries a chemical engineer from Denver. He is in for the ride of his life, as the mother is a rocket as well. The daughter gets the squirting gene from the mother. She also gets the deep throat gene from her mother. I have the mother both alone and with Rose. I can see why she didn't think she needed her daughter. If it was a guy around the block, she might have been right but, given the circumstances, I am right. She is smart and decent about accepting that fact in the end. Her marriage is a good one, or so I think at the time.

At the end of the second year, we have a great video for the incoming mothers. It takes them through the whole experience and quashes any incipient arguments for not involving the daughters. When we show it the next year, no one even brings the matter up.

Every once in a while I have to leave the Philippines because of remaining business issues. I receive a request from the California contingent of Jake's Girls, to spend time with them and their families. Not all the families will participate, as some of the husbands will not be comfortable, but other husbands seem anxious to meet me. Two couples will fly in from Hawaii and another from Chicago. We will have a total of eight out of the original sixteen!

Under normal circumstances I would not have been able to get a visa for any of the girls in my family, but I have, over the years, transferred both land and income to Joy. She owns an apartment building. The rents go into an account in her name. She has what she needs to get a visa. So does Jun, who is paid a salary by the school (via me) for her teaching. I have put some property in her name as well. So, in the break between the second graduating class and the third, for 12 days in April, we

fly to Santa Fe, NM by way of L.A. I am able to reserve all the cabins (there are twelve of them) at a ranch/resort out of town. The place normally does no business on the Easter weekend. That gives us three extra cabins, but *bahala na!*³¹

There is one totally humorous thing that happens in the booking process. I email the owner of the resort, the names of all the husbands, wives and daughters. We will assign a family to each a cabin and, if there are any dietary issues, the resort will know who is in which cabin when stocking the fridges. I also forward my name, along with Joy and Jun. Later I call the guy by phone. He wants to know which of the two is my daughter.

I wait a beat, to allow for any latency and to make sure he hears me right, and say, *You should list both as my wives.*

There is a beat on his side before he says, *Shall I list halal as your dietary restriction?*

I give him a beat and simply say, *No.*

It is his turn again and you have to give the guy credit, his mind is working as fast as it can.

Two beats later he asks, *Have you restrictions as to coffee and alcohol?*

I admit I am enjoying this. I wait before responding, *Now that you mention it, I am a bit of a pain in the ass about coffee. If there is a local roaster in Santa Fe, you might pick up two pounds of Nicaraguan dark, but not French, roasted beans. If the roaster is doing this special, tell him I need the beans roasted to Full City. I will need a small grinder and a drip coffee maker with paper filters, not one of those metal strainers, in my room. You can certainly charge me for all that, plus maybe a selection of the local brews in a fridge? I love making beer and enjoy tasting the efforts of other microbrewers.*

31 - It is out of our control, but I have done all I can...or ... Whatever will happen, or ... it is up to God.

OK, now I had him, and any other man would have cried 'uncle' and just said 'Yes, sir.' This guy just doesn't know when to give up.

It has to be ten seconds before he asks, *You know, many of our churches are not listed in the phone directory and are rather hard to locate. Is there a church to which you would like directions?*

My next response was designed to put an end to it, *No, while my wives are Catholic, they do not attend Mass. I am Jewish, but also do not participate in the observance. Sir, I said you should 'list them as wives.' I did not say they are legally wives. I am not legally married. I live with these woman and have happily done so for years in common-law cohabitation. For all the intents and purposes that you will have, they are my wives and not girlfriends. If they sign something, they are signing for me as well. If they obligate to do something, they obligate all three of us. Is that sufficiently clear?*

I finally get my, *Yes sir!*

Jun, Joy and I arrive on Thursday morning, a day after the rest arrive. The resort is just what we have hoped for; it is in a beautiful spot, the rooms are comfortable, the staff happy to have the extra business. I have told the owner that I assume many of his staff will want to celebrate, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday and Easter. If we can be set up in a fridge with things we can just heat up, we are happy to be without any staff for much of the time. The owner has been so grateful at my offer that he and his entire staff make us feel pampered.

We three go to our room, shower and sleep for five hours. We awaken at four in the afternoon, take showers again and then at 5:30 venture out to meet the group. When the girls see Jun and Joy, they rush forward to hug and tsismis. I hate gossip... but, in this case, there is no stopping it.

That leaves me free to approach the husbands and greet each one for the first time. For me it is a real pleasure. However there are eleven guys and there are only supposed to be eight. I am confused. At the same time they are trying to ask me questions.

It is an animated scene. Slowly I piece out that three of these guys are recent to the group, having just married one of the mothers from the second class. I look back at Joy, who was looking at me. She has a big smile on her face. There are the two protester mothers and their daughters, plus the first mother to marry of the second year group. I nod my understanding and return my attention to the men.

I ask if I might make some general comments to them. All assent and are patient as I gather my thoughts. I then call over in Tagalog to Joy and ask if she might join me for a few moments before returning to the girls. All the girls immediately understand that she is needed and over she comes.

At this point I am prepared to speak. *Gentlemen, and I do mean that, as I am assured by your wives that you all meet all the criteria, allow me to introduce to you a woman who is, in all ways but legally, my wife. This is Joy. When I met Joy, she brought her daughter, Abbey, with her and they essentially "had me for dinner."* (I get a bit of laughter from that.) *Joy and Abbey have been with me from the first and I love them both to this day. They have each given me children, and those children are a blessing to me. At first, Joy told me that Abbey was there to tie me to her when she, Joy, got too old for me. I think she thought that might mean thirty-six! Joy is a beautiful thirty-eight. I love her today, far more than I did when we first met. She cannot be replaced, not even by Abbey. But Abbey truthfully joined my bed for her own reasons as well. I cannot explain all I mean to Abbey because, even though she was thirteen when we met, she is an adult now. She finished high school and graduated college in Computer Science. Yes, she is also a wife to me. I have told her that she doesn't have to stay; that I was never going to leave her mother. She told me, in front of Joy, that I was a fucking idiot, (more laughter from the men); that she loved me, and I was her husband, and no one was going to break us up. Joy simply looked at me and told me that she had told me so, which she had.*

I whispered to Joy, *Salamat, can you please switch with Jun?*

But my life is more complicated because Joy and Abbey brought another female into my world. That was Joy's niece, Mitch, who

was fourteen at the time. Mitch, now also a college graduate with a BS in Business, continues to live with me as a wife and for the same unknown reason. Jun, who has just joined us, gave her virginity to me when she was seventeen and, pointblank, told me she was mine forever. (Jun stands there straight and proud, nodding her agreement with my summary.) She meant those words. No one requires Jun to be with me except Jun and, for that, she is in every way treated as my wife. ... It is because of Jun that you are all here today. Make no mistake, while I had a lot to do with the execution of the plan, it was Jun's needs that created that of which you are the beneficiaries. And so I am, even more, the recipient of such wonderful females as are you. Each year it costs me, to make this happen. I do not want a dollar from any of you. What I want is for your marriages to continue until God pulls you asunder. I mean that. I want these marriages to endure when others do not. I want your girls to know stability and grace and I want you to know what it is to be really loved and cared for by women, even if one of them, for a while, is under age. ... And now, please, one at a time I will answer any questions while Jun returns to her girls.

