

# Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

by VeryWellAged



# **Quarantine Chronicles:** **Jon** by VeryWellAged

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## **A Short Novel**

**First Edition**

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## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

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One textual adjustment and two typos were corrected on 03 May 2021.

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Yet another read-through found more textual errors in all sections. The errors do not change the intent or add sections of new text, so this is still the First Edition with a revision date of 14 May 2021.

A reader found an error in the Nelia chapter on 28 May 2021.

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None of this book, in any form, may be used by others without the express email consent of the author. You may contact the author at: [VeryWellAged@ymail.com](mailto:VeryWellAged@ymail.com).

# **Acknowledgement**

I need to take a moment and thank my erstwhile editor who shall always be known to me as CN.

Any errors you find in this work are mine alone. CN has done his utmost to root out as many as he could. However, I have provided such a mine field of errant and missing commas, typos and missing articles of speech that he has had his hands more than full.

What you will read here is, therefore, easier on your eyes because of his herculean efforts.

# **Quarantine Chronicles:**

**Jon**

**Azzy**

**Nelia**

**Arcele**

**Nicky**

**Lili & Love2x**

# Quarantine Chronicles:

## Jon

### AZZY

*Sir! I promise I come back tonight. My husband, he sick, he have no rice, no money. He not able to get to Palawan pawnshop for remittance<sup>1</sup>. I bring him this money and I come right back.*

*I don't like it. It's not clear if you can get through the checkpoints going, or coming back.*

*It OK, na<sup>2</sup>. All say it allowed.*

*'All' don't know, LoveRose. That's just gossip. The TV says the checkpoints are all up and you can't go anywhere except to your home.*

*Sir, please! My husband, he not able to work. No money, no food. His nanay<sup>3</sup> she very bad with the diabetes. He spend all for her medicine and now his back hurts bad. He say he stuck in bed.*

*You better take your daughter with you.*

*No, Sir. Better she stay here. They say no one her age allowed to travel. She be good, truly. She not be a problem for you. I be back tonight.*

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<sup>1</sup> Sending money between individuals in the Philippines is a common occurrence. There are a number of companies that do this, including: Cebuana, LBC, and Palawan.

<sup>2</sup> Filipino for 'Now.'

<sup>3</sup> Mother.

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*LoveRose, this is a bad idea. Is there someone you can send the money to?*

*No, Sir. There not any.*

*But if you don't get back here, I have a problem too! You know this! All over 60 must stay at home. All under 21 must stay at home. You are the only one who can go out for us. If you don't come back. There is no way for us to even get any food.*

*Why you say I take her? ... See? You know she not able to leave the house. ... Do not worry. There fifty kilo of rice here, many cans of tuna, beef loaf, corned beef, six flats of eggs<sup>4</sup>, sardines, and many, many packets of pancit canton<sup>5</sup>. There is enough here for more than a week. True, maybe you run out of gulya<sup>6</sup>, but you not starve. Sir, I must go na!*

Five minutes later, LoveRose is gone.

Her home is three hours away by bus and then another half hour by van, if the buses and vans are running. Word is that they must operate with about thirty percent capacity to assure proper distances between the passengers, so some are operating not all.

To get to the bus, she needs to take a tricycle<sup>7</sup> to the depot, and then a van and another tricycle once she gets to her destination town. Best case, she might make it back in eight to nine hours. There is an eight PM curfew. Her departure at seven this morning might allow for delays with the bus at both ends, if she is lucky, and if there isn't any dawdling back at her home, and if she doesn't get turned back at a checkpoint on the return trip. That's way too many ifs for me.

Her husband is a carpenter or, as they say here, a panday<sup>8</sup>. But the guy has had chronic back problems, which is one of the reasons

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<sup>4</sup> A flat holds 20 eggs, and so six flats are 120 eggs.

<sup>5</sup> Typically dry noodles in a plastic pouch much like ramen noodles in the USA but served drained of the water, and with the seasoning packets from the pouch.

<sup>6</sup> Vegetables.

<sup>7</sup> Motorcycle inside an enclosed shell with a 'sidecar' like third wheel.

<sup>8</sup> Cebuano (though it can be Tagalog, though in Tagalog it normally means blacksmith) and pronounced as Pan-DI.

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LoveRose is working as a maid. I allowed her to have her daughter stay with her because there would be no supervision for the kid most days when the husband works. And when the guy is laid up, he's not much good for the kid either. Plus, the child's lola<sup>9</sup>, who lives in LoveRose's home as well, is pretty much unable to walk much because of diabetes.

LoveRose said she doesn't want the kid to have too much freedom. She promised me the kid would not be a problem if her daughter lived here... and in the three months the two have been here, it has been OK, as far as the kid being here is concerned.

But, this damned virus, they are calling it COVID, I guess, is making things mighty fucking inconvenient.

Normally, I'm out of the house every night, meeting up with a few other expats at some resto-bar<sup>10</sup> or another. That's where I catch my evening meals, drink some and just chew the fat in English with others who can actually speak the damned language!

Yeh, and during the day I normally do the shopping for food I can eat when home. While there I frequently have a lunch at one of the malls; each of them has decent fast food places, like KFC, Pizza Hut, and McDonalds.

LoveRose rarely needs to cook for me. I make my own breakfast 'cause they just don't know how to make a scrambled egg right. They have no idea what easy-over means. They ain't got any idea of how to whip up some pancake batter, and they sure as hell can't cook bacon right. ... So I make it myself, if I get up early enough for that meal. Sometimes breakfast just doesn't happen.

No, LoveRose ain't my cook. Her job is to keep the house clean and do the laundry. The food she was talking about is the shit she eats. Unfortunately, it is what I am also going to have to eat now,

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<sup>9</sup> Grandmother.

<sup>10</sup> Short for Restaurant Bar. A tavern or, I guess, the Brits would call it a pub. It's got a full menu, serves beer, rum, brandy and scotch, but not much else.

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now that the quarantine is functioning, and if she can't make it back.

See, she is allowed to go out to buy food, but I am not, not at all. They say I'm too fucking old. Hell, I'm not allowed off the property.

I'm not the only one not allowed out. Ginalyn, LoveRose's daughter, is also not allowed. The kid is fourteen and the restrictive quarantine rule applies to her too.

Up until a few days ago, I rarely even saw the kid. Between her hours at school and my being out of the house when she normally got home from school, and the time she would go to bed, there was no way I would see her midday or evening. I would wake up after she had left for school during the weekdays and after she had left for church on Sunday. The deal with LoveRose about the kid worked out just fine, until this past week.

But school has been cancelled. She is here, without her friends, all day and every day. She is watching a bunch of TV, and it's pretty obvious she is bored.

As to the TV she's watching... I can't understand what is said on the TV shows. I guess it's in Tagalog, not that these gals speak it, but I guess they can understand it. ... Plus I don't like the damned noise of it.

And... I'm bored too.

Stuck at home with almost not a damned thing to do. I can't go out to hang with the expats. Can't have those sociable meals and drinks.

There's a Wii game console here. I don't use it. It was a 'gift' from a family member in the USA who sent me a balikbayan<sup>11</sup> box last year. Exactly why it was included in the shipment was never

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<sup>11</sup> A box sent from overseas like a 'remittance' of a sort. That which goes into the box, comes into the country without tariffs or customs fees. Balikbayan literally means 'return home.'

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explained. So it's here but the only ones who use it are LoveRose and Ginalyn.

Yesterday, LoveRose tried to get me to 'dance' with them as they followed along with some dance program on the Wii. I took a pass on the dumb idea.

I guess I was feeling sorry for myself, wishing I was back in the USA, that is, until I saw what's going on back home.

If things are locked down tight here, at least there isn't much actual virus here. Back in Seattle it's a fucking mess. I guess I'm better off here, even with the frustration of the quarantine.

Now that her mother left the house this morning, Ginalyn has made herself scarce. That's just fine with me. I turn on the TV. Bloomberg, BBC, and CNN are all just wall to wall COVID-19 coverage, and there's just so much of that shit I can take. FoxNews is saying it isn't a real thing, this COVID, and that don't make much sense, not with the news out of Seattle. I normally like FoxNews, but it's been getting strange lately.

I start-up the FireStick and log into NetFlix, figuring I'll watch a movie this morning.



I do and the movie this morning is OK. I make myself two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches for lunch. It isn't fancy, but it works. Halfway through a second movie this afternoon, my cellphone alerts me to a text message.

*Sir, I am not allowed to return. They turn me away at the checkpoint. I say I must get back to you. They ask where I come from. I tell them. They say I go back there. No choice.*

Fuck. That's exactly what I was afraid of!

*Isn't there a side road you can come through on?*

*No, Sir. The roads they closed.*

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*Sir, it is very scary. I not have enough money now to stay at home. I not know what I do.*

I can't help you. You know that! Damn it.  
We are both screwed!

*Yes. This true. I make a serious mistake! Sir, maybe you can allow my daughter to use your phone and text with me? Maybe she can help. I not know. But I hope.*

OK. Wait I will find her.

Ginalyn is in the bedroom she shares with her mother. I knock on the bedroom door and the kid barely opens it. I hand her the phone and say, *Your mother.*

The kid seems to understand and takes the phone as I hand it over to her. With the door partially ajar there proceeds to be a somewhat lengthy back and forth between the two of them.

Ginalyn hands the phone back to me and, rather than immediately reclosing the door, says to me, *I make your supper, Sir. At six, OK, Sir?*

I'll be damned. The kid has more English than I thought she had.

*Yes, that's fine.*

And with that, the bedroom door closes. I go back to my movie.

I am never told there is supper waiting for me, but my nose informs me that something has been cooked. On the kitchen table I find a large bowl of fried rice with SPAM in it. There is also a clean plate with a fork and spoon sitting on it. The kid has made my 'supper.'

It would have been nice if she had considered telling me supper was served, but it is what it is. What it is won't win any awards, visually, but it doesn't look like it will kill me either. I put a scoop on my plate and try it.

It won't win any awards for any reason, though my assessment that it isn't lethal seems to be borne out. It's odd, but SPAM is well

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thought of here. I suspect the kid may have seen her choice of it as a way to treat me in a special way.

However, there is no way to thank her right now. She's nowhere to be seen, and so I eat my meal alone... very much alone.

I have had girlfriends but refuse to get tied down to any gal here. It seems to me that as soon as a guy settles on a gal and moves her in, his life goes to shit. He's either fighting with the bitch all the time, or he stops going to the bars and meeting with the rest of us, or she's there at the bar with him, watching, birddogging, bitching, gossiping, and hell, I got no interest in it.

Normally, not having a steady squeeze hasn't been a problem for me; there are plenty of pros, if you will, who will fill in for a night or two. But now, not having a squeeze of any type, in the magical 18 to 29 year range, has created a fucking mess. I'm horny, pissed-off, and more than a bit depressed.

And, I am just not used to taking all my meals here at the house. Unless I cook it, the food here in the house simply isn't intended for my consumption. And what I like to cook will be gone in a day or two. The rest of it is for LoveRose and her daughter.

Done with what amounts to my meal, I'm about to drop my dish and utensils in the sink, but stop. Ginalyn isn't my maid.

I appreciate the girl cooking the meal, but I really can't expect her to take over her mom's duties. She's simply a fellow passenger on this lifeboat. This sucks – for me and for her, too.

The quarantine of 'shelter in place' will be, like it is now, for the next two weeks. At least that's from what I have heard. Two weeks of this shit.

Two weeks, not only being alone, but two weeks being sober.

I have no way to go, to shop. No rum, no beer, and no bar girls for a no-commitment roll in the hay. Fuck.

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With nothing to do, I watch another movie and then go to bed hours before I normally get home from the bars.

I normally don't roll out of bed before nine or ten, but then again I normally don't get to bed at ten. This morning the clock reads six. What the fuck I am going to do for the entire day is a mystery to me.

I get showered and dressed. It's not even six thirty when I walk into the kitchen and almost bump into Ginalyn. The kid is wearing PJs and looks as surprised to see me as I am to see her.

*Morning.*

*Yes, good morning, Sir. ... You want breakfast?*

*It's OK. I'll make my own.*

*Sir! Nanay say I to do this.*

*No. You are not the maid. I will make my breakfast. Fuck. She looks like I gut punched her. OK, sure. I was going to make some eggs and toast.*

*Maybe eggs and pancit canton? You want, maybe?*

*Sure, sure. Fine.*

*OK, good. I will make it now. You wait, please.*

She's a sweet kid, but she ain't the maid and this just ain't right. I grab my cellphone and text LoveRose.

*You should not have told your daughter to do your job.*

*It is needed.*

*No. You are needed but no there's nothing I can do about that now. Your daughter is not my maid.*

*Allow this. If you not, she will be scared.*

*Just what did you tell her to do?*

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*All you need. Your meals. Your clothing.  
Cleaning the house. Anything else.*

For Christ's sake. She is only fourteen.

*It is OK, Sir. She is old enough. Promise.*

This just ain't right.

*Sir, please. Please do not be mad at her. She will do good for you. And, Sir, maybe you are angry because you not able to go to the bar, I think. It not her fault for this. Please not be angry with her for that.*

Yeh, OK. OK, maybe I am grumpy because of that. Yeh, I know it's not her fault. But you should have taken her with you.

*Then who take care of you?*

Jesus, I don't need a teenager to take care of me!

*Sir, please. Do not be angry.*

OK.

The kid brings me a plate with probably two packs of the cooked noodles and a fried egg on the top. She has made it the way they like fried eggs here. I was always told that a fried eggs should not have hard almost burnt edges, but here it seems to be the way that all make the eggs. I have given up complaining about it.

The egg white is not as soft as a result of this cooking method and that, in some ways, fits in to how they use the resultant cooked product. Often enough you will see a half a dozen of these fried eggs sitting all stacked up laying over each other on paper towel, waiting for diners to retrieve one, as the eggs get completely cold. Diners put the cold fried egg between two slices of white 'cream bread'<sup>12</sup>.

The combination of an egg over the pancit canton is also pretty common. It's something that Ginalyn understands.

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<sup>12</sup> Filipino style somewhat sweet white bread, small in height and width, soft, no crust worth noting.

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There is no toast. In truth, I have never seen a Filipino make toast, which is what I asked for. They eat their 'cream bread,' as is, from the plastic bag it comes in.

With the pancit (noodles), this is a more substantial breakfast than the one I had planned on having, but what the heck. Everything else is out of whack, why should this be any different.

Once again, I am eating in solitude; the kid has disappeared. But, when I head to the sink to wash the plate and utensils after breakfast, she appears and insists that I permit her to do the cleanup.

I just give up. She wants to be the maid? Well, fuck it. Let her.

Rummaging around in my night table in my bedroom I find an old pack of playing cards. I make sure it's a complete deck and sit back down at the kitchen table for some games of solitaire.

I'm concentrating on the cards, but note that the kid is sweeping the floors. As lunchtime approaches she is busy in the kitchen for a while before bringing me a plate of rice and a bowl of heated up canned corned tuna. Once again, it isn't fancy cooking, but I can eat it and it works as nourishment. It's better than MREs. Well, slightly better.

I haven't seen her eating, but I suspect she is just taking her meals out of sight. Once again, as I am ready to wash the dishes, Ginalyn appears and takes over. I take the opportunity to thank her. All she says back is, *You welcome, Sir.*

After lunch I return to my games of solitaire as Ginalyn disappears again. So passes my afternoon, only to be interrupted by a dinner meal of rice and sliced beef loaf medallions cooked in a beaten egg. If one of us could go to the market, we could get some vegetables, but that isn't going to happen.

After dinner the same dance occurs at the sink, following which she disappears for the night and I decide to watch another movie, before retiring for the night at an unseemly early hour.

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It is becoming a routine, these four days. I see Ginalyn for the three meals, as she sweeps up, gathers up laundry, takes out the trash and washes the dishes. Other than that, she's a ghost.

My playing cards are losing their uniform markings on the back as the ink wears away in irregular patterns. The red and black ink on the face side is also wearing increasingly thinner as bits of the off-white thin card stock peek through. These are cheap cards of local manufacture. They are smaller and thinner than the Bicycle, Maverick or Tally-Ho cards we have in the States.



How many days has it been now? I have lost count. Every day slides into the next. There is nothing to say... this is Thursday because I did **X** on Tuesday. I have to look at my cell phone to tell me that this is Saturday. I can't remember which day it was when LoveRose left.

I look back at the old text messages. She texted me, on the day she left, to tell me she could not return. ... Let me see. When was that? ... Eight days ago!

I haven't heard from LoveRose for a week. It isn't that I should be hearing from her, but you would think she would want to know how her daughter is doing. Well, fuck, if it doesn't matter to her, why should it matter to me?

Now, I'm sure I saw the jack of diamonds. Why can't I find it now? ... Damn, I lose again.



This is day twelve; I am looking forward to the end of the quarantine in two days, the return of LoveRose, and the chance to go back to my normal activities – socializing with the guys, drinking and getting a little pussy.

*Sir?*

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Yes?

*Please, may I text Nanay. I need to ask her something?*

*What do you want to ask?*

*It embarrassing. May I do it? Please?*

I hand her the phone. She moves off from me and is texting back and forth for no more than a minute before deleting the conversation with her mother entirely.