One husband says that he is spoiled for life. He could never find anything in life like this. He is only afraid that his girl will leave. Another husband says that, as far as he could see, if she has a child with him, she'll stay. Other husbands seem to agree. They ask me. *All I can offer is that if you love your wives, both of them, and treat them well, I see no reason why they will leave. To a Filipina, marriage is for life.*

One of the guys sorts of grunts out, *I'll be damned, that's what she told me. I think the way she put it was, 'we are married, no choice.'*

After a while, we all move into the hall where the food is served. The meal is outstanding. The husbands are seated with their wives on one side and their daughters on the other side, alternating, so that daughters sit with daughters and mothers sit next to mothers. Of course that does not account for all those at the table. Of the eleven families, there are six with babies in arms and two pregnant thirteen-year-olds. It is one hell of a sight. I am enjoying myself.

For these families, it is an important bonding. These are the only other people who can ever know the truth about their families. The men grow tighter and the women reenforce their ties.

Both Jun and Joy tell the women, in no uncertain terms, that the grass is not greener over the fence. If they try, they court disaster, the loss of their families and jail. I don't have to say anything to the men. A couple of the men hear from their wives about the warning that their wives have received. All that is said to me is a 'thank you' in each case.

In the meantime, something else unexpected occurs. After the big dinner, two daughters come to my cabin. Neither has a child nor is pregnant. Jun meets them at the door. After a palaver, they are brought to me. Their "fathers" are feeling a bit exposed. For the girls who do have babies, the babies have DNA that did not match the "father's". In both cases, these girls "fathers" have sent them over to see if I can give them the same cover. Joy and Jun are laughing as the request becomes clear to me. I ask each one about when she has had her last period. One has finished five days previous and the other three weeks prior.

I tell the girl who just finished her period to come back in two days. The girl who is three weeks on, I have seen not so long ago. Her mother is one of the protesters and she is my deep-throat champion. It is a little late in her cycle, but I will try. We undress and get right to business. She is every bit as good and as sexy as I remember her.

As I slide into her, both Jun and Joy are in the room and are watching. I don't mind and I don't think my partner minds either. Her pussy is as tight as I remember it. The only difference is that she is begging me for a baby and that does get to me. I give her three loads that evening and two more the following evening. After the last time, as she dresses she leans over and whispers to me that she is mine. Any time I ask for her, she will come to me. That is from a twelve-year-old and yet I believe her.

The following night, the student from the first batch arrives. I remember that I had not spent much time with her. The reason is not clear to me, but maybe I can rectify that now. I keep her

with me for the next three days straight and take her three to four times a day. It is a little early in her cycle, but we might catch a break. She is a wonderful little lover and we enjoy each other. Her breasts are large for a Filipina and I suck on them while I finger fuck her. Once she is red hot, I get her to orgasm and deposit cum inside her during her orgasm. When I finish with her for the last time, a few hours before I am to leave, she has been thoroughly fucked.

The trip for Jun and Joy has been great. They have spent three days shopping and playing tourist in Santa Fe. Before we return home I take them to see Washington, D.C. and New York City. They get to see a Broadway play and we have fun at the Smithsonian. We also visit my eldest son and daughter, and some cousins I have not seen for a decade. Then it is back to GenSan. Joy and Jun are two very proud and happy girls.

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A couple of months later we hear from both of the girls who had needed to get pregnant. The second one I was with is pregnant. However, Miss Deep Throat is not. Two months after that we get word that Miss Deep Throat and her mother have received their conditional green cards.

The girl's "father" emails me about having Miss Deep Throat 'visit her relatives' in GenSan for a month. It sounds a bit extreme to me and I gently say so to him. He says he will think about it. Then I get a call from the mother, Mrs. Deep Throat. I need to get this girl pregnant or keep her here, as the guy is 'losing it,' out of fear of getting caught. We make arrangements. The mother will fly with the child to San Francisco. From there the daughter will be flying as an unescorted minor, non-stop via Philippine Airlines to Manila, where Joy will meet her.

Two weeks later Miss Deep Throat, whose name is Jana, returns to us. She is given a room on the second floor. The first thing we do is take Jana to a gynecologist, to see if she can get pregnant. Finding such a doctor with whom we can deal safely is hard. But Atty. Espejo has taken care of a ticklish item for the doc. By doing completely ethical favors for us, and ignoring the dubious reasons for the requests, the obligation is satisfied, so to speak.

The result of the exam is that the child cannot get pregnant. There is a physical deformity in the child's reproductive plumbing. I ask for a three way telephone conversation with the mother and her husband, whom I now know from our trip and truly liked. I have Jana sitting with me but with instructions to not speak, but to only listen via the speaker phone. I explain the situation with Jana's plumbing and try to ease the way for her return. The husband is crazy for his wife. He is never going to leave her. The mother is really happy with her husband. In Tagalog she tells me he is a good man. Her life there is great and she does not want to lose him. I tell her not to speak in Tagalog. He has to know what she was saying. I then proceed to tell him what she has just said. He pleads with me to keep Jana until she is 16. Then she can come back, but not before. He just

can't contain his desire for Jana, and is sure that it is apparent to others when they are in public. He is terrified. Some of this Jana has tried to tell me before and, as Jana, her mother, and the guy are all saying the same thing, it is hard to argue. I know Jana wants to stay, if I will have her. But she does not want to be in limbo for four years. Plus, she will lose her green card if she is gone that long out of the US. I say as much to the husband and wife. I ask them to think about that for a day and get back to me.

Twenty-four hours later, I am told by husband and wife that Jana will have to find her own way in the world. I hate to hear that. It makes me angry. However, I am also getting an erection. Jana is there, has heard the decision, and knows what it means. She is about to become one of the family. She is about to deep throat me for all she was worth. She is to become my cock sucking little girl. As her pussy is nonproductive, she directs all traffic to her mouth and her ass. She will starve that pussy. She also moves to the third floor. Jana is the last girl to enter the family.

The third student class is something really special. We have three thousand applicants for the twenty slots. Following the selection, there is not a mother older than 25 in the group. And, of course, every one of those mothers has an eleven-year-old entering the class. That means the oldest mothers had gotten pregnant at the old age of thirteen. Half of them had gotten pregnant when they were twelve and three when they were eleven. Seven mothers have a second daughter who is ten at the time the classes start. Each mother could be a pinup.

All the mothers see the video we have made and, as I said earlier, there are no comments. We put all the mothers on birth control right away. We give all the students, including the ten-year-olds, gynecological exams this year after I deflower them. There will be no more surprises. All the students are able to have children.

Rose and I start on the mothers right away. And that's where we run into a surprise. We have a stone-cold lesbian in the group. She is a lot of fun for Rose, but we cannot help her. This mother was not Bi, she is Lesbian. She had sex with her uncles before

she figured it all out, and that has produced three children, but that was then and this is now. She is one of the few women with three daughters, ages 11, 10 and 9.

I am in the process of replacing her and finding an alternate when all my girls ask for a family discussion. They ask why our lesbian cannot be placed. I hear one plan whereby, once the guy shows up here the little ones come to his room, do him and then the mother comes in and tells the guy that the deal, is if he marries her, he gets the daughters but that she will never do him. Once she has her 10 year green card, she will leave the children with him and move on. I tell them that the plan is just crazy and it will not work. I will not sanction their attempt to make it work. Then the question comes up, is she a real lesbian. There is a *'no offense Rose, but it's only your word on this. Jake you should see.'* I agree, with the proviso that Joy and Mitch are with me to verify my statements.

The result are a little mixed. She really is a lesbian. I determine that in a friendly talk. She dreams and fantasizes about females, not males. She gets hot looking at women, not men. But she can orgasm with a cock inside her. She likes the feel of the cock inside her pussy, she just doesn't want to kiss a guy.

I don't like the situation. But the girls pointed out that she will be able to take the husbands cock and cum. Plus, the mother offers to actively find another girl, to join her, who will kiss him ... her argument is *'get me over there and I will make sure he is happy.'* The rest of it, housekeeping, cooking, she can ace. She promises will not leave the guy until she gets the green card; she swears that when she is done, her husband will have a wife, a live-in mistress for whom she will be a maid. And the guy will have access to her girls.

It sounds nuts to me but I let it go. The result is a testament to the wonderful flexibility of the human heart. The guy our lesbian finds is a fifty-four year old psychiatrist in New Orleans, Louisiana. This is to be his third marriage. He has adult children, and has been divorced for four years. He is so enchanted by the woman on the web chats, and those with her three daughters, that he flies over three weeks after they meet online. That causes me to have to get busy with the girls, who

are still a little on the too-young side, neither having had a period yet. But the girls do remarkably well.

Once the good doctor is confronted with the actual situation when in GenSan, and having had far more than a taste of the ten and eleven-year-olds, separately, and as a couple, and also with Mom there, he decides that this is a situation that will work for him. He wants assurances about the Mistress, and she arranges for another of our mothers to join her with him for a sample. He also wants an agreement that, when the daughters are old enough, that she would allow a divorce so that he can marry one of the daughters. He explains that she will stay on after the remarriage. She agrees to that. That marriage lasts eight years, followed by a divorce and a marriage to the youngest daughter when he is 64. Our lesbian mother tells me that, during the eight year marriage, there were three mistresses who came and went. After the remarriage, with his blessing, she moves out of the home with a nice settlement and moves in with one of the previous mistresses to whom she is now married in the State of California. Her three girls remain behind and seem happy with the good doctor, who also began fucking his daughters from his lesbian wife as they turned twelve.

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There is a problem that happens once you start fucking young girls. It is not that older women don't get to you anymore. They sure do. No, you do not lose interest in older girls, it is just that you no longer see innocence. You see untapped sexuality.

Normally, a young girl doesn't share that view, and if you try anything, you will be explaining yourself to a cop. But when you are in a culture that permits or winks at it in some circumstances, and where the girls are in real need, it becomes more than possible. It is the real means to a real end. And that is when it really becomes addictive. The girls are saying yes and you are able to have one or two or, in my case, over fifty. I suspect I could have any little girl, no matter how young.

We have twenty-seven students, between ten and eleven years of age, when the third class starts. They are mostly a year older by the time I need to work with them. They are still very young, and the youngest two, who aged out of our program at age ten, are the most difficult. But none are opposed to what was happening.

The school years for the third, fourth, fifth and six graduating classes are otherwise uneventful. In the US, Jake's Girls remain very active. I visit every year with Joy and Jun. After the sixth graduating class, I take Abbey and Mitch. Both are legally full adults, and it is nice to show the husbands pictures of me and the girls when they were young. It also gives the daughters a reinforced role model for the future of their lives with their dads.

I am only seventy years of age. I am in good health. I now weigh 145lb and am stable at that weight. In seven years I will have four sons here, who will take over all or at least part of my sexual duties with the school. Abbey and Mitch have been learning my business and are already taking over some of my accounts, so the income should be able to continue. The husbands of the first through fifth years have been talking. There are seventy of them. Some of them are very well off and

they are looking at setting up a charity to support the school. It will provide them a tax write off, reimburse me for some of my outlay and allow the school to continue with broader funding. There is even talk of a twenty million dollar endowment.

This is a special year. Abbey's oldest girl, Mitch's oldest girl, and Jun's twin girls will all turn twelve. It is a year I have long waited for and so have the mothers and the girls themselves.

The first to turn twelve is Abbey's girl Desiree. (Yes, Mitch was the first to announce a pregnancy, but Abbey was the first one to be impregnated.)

Desiree is a sweet, lanky girl with a disarming smile. Her grades are always on the top of the class, and that is a hard feat, considering that all the kids are very bright. She didn't wait for an invite from me. On the morning of her birthday, as I am just waking up with Joy by my side, we find the child standing there.

Good morning Desiree. Isn't it a bit early?