It's a good thing I didn't need to save any part of earlier texts as it is all gone.

*Your mother is coming home in a couple of days, and all this will be over. I bet you are looking forward to that.*

*She say the quarantine extended for another two weeks. But she say that not matter! She say my lola get the virus and she very sick now. She say that maybe she get the virus because of this. Maybe my tata<sup>13</sup> get it. She not know what they do. It scary.*

*Damn. ... OK, Yes, I can see that it is scary for you, but your mother is young and healthy. Even if she gets it she will probably be just fine.*

Fuck! Just what I didn't want to hear. Not only is LoveRose not able to come back, but I will still be unable to get out of this house.

*Yes, Sir. Thank you for that. ... Sir?*

*What?*

*She say she has no more load<sup>14</sup>. Maybe she not text us again.*

*I see. I do not have a way to send her a load and I will be out of a load soon enough.*



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<sup>13</sup> Father.

<sup>14</sup> Prepaid cellphone load.

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I think I know what that personal ‘embarrassing’ text session was about. Ginalyn must have run out of pads for her period because she has been wearing dresses the last four days. She never wears anything but leggings and some sort of nondescript top normally. I wonder if she is using cloth or towels for the bleeding.

Nothing else is different. Our routine is as it was, but any day now these cards will be useless.

I am beginning to watch movies I have already seen as the days stretch into another week.



The house is shaking real fucking hard. It’s loud.

Doors, windows and the house itself is making a hell of a racket. It’s dark out. It’s a damned earthquake! Shit, I’m awake now. I get the hell out of bed and run to the bedroom door, and out of the house in my skivvies<sup>15</sup>.

I am outside now, but the ground is still shaking. It’s not so bad that I can’t stand, but this one was a big one. There is little light out here, not much, but some. It’s enough to see that Ginalyn is out here, in PJs, curled up in a fetal position and weeping.

Being in my skivvies makes it a little awkward for me. I really want to comfort the kid, but not while wearing as little as I have on now.

*It’s OK, Ginalyn. Nothing bad.*

*Scary! Maybe house come down.*

*It didn’t, and we are safe.*

*How you know I safe?*

*What?*

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<sup>15</sup> Briefs, boxers, men’s underwear.

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*How you know?*

She is pointing to the maid's apartment. It's not part of the main house and a good thirty meters across the yard.

*Your apartment is only one story. It isn't going to collapse on top of you. It is safe.*

She's still crying.

*You sure?*

*Yes, I am sure. Come on. I will walk around it and if we find any cracks you can stay in the guest room in the big house.*

I put my hand out and, grabbing it, she gets up, before I release the grip and walk over to the apartment. The place is eight meters by four meters. A place of that size and one floor does not need a building permit. Its ceiling is three meters high. The place is your basic Filipino dwelling, hollow-block walls come up one meter. There is a woven "kalatkat<sup>16</sup>" bamboo upper portion to the wall. It is topped with simple rafters and a corrugated steel roof. There's lots of room for air flow, between the top of the panels and the gap between it and the roof.

A walk around the apartment makes it clear that there has been no damage.

OK?

*Opo.*<sup>17</sup> OK.

*Good. Go back to bed. I am going back too.*

*Sige, sige.*<sup>18</sup>



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<sup>16</sup> A Cebuano term.

<sup>17</sup> Yes, Sir.

<sup>18</sup> In this context it means, All right.

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Last night's excitement is over. There have been no aftershocks, at least none that I have felt. The morning begins like all my mornings have unfolded since LoveRose left. But as I come into the kitchen to make my breakfast, Ginalyn hands me a bowl containing a porridge of some type. It is brown and a bit lumpy.

She looks up shyly and asks, *Try?*

OK.

She hands me a spoon. I dip the utensil in just a bit into the very viscous material, and in my mind I seem to remember an old and rank joke about mustard/moose-turd pie.

Tasting it is a surprise. It taste like chocolate pudding. I take a full spoon full. Yes, sure as hell, that's what it must be, but what are these little lumps all through it?

*It's good. What is it?*

*Champorado,<sup>19</sup> Po. My nanay make it for me sometimes. A treat when maybe I scared or worried. Sometimes to reward me. It make me happy. I make it for you.*

*Thank you. It is delicious.*

*Thank you, Po. I scared last night. You make it better. Nanay right. You a good man, even though.*

*Even though? What the fuck? What do you mean by that?*

*Oh! Sorry!! Sorry! I not mean to say that.*

*Yes, you did. You are not in trouble. What do you think your mother meant when she say that.*

*Sir, I not want to say.*

*Please? For me? OK?*

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<sup>19</sup> It is a chocolate porridge made with 'sticky rice.' The glutinous rice is loaded with starch, which gives the porridge into the sticky, pudding-like mouth feel.

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I mean it. It doesn't bother me if her mother thinks I'm a horse's ass. So long as she is happy to do the work and take the money, I don't really give a shit what the gal thinks.

*Yes, Sir. Po, I am sorry, but my mother, she say it not good to stay out late and come back drunk. She say you wrong to go with ... how you say? I not know the word.*

*What is the word in your language?*

*Putá<sup>20</sup>.*

*Oh. Yes, I know the word.*

*Sorry. You mad at me now?*

*No. I am not mad.*

*Why you do that? Why not have one?*

*You mean a live-in partner?*

*Opo.*

*Because I want my freedom. If I have a live-in partner I lose my freedom.*

*Po, what if you tell the girl, 'you will always be the one, but I want my freedom?'*

*Because it will not work. When I want to go out drinking, she will complain. If I kiss another girl, she will stab me with a knife.*

*Why you want to kiss another girl?*

*Ginalyn, I am not sure this is an appropriate conversation for us to be having.*

*Po, Sir, what you mean? It just you and me here. We here for weeks, this is true I think. I think I like you, and... I am lonely. Why we not talk? I just want to understand.*

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<sup>20</sup> Cebuano and Tagalog word for prostitute.

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I can believe the kid is lonely. She doesn't even have a cell phone and so she can't text anyone, and if she had a phone, she would have blown through her load by now.

*It isn't the talking. That is OK. It's the question you asked.*

*Why? I am confused. If you have a girl, why you want to kiss another girl?*

*If I tell you, you will just be angry with me.*

*I not! I promise. Really, I promise!*

What the fuck. You know, I have been completely sober now for close to two weeks. I haven't been so completely dry in decades. If I had a little sauce in me, maybe I would just blow the kid off, but she is right, it's just the two of us and if I blow her off, things aren't going to get better here.

*Because once a girl gets you for her own, the kisses don't come any more. The passion ends. The excitement ends. It's boring.*

*You need a different girl every night for it not to be boring?*

*No. Hell, I see the same 'puta' many times. But she doesn't think I am hers.*

*So if you have a live-in and you can be with others, then there is no boredom?*

*Not going to happen.*

*Why?*

*Because no live-in allows it. Imagine what would happen if your father had a girlfriend. What would your mother do?*

Ginalyn giggles. I look at her and wait for the answer.

*I think she cut off his thing and hand it to the other girl.*

*Yes, that is my reason.*

*But if you tell the girl, 'if you are the live-in this is the way,' why not?*

*Even if she said OK, it would not stay OK.*

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*Why you sure of this?*

*Age and experience.*

*I think you wrong.*

*Well there is no way to prove it one way or the other now. I can't go out, and when I can, there is no way I am going to risk it. If I did risk it, and if I am right and you are wrong, I will be stuck. I don't want to be stuck.*

*I think the live-in partner not want to get a disease from the puta. If the other not a puta, I think it will work.*

*So then, what do I have, two live-ins? How does that work?*

*She laughs a bit. Hala!<sup>21</sup> I never think about that. Yes, that make it harder. Then it like two live-ins who not be jealous with the other. But, Po, if they are both live-ins, do you get bored? Do the kisses stop?*

*Now it's my turn to laugh. I have no idea, Ginalyn. I have never had that.*

*Sir? Why you call me Ginalyn?*

*That's your name, right?*

*She giggles, Totoo<sup>22</sup>, but my nickname is Azzy. Sir, no one call me Ginalyn. You the only one.*

*I have never heard your mother call you that. She calls you Ate<sup>23</sup> or Bata.<sup>24</sup>*

*Oo, but at school, and in the family, I am Azzy. ... Sir, maybe if you have two live-ins there is no boredom?*

*Maybe, but we will never know. Even when the quarantine ends, there is no way to find out.*

*Why that?*

---

<sup>21</sup> Literally means 'Watch Out!' but it is also an exclamation of cautionary surprise.

<sup>22</sup> True.

<sup>23</sup> [Pronounced ah-TEH] This one is a little tricky. It means older sister or older respected female. Here as Ginalyn is her 'oldest daughter' she takes on the role of an Ate to other children and her mother is noting that by using the term as an endearment.

<sup>24</sup> Kid / child.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Because before there are two, you have to start with one and that isn't really possible. Once you have one, even if you can find another the first can get ugly and refuse. There is no way to find out safely.*

I finished the champorado a long time ago. Azzy takes the empty bowl and spoon from the table and takes it to the sink. She starts washing the bowl and over the sound of water running from the tap I hear, *You can try. I will be your number one.*

I am not sure I have heard her correctly. *What did you just say?*

*Try.*

*Yes, I got that part. What was the other part? Who will be the number one?*

*Me.*

*Remember what you said about your mother cutting off your father's thing?*

*Oo.*

*Well, I don't need her doing that to me.*

*I will text her, Po. If she say OK, we try?*

*No!*

*Why?*

*I thought you said she has no load... and if she disagrees, which she most certainly will, she will get angrier and angrier without a way to say no! Then there will be great danger. Plus, I do not want her to think this is my idea. Even if she would say OK, I am absolutely not saying OK.*

*This is confusing. Maybe you explain better?*

I can see that this has gotten way too complicated for her. *Get some paper and a pen.* We have both items nearby, as we keep them for making lists, including shopping lists.

*OK, Sir. Ready now.*

I walk her through each issue in outline form on the paper.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Nanay has no load.  
She can't say she agrees or disagrees.  
She doesn't know that this is Azzy's idea and not Sir's.  
She doesn't know that Sir has not agreed.  
If she disagrees and can't say no, she will get worried  
and scared and angry.  
Sir is worried that bad things will happen to him when  
Nanay comes back.*

*Po, I will text Nanay that this is my idea and not yours. I will text her that you not agree. If she can text and say yes, maybe you not agree. That better?*

*No! It's too dangerous. We don't think she has a load. She will get angry even if you text her all that.*

*Sir, you have good load on your phone? Yes?*

*Some, yes, but it will runout, too. Why do you ask?*

*May I call her? Then she not need load and I can explain.*

*She's right. I had not thought of just calling. It does solve the 'load' issue.*

*Still, fuck, why am I even having a conversation about taking on a girl of fourteen years as a live-in partner? That's nuts.*

*Sure, a couple of the hookers I have been with are barely eighteen. So it's not that I don't like 'em young. I do. But even though fourteen is legal as far as statutory rape is concerned, as that is under twelve years of age here, I can still be charged and sued. The laws here are more than a bit murky on this issue.*

*Azzy, why do you want to be my lover? I'm an old man. I am not going to marry you. You are going to have to share me if I agree.*

*Last night, Po. I am scared. I am alone. This is not a good thing. If I am your girl, I not alone. I not want to be scared.*

*If your mother was here you would not be alone.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Maybe. What if she not come back? What if she gets the virus and dies? She goes to my father. She not take me. Why that? If she do get the illness, too, what I do, then?*

*What if I get the virus and die?*

*I not let that happen.*

So, that gets a laugh from me.

*Azzy, get real, there is no way you can do that.*

OK, so I am alone again. No difference from now!

*Yes, the difference is that you will no longer be a virgin. That is what I do with the putas. You know that, right?*

That OK.

*How do I know you won't do what I said other girls would do?*

*I know you. I not stupid. I know I not able to change you. The only thing I say is no puta. Only good ones.*

*Well, I won't agree to that and even if I did... and I'm not, how do I find good ones? It isn't like we can advertise for one like we can for a maid. Besides, with the quarantine, there is no way now, even if there will be in the future.*

She's stumped. Did she think there is some menu from which to pick? I decide to push this a little and show her why it isn't going to work.

*Say I agree to try it your way (I'm not) and you become my live-in number one. And say I can't find a number two. The only options are that you stop being number one and are no longer my live-in or you agree that I can have putas.*

*I will find you second girl!*

OK, and what if I don't like her, or you can't find one to agree to the deal? What happens then?

*I will find!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Azzy, I believe you want to find another, but what if you can't?*

*You give me six months after the quarantine is over to find one?*

*Really? OK and then, if you can't find one, what happens?*

*I stay and you have a regular puta. Maybe, she becomes the one.*

*And if she doesn't?*

*You find another puta. We keep on trying. No end.*

*Why are you wanting this?*

*Not good to be scared and alone. You agree and my life different.*

As dumb an idea as it is, she is right about that. She would move from the maid's quarters to my house. I'm not sure her food would change, but maybe it would. As to the loneliness, hell, I am lonely right now, too.

I really want a drink! Man, do I ever want a drink... and a maiden-of-the-evening to make it clear that Azzy's plan is fucking nuts.

*I'll think about it.*

*Give me your phone, Po.*

*Why?*

*You know.*

*I haven't agreed.*

*I know. I tell Nanay that. I promise.*

*No. There is no way I would want anything to begin until after the quarantine is over and, by that time, your mother will be back and you won't be lonely. ... If we did anything now, and then your mother returned later, well, shit, I don't even want to think about that!*

*OK, I tell nanay that too. Please, Sir, give me your phone.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I have no idea why... but I do it. The phone is in Azzy's hand as she walks off and exits the house.



*Nanay say she want to speak with you.*

Her look is one of fear. That much I can tell. The reason for the fear is unknown but as the phone passes from her hand to mine, the fear enters my heart.

*Hi.*

*This your idea?*

*No! Absolutely not.*

*You want her?*

*LoveRose, I have never done anything to make her think I want her.*

*That not what I ask. You want her?*

*I will answer you in a few minutes, but I have to ask you something.*

*What is it?*

*Did she tell you how this whole conversation started?*

*No. How it happen?*

*She said you told her, "I am a good man, even though." I ask her what that means. She said it's about my drinking and the whores.*

*She tell you that?*

*How could I tell you, if she didn't tell me? Of course she said it. She then asked me, why I don't have a live-in partner and not bother with the whores.*

*What? She ask you that?*

*Yes. Ask her and ask her what happened after that. I am giving her the phone back!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I do exactly that. Azzy doesn't look happy, but she has the phone in her hand and she puts it to her ear.

The conversation is in Cebuano and I really don't know enough to follow what is being said. I know a few words and phrases, but that's about it. This is a full blown and, if not heated, then excited, conversation. I don't have a clue. It is going on for a long time, far longer than would have been required to explain what had transpired.

I gather the conversation only ends because her mother's cellphone battery is dying.

*Nanay want you to call her back after lunch. She will charge her battery.*

*What is happening?*

*She knows now.*

*What does she know?*

*About you.*

*That's not an answer, Azzy. What does she know?*

*She know why there no live-in now. She know why you not want to say yes to me.*

*OK, why do you think I don't want to say yes to you?*

*Because you afraid of Nanay and you not think what I say, it possible.*

*OK, fair enough. So, why does your mother want to speak with me?*

*I not know. ... You hungry? You want your regular breakfast now?*

*No, the champorado was plenty.*

*OK, I sweep now. ... It weird, Po.*

*What's weird?*

*I not know if I am taking care of your house or, maybe, our house.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon



I decide to charge my phone too, as I try to pay attention to the worn-out deck of cards. Between the reality that the cards are literally disintegrating in my hands and the mental contortions my thoughts are creating, playing solitaire isn't going so well today. I can't concentrate.

None of this has to do with whether Azzy is attractive. She is, but so are many other Filipinas, not all, but many. She's too young to be legal in some ways and not in others. She does not profess love and so my lack of the same is in balance. She needs to feel safe. I want intimacy without being 'owned.'



*Good afternoon, LoveRose.*

*Maayong udto<sup>25</sup>, Po. Po, my daughter say she will take care of you. You know this?*

*What do you mean?*

*I not return to you. This what you want?*

*No! I do not agree. I never agreed to this.*

*Ha! OK. Maybe she is afraid what it like if I am there and she is yours. Maybe that is right?*

*Yes, that might be her thinking. It was one of the things that I gave her for why it was a bad idea.*

*You OK with me there?*

*You are my maid. That has not changed.*

*Even if my daughter is in your bed?*

---

<sup>25</sup> Good afternoon. Cebuano.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*LoveRose, even if I agree that she is in my bed, she will never be my wife. I have no idea how it could possibly work with you as the maid and her in my bed. ... And I have not agreed that she should be in my bed.*

*But if she is, I am the maid?*

*Well, if I did agree that she is in my bed, then you would be taking care of the home your daughter lives in. That sounds crazy, right? It doesn't sound like it would work. ... But I am sure you still need money, so... hell, I don't know. It doesn't seem like a good plan.*

*You will see your putas other places and not at the house?*

*I have not agreed to that and I will not.*

*Yes, I tell my daughter that. I think she is being foolish. She will be seeing your putas in the morning. And if I am there, I will see them too, just like now. But if my daughter is in your bed, it is different for me. You see?*

*Yes, I see exactly. LoveRose, it is a bad idea.*

*May I talk to my daughter, please, Sir?*

Azzy isn't right at my elbow, but she is close by. I signal to her and she comes. I hand her the phone and try to concentrate on cards lying in front of me.