Tatay, oo, it is a good morning. It is also my birthday and this year is my twelfth!

Indeed it is, anak³². Do you wish for me to give you a baby?

Oo, Tatay. I want you to be gentle with me. I am happy, but scared, Tatay.

I will be gentle, anak, but we will do it later today. Now I will shower, and have breakfast.

And so, that afternoon, with Abbey present, Desiree on top, I take my true daughter's virginity. It is exciting and erotic. Each pussy is different, and this one is certainly that. This is my own flesh and blood. As her blood drips over my cock, I hear my daughter ask me to give her, her first baby; I am in a place I cannot describe. There is no physical distance between us. I feel

32 - Child.

a connection that is ineffable. And I give her cum far beyond my usual measure. I fill my daughter. She knows it.

She, my blood, speaks to me as if in a dream, *Seal me into you and make me one with you. I am your daughter, your mistress, your wife and I am the mother of your future wife. I am all to you. I am you.*

I have cum so fast the first time that I feel like a school kid.

After that we settle down. Desiree and I stay together all afternoon. Her pussy is ridged on the inside. I can feel the ridges as we work back and forth. Her legs are strong. She clamps to me. Her brown hair and brown eyes are mine as I look into myself and her at the same time. Her breasts are already B cups. They are on their way to C cups.

If not that day, then that month, I give her a child.

Over the next two years, Desiree becomes a regular in my bed. She develops amazing muscle control in her pussy. She does develop the C cups and hips to go with them. She grows to 5' 4" and is a beauty.

At age thirteen Desiree bears the daughter we call Jacqueline-Jake. This child is the first of my children who have the description of DoubleJakes. In time, and there is time, I will have TripleJakes.

Jacqueline-Jake is the first mother of a TripleJake. We call that child TeeJay.

Desiree is a joy. She loves sex as much as I do and, in the beginning, brims over with questions about how to do something, or why people have issues with this or that. For her, sex is the only reason to be alive; everything else just fills in the gaps. The combination of her raw intelligence and her sexual passion makes her an unusual but perfect companion. She and I discover that she is a lesbian quite by accident one day. I am looking at one of the mothers over at the dormitory and Desiree just sighs, as I was doing about the same, but far more quietly.

She asks me, *Can you really have any woman here.*

I answered, *I can in most cases.*

Then Desiree asks, *Do you want to fuck that mother across the way?*

Bata³³, do you think the mother looks desirable?

Yes, if I were you I'd fuck her and then I could have a taste too!

How much do you want her, Anak?

I want her a lot, Jake. But I want a lot of the mothers and some of my classmates. I wish I was you and could have any girl I wanted.

It is clear, Desiree loves me, but I am the only male she loves. She loves females. From then on, our exploits together are to share girls between us.

The next of my daughters to reach the age of twelve, just three days after Desiree, is Mitch's girl, Girlie. Girlie's face is almost the spitting image of her mother (but she is bigger), and that is something special. Girlie tells me that she wants ten children and she needs them soon, because her mother told her I am old and will not be around for long. I hold my tongue when she tells me that.

Girlie is a real competitor and does extremely well in school, either tying with Desiree or coming in right behind her. The two girls are pals and so there is no ill will between them. They just see themselves as the top of the talent pool.

Girlie is having a bit of a fit the day of her birthday. She has selected a special dress to wear the first time she is to be with me – not that she will be in it all that long. Nevertheless, it is important to her and, now that the day has come, she is busting

33- Kid.

out of it, literally. She has grown a cup size and added an inch around her hips since the dress was bought.

I send Girlie word via Desiree that she is to put on a robe, nothing else and get her damned ass up to the fourth floor "now!" That does it and three minutes later my daughter is in the bedroom. She is crying, apologizing and I am having none of it. I tell her to sit down on the bed and to shut the hell up.

Girlie, I think you have things hooked up backwards in your head. I really don't give a hoot or a holler, what you were going to wear to get here. From the moment you entered this door you are supposed to be without clothes. When I take you out with me, I will make damned sure you have the prettiest damned dress that fits you on your sweet body, but as of tonight your body is more my concern than it is yours. There is no competition to win favors in this bed. And you are not replacing anyone. This is where you belong. Now go to the bathroom, dry your eyes, take that robe off and get your sweet ass in my bed.

Girlie does exactly that. When she slides into my bed, she has washed her face and she looks fine.

Are you ready, daughter?

Oo father, I am ready. Do me good and give me a son, father. There are so many daughters!

Girlie is bigger than Desiree. She has more curves than Desiree has. She is already 5' 5". Her C cup breasts are the biggest of all my girls and she is as hungry for sex as Desiree was. I taste her breasts and then her pussy. She moans with excitement. My finger finds her hymen, but I break it with my cock as I take her from behind. Blood is on the sheets but I do not care, nor do I take time, right then, for her to recover. I continue to plow her. That seems to work well, cock up cunt, finger up ass, mouth to mouth. I am relentless until she cums, in my arms.

Fuck me father, fuck me! Make me your bitch. Make me your cunt! Make me a mommy. You own my ass! Fuck me!

Her thin waist is perfect as her hips attack me with an urgency that suggests she had been needing this a long time. She bites my ear as she begs me to give her babies. The boobs bouncing, I can hold back not one second more and then loose the cum she is wanting! She whoops and hollers. I suck my daughter's big and springy tits. I fuck her every moment I am not in Desiree. Once I get her pregnant I will take my daughter up her ass. She is every bit mine as is Desiree.

Jun's twin girls were next. These two, Becca and ReBecca, are a fantasy if there ever was one. Both are perfect, already developed, sexy as hell, horny to beat the band, and each one has been munching on her sister's pussy for a couple of years. They have brown hair, brown eyes and look like little Jewesses. All my girls think that they are the prettiest. They are pretty, but it is the prejudice against Asian features that raises their stock in the house with my girls. Still, it is weird, as they are the most like me, and they are twins. I take them together and they lose their hymens within 60 seconds of each other. It is a family scene with blood all over three pair of legs. Cum is dripping out of two hairless and now evidently pregnant cunts. My cock refuses to go soft. After fucking right through their hymens, one after another, and then fucking them ruthlessly on their backs with their legs pinned to my shoulders until they cum, I dump cum in both of them. I am still hard. I flip them over and, with just a squirt out of the KY lube, take both virgin asses all the way to the root.