*Nanay wants to speak with you.*

And the phone, once again, moves from hand to hand.

*OK, I'm here.*

*We agree. I will bring you the second one.*

*What?*

*We not want you to have putas. My daughter think, yes, maybe that will happen. I not agree with this. I will bring the number two.*

*What if I don't like the one you bring?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*You will.*

*Damnit. You can't know that.*

*I know you. I sure.*

*Well, just in case that you don't really know me, what happens if I reject the girl you bring?*

*I will bring you another one.*

*I'm sorry, LoveRose. That will not work. I don't care that you don't agree with my rule. It is my rule or not at all.*

See, even if Azzy was willing to swallow the pill, her mother isn't and, once again, I am not going to allow anyone to dictate what I can and can't do.

*Please, may I talk to my daughter?*

I hand the phone back to Azzy.

I need a drink! Damm! Fuck the cards. I can't concentrate.



When the phone is returned to me, the call has ended.

*Well, what has happened?*

*Nanay say, I am the maid now. She quits. She not want to see what happens.*

*You can't be the maid. You are a school girl and when school starts, you have to get back to school. I need your mother here.*

*She not here now. She not coming back. I will make you supper now.*

And off she marches to do just that.



I pick up the phone and call LoveRose back.

*I quit!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Why?*

*I not want what will happen. I not want to see it.*

*Then nothing will happen. I will not agree to be with your daughter. Don't quit.*

*No. She angry at me then. No good. I quit.*

*If you quit, she must leave here.*

*Why you do this?*

*Damnit, LoveRose, I am not the one creating the problem.*

*What I do?*

*Don't quit.*

*OK, OK, I not quit. But you not have a puta.*

*No. I will do what I want. You cannot tell me that.*

*I not want to see it!*

*That is not my problem.*

We end the conversation following a discussion about what we both have learned of our local quarantine rules. My cellphone's battery is at 22%.

*Come eat na, Po.*

*What is this?* There is a light brown broth with corn on the cob, cabbage, what looks like a beef bone, and some vegetable I am not sure I can identify in it.

There is a plate of rice also in front of me. I have seen Filipinos at times spoon soup over rice in a flat plate. The process seems odd to me. I would reverse the order, potentially putting the rice in the soup bowl, but they never do that.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*This bulalo<sup>26</sup>, Po. Try, please.*

As I rarely ate dinner meals at the house, I have not had many of the dishes LoveRose cooked here for her daughter and herself. I gather this is one of these. The dish looks pretty sketchy but I try it, only to find the flavor is good. It is a humble soup, but tasty and probably nourishing.

I take a spoonful of rice between spoonfuls of soup. It's a bit awkward to do that but I just can't do what the Filipinos do. Oh hell, I dump a bunch of the rice into the soup bowl and look to see if Azzy is disgusted by this. She is not here.

I finish my meal following the method of rice into soup bowl and take my dishes to the sink. Once again, Azzy just appears at the right time to do the dishes, but as she does it she asks me for one hundred pesos.

*What for?*

*It for you, Po. You have?*

That didn't explain too damned much, but I have come to understand that this is the way of much in my conversations with Filipinos. I take two fifty peso notes from my wallet and, after she dries her hands, she takes them from me and leaves.

A little later I am getting ready to watch another movie via Netflix when Azzy appears with a bowl of ice, a small glass and, praised be, a 750ml bottle of Tanduay Dark Rhum.

*Where did this come from?*

*The sari-sari<sup>27</sup>, Po. They have it. See, I be good to you now. They not care I too young.*

---

<sup>26</sup> A beef soup comprised of shank with bone marrow still inside the bone.

<sup>27</sup> Humble but common local independent-owner stalls selling basic needs, normally, in small sachets. Alcohol is available in such places.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Fuck! I've been dry for a couple of weeks and there has been rum to purchase right here?

*Why did you do this?*

*You see, I take care of you now. No problem for me. You drink. I help. I not argue. I not like nanay.*

I gather, by inference, that LoveRose doesn't like my drinking. That's her fucking problem, but here is Azzy saying if I am home, she will make sure I have something to drink. It's an interesting message... stay home and drink here. Stay home with Azzy.

I move a couple of chunks of the ice from the bowl into the glass and pour a liberal amount of the Tanduay over it. I have yet to start the movie. I need to do some thinking... over a drink or two.



*Po, you agree na?*

She has been patient these last two weeks, since the conversation with her mother. Nothing has happened other than I have been getting my rum brought to me regularly.

So, do I agree now? Sure, it's been four full weeks since I 'got any.' But, really, it's not like I am dying for not having it. If the quarantine was going to end this week, I am pretty sure the answer would be a simple, no. Azzy would return to school, LoveRose would return to the house and this all would pass as a foolish idea.

But there is word now that it will last for yet another month. Some are saying, just wait, it will be longer. It is going to be hard living with Azzy, just the two of us stuck in this place for so long and saying 'no' to a girl who is as ready and willing as she appears to be.

But that means a month or more while it is just the two of us and, if we did seal the deal, might that lead to a refusal later to accept others in my life? Would it give her time to expect that her 'role' is like a wife? If I could add others now, the risk of her thinking she has exclusive rights might not be a problem, maybe, but if I was

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

able to add someone else, why would I even consider Azzy in the first place?

I had better pour some more rum! Ha! Maybe I will get a headache from all this confusion.

*I don't know, Azzy.*

*When you know?*

*I don't know!*

*Drink more, na.*

*Why?*

*Then... maybe you will say yes. And with that comes a giggle.*

There's a role reversal for you! At least she is being honest about it. Guys aren't. I surely never was.

*OK, Azzy. If you really want to be a live-in lover, but one who must share me, OK. But, Azzy, you had better be goddamned sure, 'cause I'm not goin'a to change for you. You're not goin'a be a wife to me, and I am goin'a fuck you, a lot. You really want that?*

*Opo.*

*Grab a glass, kid. You might as well have some rum.*

She doesn't want to drink and, hell, I can't blame her, but I mean, here she is wanting to be my bed buddy and she wants a coke instead. I'm not used to my fuckbuddies being sober companions.

*On second thought, no, not yet. Not until there is a second one too. Maybe you will be OK, but, no, I don't trust it.*

We have really never touched. We, sure as hell, have not kissed, and I am not ready to put my fate in the hands of a fourteen-year-old kid.

*But, I not want to wait!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Yeh, I get that. Tough. ... Hey, does that sari-sari store sell loads?*

*Maybe. I not know.*

*Are they still open?*

*I think so. Why?*

I pull seven hundred pesos from my wallet and hand it to the girl.  
*Have them put three-hundred on my phone and the same on your mother's.  
Plus, see if you can buy some new playing cards.*

After writing down the numbers, she leaves. Damn. If I had known, and if she can get to the sari-sari to do these things and things like it, life these past four weeks might have been a bit easier!



Your cellphone should have load now.

*Why you do this?*

I didn't know that Azzy could go to the sari-sari. So, when your load gets low, let me know and I will send you more.

*Thank you, Sir, but why you do this?*

You are my maid and the mother of Azzy.

*They allow Azzy at the store?*

I guess yes. Your daughter bought me Tanduay.

*Hala! Why she want you drunk. I not like that.*

There's no surprise in that. But she wanted me to get drunk and take her to bed. I refused.

*Why? You take young putas. Why you not take her. She want this.*

She is too young. I do not want a fight with you about others. I do not really trust that she will be OK with others.

*She there? Maybe I chat her?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Azzy, your mother wants to text with you.*

The phone in her hands and with a new deck of cards in mine, with a tumbler of rum next to my right hand, it all works just fine for me. Let them text all they want. I'm not sticking my dick into that young'un without another here at the same time and, as that sure as shit isn't going to happen, let's see if I can find a red jack.



Last night's bottle of Tanduay is in the trash now. For the first time in a few weeks, I don't rise until nine-thirty. Blessed be rum.

When I get to the table, Azzy puts a down plate of garlic fried rice, tocino<sup>28</sup> and a fried egg. This is your basic Filipino 'tapsilog' breakfast except it replaces the marinated beef, which we don't have, with the pork product. It is a staple you can find from vendors in street-side stalls all over the Philippines.

*I ask nanay what I cook for you this morning after you drink last night. She tell me that this what Filipino men eat the next morning.*

*She never made this for me.*

*Ha! Sir, she say, you not talk to her when you get up. You just leave to the malls. But you here now, so I make this. OK?*

*Yes, it's fine. ... You think I was mean to your mother, don't you.*

*Yes, maybe. But maybe you just unhappy. This I think. Maybe this what she think, too. ... Sir, I need more money. You need more Tanduay. Or maybe, you want Emperador<sup>29</sup>?*

*Do they have brandy at the sari-sari?*

*Maybe. Maybe we get it downtown.*

*You can't go downtown.*

---

<sup>28</sup> A sweet cured ham product fried up as one might do bacon but is wetter and thicker.

<sup>29</sup> A brandy.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Totoo, but Ate Nelia, she can!*

*Nelia? Who the fuck is Nelia?*

*She a friend of nanay. Nanay chat her last night. She will help.*

*So, this Nelia, she is your mother's age?*

*No, Sir, she is twenty-two, but she is a friend. She will help us now.*

*She can go to Palawan and send money to your mother?*

*Sir?*

*Well, your mother has no money. Even if the rules allow her to return, she needs money to come. And for now, she could probably use some cash. Can this Nelia go to the pawnshop and send a remittance?*

*Yes! Yes! She can do that. You do this for nanay?*

*Yeh.*

The kid has tears. I may be an asshole, but I like LoveRose, in spite of her attitude about my activities; regardless of this shit with Azzy, I want her back. Still, if I am boinking her kid, and I'm not saying I will, why would I not want to make the mother happy?

About this Nelia... who the fuck is she? I've never heard of her before. Why now?



*Sir, Nelia coming! I tell her you will send money to nanay. So she say she will come right away. Maybe we make a shopping list for her, too? She can go to Palawan first and then she can shop for us.*

*Right now, I think the things we need most are vegetables.*

*Yes, Sir, but maybe the brandy and beer?*

I have to laugh. Is the kid is trying to keep me drunk? Still, I sure as hell would like both the beer and the brandy.

*OK, what do you want to eat and drink?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Sir, maybe later we get a case of Royal, and Sprite or Coke?*

*Cases are heavy!*

*She can put them in a tricycle to bring here. It OK, Sir. Same with the beer, brandy and gulay!*

*Why is she willing to do all this? Or, maybe you are expecting more that she is ready to do?*

Is this the one LoveRose said she would get for me?

*I sure she will. No problem with that. You will see. She will be good for this. Promise.*

Well, well. I guess, if the gal is LoveRose's good friend, she might well want to help out this way, but is this the one she thinks will be a fuck buddy? What did Azzy's '*...good for this. Promise*' mean?

*Sir, I will make your lunch after Nelia goes to Palawan. We will see her very soon. Nanay say, you will like hotdogs. That OK?*

*Yes, that's fine.*

And with that, Azzy moves off to do god knows what. She has her own internal agenda, which we do not discuss. It's simply that everything seems to get done.

I return to a game of solitaire.

From outside there's an *Ayooooo, Ayooo.*

*Nelia is here! Wait!* With that, Azzy runs out to the gate.

Nelia is a good looking gal. She is dressed to keep the sun off her body and so the style of clothing has little to do with fashion and more to do with her deeply held desire to be as light-skinned as possible.

If it means wearing heavy clothing covering every part of her body on the hottest of days, that's what she will do. In fact, the warmer it is, the more clothing will be put on the body.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

It seems pretty clear that she has been here before. She's not looking around. That I have never met her is not a bit of a surprise. I'm never here in the afternoon, so she might well have been here every day for two months prior to the quarantine and I wouldn't have known it.

*Sir Jon, I hear from Rose today that you need help. She tells me much, so I say, I will go to her employer. And now, Azzy tells me your first request is to send money to my friend. I am happy to do this, but, Sir, it is a surprise. Yes, this is a big surprise. I not think you like this!*

*I am sure, Nelia... it is Nelia, right? ... Like I was about to say, I am sure that by the end of the day, I will do something to fix that and you will decide I am the bastard that I am.*

*No, Sir, I think you want others to think that. I now think this must not be true.*

*Harumph! Look, here's five-thousand pesos. Do you have the info you need to send it to LoveRose?*

*Yes. I text her already and get it. ... Azzy say you want beer, Emperador, and gulay?*

*Well, if you can get Fundador<sup>30</sup>Light instead, that would be even better. But, yes, that is what I need. Azzy would like a couple of cases of Royal and Coke or Sprite.*

*Azzy breaks in, in a little bit of panic, Not now for that, Ate. Maybe I will get later. What is needed is on this list, it for Sir!*

A smile finds its way to Nelia's face. It's a lovely face. Not a word is spoken, but she takes fifteen-thousand pesos from me, nods to me, and kisses Azzy's cheek. With an OK, *I go now, Sir?* ... and a nod from me, she departs.



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<sup>30</sup> Another brandy.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Sir, thank you so much for the money. I not earn it. I not deserve it. You are kind.*

Consider it an investment. I need you back here.

*Sir, truly, I not know if this is possible. So far they not allow. I find some work here. It not good, but I must. My husband, he has no work and maybe he cannot work. You know his bad back. Now doctor say there is RA<sup>31</sup>. No way to work, even if there is a job, he cannot do it.*

*And, Sir, his mother, she is bad too. My life is here now. Azzy is for you. I sure this.*

Are you just making excuses because you don't want to see whores here?

*No! Not needed. You have Nelia, now. So no need for puta. See? I tell you I find the second one.*

What? What do you mean that I have Nelia?

*Oh, Azzy not tell you. Yes, it true.*

---

<sup>31</sup> Rheumatoid Arthritis.

## Nelia

Azzy!

I'm not sure where she was, but she appears quickly enough that a second shout is unneeded.

*Why does your mother think that Nelia is my second partner?*

*She tell you this?*

Why do people ask you what is so painfully obvious? Just how the fuck would I know to ask the question, if LoveRose hadn't mentioned it?

I just look at the kid. She sure as hell needs to answer me.

*Sir, you angry?*

*I'm still waiting for the answer.*

*You not want her?*

***I don't know her!*** ... *Just who decided this? Does Nelia know you are trying to put her in my bed? Does she know she would be expected to share it with you?*

*It's OK, Sir. Truly!*

*That is not an acceptable answer, Azzy. Now, I want answers. Start with this one. Who decided that Nelia is to be my second partner? Who?*

*Nanay. It is nanay, Sir. She knows Nelia. Nelia talk with nanay many times. They think it sad you with putas. Nelia, she need a partner. If you not with putas, she tell nanay, she thinks she would be happy to be with you.*

*How can she have said that? I have never met the woman before today.*

*Nanay tell her about you. Nanay think if there not a puta, that maybe you be a good husband. Sir, that before I talk to her about you not want a wife. So, last night, after she get the load, she text Nelia. It decided to try.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*When did you learn this?*

*This morning, Sir. You left your phone on the table, charging when you go to bed. Last night when I chat her, she tell me she will text Nelia. I text nanay this morning and she tells me the plan. I yours! No whores because Nelia join.*

See? There it is! She thinks she is running things now. Just like the wife that I don't want to have. And there you have it, the answer to my question, would having two really be any better than one? Sure as fuck, it ain't.

*I never said OK to you! Never! I never said you could pick who I am with! I, sure as hell, ain't about to allow you to put a woman I don't know, and probably don't want, in my bed! I told your mother that exact thing. So, no. No to you and no to Nelia.*

I need a drink and the person who is getting it is someone I really don't want to ever see again. Fuck.

Azzy is crying. Fuck. This is why I prefer whores. It's just cleaner. Pick one, fuck her, pay her, and done. Goddamn, I don't need this shit. Right now, all I want to do is walk out of here and go to a bar. And right now, I can't. Fuck.

*Sir, phone please?*

No.

*Please?*

*No! What are you going to do? Tell Nelia, who has fifteen thousand pesos of my money, and may not return with things, once you tell her that I reject her? Or maybe you will tell your mother, who will then text Nelia anyway? No. She brings back the shopping and the change. Then you can have the phone. Not until.*

She only shrugs, snuffles, and walks out of the room, after saying she will finish making my hotdogs.

I sit down with the playing cards. It helps a little bit. I am still not close to being happy, but the anger is fading, being replaced with

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

the certitude that as soon as a woman thinks she knows how to play you, she wants to control you.

Fucking is great. Being controlled is pure torture. Fuck that shit.



I think Nelia is back with groceries, but I'm not sure. I am pretty sure I heard a tricycle stop, the gate open and close. There was some noise in the dirty kitchen. Azzy has not come in and things are quiet now.

Well, all is quiet as far as things inside the house is concerned. There is noise outside. Yeh, there is always noise outside. Don't care where you live here, there's always noise.

Right now, I am looking for the nine of spades. I've already placed the nine of clubs on a separate pile. I'm sure I've seen it...

*Po?*

It's Nelia's voice behind me. I don't turn around. My eyes are on the cards.

*What do you want, Nelia?*

*Po, why you angry with me?*

There's the nine. I was sure I had seen it. I move the pile with the eight of hearts over and onto the nine of spades.

*Why do you think I am angry with you?*

I flip over three more cards. Nope. Next three...

*Azzy say I should go. You not want me.*

OK, so now, I turn around and give her a good look.

*Explain some things to me. Let's start with, when did I ever ask, or hint, or do anything for you to think I wanted you to be mine?*

*But, Rose say you need two of us. She know I want this.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Did she say I wanted you?*

*No, she not, but she say, I right for you.*

I grab my phone and click on LoveRose's number for a voice call.

*Hello, Sir. Sir, allow this!*

I gather LoveRose was expecting this call. That must have been part of what was going on in the dirty kitchen when all was quiet.

*Damnit, LoveRose, I told you that you had no right to select who I am with!*

*Sir, Nelia, she is a good girl. You will like her. Promise.*

*Will she, or Azzzy, like it when I bring a whore home to fuck? You have no right to do this!*

*Why you bring a whore? You have Azzzy and Nelia!*

*Why? Because I want to, that's why! It's none of your business who I fuck. That's why.*

There is silence on the other end. There is silence in the room. Nelia is only five feet from me. Azzzy is standing in the doorway. She has heard all of the phone call.

LoveRose must have ended the call as the connection drops. And, yeh, it's pretty clear that these two had used Nelia's phone to contact LoveRose while in the dirty kitchen.

Azzzy is crying again but Nelia has maintained her composure. She nods to me, before saying, *You right, Sir Jon. Rose has no right to do what she do. You not know me, this true too. You right. You can do what you do. I not have the right to tell you what you to do. Azzzy has no right. Sir, maybe we can sit down and talk more? Not with anger? Just talk?*

I shrug. No reason to say no, but... *Azzzy bring me some brandy and ice. Then we can all sit.*

Azzzy is surprised. *Now, Sir? It only afternoon.*

*Is that any of your business? I said, bring me some brandy and ice.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Yes, Sir.*

Nelia has said nothing and we wait while a bottle is produced, a glass is provided and ice, now in its own bowl, is retrieved from the freezer section of the fridge.

I pour three or four fingers of the Fundador over ice and sit down back at the table. The gals also sit, catty-corner from me.

*OK, Nelia, we are sitting. What is there to talk about?* I take a decent drink of the, now cooled, brandy.

*Po, I not understand. Please, why you want whores? What a whore do that I not able to do, if you allow it?*

Well, she asked, so she'll get the answer she, sure as hell, doesn't want to hear.

*Because, a whore has no right to ask that question! A whore has no right to ask me for anything other than to be paid when we are done. Because I do what I want. I don't want a gal setting limits on me. That's the difference.*

Yeh, that stopped her. I see her nod her head, just a bit and then look at Azzy, before reaching out to Azzy's hand and giving it a squeeze.

*Po, if we allow...*

*Stop! Nelia, you are not hearing me. No one has the right to 'allow!' I will do as I damned please.*

*Sorry, sorry! I use the wrong word! Po, if we not complain, no matter what you do, maybe you will allow us to be your girls?*

*What do you mean, 'be my girls?'*

*We live with you. We take care of you. That what.*

I guess I could ask why she wants this, but I doubt she can give me an answer that makes any sense to me.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The glass is cold now as I pick it up and take another long swig of the brandy.

Azzy looks up, gets up, and brings me a couple slices of cream bread on a plate, before sitting down again and grabbing Nelia's hand.

The bread isn't exactly what I would have asked for, but it actually works pretty well for the purpose it will be put to.

*You are twenty-two?*

*Yes, Po.*

*And you are well aware that Azzy is fourteen?*

She flashes her eyebrows up and down, signaling she knows.

*And you are willing, no, asking to both be my bed mates, plus accepting that I will have whores too? Really? -- Frankly, Nelia, I am having a hard time believing it.*

*Po, may I ask, do you use a condom when you fuck these whores?*

Damned straight I do! I don't need one of these bed-bunnies showing up at my door saying I'm a daddy.

*Yeh. Always. Have to.*

*If we not complain, you will accept us?*

*Nelia, I don't know you. Maybe I will not like you, even if you do as you say.*

*Try? Rose, she know me. She not say it be good, if she think I bad for you.*

*That is hardly a good recommendation.*

*Try?*

*You like to fuck, Nelia?*

*Po, why you say that?*

*Well, that's what will happen. You know that, right?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Yes, I know.

Well, do you?

Po, why it needed to say?

Because if you say yes, I will take you to the bedroom and fuck you right now. If you don't want that, you can leave, right now. You say you two want to be my 'girls'... well, being my girl means fucking when I want to fuck, and that means you had better like fucking. ... And, Azzy, the same goes for you, except there is nowhere else for you to go, so you stay as the maid until you can travel back to your mother.

I turn my head back to Nelia and ask, *That clear enough?*

OK, we go to your bedroom now.

I take a long swig of the brandy as we rise from our chairs. I had meant to take just Nelia, but I guess it has been interpreted a bit differently. What the fuck; might as well.



Naw, I generally ain't getting my rocks off mid-afternoon. This is damned sure an exception. But everything about what's happening is an exception.

We are, the three of us, assembled in my bedroom. Romantic it ain't, but I have a definite woody as I tell Nelia, *Peel that clothing off ya. I ain't going to fuck through those damned leggin's.*

All I get is a nod. She looks scared, but slowly the clothing is coming off. She's pretty tall for a Filipina, maybe 5'4". Her hair has brown highlights in it. Her nails are all done up. It seems she goes to the beauty parlor, except all the parlors are closed. So how she has managed it is unclear.

She's good looking. That much is clear. Neither very light nor dark, her skin is a mocha color. There are no tattoos anywhere on her; that's a plus. A lot of the whores have ink on them, as do a lot of the younger kids, I guess. Don't care for it, myself.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The gal's tits are nice; not large, but they're there. Dark brown, puffy and sticking out, they give evidence of the excitement she must be feeling. As she is slowly getting her leggings off her, I turn to Azzy and in a bit of being the pain in the ass that I am, I tell her, *You too, miss 'I want you to fuck me, Sir.'*

I'm an asshole, so don't complain when I prove it. I'm an often drunk asshole, but they are the ones who want to be here. I'm sure as hell not twisting any arms.

Nelia looks like she is having a problem now. Yup, she is, as she asks, *You will do both of us? In front of each other?*

I am tempted to remind her that whores don't mind when I do that. But there's no point. All I do say is, *There's the door Nelia. Stay or leave, but if you stay, I want no problems.*

This ain't a partnership. We don't negotiate. It's my way or the highway. How many times do I have to say that? I really want to kick them out right now, simply because I can see this being a never-ending problem.

Are they good looking? Yes. So are the whores. Are they willing? Well, yes, up to a point, but that's the problem, there will always be an 'up to'. If I had that type of problem with a whore, the answer is easy, never use her again. If these gals become mine, it really isn't that easy. But, yes they look good.

In fact, Azzy's tits look just as tempting as Nelia's. I had no idea she wasn't wearing heavily padded bras. Both cunts are clean shaven. It's been close to a month since I had any pussy and my nuts are aching. I put both girls on their backs, side by side and then insert my pride and joy deep into Nelia, while holding her thighs up with my hands and arms. All I get from the gal is a grunt, before she asks, *Condom. Po?*

I pump her a good three times before answering. *Why? The condoms are for the whores. Are you a whore? Are you going to be with other men?*

*But, pregnancy, Po.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*So, you get pregnant. I thought that is what you wanted, to be mine, not a whore. The whores get the condoms. Are you wanting to be a whore?*

I continue to pump her good and hard. All of a sudden I am bathed in female cum from her. Yeh, she wants it, OK, but I am an asshole, so I ask again, *Are you wanting to be a whore?*

*No, never a condom. I [uhg] I yours. [uhg] Truly, yours.*

I am pounding her hard. She might not think she's a whore... I'm not so sure.

A second female orgasm rocks her but good, and I pull out to some noisy complaints.

*Quiet! It's time Azzy gets some of this.*

*What? Now? Come back!*

*Shut the fuck up, Nelia.*

I am between Azzy's legs. I was pretty sure, before I entered her, that Nelia wasn't a virgin. I'm pretty sure Azzy is, but I don't care. She wanted this, bad. So now she gets it. Maybe not in the way she envisioned it, but she is getting it. I plunge in. Sure enough there's an obstruction that gets pushed away, but she wanted that too.

Azzy is also not very short, though shorter than Nelia at maybe 5'2". There are no highlights in her hair. She probably has never been to a beauty parlor. Her nails carry polish, but it is a home done job, not one of those high style deals. Her skin is a bit darker than Nelia's, but her smile is broader and more ready and that does matter.

As a first time fuck, Azzy is doing fine. She is working with me, matching my rhythm and grinding her cunt hard against me. I play with her tits and that is going well.

I guess you can say, she's having a ball. That's all well and good, but I want to push these gals' buttons. If they need to go, better I make that happen now.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I lean down, as I fuck Azzy and whisper in Azzy's ear. *You and I will finish later. For now, I am going to pull out and fuck Nelia again. When I do, you take one of her tits in your mouth and suck hard. Use a hand to play with the other one. Got it?*

She whispers back, *Oo.*

Azzy hasn't cum, but as she didn't know she was supposed to, no harm is done at the moment. I will remedy that later.

My dick is dripping with the juices of both gals as I reposition on Nelia. The gal is glad to welcome my dick back into her canal. But she isn't prepared for Azzy's mouth and hands on her tits. She's about to complain. Good! Here's where I get to see if she is going to be a problem that disqualifies her right away.

*Don't say one word, Nelia. You say you want to be mine. This is part of what being mine requires. Accept it or leave. And, Nelia, leave if you can't do for Azzy, what she's doing for you.*

The gal is just looking at me. She's still looking at me as her body shudders and juices flood my dick and her loins. Her eyes close, her hand now rests lovingly on the back of Azzy's head which is still sucking on a tit.

Out of bed I may treat them with care. But in bed, they had damned sure better be as good as any whore I can have, or it just ain't goin'a work.

I lift up Nelia's bottom by lifting up her legs, as I continue to fuck her. With her ass exposed, I push a thumb up through her shithole while pounding her cunt hard. Her eyes fly open as she gasps and whimpers.

More female cum runs down my legs and onto the mattress.

I ram my thumb in as far as I can, as I pound her equally as hard. Another female cum hits me before I feel the call of my nuts. My dick jumps and spews cum deep inside the gal. I hear her wail, gasp and wail yet again.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Pulling Azzy off Nelia and up to my lips, I kiss her before whispering, *Get between her legs and lick her cunt dry of my cum. I'll tell you when to stop.*

In return, all I get is, OK.

Pulling out of Nelia, I slide up on to her side and pull her face in for a tongue wrestling kiss just as Azzy is spreading the gal's legs and dives in face first.

I sense Nelia wanting to pull back to say something, but I have her head held firmly between my hands and my tongue is trying to find her back molars.



It's a few hours later. We are still in bed and Azzy whispers that she needs to get my supper ready. I stop her, mount her and ride her hard, until I feel her orgasm and follow with mine. Once again, it isn't great romance. It is, 'this is what you said you wanted, well now you have it. Get used to it.'

Twenty minutes later, Azzy does get up, runs through a shower and starts on supper.

I am still in bed as is Nelia.

*Why you do what you do to me?*

*You want to be mine?*

*Yes! Why you do that?*

*That is just part of what it takes to be mine. That is why. If you don't want it, leave. ... Look, I was fine with how things were, before the quarantine. I wasn't looking for a gal and you damned well know it. ... If it weren't for the fact that LoveRose left and couldn't return, none of this would have started in Azzy's head. It sure wasn't in my head! You're here because of the two of them, not me. Get it? You want to be mine? OK, give me all I was getting from the whores and then some more.*

*You do this with the whores?*

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*Yeh... and more. And, a whore never argues when I add another whore in the bed.*

*But a whore fucks many men. You want us to fuck others?*

*No, you only fuck me and any whore in my bed with me.*

*What!?! You expect me to be with whores?*

*Yes.*

*But! But Rose say, this in place of whores!*

*I don't give a shit what she said. I told her that she doesn't make the rules here, I do. I told her I would continue to see whores if I wanted to. So if she lied to you, take it up with her. And, leave now if that's a problem for you. It's no problem for me.*

*Do Azzy know this?*

*I told her, just like I told her mother. If she didn't want to listen, that is not my problem. So, hell, I don't know what she is thinking. Ask her.*

*When you bring whores?*

*When is the quarantine lifted? Hell, if I know.*

*So none until then?*

*I guess.*

*Maybe you will change your mind by then?*

*Maybe pigs will grow wings and fly.*

*Do I live here now?*

*That's up to you.*

*Oh. ... Ummm, wash your thumb. Probably there shit on it.*

*Yeh.*



## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

When I was a kid, the last thing I wanted to see on my plate were vegetables. Tonight, I am reveling in a plate of nothing but them... plus the rice, of course. There is always rice. Fuck, you could have a groaning-board of food laid out, but if there ain't no rice, these Filipinos call it 'merienda,' which means a snack. Add rice to the damned thing, its dinner.

Anyway, I'm happy as hell to have fresh vegetables. Nelia says there's no problem getting them. Our problem was the lack of an age-allowed shopper. Now that Nelia is here, that problem has been resolved.

There are also now a couple of cases of Red Horse beer in the house, but drinking it with a vegetable meal will give me the farts, so I am drinking rum with a glass of water as well.

The gals are here at the table with me, but we're not talking. The two of them are huddled in front of Nelia's cellphone and texting to someone. My best guess is that the 'someone' is LoveRose.

From the look on their faces, at least some of the chat is either difficult or challenging. At one point, Nelia seems to be pissed off as she taps away at the phone. At another I see Azzy roll her eyes and Nelia shake her head at some message.

All that is being typed is in Cebuano, so I can't read it and I'm pretty sure the gals will be unwilling to translate what is being said.

Life's like that here. It's not possible to think that this is 'your country' because it ain't. Besides the fact you will never be a citizen, too fucking much happens right in front of you, but it's a culture that's foreign to you and in a language you sure as hell don't understand.

Yeh, they've got some English. They can understand English far better than speak it, but it just ain't the same as their comfort with their native tongue. What they understand of English is up for question as well. They claim they understand. I'm far from being willing to buy that. See, English is not just the language, the words, it's the inferences, the unsaid that can be implied by someone with

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

a firm grip on the language. There's a shitload they just don't get, ever. For these gals, the tongue where they have that same fluency is Cebuano. For others, maybe it's Tagalog, or Ilocano, or Waray-Waray.

I guess when they meet someone new, they will start with Cebuano and only fall back to Tagalog or Waray, if the other side is having problems. Anyway, they're still at it with the texts. I am done with the dinner and I stand up to take my dishes to the sink, but Azzy jumps up and grabs them from my hands.

My rum is still on the table and the playing cards are at the far end where I had been playing earlier, before dinner. So I just grab the glasses of rum and water, and the bottle, as I move to the far end, to continue the game.

Life could be far worse! I've fucked two gals, eaten a good supper, have alcohol to drink, and now I can just relax. If this is going to be the life in quarantine, from here out, I think I can handle it without complaint for a while at least. I still miss the companionship of other expats and a good Pizza Hut pizza.

Every once in a while I do get a text from one of my drinking buddies. A couple aren't doing so well. One is actually pretty sick, though the claim is that it isn't the virus... saying the virus is a hoax. Each is bitching about being cooped up.

Most of these guys have wives or girlfriends at home, so they haven't had the problem I have had until just recently. Their problem is being cooped up with the Missuses. They sure as hell ain't used to that much togetherness!

Yeh, they're drinking buddies, but most ain't going out with whores 'cause their gals would probably go after their nuts with a knife, and after the whores as well. A couple of the guys do, but most don't. They just like the companionship of other expats to drink with... someone to talk with who actually understands their language.

Chatting in text or Facebook just ain't the same as being together, at a resto-bar for an evening. So while we sorta keep in touch, each

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

of us is isolated. I hear tell that a couple of guys who are neighbors, living in the same subdivision, do hang out in each other's homes and pass the time with drink. But my place is far from them.

I am shuffling the deck as I see Azzy with a pile of her things in her arms. She's moving in to the house from the maid's quarters. She didn't ask permission. She's just doing it. I don't say a word.