These are my daughters in all including looks, and I go off the beam. They are screaming for me to make them my whores and I am telling them they are my little whores. I cum again in each of their butts. I do not know where that all comes from but, in the end, we are covered with blood, cum and pussy juices. The sheets are wrecked and these two twins are on the floor kissing my feet. Damn, I am out of control; and then we all just crash, as is, in the mess that we have made.

I wake up. They are still crashed out. I shower and head downstairs for some food. When I get back to my room, the twins tag team me with Desiree and Girlie. My four daughters keep a pussy on my face, one each on each hand and one on my cock for 30 minutes!

The last of my oldest daughters, and the last one to turn 12 when I am 71, is Joy's daughter, Lori.

This is my daughter from the loins of the woman who should be my wife. As rough as I was with the twins, it is soft and sweet with Lori. Lori is patient and she explores every part of me. I do the same with her. We learn what tickles and what doesn't. We learn what is sexy for each other. She learns to talk dirty, in a way that few know how to do with me.

She leans into my soul, as we fuck, and whispers, *Your other daughters might have your cock, but I own your heart. You are mom's and now you are mine, too. Now give your daughter the first of the babies she will have for you.*

And I do. I do that night and I have given her more babies since.

For six weeks straight, the only pussy I get is twelve years old. The tight, hairless pussy of my own daughters.

Five months after I took Desiree, all five of them are quite obviously pregnant.

At this point, it is completely clear that our house cannot contain all those who are living here. Mr. Reyes, bless his heart, is still practicing his craft. We design a new building, much larger, which the family expands into nicely. It is attached to the original home via a new, significantly enlarged dining room. I stay right where I always have been. I am told Rosemarie is writing something about that and that Lori has volunteered to help her.

The children of my children and their children, (the DoubleJake and the TripleJakes) have a number of oddities.

Not what you might think ... no diseases, no retardation, and no deformities.

No, it is much weirder. All the Double boys seemed normal as far as we can tell.

The Double girls are all lesbians. They dream of and get hot over females. However, all of them like my cock in them, like being pregnant, and have a number of daughters for me.

Those are the TripleJakes and there is not one boy in the group. All the TripleJakes are also lesbians and but shared the same willingness to take my cock so long as there is no kissing involved.

Their one other oddity; these girls get hornier by the generation. The Double girls are as horny as a teenage boy is, but they never grow out of it. It seems to be a lifelong need. The Triples are insatiable, which has created real problems, and is a subject that is being dealt with by members of my family who have more to do with the matter, and more energy.

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I am ninety-four now and about to lay my hands down from journal recording because of advancing age and, finally, infirmity.

I do have some final things to record.

My Girls, their ages at my 94th birthday, and their children:

Joy/68: Lori, Willie, Joe

Abbey/49: Desiree, Loni, Gale, Analyn

Mitch/50: Girlie, Nomi, Rosealie, Lili

Jun/45 (at passing): Becca, ReBecca, Rowena, Adel

Cherise/59: Sam, Ramon

Anabel/43: Nikki, JoJo

Rose/52: Ivy

Rosemarie/41: Jou, Karen, Steve, Krista, Manny, Dodong

Jana/40: none

Desiree/36: Jacqueline-Jake, GuyGuy, Tom, Lora

Girlie/36: Ma Lynette, Maria, Mary, Vennessa

Becca/36: Honey, Ann, Leo, Henry

Rebecca/36: Diether, Luisa, Krisa, Abe

Lori/36: Sara, Kala, Jola, Francisco

Lori has the rest of the list. Check with her...

Of my initial kids, not including the Double and Triple Jakes, there are twenty-six children, split evenly between boys and girls. Every one of those daughters has given me at least one Double Jake. The first five gave me four each! I leave it to Lori to write that history, as I am too old now.

The oldest of the TripleJakes are twelve years of age, but I am ninety-four and just too damned old to deal with these hyper-sexed nymphs. I have had a good run. The school continues to operate with the assistance of nine of my sons, who have also dipped into the talent pool at the school to take on their own families, as well as help others find homes in the States.

I traveled once a year for eighteen years to the Jake's Girls conventions we held, though we moved them to Mexico due to issues of getting too much attention in the US for our families. The school has done very well. Due to the generosity and bequests, we have a one hundred and fifty million dollar (US) endowment. That's one hell of a lot of Philippine pesos! It pays for the whole damned operation and provides income for the family as they function as staff. My sons now do the traveling to the annual event, along with Rosemarie and Anabel. Those boys impregnate the daughters who did not take the first time. Joy no longer goes. She is the matriarch of the outfit at the age of sixty-eight. She tells me she is fine, but Abbey tells me Joy has health problems that I am not supposed to know about.

Joy tells me that she has had the very best of lives and could never have wished for more. She is happy and I have no reason to doubt her. Anabel is forty-three and Rosemarie is forty-one! Can you believe it? Both are still stunningly lovely. Jun died of breast cancer a few years ago and I really miss her. Cherise is the principal and head teacher of the school. There are many of my kids, and the twenty of the program, in our school; three of my daughters are now certified teachers and work in the school. Mitch and Anabel run what were my business affairs but now are clearly theirs. They have readdressed the market, made many changes and I have no idea what they are doing any more.

As to all the families in the US we helped to create, all I can tell you is that we created, in twenty years, about three hundred and eighty families. We had only sixteen the first year and, lately, my sons have been poaching the talent pool for their families. Of those, there are about 300 of my children in the US as first-born kids of the daughters. As early as with that first year's group, it became a tradition among those families to name the boys Jacob and the girls Jacquie. So, if you know a half-Filipino by that name ... well, you never know!

Of my own original family in the US, my mother died just a couple of years after I moved to the Philippines. Neither my son from my first marriage nor the daughter I fathered the next year survived me. Neither had any children.

When I moved to the Philippines, I was pretty much the last of my bloodline, as the older kids would never have children of their own. That is no longer the case. My bloodline will live on for many more generations.

So at this point let me quit. I am too old to even go back and edit any more.

Jake Xxxxxxxx,
May 20th, 2044
General Santos City,
Philippines

Epilogue

This addendum to Jake's journal is being written by his current attorney, Raymon Espejo. It is written at the request of those who I will call Jake's wives and whom he had called his girls. My father, Alvin Espejo was Jake's attorney for many years. I have taken over that practice and Jake had kindly left his legal affairs in my hands.