Nelia asks, *Where do I sleep?*

*Don't know. Talk to Azzy.*

*She the wife now?*

*No. It's just that the two of you need to sort things out between the two of you. It's not my problem. If you are living here, then you and Azzy figure out how that works. ... But I have a question for you.*

*Yes?*

*Yeh, what did you do for a living before the quarantine?*

*I work at a beauty parlor. I do hair, color, rebonding<sup>32</sup>, and I do nails. Not allowed now.*

*Yeh, I heard that. So you have your own stuff? I mean for the cutting, coloring, and such?*

*Oo. You want your hair cut? I do that for you.*

*Yeh, OK, that'd be nice.*

*Good. Bukas<sup>33</sup> I get my stuff. We do it then. ... You know, Rose, she angry. She say she never return.*

*She told me she couldn't return because her husband too ill and she needed to care for his mother too.*

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<sup>32</sup> Rebonding, is the process of applying, protein and moisturizer to 'damaged' hair. Commonly done in the Philippines to create dead-straight hair and remove any waves.

<sup>33</sup> Tomorrow.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I think that not true. I think she come back if it just me and Azzy. But she say, she not come because you will have the putas. She say, if you want her back, then no putas.*

That fucking bitch. I only, finally, took Azzy, even with the addition of Nelia, because LoveRose said she could never come back in any case. If she could have, I would have not allowed Azzy anywhere near my bed. Now she's holding this over my head? Fuck her. I guess she's not coming back. Goddamn conniving females!

*Maybe you will change your mind and not have any putas?*

*And maybe I will invite one over tonight.*

*You wouldn't!*

*Why wouldn't I?*

*Well, if you could have, why you not until now?*

*'Cause I wasn't thinking straight. I couldn't go out. And the young whores can't go out, but slightly older ones can. I just need the cell number of an older gal.*

*Maybe she give us the virus!*

*Maybe, but maybe she has been staying at home with no work.*

*Why you this way? Why we not enough?*

*There's the door, Nelia. Accept me like I am, or leave. Do not argue.*

*OK, OK. Get your puta.*

*I will. Not tonight, but I will.*

*If a younger one could come, you have contact for these?*

*Yeh.*

*But not any puta twenty-one or older?*

*Yeh, none of those.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*How young?*

*Eighteen and nineteen. Most are college students. It's how they stay in school.*

*Really? I not know this.*

*Yeh, well, these kids, they want an education. They have better English and they completed public high school, but their families can't really assist them to pay all the university fees. So they earn money by hooking.*

*Hooking?*

*Being a whore.*

*Oh. ... So these girls, they smart?*

*Many of the younger ones are. Yeh. By the time they are twenty or twenty-one, they normally become some man's mistress and so they don't need to hook any more.*

*But there are older ones?*

*Yeh, not college students.*

*So not as smart?*

*Well, let's say, not lucky in life. I don't want to say they aren't smart.*

Nelia is laughing. No reason, just laughing.

*Why?*

*Sir Jon, I just thinking about all the school teachers, policewoman, judges, doctors, and lawyers who get their degrees by being putas. That is funny, no?*

I have to smile. It is funny.

*Why you not take a mistress of a puta?*

*Same reason that there are two of you and I will also have whores. No gal is allowed to think she runs things here. A mistress is no better than a wife. They are all territorial about 'their man.'*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I think that must have put an end to it, because she gets up and seems like she's in search of Azzy.

The shuffled deck is in my hands and awaits my attention. Seven rows across and seven deep on the furthest on the far end, I am ready to start.



Both are in my bed as I wake up this morning. As to where they will sleep each night from now on, I have no idea. There was no more sex yesterday, so it was just three in a bed. That's OK for now. I'm not sure how I will feel about it, if it continues for much longer. I'm used to sleeping alone most nights.

There are two cellphones plugged in and, I guess, fully charged by now. Both are chiming, alternatively, which is what awakened me. It's just shy of six AM right now. No one texts me at this time in the morning. But someone is, sure as hell, doing that at the moment. Who the fuck...?

Shit, it's LoveRose and she's pissed, saying,

*How dare you say you put a whore in the bed while my daughter is in it!*

I text back.

Text politely or I will do two things, (1) block you and (2) kick Azzy out of the house. You argued that I should put her in my bed. This is on you, not me.

*Why you do this?*

Because it is who I am. Nothing has changed.

*Where she now?*

Here. Why?

*I want to chat her.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I nudge Azzy awake and hand her the phone. *Your mother wants to chat with you.*

*Good morning, Po. I pee first. Tell her I be here in a minute.*

*She's in the CR<sup>34</sup>. As soon as she gets out,  
I will give her the phone.*

TY

All the commotion has brought Nelia to wakefulness.

*Good morning.*

*Oo, good morning, Po.*

*I think there will be some texts from LoveRose on your phone, but Azzy will be texting with her in a minute. Look at your phone, but give Azzy time to deal with her mother.*

*Sige.*

It doesn't take long for Azzy to dump her bladder and return to the bed. I hand her the phone again. As she begins tapping away, I figure it's my turn to water the lawn. And so, off to the CR I go.

The house is dead quiet. There are three of us here, but you wouldn't know it by listening. As I reenter the bedroom, Azzy is still tapping, reading and tapping. Nelia is hunched over the girl's shoulder reading everything that is transpiring.

I give Nelia a bit to decide she needs the CR but she's not moving, so what the fuck, I go back and take my shower.



The gals are not talking. Not a word has been said regarding the text messaging this morning; not during a breakfast of fried rice; not through the rest of the morning. Not through lunch of fried egg and pancit canton. Other than the sound of the sweeping of the

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<sup>34</sup> Comfort Room; toilet; bathroom

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

rice stalk broom and the shuffle of playing cards, the house is a tomb.

Nelia left right after breakfast to start the process of moving out of her parental home and into this one. She has made two trips via tricycle so far and I gather a third is required. The third one will, I am told, bring her dog, as if I really want a dog here, but it's not open for discussion. The mutt is coming.

What has arrived is her clothing and her beauty parlor related stuff. There is far more of the latter than there was of the former.

I am not asking about the matter regarding LoveRose. If they want to tell me, they will. All I am concentrating on now is the bottle of Red Horse and the cards in front of me.

I have been having an incredible run of frustration with these cards. I just can't come up with a winning game. My current theory is that these cards are jinxed.

Azzy swings by me and, without thinking about it, I reach out, grab her ass, pulling her in and kissing her while slipping my other hand down the inside of the front of her shorts until I find her clit. ... Now that's more like it. She is totally willing, even helping. I find the old boy rising to the occasion and so I pull Azzy into the bedroom.

In no time at all, her shorts are off and I am inside the girl. Damn, this feels good. She's hot and willing, grabbing onto my arms and holding tight as we fuck through the middle of the afternoon.

Yesterday, she was accepting. Today she is enthusiastic. She pushes me onto my back and rides me for a while, before pulling me back on top. I may have started this, but she is fully on board.

We are just fucking away when the big-O hits her. She calls out, **AHHH, Oh My God!** before settling back and giggling. *Do it again, Jon! Do it!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

But, you and I know, it wasn't me. It was her. Fourteen-year-old Azzy has had her ticket punched. She wants it punched again. All I can do is continue with what I was doing. Maybe she will get there again. Fuck if I know.

But she does. God bless the kid. She hits the gong again and as she does, my bell is ringing. Hello sailor! Out it comes and into my little lass.

The visit of hot male cum on cervix must be a magical thing, because she just about levitates off the mattress in a follow-on orgasm.

I roll off her and am lying at her side. She snuggles in with an arm over my chest.

*Jon?*

*Yes?*

*Thank you.*

*Yeh. Pretty good for me too, you know.*

She giggles before simply saying, *Good*, and placing her cheek on my chest.



The mutt is outside. Azzy is in the dirty kitchen making supper. I am well on my way through the first half of a case of Red Horse. Nelia grabs the next bottle, removes the cap, takes a swig and hands it to me.

*Has she told about Rose?*

*No. Not a word.*

*They had a fight.*

*Oh?*

*Truly. Not good for a mother and daughter to fight like they do. But they do.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I see.*

*Rose tells her, she should have not allowed you to have putas. Azzy says, 'How I do that? Tell me, Nay, how that happen? You stupid to think you can tell Sir what to do.' Yes, she call her mother, stupid! Rose calls Azzy a bad thing and it gets even worse then. Azzy is angry now. She tells her mother that she will make sure her man always has a puta to fuck... and she, Azzy, will help the puta! ... Hala! Rose goes crazy. She calls her daughter a puta too. That when it end. I think because Azzy block Rose from your phone!*

*Why do you think that Azzy set up a block?*

*Rose texts me and say, 'Remove the block!'*

*I tell her, it not my phone. No way for me to remove it. Maybe only you can do that.*

*OK, I'll look at it. But I am not sure I want to remove any block.*

*Maybe you should because when I tell her that, she starts calling me a puta too. I block her! So now we not know what she might do. Maybe that not smart.*

*Tomorrow I want you to go to the mall and get a cheap, used cellphone. I will give it to Azzy. Then she can block whoever she wants without doing it on my phone.*

*OK. ... Jon, after supper I will do your hair. OK?*

*OK.*

*Do you want Azzy finding you your putas?*

*Other than thinking that the idea is funny, I doubt that she can.*

*But if she do, how you feel about it?*

*Hell, I don't know. If it ever happens, I'll let you know. OK?*

*OK. I think she will try. That why I ask.*

*How the hell would she even have an idea how to do it?*

*I think she find some names in your phone. Maybe she contact those girls.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I grab my phone and look at the messages and the phone log.  
There are no such messages.

*She hasn't done that yet.*

OK. Good, I think. You think the same?

*I have no idea what to think about something that hasn't happened, may never happen, and if it does happen, may be no big thing. How do you feel about it?*

*Scared, maybe. Maybe they younger, prettier and smarter than me!*

*Maybe, but they are whores and you aren't. Right?*

*What the difference?*

*You lie with only one man. You do not get paid to fuck. You live here, they don't. Sex is their profession. Your profession is cosmetology.*

*Cosmetology?*

*The beauty parlor stuff.*

*Oh, OK. But I am not working.*

*And they may not be working right now as well.*

*But they will be better with sex.*

*Maybe. But you are here with me, they are not.*

*People say it is sinful.*

*Prostitution?*

*Oo.*

*So is eating too much, and lying in bed too long, but we all do both on occasion.*

She grabs my Red Horse and takes another swig.



Things are getting more serious, not less, as far as the quarantine is going. It's now into the second month and we are in a type of

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

lockdown. There are restrictions on who can be out of our barangay<sup>35</sup>, regardless of age, and on what days. That's in relation to those who are allowed out at all. Azzy and I aren't allowed out, but now Nelia can only leave the barangay once a week.

Anyway, life ain't perfect, but it's better today, now, than it was before Nelia joined us... if only I could find that five of clubs. Damn, lost again.



Another month has passed by and the lockdowns, the quarantines, the prohibition from travel mostly remain, though the rule is now those aged 65 and over instead of 60 are to stay at home.

So, some of the guys have been to the malls on the days they are allowed out based on barangays. These are rules about which days you can travel based on where in the city you live. It's a scary time. The whole fucking world seems to be infected with this damned virus.

It's way out of control in the USA. Why the fuck don't they do what we are doing? It's pure fucking nuts to spend your energy throwing insults at other countries and playing political games when it's a fucking disease that cares not one whit what political party you belong to. I mean, really, why are they fighting over wearing masks? What's fucking wrong with those folks?

We are living with far more restrictions than anyone over there is being asked to do. Jesus! All I can say is I prefer to live and it looks like I have a better chance of living here than I would in the USA! And that's bat-shit crazy.

Here, there are travel passes with your area prominently displayed. There are counterfeits of these cards circulating. License plate odd/even rules are enforced as well. It's beyond confusing. But as difficult as it is, it is to keep us all alive. So, what the fuck, it's OK.

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<sup>35</sup> The smallest administrative division in the Philippines. Exists irrespective of any other division. Can be within or outside a city, or town. See [here](#) for more.

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

I did give Azzy her own phone, and unblocked LoveRose from mine. Following that, I texted the woman and explained the current phone situation and gave her Azzy's new number. The texts back and forth were polite and I have had no reason to reblock the number.

I may be pissed at that tight-assed bitch, but I don't need problems from her either. So better to keep it calmer.

Nelia has mentioned that mother and daughter are, at least, for now being more civil with each other.

No one new has entered the house. Both Azzy and Nelia are with me. Neither has caused me any problems, but that is probably because there is no opportunity with all these fucking quarantine rules.

There have been some reported cases of the virus, but not many. So I guess the rules are having an effect, but Jesus, we are all just pretty much in jail. It's not the fault of the rule makers. It's the virus.

I have had a text from one of the college kid / whores. I liked the kid whenever I had a chance to fuck her, but it's been a while now. Anyway, she's broke, can't work, will have to drop out of college next semester, and is just sort of hard up.

I guess you could say she's looking for work. The new rules allow those over 18 to travel, so she's able to get around. I haven't given her the green light to come over and make a few pesos, but I haven't said no, either. I'm just kicking it around in my head.

Sex with Azzy and Nelia has been fine. I take them both one at a time and sometimes together. I've been an ass at times and made them spend days naked as you please. I have one of them suck me off while I watch the other masturbate. I've gotten Azzy falling down drunk and then fucked her in the ass.

With all that, they have stayed and there has been no blowback.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Nelia keeps me well stocked with beer, rum and brandy. So while this is jail, it is a cushy jail.

Tonight, Azzy has her period, so I am with Nelia only. I have an eggplant with me. Nelia is smart enough to not ask any questions about it. Anyway once I have my cock deep in the gal's cunt, I push the slender eggplant up her asshole with one hand while biting down hard on one of her nipples.

I guess you could say she doesn't know whether to shit or go blind, but in a matter of seconds I have her cumming hard and constantly.

Have I mentioned that I'm not a nice guy? Yeh, I'm not. So, I keep her going like that for a while before I cum inside her and roll off.

*You bastard! Why you do that?*

*Just getting you ready.*

*Ready for what?*

*Ready for when I bring a whore here to fuck you.*

*Why you want a whore to fuck me? The whore is for you.*

*Oh, I will fuck the whore, too.*

*What you mean 'get me ready?'*

*Oh, she will be kinder than I am, and she will get you off, so compared to this, you will like her better.*

*That's stupid. How I like that? What you did tonight, it mean, but it also very good. You know that. No girl will do that for me.*

*Whether you want to or not, it will happen. Now suck me until I am hard again.*

Nelia's head centers over my loins and with the help of her hands, my dick is in her mouth while my hands are on the back of her head.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

She's a good cocksucker and I'm in no hurry. Slowly I am getting hard. And as the hardness returns, what was cocksucking, becomes me fucking her head. Both my hands hold her head firm as my loins take her head for a ride. She starts gasping and I decide to give her a break. I pull her up, flip her over and plow back into her for round two.

Azzy will be out of commission for four or five days, so Nelia is going to be a busy girl once again. Having the whore over will give her a break from that, though she won't know that's one of the reasons I have decided to bring the other girl over.

The bottom line is that we are stuck here. There's really nowhere to go, no employment for Nelia, no way for Azzy and me to travel, and nothing to do but eat, sleep, play cards, drink and fuck.

You can be damned sure there's a lot of fucking going on inside homes. Ten to one there's a lot of incest happening, too. I mean, jam people up long enough and that shit is bound to take place.

I wonder if any of my drinking buddies are plowing their kids, or maids, or in-laws. I am wondering as I continue plowing Nelia. She's cum so many times, the bedsheets are soaked. I stick the eggplant back into her ass and there isn't even a reaction. She's lost it, a rag fuck doll.

Eventually my nuts hear the call, and round two ends in a wet and messy way. I get up and shower. Nelia doesn't move for hours. Things will be crusty and itchy on her when she does.

After the shower, I pick up my phone and text the kid who wants work.

If you come over, you will be fucking my live-in girls as well as me. Will that work for you?

Oo. OK. How long? How many girls you have?

I have two girls. One is having her period and will be for a few days. How long do you want and how much do you want for it?

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*You let me choose how long? Wow. You really mean it?*

Well, with this COVID and the lockdown, why not. No bars are open. Nowhere to go. So yes, I mean it.

*First time, maybe two nights, one day? Seven hundred pesos. OK?*

How many fucks in that time?

*Up to you. I not limit that. You feed me?*

Yes, two suppers, two breakfasts, one lunch.

*OK if I bring a friend?*

Not sure. Seven hundred pesos is OK but I don't want to spend more.

*No, same amount, just extra person for meals and for fucking. 😊 OK?*

Who?

*You not know her. She nice.*

How old?

*Promise, you not get us in trouble?*

Not worried about that. How old?

*Fifteen. Really, it OK.*

Fat or skinny?

*Thin, Jon. I promise, you will like her.*

How long has she been working?

*Trust me, she is OK.*

How long?

*She just starting.*

Bad idea.

*Please???? I promise, it OK.*

OK, in four days from now.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*So your other one is done with her monthly?*

Yes. She needs to be ready for your new one.

*Why that?*

My girl with the monthly is fourteen. She will help with your new girl.

*Wow! How long she working?*

She is not a worker. She is mine. Never anyone else.

*How old the other one?*

Twenty-two.

*She a worker?*

No, Beauty parlor but no work now.

*She can do things?*

Yes. She has all her things here.