I call these women his wives because his will and trusts specify that his executor, Joy, and I are to treat, equally and equitably, as wives, for the purpose of the settlement of his accounts and obligations, all those who lived with him as his girls.

The land the wives and the whole family lives on is based on a ninety-nine year lease. However, last year, an early settlement of the lease, permitting a sale into the hands of nine of his sons as a trust, was accomplished. The owner is now a trust but the boys, as a board, make the day-to-day decisions. They cannot sell the land without the unanimous permission of Jake's Wives. The wives control the trust of ninety million Philippine Pesos (two million dollars US) for the general welfare of the family. Mitch and Abbey own the business but are directed, after paying their own salaries, to assist in the support of the wives in their day-to-day needs with those funds where the operation of the school and its ancillary activities are not concerned.

The school operates as a standalone, which Jake spun off ten years earlier with its own board and financing.

Jake passed away on November 20, 2044. He died in his sleep. For some reason, Joy thinks it is important that I state he was with Jacqueline-Jake when he passed.

The following was transcribed by my secretary as the wives dictated it to her.

I am Joy. Jake never left me, never told me I was pangit (ugly) when I got old. I am pangit. He loved all of us, and he was good

to all of us. He did more for us than anyone else would have done. We have a very different type of family, but we love each other. We have property and good houses. We have money and income. Jake left us with everything we need to continue for generations if we follow his instructions. I know Jake is Jewish but there was no way to bury him in a regular cemetery here. The day after he died we got a call from a Muslim religious man. The man said he had been in contact with Jake and we could bury him in the Muslim cemetery! That is where he rests today. Haha. Jake used to say that Muslims and Jews were cousins from the same family – they just had a hard time getting along sometimes. And then he would say family arguments are the worst. I miss Jake, but I will see him soon in heaven. My health is not good and I have given instructions that when I die, Abbey is to assume my legal responsibilities. I signed some papers here today for that.

We are Abbey, Mitch, Cherise, Anabel, Rose, Rosemarie and Jana.

We are the rest of those Jake has said were his wives. Two of us, Rose and Jana, were surprised by being included. Rose because she never felt she connected with Jake the way the other wives did and Jana because she could not give him children. The rest of us know that Jake loved each of us for who we are. We were aware how Rose made him laugh, and Jana was special for him. He never forgave Jana's mother but was forever grateful for the love Jana gave him.

Lori is, with the help of all of us, writing a formal genealogy and a history of later events. It seems that Jake as he got older just lost patience with keeping the record up to date. At his passing Jake had 71 children here! That includes all of us, the children from his wives (26), the DoubleJakes (34), and TripleJakes (11). There is a huge amount for Lori to do. Jake wanted his beliefs to be understood and not die with him. To the extent that we, his wives and his seventy-one children, live in his world and have understood what he believed, Jake succeeded.

Jake was our husband and he will be missed. We his wives are still vital, very horny but not young. Hehehe. What we will do now, bahala na!

The End

Images



Bahay Kubo or Nipa Hut

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Tricycle

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A Jeepney

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Lechon

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Recipes

Pork Adobo (Adobong Sitaw)



Ingredients:

- 1 lb string beans (sitaw), cut in 2 inch length
- ¼ lb pork belly, thinly sliced (optional)
- ½ cup soy sauce
- 1/3 cup vinegar
- 1 medium-sized onion, thinly sliced lengthwise
- 4 to 6 cloves garlic, crushed
- ½ teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 cup water

Preparation:

- Heat a frying pan or wok then sear the pork.
- When oil and juice comes out of the pork, add garlic and onions then cook for 2 minutes.
- Pour in the soy sauce, vinegar, and water then bring to a boil.
- Shake in the ground black pepper and stir.
- Cover and simmer for 15 minutes or until the pork is tender.
- Add the string beans and cook for 3 to 5 minutes.
- Turn off the heat and transfer to a serving bowl.
- Serve hot with steamed rice.

Share and enjoy!

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Eggplant in coconut milk

Ingredients:

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1 lb. talong (eggplant), sliced
1 can gata (coconut milk)
3 cloves garlic, minced
1 medium onion, sliced thin or minced
1 tbsp. fresh ginger, sliced thin and small
salt and pepper to taste

Preparation:

- Chop and saute one onion.
- In a pan pour gata (coconut milk) and bring to a boil.
- Add garlic, ginger and onion. Stir well.
- Simmer for 3 minutes and stirring frequently.
- Add salt and pepper to taste.
- Add sliced eggplants and simmer in low heat until coconut milk thickens.

Share and enjoy!

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Leche Flan



Serves 6 to 8

Ingredients:

- The basic Flan
 - 12 egg yolks, beaten
 - 1 can (354 mL) evaporated milk
 - 1 can (410 mL) condensed milk
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 1/4 tsp. vanilla extract
 - water, for steaming
- The Caramel
 - 3 tbsp. water
 - 1 cup light brown sugar

Preparation:

- Prepare individual flanera (or two 9 x 2 in. / 23 x 5 cm. flan molds); set aside.
- Prepare the Caramel:
 - In a saucepan, bring the water to a boil; reduce the heat to low before adding the sugar.
 - Stir continuously for about 2 minutes or until the sugar caramelizes or turns amber.
 - Immediately pour the caramelized sugar into prepared individual flan molds.
 - Swirl the flan molds to evenly spread the caramel.
 - Set the molds aside.
- Prepare the steamer.
- Place a steamer in a large saucepan or a wok.
- Pour in water to just below the steamer; bring to boil.
- In a bowl, combine evaporated milk, condensed milk, sugar and vanilla.
- Gently pass the beaten eggs through a strainer into the bowl.
- Stir to combine and mix thoroughly.
- Pour the mixture into the prepared flan molds containing the caramel.
- Cover the molds with aluminum foil, arrange into the steamer (water should already be boiling before placing the molds inside);
- steam for 30 minutes or until firm.
- Set aside to cool and then refrigerate for at least 2 hours.
- To serve:
 - Run a knife along the edges of the flan molds to loosen.
 - For individual flans, turn the molds over onto a platter or individual plates.
 - For a larger flan, place a platter on top of the mold; holding the platter tightly to the mold, quickly turn upside down.
 - The flan should come out easily with the caramel on top.