*Wow, maybe we make a trade, not cash? No beauty parlor for me for maybe four months, now. I need the money, but maybe we work something out?*

I will talk to her about it. But if that happens, it happens after your two nights and one day. Not in the middle of it. Clear?

*Oo. OK! What her number?*

Not yet. I will talk to her first and then let you know if she is OK with it.

*Sige, sige.*



*Jon, I think having a puta here is a good thing! My God! What you do to me! Too much every day, I think. Maybe a puta give me a break.*

*Well, that was my thought until I texted with the gal just a while ago. Those plans have changed now. One wants to come over with a friend who is just*

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

*starting in the business. And the friend is only fifteen. So, if she comes, I want Azzy to be done with her period first.*

*Why she start so young?*

*I suspect it has to do with the realities of life with the COVID rules. The kid must be stuck.*

*How she bring someone so young here?*

*I don't know, but that is her problem. ... There is something else. When she learned what you do for a living, she was wondering if she could work out a trade of services. I am paying seven hundred pesos for unlimited access to the both of them for two nights and one full day. I am not sure how that will work for you and whether you want to even consider it.*

*I get a grin, a kiss and a question. What the name and number?*

## **Arcele**

*Nelia texts me. Thank you. She seem nice.*

She is nice.

*You right. She not a worker. You know she love you, right?*

Well, if she does, she is smart enough to keep it to herself and not tell me.

*Haha. You evil, Jon. But I like you. You fair too. She give me the name of Azzy and number. I give it to my friend. They texting now. Your Azzy also not a worker and love you. Why you want us?*

You not want to come now?

*No! Just not understand.*

Don't try to understand. Just do you what you do. OK?

*Maybe you want me like them?*

Arcele, I can't afford you. I don't have to pay them anything and they understand that I can have workers whenever I want. Why would you want that?

*Really? That the deal with them?*

Well, Azzy was the daughter of my maid who left and could not return. She works as the maid and gets paid the maids wage. That's all.

*And they love you and stay? Wow. OK. This different. Not like a regular mistress.*

Yes, very different.

*OK, I not know.*

Mistresses expect their own home and exclusive rights to her guy. Yes, there will also be a wife, but the mistress and the wife will not see each other. The man supports his mistress much as he supports

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

the wife. And, if there is no wife, there can't be a mistress, she'd be a girlfriend or 'partner.' So, the two gals here are just that, girlfriends. But, they are not partners. There is no equity in the relationships and 'partner' implies equity. That is what Arcele was tripping over.



*I like Ruma. When is she coming?*

*Who?*

*Ruma! You know, Arcele's friend.*

*Oh, no. I didn't know her name. So you have spoken with her?*

*Messenger audio chat. You know!*

*OK, Yeh, I get it. You know she's a whore, right?*

*No, not yet. Maybe. We talk about it.*

*Azzy, don't start trying to 'save' people. She's going to be a whore. Don't try changing that.*

*Why?*

*For now, all you need to know is because I am tellin' ya. Clear?*

*Why did you tell them not to come until Friday?*

*Because you still are having your period.*

*You mean...?*

*Yeh, I mean exactly that. We're her first customers, me... and you, Azzy.*

*Oh, Jon, I like her. How I do this, if I like her?*

*How would you have sex with someone you don't like? I'm glad you like her. It will be easier when she is sucking on your cunt, that way.*

*I not think I...*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Azzy, am I going to have problems with you?*

She knows exactly what I am asking. She knows what she signed up for. This is only the first time. There will be many more. If she can't cut it now, well, better I know now. If this is Ruma's first time, in a major way, it is Azzy's first time too, at least the first time with a whore. She has swapped spit with Nelia, but this is different.

This will be a test for both Azzy and Nelia. What's the expression, 'talk is cheap?' Well, they have talked a good game up to now, but with these two hookers (OK, one is a hooker in training,) it's going to get real.

Arcele is still nineteen, but she started hooking when she was seventeen. I've been with the kid at least a dozen times and know other men whom she has been with. She's a pro. Sure, she's a good kid, but that is not a conflict with being good at her job... and it is a job.

If she's taken this Ruma under her wing, you had better believe the young'un has been having sex with Arcele often and in involved ways, teaching technique as well as the rules of the road. Arcele is a good kid, but she isn't soft, not about business.

So when we get Ruma here, she will not have a hymen. Arcele will have shredded that. She will know how to eat pussy, suck cock (via practicing with eggplants), and will most likely also have experienced anal penetration.

As to that last part, knowing they are coming to see me, I'm damned sure Arcele has taken care to cover that. Arcele knows I will likely corn-hole the kid.

I did the same to Arcele the very first time I was with her. After I slid into her, she turned her head around to me and said, *'Play with my clit and fuck me hard. It's better that way.'*

So, yeh, Ruma will be ready. She may be only fifteen, but she won't be a babe in the woods.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon



*Hi, Jon. I've missed you.*

*Yeh, well... I suspected you've missed far more than me, but it is nice to see you, too. So this is your friend, Ruma?*

Arcele almost pushes the kid forward towards me, but Ruma does manage to get a, *Good evening, Po*, out of her mouth.

*Good evening to you, too, Ruma. Just a second...* And I call out for Nelia, who comes out of the front door right away.

*Nelia, please take Arcele, right now, to the small bedroom and have her eat your pussy and have her get you off good before we have supper at seven.*

Once those two leave, I grab Ruma's hand and lead her to my bedroom. The kid is a little under five feet, thin but not too skinny. Her hair is simply black, with a longer than shoulder length cut; that is the basic way they wear their hair if they haven't been to a beauty parlor, and often even after they have been. There is no added color in the hair, no attempt at 'styling.' I don't see any makeup on her, either. I suspect that right now, there is no money for any of that.

Ruma's breasts are small, but so are many here, regardless of age. It's not a limitation for hookers.

She doesn't have a problem getting naked and she doesn't have a problem with my putting her face level with my package. She puts both hands on it, uses saliva to slick me up and between her hands and her mouth, gives me a workman-like combination of sucking and stroking.

I have some condoms on the nightstand. I grab one in its packet and tell the kid to put it on me. She shows me that she knows what to do, but speaks for the first time since the greeting on the terrace.

*Po, this not needed. You will be my first. There is no disease.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Ruma, you don't know if I have a disease, and you don't want to get pregnant, so, yes it is needed.*

*Po, you do this with your girls?*

*No, but they are mine. You are not. If you get a disease or get pregnant, you can't work. My gals won't get a disease from me and if they get pregnant, it is not an economic hardship.*

I can see there are wheels turning in the kid's head. I wonder what Azzy may have done, but Ruma does put the condom on my dick.

Ruma is now on her knees. I enter her cunt from behind, with one hand on her clit and another mauling a tit. She is responsive and enjoying the fucking. That's a good sign. Hookers who don't enjoy their work are hard to be with.

Ya' know, there is a difference between these young'uns and ones just a few years older. Their bodies are more, oh hell, I don't know... maybe more taut? No, I'm not talking about the cunts of the gals, I mean the bodies in general. It's a different experience. Is it better? Not necessarily, but it can be, if the gal is right there with ya' and wanting what she is getting, then yeh, it's better.

Of course, in just a couple of years or so, they grow out of that 'tautness.' So it's this passing thing, something to be savored and soon to be lost. Ruma has it. Azzy has it.

Arcele and Nelia do not. They probably did before I had them, but it's gone now. Oh, it's not like I don't enjoy both gals, it's just different and that special little extra has faded as it will in all gals as they pass into full adulthood.

I work Ruma's clit and tits hard while fucking her until I bring forth what seems to be an orgasm. Having done that, and with my dick, and her bottom, covered with her secretions, I reposition my pal and push in through her rear door.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

After a couple moments of resistance, she relaxes and I work my way all the way in as far as I can make it. I am still mauling her tits and playing rough with her clit. And now she cums hard, real hard.

I continue to pound her through a couple of more orgasms before my nuts can't take any more and I give her, via my condom, a sizeable deposit.

It's over and she did fine. We are just lying on the bed. Nothing needs to happen. *'Cele tells me you will do that.*

*Do what?*

*Do the back thing.*

*Ah, yeh, I figured she would. She knows me.*

*Po, I want to try once without the condom. You allow? ... So I know. ... 'Cele says it is different, but not safe for us. I understand, but just once, I want to know what I give up for this.*

*That may be a very bad idea. ... But tell me, why now? Why aren't you still living at home with your parents? Arcele works to pay for college. Why are you working?*

*Papa is gone. Mama is OFW many years now. Papa say she marry again and we not hear from her after they fight. Arcele's family live near Papa and me. But then I alone. Arcele come back because of COVID. She say all gone because no work, no school. We talk. I decide, after COVID I will do what Arcele do.*

When she says, 'Papa is gone,' I take it to mean he is dead. That's a guess, but, hey, it is what it is.

*Look, what you might be giving up are years of a rough life, for a better one, until you get old enough to snag a husband with a big bank account. Don't lose sight of the goal. Yes, sure, the thrill and feel of sex without a condom is what you are missing, but if you do it once, you will do it again and again. In the end you will get an illness, or pregnant or both. Bad idea.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The kid is quiet for a bit. She snuggles in close to me, sort of mews, before eventually saying in a very quiet and childlike voice, *Po, what you say... that what Arcele say to me. Same, same. ... When we come here, I tell her what Azzy say to me. She get angry. She say bad advice. She say, Jon will tell you correct. You listen to Jon. She right. You right. Sorry, Po.*

Is life of a whore easy? Fuck no. Is it dangerous? Sure is. But what are this kid's options? Life ain't fair. Anyone who thinks different is a fool. The kid has been dealt a shitty hand. There's no changing that. So, this is the time for her to 'suck it up' and do what needs to be done. With some luck and a good guide like Arcele, she has maybe a fifty-fifty chance of coming out OK on the other end.



*Thank you.*

*For what, 'Cele?*

*For what you tell Ruma. She tell me.*

*Well, you told her the same thing, I guess.*

*Hebe, oo, I do. But then you say it, now she know it true. ... How come you not hard? Maybe Ruma wear you out? And she giggles.*

*Maybe you should stop talking about Ruma and get to work!*

*Ha! OK, it a long time, months, no cock inside me. We fix that now. Jon, I know what I am. I not a silly girl. OK? But you like me. This true.*

*Yes, I like you. And I will like you until you graduate, get certified as an engineer and get a real job. Then you will not do this anymore. You will find a nice guy, and get married. A guy who doesn't fuck your ass, who doesn't drink, who doesn't do you and another girl at the same time, with you eating pussy. You know it and I know it.*

*Hub, sounds boring!*

*Tell me that in two years. I bet you will be more than ready for a boring life. But now, goddamn it, stop talking and suck my dick!*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

She smiles, *Yes, Po. ... But you know, I still not able to be with others. COVID the reason. So you and only you for maybe at least two weeks before I with another, if then.*

*Yeh, that figures.*

Arcele may not be the very best at giving head, but she's not bad at it. Hers is a workman-like effort with a fair amount of spittle, an energetic wrist, an active tongue and enthusiasm. She never gets me off via her mouth, but she does get me hard.

And it's not hard to look at her either. Arcele is a very pretty gal. Her skin is a deep mocha color. She has a small scar on the fold above her left nostril and a small dark birthmark on her ribcage just below her right tit. In all other ways, she's without a blemish. She has no tattoos. Older whores, who are not wannabe college graduates, often get elaborate tattoos, but gals such as Arcele are smart enough to know where they want to end up, and avoid being marked as prostitutes.

You will see married gals with serious ink, but in many if not most cases, these gals are drunks or out of control for some reason. At any rate, they are not working as teachers, engineers, doctors, and such.

*Ah, good, hard now. Come, I will do you! Get on your back.*

She wants to ride me. She wants to be responsible for putting a dick inside her. I accommodate her by lying back. There are condoms remaining on the nightstand. She uses her mouth to slide it onto my old boy, a trick that many of these gals have learned. And then with no effort at all she slides her cunt over the target of her desire.

*Umm, good.*

She's using my dick as if it is a spoon, stirring her cunt up, around in circles, side to side, forward and back. She giggles, and lets out sounds of pure gratification and small gasps of delight. I am beginning to think this is funny. I mean, whose apple is getting

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

polished here? Maybe she should be paying me! I let her have her playtime for a bit more before I roll her over and start fucking her in earnest.

There are times I, being the bastard that I am, enjoy just looking square into the face of the gal I am fucking. Once they know I am looking at them, they can't help but look right back.

Once I have their attention, I will either ram a thumb up their ass, or pinch and twist a nipple very hard and I pound them a little harder. Yes, sure, they are 'protected' via the condom, but in other ways, I am taking control away from them. I am signaling that I am the one in control.

Many of the whores don't like this and they will never agree to be with me again. It is a dangerous thing for a whore to lose control and it is for that reason most don't want it to happen. Being out of control, for a whore, can end very badly.

But Arcele gets off on it with me. She likes being dominated, out of control, safely. That's the thing. She is safe. She knows I will not hurt her, but she also knows she is no longer calling the tune. I am. It excites her. She cums often and hard.

I will not put her on her knees until I am sure she has, once again, ceded all control to me. When I do, I will no longer be in her cunt. It is her ass that is the next target and, as I have a condom on, why not? I have already loosened up her shithole with my thumb. Her secretions, from my being on top, have coated her butt.

Now on her knees, she guesses, correctly, what comes next. The path in is tight all the way. Hot and tight. I maul her clit with my fingers and start pounding her ass. I will wear her out if I can. Ruma received cum (in the condom) before dinner. Arcele is the second session of the night and I am not a jackrabbit. It will take a while before I am ready to cum.

I decide to treat her tits as if she was a goat. I squeeze and pull on them. Arcele is going nuts now. She's making sounds, but not words. Her cunt is discharging a lot of liquid.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

She's maybe needing me to give her a break. I pull out, put her on her back, pull the condom off and put on another one, while she regains a semblance of composure.

Sliding back into her cunt, we take it at a slower pace now. It is almost leisurely. *Nice, Jon. Long time, and then what you do to me! You evil!*

*Shut your mouth 'Cele. You wanted every bit of it. The dangerous part will be if you needed it.*

*You going to make Ruma need it? You going to do that? Ha! You getting harder! Ha! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck, yes, good cum na, Jon. That's it, Jon. I know you want to do that to the girl. Good, that's it. Oh, shit!*

And I do cum. She was right on one thing. I will do all that I did to Arcele, to Ruma again tomorrow.

Arcele gets up and goes to the CR. I strip off the second condom and toss both in a waste bin, before stripping the sheets off the bed and remaking it with clean sheets.

*Jon, you know Ruma not going to college?*

*Well, at fifteen, that much is obvious.*

*No, I mean ever.*

*Why?*

*Not smart enough.*

*Really? She has good English. What's the problem?*

*Not sure, but not good grades.*

*I see.*

*Oo. So not the same as me and the other girls you with.*

*OK, but she can still find a guy when she gets older, right?*

*Oo, if she careful and lucky. But if not... no guy, no college.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*But you are telling her to follow your path. I don't understand.*

*Oo. But I think, maybe I wrong. You like her?*

*Oh, Jesus, 'Cele, really?*

*Maybe. Maybe not. I not know. It confusing, Jon.*

*'Cele, Azzy is basically a maid with extra benefits. But she's the maid!*

*OK, bad idea.*

*Yeh, bad idea.*

*It OK if it you, me and Azzy tonight?*

*You know it will just be for sleeping, right?*

*Oo. I know.*

*OK, if Azzy is up for it.*

*Good and Ruma with Nelia?*

*Really? OK, sure. If they are all OK with it.*

*Good. I be back soon.*

She throws one of my shirts on, as it hangs low enough to work as a nightshirt on her shorter frame, and then leaves the bedroom.



*What's the matter?*

*Why you two tell Ruma I am wrong? Why I wrong?*

*So you are angry with 'Cele and me?*

*Not angry, but why you say I wrong? I not!*

*OK, why aren't you wrong, Azzy?*

*What happens to her? She not like Arcele. You both know this! She more like me! If it wrong that she be here, it wrong that I here, right?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Well, that's an interesting comment. I told you to not do what you wanted when you decided that I should take you! So, I'm not sure you wanna go down that path. Your mother only really wanted it if I took you as a wife! You know that. She bent a little by trying to add Nelia as 'wife number two,' to fix my complaints, but that was as far as she wanted it to go. Right? I mean, that's why you fought with her. So, explain why what you are living is a good path for anyone, 'cause I still am pretty sure that you made a mistake choosing this.*

*You not want me now?*

*No, I'm not saying that. You are here and you are mine. But I do think it was a mistake.*

*Ate, why you tell her to do this? It not right for her!*

*Bata, before she come here, what her choices? What they? That why.*

At least, that shuts Azzy down a bit. Arcele is right, but the gal has also opened a door for Azzy. Does Azzy see it? Arcele is having doubts now. That much is clear to me. Of course, we are talking about someone else and no one has the right to dictate Ruma's future without Ruma making the final decision, regardless of whether that decision is well reasoned. How many fifteen-year-olds make good choices? I suspect there aren't many; still, Ruma will have to make her own choices, good or not.