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Stuffed Ampalaya (bitter melon)



Ingredients:

- 1 medium-sized ampalaya
- 75 g. of ground beef
- 75 g. of ground pork
(instead of red meat, you can substitute ground chicken breast meat, minced fish or chopped shrimps)
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 tbsp. of breadcrumbs
- 1 tbsp. of grated carrot
- 1 tbsp. of finely chopped onions
- 1 tsp. of finely minced garlic
- salt and pepper

Preparation:

Step 1:

- Wash the ampalaya well.
- Cut off the top and bottom parts.
- Cut the body into 2-inch thick rings.
- With a sharp narrow knife, cut around cavity of the ampalaya to remove the seeds.

Step 2:

- To remove the excess bitterness, place the ampalaya in a glass bowl and sprinkle liberally with rock salt.
- Cover and let stand for at least 20 minutes.
- With your thumb and forefinger, carefully squeeze out the water expelled by the ampalaya.
- Wash and place in a clean bowl.
- Pour boiling water over the ampalaya and allow to soak for five minutes.
- Drain, splash with cold water and drain again.

Step 3:

- Mix together the rest of the ingredients to make the filling.
- Use a tablespoon of the meat mixture to stuff the cavities pressing to pack in the filling well.
- Place in a shallow baking pan and bake in a 350oF oven for 25-30 minutes or until the top of the filling is lightly browned.
Note that if you're using fish, chicken or shrimp for your filling you may have to lightly grease the baking pan to avoid sticking. This isn't necessary if you're using ground pork in the mixture because whatever fat it has will grease the pan during cooking.

Allow to cool for 5 minutes before serving.

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Ginisang Ampalaya



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Serves 4

Ingredients:

- 2 pieces ampalaya, cleaned and cut into thin slices
- 1 tbsp garlic, minced
- 1/2 tsp ground black pepper
- 2 tbsp salt
- 2 raw eggs
- 18 ounces lukewarm water
- 1 large tomato, sliced
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 3 tbsp cooking oil

Preparation:

- Place the ampalaya in a large bowl
- Add salt and lukewarm water then leave for 5 minutes
- Place the ampalaya in a cheese cloth then squeeze tightly until all liquid drips
- Heat the pan and place the cooking oil
- Sautee the garlic, onion, and tomato
- Add the ampalaya mix well with the other ingredients
- Put-in salt and pepper to taste
- Beat the eggs and pour over the ampalaya then let the eggs cook partially
- Mix the egg with the other ingredients

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy!

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Lumpia



Prep Time: 45 to 60 Minutes

Cook Time: 25 Minutes

Servings: 10

Ingredients:

- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 pound ground pork
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup minced carrots
- 1/2 cup chopped green onions
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced green cabbage
- teaspoon ground black pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- 30 lumpia wrappers
- 2 cups vegetable oil for frying

Preparation:

Step 1.

- Place a wok or large skillet over high heat, and pour in 1 tablespoon vegetable oil.
- Cook pork, stirring frequently, until no pink is showing. Remove pork from pan and set aside.
- Drain grease from pan, leaving a thin coating.
- Cook garlic and onion in the same pan for 2 minutes.
- Stir in the cooked pork, carrots, green onions, and cabbage.
- Season with pepper, salt, garlic powder, and soy sauce.
- Remove from heat, and set aside until cool enough to handle.

Step 2.

- Place three heaping tablespoons of the filling diagonally near one corner of each wrapper, leaving a 1 1/2 inch space at both ends.
- Fold the side along the length of the filling over the filling, tuck in both ends, and roll neatly.
- Keep the roll tight as you assemble.
- Moisten the other side of the wrapper with water to seal the edge.
- Cover the rolls with plastic wrap to retain moisture.
- 3. Heat a heavy skillet over medium heat, add oil to 1/2 inch depth, and heat for 5 minutes.
- Slide 3 or 4 lumpia into the oil. Fry the rolls for 1 to 2 minutes, until all sides are golden brown.
- Drain on paper towels.
- Serve immediately.

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Pork Sinigang



Pork Sinigang or Sinigang na Baboy is a sour soup native to the Philippines.

Ingredients:

- 2 lbs pork belly (or buto-buto)
- 1 bunch spinach (or kang-kong) (Find this is an Asian grocery store)
- 3 tbsp fish sauce (Find this is an Asian grocery store)
- 1 bunch string Long beans (sitaw), cut in 2 inch length (Find this is an Asian grocery store)
- 2 pieces medium sized tomato, quartered
- 3 pieces chili (or banana pepper)
- 1 tbsp cooking oil
- 2 liters water
- 1 large onion, sliced
- 2 pieces taro (gabi), quartered (Find this is an Asian grocery store)
- 1 pack sinigang mix (good for 2 liters water) (Find this is an Asian grocery store)

Preparation:

- Heat the pot and put-in the cooking oil
- Sauté the onion until layers separate
- Add the pork belly and cook until outer part turns light brown
- Put-in the fish sauce and mix with the ingredients
- Pour the water and bring to a boil
- Add the taro and tomatoes then simmer for 40 minutes or until pork is tender
- Put-in the sinigang mix and chili
- Add the string beans (and other vegetables if there are any) and simmer for 5 to 8 minutes
- Put-in the spinach, turn off the heat, and cover the pot. Let the spinach cook using the remaining heat in the pot.

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy!

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Pork and Shrimp Shumai (Siomai / Shu-Mai / Siu-Mai)



Yield: approximately 100 individual Shumai depending on packaging.

Notes:

- Prepare a day ahead of cooking and serving.
- "Mince" here is really truly minced, not just small chopped. This is time consuming and tedious, but necessary!
- If using a metal steamer, lightly grease steamer basket first before placing prepared shumai to prevent them from sticking.

Equipment:

Large Steamer

Ingredients:

- 3 lbs ground pork
- 2 cup shrimp, minced
- 4 cups water chestnuts, minced
- 2/3 cup sesame oil
- 2 tbsps ground black pepper
- 2 cup onion, minced
- 2 cup carrots, minced
- 3 cups white mushroom, minced
- 2 pack shumai (or won ton) wrapper
- 1/2 cup scallions, minced
- 4 tsp salt
- 2 piece raw egg
- Water for steaming
- Dipping Sauce
 - kalamansi juice to taste
 - soy sauce to taste
 - chili garlic sauce to taste

Preparation:

Dipping Sauce: In a small bowl, combine kalamansi juice, soy sauce and chili garlic sauce.

The Shumai:

- Combine and mix thoroughly all the ingredients, EXCEPT for the water and wonton wrapper.
- Cover and chill in refrigerator for 24 hours.
- Wrap the mixed ingredients using the wonton wrapper.
- Using a steamer, steam the wrapped shumai for 15 to 25 minutes. The time depends on the size of each individual piece (larger size means more time steaming).
- Serve hot with kikkoman soy sauce and calamansi or lemon dip.

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy!

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Chicken Adobo



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Ingredients:

- 2 lbs. chicken, cut into serving pieces
- 3 pieces dried bay leaves
- 4 tbsp soy sauce
- 2 tbsp vinegar
- 3 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 to 2 cups water
- ¼ cup cooking oil
- ½ tablespoon white sugar
- Salt and whole peppercorn

Preparation:

- In a large container, combine the soy sauce and garlic then marinate the chicken for at least 1 to 3 hours
- Place the cooking oil in a pan and apply heat
- When the oil is hot enough, put-in the marinated chicken.
- Cook all the sides for about 5 minutes.
- Pour-in the remaining marinade and add water.
- Bring to a boil
- Add the dried bay leaves and whole peppercorn.
- Simmer for 30 minutes or until the chicken is tender
- Add vinegar.
- Stir and cook for 10 minutes.
- Put-in the sugar, and salt.
- Stir and turn the heat off.

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy!

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Pancit Bihon Guisad

Ingredients:

- 2 tbsp cooking oil
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 tbsp fish sauce
- 1 cup boiled meat, cut into strips
- 2 pcs chinese sausage, strips
- 1/2 head cabbage, cut into squares
- 1 large carrots, strips
- 1 cup green beans, sliced diagonally
- 1 cup snow peas
- 3 tbsp soy sauce
- 3 cups broth
- 2 tbsp kintsay / cilantro
- 1 bundle or 8oz rice sticks
- salt & pepper to taste
- lemon



Preparation:

- Boil the meat in water until tender. Reserve the soup.
- Soak the rice sticks in water.
- In a pan, saute garlic in cooking oil.
- Add onions, meat and chinese sausage.
- Add fish sauce and cook for 3 minutes.
- Add green beans, carrots, cabbage, snow peas and kintsay/cilantro.
- Cook until vegetables are half-cooked. Remove from heat. Set aside.
- In a wok, boil soy sauce and broth. Add the rice sticks and cook until the rice sticks are tender.
- Add the cooked vegetables.
- Season with salt and pepper.
- Serve with kalamansi.

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Pork and Asparagus Stirfry



Ingredients:

- 1/2 kilo pork loin, thinly sliced crosswise
- 1 bunch asparagus, cut into 1/2" lengths
- 1 small red bell pepper, cut into small strips
- 1 thumb size ginger, cut into very thin strips
- 3 oz. of snow peas (optional)
- 1/4 head garlic, chopped
- 1/4 cup soy sauce
- 2 tbsps hoisin sauce
- 1/4 cup cornstarch
- salt and pepper
- cooking oil

Preparation:

- In a big bowl place the pork and mix in the soy sauce and cornstarch.
- Marinate for at least 15 minutes.
- Heat wok until it starts to smoke, add in generous amount of oil
- Stir fry garlic and ginger until aromatic.
- Remove from wok and keep aside.
- On same wok stirfry asparagus (and optional snow peas) for 2 to 3 minutes, remove from wok and keep aside.
- On same wok stirfry the marinated pork in batches, add more cooking oil as necessary for 5 to 8 minutes or until it start to render fats.
- When done with the rest of the pork, return all the stirfried ingredients to the wok.
- Add in the hoisin sauce and bell pepper, stir cook for another 1 to 2 minutes.
- Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy!

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Tortang Talong

Eggplant Omelet with Ground Pork



Ingredients:

- 4-5 Eggplants, roasted, stem intact, skin removed and mashed flat
- 3 cloves Garlic, minced
- 1 medium Onion
- 1 cup Red or Green(or both) bell peppers
- 1 medium tomato, sliced
- 1 pound Ground Pork
- 3 tablespoons Soy Sauce
- 2 tablespoons kalamansi juice
- 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 5 pieces large eggs
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Cooking Oil

Preparation:

- Marinade in:
 - 3 tablespoons Soy Sauce
 - 2 tablespoons kalamansi Juice
- Remove the skin from the Eggplants and mash flat. Set aside.
- Saute:
 - Garlic, onion and bell peppers and tomato.
 - Add the meat and cook until oil is coming out of the meat, about 6-10 minutes.
- Add the all-purpose flour, cook for 2 minutes and season with salt and pepper.
- Remove from heat and let cool.
- Beat the eggs, and season with salt and pepper.
- Add the cooled sautéed ground meat.
- Heat oil on in large pan.
- Slowly place the eggplant with the mashed portion flat and tight to the pan. If you go fast, you will need a non-stick pan.
- Spoon 3-4 tablespoons egg/meat mixture on top of the eggplant and press down to join the items.
- Cook for 2-3 minutes.
- To flip, hold the stem with one hand and with the spatula on the other, turn the eggplant carefully with one motion, and press down.
- Cook for another 2-3 minutes.
- Turn the omelet over onto a serving plate.
- Many Filipinos eat this with the condiment of banana ketchup, but it is a matter of taste not part of the recipe.

Serve hot. Share and Enjoy![Return to Text](#)

Pinakbet



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Estimated cooking time: 35 minutes

Ingredients:

- 1/4 kilo pork with fat, cut into small pieces
- 2 Amapalya (bitter melons) sliced to bite size pieces
- 2 **asian** eggplants, sliced to bite size pieces
- 5 pieces of okra, cut in two
- 1 head garlic, minced
- 2 onions, diced
- 5 tomatoes, sliced
- 1 tablespoon of ginger, crushed and sliced
- 4 tablespoons bagoong isda or bagoong alamang
(or add some extra salt if you can't get this)
- 3 tablespoons of oil
- 1 1/2 cup water
- Salt and pepper to taste

Preparations:

- In a cooking pan, heat oil and fry the pork until brown, remove the pork from the pan and set aside.
 - On the same pan, saute garlic, onion, ginger and tomatoes.
 - In a casserole, boil water and add bagoong.
 - Add the pork in the casserole and mix in the sautéed garlic, onion, ginger and tomatoes.
 - Bring to a boil and simmer for 10 minutes.
 - Add in all the vegetables and cook until the vegetables are done, careful not to overcook.
 - Salt and pepper to taste.
- Serve hot with plain rice.

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