One thing Azzy, and maybe Arcele, have failed to take into consideration is whether I am willing to take the kid on. Because if I am not, then the kid is back where she was. If she doesn't like the option she has, she will have to find someone else to give her the out she might want.



*You want me again, Po. Not 'Cele?*

*'Cele and I will be together later. Yeh, I want to have you again. That is the life you are beginning. You put yourself out and hope a man wants to spend his pesos on you and what you have to offer.*

*What you want that I have?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Your youth, your innocence – and yes – you are still innocent in some ways. My ability to, maybe, surprise you in that innocence and in doing so take from you what no other man will ever find, because I took it.*

*Like what you take from Azy?*

*Some, but I am not done taking from her.*

That gets a look of confusion and concern. She is biting her lower lip and looks at me, right eye to eye. *There something you not telling me.*

*Ruma, there will always be things that I will not tell. That's just part of life.*

*Why?*

*Because 'In the beginning was the word.'*

*Po, Jon, what that mean?*

*I'm sorry but I just can't explain. It isn't that I don't want to. It's that I can't without doing damage.*

*This is confusing.*

*Yes. It is, I am sorry. But it is what must be.*

I take Ruma through pretty much what I took Arcele through last night. When I have her gaze fixed back on me, I know I have her in a place she was not prepared for. I keep her there and make sure she understands the lack of control she feels is real and deep. Only then do I take her from behind and in the ass and keep her there until she is lost again, leaking, moaning, wailing, gasping. And only then do I put her on her back once more, change condoms and take her yet more, but instead of the slower lazy session Arcele had, I take her gaze again and hold it until there is little left of her but a weeping girl, and my dick dumps its cum into a condom.

I roll off her, remove the condom and tell her to suck me clean. In something of a daze, she does what she is told.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I am an evil man, Ruma. 'Cele knows that and deals with it, because it is a job and she can walk away from it when the act of coupling is over. Those who stay with me, well, they aren't free to walk away. Do you understand?*

She isn't saying anything, but she has gotten a message, maybe.

Coupling is not just about finding someone who will take you in if you are good enough. You can lose yourself in the act. Sex workers have risks too. Things can get violent, and I am not trying to make that seem small, but hooking up with the wrong guy long term... well now, that's something else.

It reminds me about a woman who was married to a very bad man who was a lawyer. Speaking to another woman, she advised, *'Never marry a lawyer. Marry a doctor. Sure, if the doctor is evil, he can kill you, but then, like, it's over, right? But, my dear, if you marry a lawyer, he will make you wish you were dead day after day, year after year after year. Better that you only have to suffer a short time and not forever. Marry a doctor.'*

I am not as evil as all that towards Azzy and Nelia. I don't need to be, but with Ruma, I wanted there to be a good reason to have her think long and hard before she lobbied to enter this house, considering it seems that both Azzy and Arcele might be thinking it's a good option.

The rest of the day goes fine.

When night comes, Arcele asks me what happened with Ruma.

*Why, is there a problem?*

*I not know. She won't talk to me anymore. She not talking to anyone. What you do?*

*I did about the same to her as I did to you.*

*That it?*

*Yes.*

*You know, you scare me when you do that.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Yes, I know.*

*Then you know! You scare her, too. Why you do that?*

*Because, that's who I am. You know it. It is why it scares you. But you also know it will end and you will leave with your money. 'Cele, I think I knew what you were thinking. I know what Azzy was thinking. Ruma needed to understand better that I am not a nice, sweet man with a few kinks.*

*OK, yes, it scare me, but it excite me, too. You know that! But Ruma, you not know what she think when you do that. Yes, you not know.*

*OK, what does she think?*

*How! How I know? What you tell her? Better she not know? Yes, not better she not know!*

Sex with Arcele, following that, is a little on the angry side. She's pissed off with me and I am not feeling overly charitable towards her. The result is an incredibly great session. It's weird, but anger can make for good sex, but it also, at times, leaves marks.

This time, I get a few bite marks and Arcele's ass is pretty red, where I spanked the hell out of her with a belt for being a bad girl.

The next morning's sex is a lot tamer. I really like this kid, and I enjoy being with her, but it is best to not allow those feelings to grow.

In a few years, she will be a chemical engineer and these days of prostitution will not only end, but be submerged, desperately working to be forgotten. Those she knew, she will feign having never met. I will be one of those. I know it, and she knows it.

And so, times like this morning, that are filled with that which under other circumstances might be confused with love, must be held to a minimum; Even then, there is more fear and worry in them than the wild activities of the night before.

With this last time this morning, Arcele's time with me is over and she becomes Nelia's beauty-parlor customer. The gal gets a

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

complete hair rebonding from Nelia. I gather that Arcele told her, if she can get a deal, she will let all the other ‘workers’ she knows, know to come here for hair care, as the parlors are all still closed.

Those workers haven’t been working. The risk of COVID, Arcele argues, will be low. I hope that’s the case.

The deal she gets is what amounts to a free treatment, which takes about eight hours from beginning to end. Ruma also gets a mani/pedi.

There is no more talk about Ruma and her options. Hopefully, I have put an end to that discussion.



Our two putas are gone. At dinner, there isn’t much discussion about the events of the past two days, other than the comment from Nelia that she really likes Arcele. She is surprised by how nice a prostitute can be. She asks, *Are all the putas nice like ‘Cele?*

So, you won’t be surprised that I laughed. *No, not all are like Arcele. Some can be real bitches. But, yes, many are real nice. Most are. If they weren’t, how long do you think they’d be able to work?*

*You really like her, right?*

*True.*

*Why you not make her yours?*

*She doesn’t want that. She will need to deny she even knows me in a few years as she graduates and starts work as an engineer. Hooking is simply a way for her to reach her goal. I, and others like me, are her customers, not her lovers.*

*It OK if I her friend?*

*Yes, it’s fine.*

Azzy says nothing. Not one word about Ruma or Arcele.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

As supper ends and the dishes are being washed, Nelia's phone comes alive with texts from numbers she doesn't know. Each of the texters mentions Arcele. Each wants an appointment for a hair rebonding. In the span of four hours, Nelia sets up appointments for two of three potential customers.

*Jon, maybe you know her?*

*Who?*

*She say her name is Jackilyn.*

*Yeh, I know her.*

*You fuck her?*

*Nice mouth! No, I have never had her.*

*You know what she say about you?*

*Oh, I can imagine.*

*The other two, they say you nice to them. This one calls you a pig.*

*That's the pot calling the kettle black.*

*What?*

*Oh, I think she is just looking in the mirror. She's not a nice person.*

*Why that?*

*She causes problems. I stay far away from her.*

*She say she will not come here. I should do her somewhere else. I ask her why. She say she not like you, that all. I say, it OK, if she come, you not be around her. She refuse. She say, come to her. I tell her I not do that. She calls me a name! Really, what you do to her?*

*Well... she threatened one of the guys I drink with... something about telling the guy's wife and daughter about some shit. Anyway, I told her, if she tried that, I would complain to her university, that one of their students was engaging in blackmail.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*What happen?*

*She stopped threatening the guy and I didn't need to do anything other than spread word to other guys that she is a blackmailer.*

*Oh my God! ... But she a friend of Arcele?*

*I don't think so. Who else texted you?*

*Charmaine and Lourdes.*

*No, those are not friendly with Jackilyn, either. Hub, I have no idea.*

*You like Charmaine and Lourdes?*

*Yeh, they're OK. But, no, I haven't been with either of them. They have regulars and I am not one of those. My best guess is that, even with the lockdown and quarantine, some of these gals, the older ones, have found ways to be with their regular guys.*

*So they have money?*

*I smile, sure, she wants to be paid! Yeh, some, I think so.*

*But not 'Cele?*

*She's too young. It's the older college-age ones who have regular guys.*

The conversation about these two continues as we three enter the bedroom. Tonight we will all be together. Azzy remains silent. She's with us, but not engaging. Until...

*Ruma says I should be like her.*

*What?*

*She say, you told her she would be a fool to be with you, like I with you. So, I should be like her!*

*When did she say that?*

*Yesterday morning.*

*You have Arcele's number?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Yes.

*Use it and text with Ruma now. Ask her if she still thinks that.*

*Why?*

*Because I have an idea that she may have changed her mind. Or at least, not be so sure.*

Nelia is upset. I am curious. Both of us initially just sit on the bed as this plays out between these two teens. It takes a while. It always does when teens text. Nelia gets ready for bed as we continue to wait.

Finally, it is over. Azzy puts the phone down and looks at me.

*What you do to her?*

*What do you mean?*

*She say you do things yesterday that scare her, make her want you, make her afraid to want you. Make her sure she doing the right thing now, and then not sure if it not best to come back here and be like me. You confuse her. What you do to her?*

*I made her think. She hasn't been doing much of that.*

*She say I to ignore what she told me before. She sure she must be wrong. What you do to her?*

*I held up a mirror and helped her see that sex and being with others is not a game. There are consequences. Didn't you know that already? Do I need to teach you that?*

Oh.

And with that, it seems the distance between Azzy and me has been removed. She gets playful as she gets ready for bed. This will be a night without sex, and that is fine with me. But as we slide under the sheets, Nelia's phone chimes twice.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The first text is from yet another gal, Criza. This is one I have been with. The other is from Arcele. Criza has two reasons for texting. First, she wants an appointment, with the heads up that she will be texting me. The second is to relay what has blown up because Nelia's refusal to do Jackilyn's hair.

Jackilyn got the initial information, probably third hand, after Arcele sent a text to four of her friends who are in the business. The one who sent Jackilyn the info was baiting the woman to see if she had the courage to come to my home. The story gets real confusing and involved, but the upshot is that Jackilyn is now pissed at those who sent her the information.

Anyway, Criza will be here next week if 'I am up to it, following my time with Arcele!' That gets a good laugh from Nelia.

*Jon, I think Criza likes you, same as 'Cele. How a mean man liked so much?*

*Because I accept them as good people, respect their work as work, and I get what I need, just as they get what they need without judgement. Others consider them bad. I don't. So a bad man and bad women like each other. How's that?*

All Nelia does is shake her head and click on the next text, the one from Arcele.

In the beginning, there is a smile on her face, and then maybe confusion. She is texting, then looking at the screen and waiting, and texting again. This goes on for a few minutes. Azzy is just hanging out, waiting for the news about what the deal is with Arcele. The gal only left here seven hours ago, so what's this about?

Fifteen minutes into this, I am beyond curious. Just based on the length of time and the serious look on Nelia's face, my level of concern has moved from none at all to a considerable amount.

I am lying on the bed. Azzy is snuggled against me. Nelia alternately sits on the edge, and paces the room.

Finally, it is over. Nelia puts the phone down on the night stand and slides into bed, next to me and on the opposite side from Azzy.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Jon, when you with 'Cele before, how long you with her at one time?*

*Not sure what you mean. Are you asking each time I was with her, how long would that time be?*

*Dub! Yes, that what I mean.*

*Well, I'd bring her home around midnight, maybe, and she would leave in the morning, after Azy left for school. LoveRose would make her some breakfast before I got dressed. Why?*

*So this the longest time you with her?*

*Yeh, this was far longer. Why?*

*You know how Ruma say you confuse her?*

*Yes... and?*

*She confused too. She say, it bad for girls like her to care about their customers. You know this, right?*

*Well, I suspect they do care, just not deeply care, but sure, I know that. ... Wait, are you saying that being here this time has caused her to care?*

*She confused. She say what you did, maybe it to try to teach her to not care. You do that?*

*Maybe. So...?*

*She say she think it made her care. It confuse her. She know what you do, it tell her it dangerous to care for you, same time, she do it. She confused. She think you not try to make her care for you. Maybe the opposite, maybe it not happen that way. ... Jon, what you do to her? What you do to Ruma?*

*I can't explain it. It isn't something that I can put into words.*

*Azy stirs and asks, Can you do it with me?*

*Maybe, but only when you aren't expecting it. Not now.*



## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I wait a day for the lesson. It doesn't take long for people's minds to move on to other matters.

It's mid-afternoon when Azzy joins me for a nap. It's hot outside, too hot to do much, so she has done what I had decided to do, turn on both the aircon and a fan in the bedroom, strip down and take a nap.

For me, the three bottles of Red Horse I had during lunch assist my desire for the nap now. I'm doubtful that Azzy has any such excuse.

We snuggle for a bit before I take control of her, remove the little she has on that remains, put her under me and push into her, maybe a little rougher than normally. I am pounding her a little more forcefully than normal this early on in a session.

My thumb pushes into her ass, more suddenly and forcefully than normal. And then I turn my gaze on her and don't let up.

In the beginning, she tries to smile and break the intensity of the gaze, and then she tries gazing back, but the pounding she is taking from my dick and thumb deny her the gravitas to keep the stern gaze in return intact.

Finally, it hits her, her loss of all control and the meaning of the gaze, the pounding and inability to control anything about what is happening to her.

I see the fear and the sense of resignation in her. I think I have her where I want her... I am sure of it. She will understand what Ruma and Arcele felt. Yes, she must!

And then, she reaches her arms up, around my head, staring back at me and pulls me in for the most intense kiss she has ever given me. She is kissing me and staring at me. The kiss goes on for the longest time, before she pulls back and says, *I know. But it's OK because I love you. I know I will do what you want. I want to. ... But that's it, isn't it? That's what you did to them. That's why they are confused. ... You made it clear that joining you, or someone like you, will force them to lose who they are.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*You were warning them that getting too close is dangerous. That it will destroy all their plans. ... Jon... Am I right?*

*You felt the fear and then what happened?*

*I knew, it didn't matter. I yours. The fear it vanish and all that remain, it love. I love you.*

Shit.



It's weird. I am not allowed out. It's the quarantine rules. Same with Azzy. But Nelia flits around all the time on given days, granted, not all days, but the days that she is allowed, as do the other gals, the ones who want rebonding. They can't go to a beauty parlor, but they can come here, to a private home. Seems to me that the rules have holes you can drive a Mack truck through.

The result is that it looks like Nelia will be doing four rebonding sessions in the next ten days. I ask her how many she normally does, and this is higher than normal. Along with that, she will do mani/pedi sessions while the gals sit and wait through the rebonding process. I gather that this rebonding process involves a lot of 'sitting and waiting' for the chemicals to do their things. On other days Nelia will do some hair cutting and styling.

Another way to say it is that my home is now a de facto beauty parlor. Yeh, it's the preferred and exclusive parlor for hookers, whores, putas, sex workers... however you want to say it, these are the customers. A good, wholesome environment for Azzy, don't'cha think?

I'm mean; sure, I'm not Mr. Rogers, and sure, I'm the one who sleeps with whores, and sure, I am fucking Azzy ... and Nelia with Azzy, but now... now Azzy is taking the opportunity to get a master's degree in sexual technique and interpersonal relations from a half dozen hookers. It's a damned good thing that LoveRose isn't here.

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

On occasion, a technical point needs more than words to be understood and so, a few times, the whore in question will take Azzy and me in hand to the bedroom whereby the knowledge is imparted. The result is a young partner with knowledge and skills far beyond what one might have any reason to suspect.

But it isn't just Azzy who is getting educated. It is Nelia too. My relationship with these two has changed in major ways as they have gotten to know these whores.

In the past, I really only knew the whores as their potential customer when they were in their 'role.' This is different.

These are young gals outside the work environment, being normal, or as normal as one can be, considering the influence that their work has on them. More than half are active college/university students, smart, and educated kids.

My relationship with them has changed. Sure, some have had me as customers, sex partners on an hourly basis, if you will, but all of them now know me in a different way. One where, though I sure as hell still drink, I am not as well lubricated as when they knew me before. And where I am not with a bunch of other noisy expats. They can be, and are, sexual with me, but they are neither crude, nor on the make to score a customer for the evening.

Maybe the simplest way to explain it is that they don't have their 'sales face' on.

Ruma and Arcele have not returned. There is no reason why they would, but the texts the gals had with the two of them that evening after they left, has things sort of hanging unresolved.

That is bothering Azzy more than it bothers me. She thinks she understands what eluded them. She doesn't. They got it. What changed for Azzy is the level of commitment she has for me as her partner. They cannot and must not have that as the bedrock of their world. No, they get it and it scared them. Azzy gets it and she rejoices in it.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

But the absence of these two has caused discussion between the other girls. It is almost something only whispered about... there is a sense that something has happened but they don't know what. A number have said that they see Arcele around and have asked why she hasn't returned. Each reports that they get a lame answer, and yet all claim that Arcele only has the nicest things to say about me.

Some of the gals are now showing up during the afternoons (before work hours with their regular guy), when it isn't their day for the beauty parlor, just to shoot the shit with the other gals. Until this, I was unaware of how much the lives and predilections of the men they service are discussed in detail. It gives me pause to consider what has been said about me when I was not around to hear it.

Each has certainly changed her work habits because of COVID, but the gals who have regulars are staying busy. The others are having real problems. So some come just to be with the other gals, because they are unable to work, and are otherwise shut-in.

I ask Nelia if there have been any more texts with Arcele and she tells me that there hasn't been, though Nelia tried to contact her twice.

As to the gals who do show up, at times, if a gal is having a problem with one of her customers, the others will come up with a solution she should try, only to diagnose how well the solution worked at their next get-together.

There is a vast, deep and sympathetic knowledge of how to deal with neurotic challenges the men might bring with them. My appreciation of them has only gotten stronger for the good ones, and my antipathy for the outliers has also gotten more strident.



It is six months into the quarantine now. This is October. Some of the rules have been relaxed. I can get out of the house, but am not allowed in the malls. I can get into some stores and not others, and even that seems to change in both directions on a daily basis. It is confusing and frustrating.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Some resto-bars with outside seating have opened a little with social distancing for seating. That just seems to piss off the expats who want to be close enough to talk with each other in a noisy environment.

The gals, not mine, a covey (sounds better than gaggle) of the whores, wants to know if I would host a party. The guys would have to pay a steep cover fee, (as would wives and girlfriends if they come) but that would cover what they might drink, eat and pay for the help to clean up after they leave. The party would be on my property, but outside, not in the house.

The difference would be that the rules about social distancing could be more relaxed. In truth, there has been very little of the illness in our town, and these guys have been all locked down until just a couple of weeks ago.

I ask Nelia and Azzy how they feel about it. Azzy is cool with it so long as she's not the one cleaning up after these guys. Nelia has no problem with it, so long as no one enters the house.

I decide to allow it, with the proviso that anyone being violent or abusive will have to leave, never to return and will have forfeited any cover charge they paid.

There is also the proviso that the gals have to take their customers somewhere else for 'servicing.' I'm not going to run a brothel. Finally, the gals are charged with finding staff to serve the drinks and clean up the place.

The gals make the cover ₱800 each. The only alcohol will be beer, rum and brandy. Soft drinks of Coke, Sprite and Royal will be available for the teetotalers. There will also be a lechon<sup>36</sup>, skewers of BBQ pork and chicken, rice and native roasted skinless peanuts. So ₱800 should cover all of it including their bar tab<sup>37</sup> and the staff.

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<sup>36</sup> Whole spit roasted pig.

<sup>37</sup> A liter of rum costs about ₱93 each and we will have ten liters; liter of Fundador Light brandy costs ₱320 and we will have ten liters; a bottle of beer costs ~₱32, or ₱768 for a case, and we will need three cases; the lechon costs ~₱6000; the peanuts cost about ₱300 for a kilo (2.2 lbs); the skewers will cost about ₱1,800; There is also the cost for the soft drinks, ₱2,500, and the staff, plus table and chairs rental at ₱6,000.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The working gals are free of cover, but they typically drink and eat very little.

There is talk about which gals will attend. I hear the name Jackilyn and then a huge laugh. All know she won't be here.

There is talk and wonderment if Arcele and Ruma will come. I wonder the same thing.

I, out of my own pocket, buy the alcohol, and the gals will reimburse me with the money that is collected for what is actually consumed. If those who attend don't drink all of it, I won't have any problem consuming the rest. It won't go to waste. Any excess profits from the party will go to the gals' kitty to purchase merienda during their afternoon get-togethers.



The party seems to be a success. Twenty guys show up, twelve of them with wives or female friends. That makes for a pretty good financial haul of over twenty-five thousand pesos. A couple of guys complain about the cost and are told no one is requiring them to come. They can take their money and leave. No one does. No one's getting rich off this. We figured that there may be an excess of around two thousand pesos that might disappear if the gals budgeted wrong.

Arcele and Ruma are here, though they keep their distance from me and my two gals. There are sixteen whores here tonight. Some will leave without a customer, but there will be the doubling up these gals do to make sure most get something. Of course, with COVID, that gets a little dicey.

But yes, by the end of the night, Arcele and Ruma have a guy they team up to take.

Do the wives who have attended know that the other gals are whores? Yes, some do, but not all. I find that somewhat humorous.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

A number of the whores are with guys who are their 'regulars' in this group. So they look like a regular couple to the unknowing wives of other men. In normal times, these whores have other regulars in other groups, just not in this one.

On occasion, they will bring a plus-one, an 'unattached girl,' a friend of the couple. Some of the wives know what's up, but not all.

Nelia and Azzy ask me who I want to have with us tonight, as there were a few plus-ones when they came here. But as all seem to have found other customers, the answer is that it will just be the three of us tonight.

That is not a problem. I don't mind one bit just being with them. My big concern was them trying to limit me. They aren't doing that, so I don't feel hemmed in. I feel freer than I may have ever felt. I don't have to go to the bar to feel free. I feel that way right here. And, yes, that comes as a real surprise to me.

I can drink whatever and whenever I like and, you know what? I am actually probably drinking less. It's not because I want to cut back. I'm not sure why.

I drink plenty by some folks' reckoning, I guess, but it is less than I used to and, as I am drinking at home, the cost per drink is a lot lower. This all requires some thought!

I can have all the commercial pussy I want and I still get a fair share of it from the gals who come over. I am not being limited in any way. I just don't have to go out to get it. It comes to me, without argument, without hassle, without fuss.

So, as my dick slides smoothly into Azzy's velvety cunt, I am not complaining. Nelia is behind me. She's playing with my nut-sack and kissing the back of my neck while my dick finds bottom inside Azzy.

For her part, Azzy has her hands on either side of my head and is staring directly into my eyes as I fuck her. Her message is clear. I

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am her man. She knows it better than most women know their husbands.

There are no secrets, no hidden agendas. There are questions, mysteries, but not between us, only around us. The mystery of Arcele and Ruma hangs, but not between us. There is nothing between us other than the love we all three feel for each other.

Perspiration glistens on Azzy's breasts. Her nipples point straight up at me. Her breasts are exquisite, perfect mounds. Her cunt is awash with her female secretions which coat me and assure smooth access to her most intimate parts. Sex with Azzy is pure joy.

There is no condom on me tonight. I feel everything about her, and she feels me, fully and urgently pressing my desire into her, repeatedly.

I feel Nelia gripping me tighter. Her lips move off the back of my neck and to my right ear. *Give it to her now, my love. Flood her. Give her your gift. Do it now my love.*

My nuts are held in a vise, my dick bathed in hot juices, I arise to the occasion and make a deposit deep in Azzy.



It is the morning after the party and we have visitors. Two of them, Arcele and Ruma. They didn't text that they were coming. We have no idea that we will be visited when they come to the gate.

Nelia goes, unlocks the gate and gives them both big hugs before walking them into the house. I can say that I have seen Arcele in better form than this morning. It isn't that she is bruised or has been crying. No, none of that. It's more like she is deeply sad. The same can be said for Ruma.

Azzy gets both of them plates. There is fried rice and BBQ pork skewers on the table along with dipping sauce, the residue of that which is left over from the party yesterday.

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Both accept a glass of water. They eat, but it is desultory. They are surely not starving. It appears that they are here to talk.

It isn't that I need courage, but I figure this will require a Red Horse, as it seems like we are going to get fucking serious in a bit, and this is damned early in the day for serious shit.

*It's good to see you again 'Cele. I chose to ignore that she was here yesterday. In a way she wasn't 'here' then.*

*Thank you for saying that. Why you not angry with me?*

*Should I be? Why? What has happened that I would be angry about?*

*I not answer Nelia. I avoid you. I not visit with the others. That why.*

I turn to Nelia. *Are you angry with 'Cele?*

*No. I decide there is something she needs to understand. I think, give my friend time.*

I take a long pull on the bottle.

*Sounds about right to me, so, ... we are not angry. You can stop worrying about that.*

*You right. I, we, needed time. Both Ruma and me. They tell you that I get a job working for a call center?*

*Who? The other gals? No. We haven't heard anything about that.*

*It true. I do schoolwork during the day, sleep, then work for call center from eleven or midnight until seven or eight. No more other work.*

*Except for last night?*

And now there are tears.

*Oo. First time since. Maybe last time, too.*

*Did he hurt you? Arcele, if anyone hurt you, he will pay. I'll hurt the fucker!*

*No! No! Jon, No. He was nice. Nice to me and Ruma, right Ruma?*

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The girl flashes her eyebrows up twice.

*OK, so why the first and the last?*

*Nelia knows.*

*How would Nelia know? She hasn't spoken to you since the evening after you left here.*

But Arcele turns to Nelia and says, *Tell him. You know. Tell him.*

I look at Nelia and she turns to me, but her expression does not indicate that she is sure of anything. She looks back towards Arcele and asks, *You sure?*

*Oo.*

*That why the call center and you give up the other?*

*Oo.*

*Ruma too? She give it up?*

*Oo.*

*So why last night?*

*He not call. He not say anything. I think, OK, he not want, I show him.*

*Oh. OK. Yes, I know.*

Nelia turns, but not to me. Goes to the counter and grabs a bottle of brandy, pours herself a pretty good amount and takes a drink, comes back to the table, takes another drink, looks at me the way she does when we are in bed, fucking, and she is just staring back, before she speaks.

*She was sure you loved her and would call her and beg her to come back. She was sure that you simply are a hard man and it would take a while for you to come around to the realization and call for her. So, because she was sure you would tell her to come, it was time to end the work as a puta. ... But you never call and she not know what to do. She stay working and going to school, but she not know if you will ever call. Then she hears about the party and she thinks,*

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*you will never call. Why she being stupid. Time to go back to her other work. And then she thinks, maybe when you see her working, you will have a change of heart and stop her from doing that. But you not! So they do the work last night. But she can't. Now you know why.*

*No, I don't! What is it?*

*She loves you, you fucking hardheaded idiot! It not matter what you do, she loves you. Ruma do too. Right Ruma?*

*Oo, Ate.*

*I turn to Arcele. This is not good for you. It's not good for your career. You must know this!*

*No choice. Why you not call me to come back?*

*I take another good long drink of Red Horse.*

*I was trying to protect you from making a big mistake and adding me to your life. I can only make it more difficult for your future. I never wanted to hurt you. I thought what I did was helping. ... Can you work and do your schoolwork from here?*

*Oo! OK? I stay? You love me, too?*

*Yeh, you stay. And yes, your ass is mine... but if you are mine, there are no condoms. Is that what you really want?*

*Oo! So much. Yes!*

*Same for Ruma? Really?*

*Ruma speaks up and says, Very much, yes, Po.*

*OK, eat, and sleep if that's needed. Later, take Nelia and Azzy with you to go get your stuff.*



*If you will stop crying, I will fuck you, but as God is my witness, I don't fuck girls who are crying.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Now she is laughing and crying at the same time! Is that even possible?

*Damnit, 'Cele, I mean it.*

*I know it, Jon, I know. Maybe just hold me?*

*You're shaking. Why?*

*Do you love me? I scared you not love me. I tell you I love you. You not tell me this?*

*'Cele, yeh, I love you, but that isn't the important thing. Many men have loved you. You must know that.*

*They say it, but it not true!*

*Oh... No, I suspect they meant it, or at least many do at that moment. It's just that love isn't enough. The important thing is will I keep you close, protect and always want you here. I do.*

*I am really your girl now?*

*No, 'Cele, you're one of my four gals now.*

*Yes, yes, that what I mean! I not mean to replace! I sorry. I not mean that.*

*Good, so now will you please stop shaking and crying?*

*No condom, right?*

*No condom. You are making a choice to be really mine without boundaries around me. I will still have my whores. But with them it is always with a condom. When I cum inside you without a condom I am making a vow to keep you with me for all time. Are we in agreement?*

*Yes. Yes. Do it. I ready now. Truly.*

And she is. She's no longer shaking or crying.

She doesn't have a stitch of clothing on. Her nails have been given a treatment this afternoon and so have her eyes. She always was a

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pretty girl and tonight she is simply a beauty, whose glistening cunt waits for my attentions.

On another night there will be foreplay, but not now. Now I am consummating a commitment. One from her to me and me to her.

This is a contract made in seminal and vaginal fluids. It is the original contract. It predates all others. It predates all professions, save one. It is that difference, the change from the oldest profession to the original contract; we celebrate it now, so many epochs later. Nothing could be simpler, truer and more burned into the very nature of our DNA.

I gather her essence on my glans, which now glistens from her gift. I slide my glans between the lips of the vulva, ringing the doorbell, knocking at the door, before entry. And then... in I go, like many times before and yet, for the first time, skin against skin. All protection eschewed.

She gasps.

There is meaning here that goes beyond the act. She reaches up and brings me in for a kiss. This is something, as a customer, that would never happen. But I am no longer her customer, I am her man. In that simple way, she advertises the fact.

We are fucking, I guess, but it is more a question of making love. Fucking is rutting. Driving to get off. Making love is communicating with your partner in the most physical and intimate of dances.

I have never been with 'Cele as I am now. This is a different person below me. I am a different man above her. This is slow, playful, joyous, as skin slides against skin, as lips caress lips, and hands glide just barely perceptibly over the other. There are whispered comments, desires, requests, and praise. Did I know 'this' about her before? Oh, where did she come up with that?

I am not looking to end this. I don't want it to end as I luxuriate in the harmony our bodies create. But just as I think, let this never

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end, I feel her body jump; I feel the contraction of muscles; I hear a gasp and, in that moment, I know to press forward, to make my presence even more the issue of the moment.

Her body tenses, arches, and she cries out. Pressing even more now, bodies slapping with the wet of secretions announcing each time we meet forcefully, her entire attention is on a need for a conclusion unlike those she has had before. Without any conscious planning, her body needs, and desires this final act.

It occurs, with Arcele spasming beyond logic, in intense orgasms. Cum enters her... and there is no question; she knows it as she sings hosanna.



I can't say my joining with Ruma is as intense. It isn't, but Ruma has made a choice much as Azzy did. I will always respect the choice and do right by both girls. There are times you just decide that one young'un needs to shelter in your care. You take up the duty and don't look back. Ruma, like Azzy, will put up no walls I need to tear down. And so, adding Ruma was less of a test than was Azzy in the beginning. As Azzy is Ruma's template and Azzy is my sweet and obliging girl, Ruma trods the same path here.

I do take her without a condom and that does produce a moment to savor, because when cum enters her she screams *Fuck yes!* I think everyone in the house hears it.



The first party was such a success that both the gals and some of the expats have contacted me, just days after the first and ask for a repeat. These things, even though staff is hired, take a toll on us here at the house. It's not something we want to happen often.

The five of us decide that we are able to do this only once a month. And so a date is set three weeks from now.

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The quarantine has tightened a bit, today, in some ways. In other ways, things seem looser. I have no idea what things will be like when the time for the party rolls around. We all follow the face mask, and now face shield plus social distancing, when out of the home; except, as soon as all assemble here, that drops away. I had concern about that, but so far there have been no reported illnesses. No one we know, anywhere around here, is ill. Not a soul, so maybe we are just lucky that we are in a virus free pocket due to the rules we have all been living under this last half a year.

Yes, LoveRose's family got hit, but they are not around here, it's a different province, and her not being able to return is a testament to the distance between here and there.

Ruma is settling in and hanging close to Azzy, learning how the house functions and assisting with the cleaning and cooking. They really are not maids. This is their house and I do not tell them what to do, nor when to get up, nor what to cook. They have an allowance but if they need more, they can ask, and as Azzy knows all this, she is teaching Ruma how we function.

Arcele has both schoolwork and the call center work, so that's plenty. The call center income more than covers the school fees, plus provides her some spending money, so while she lives here, and is one of my girls, she is in many ways an independent actor.

As a side-effect of all that, Arcele is probably going to be the least likely on any given day to be in my bed, because of her schedule. And to that, I can only say, I find it a bit humorous.

Tonight I have both Azzy and Ruma with me. As Ruma had cum from me earlier today, Azzy tells me she expects to be the recipient tonight.

Ruma was a whore... but she really wasn't, except for a couple of days. Her life experience with sex is far more limited than is Azzy's in many ways. And as Azzy has been picking up technique from the working gals as of late, Ruma is at a major knowledge and skill

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deficit compared to her companion. That becomes painfully obvious as things progress tonight.

Azzy is teaching Ruma. Two things pop into my head. First is, once again, I'm so glad LoveRose doesn't know about this. The second is, I wonder how much or how little information Arcele actually imparted to Ruma. Was the concept to keep her seemingly innocent and therefore increase her financial worth, at least in the beginning?

I'm not sure I will ever ask Arcele about this. Some things are best left alone.

At the moment, Azzy has me on my back, and is bouncing on my dick, while fondling Ruma's tits and giving her a tongue invading kiss. From my vantage point, it's quite a scene.

I take advantage of Ruma's relative closeness and start fingering her cunt and playing with her clit at the same time. Ruma puts both hands behind Azzy's head and holds her close as the kiss continues.

Azzy's cunt is leaking in significant ways onto my loins and her cunt closes tightly on my dick before loosening and then tightening again. Things are clearly getting to her... and to me.

I find Ruma's G-spot with my middle finger and tap – tap – tap against it. Ruma has a major orgasm, pulling her head back from the kiss, screaming and then saying, *Shit!*

I roll Azzy over and drive home in the final stretch of giving her what she asked for. She doesn't scream. All she does is say, *Yes. Mmmm, yes.* And... we are done for the night.

The girls stay with me, as sleep takes us all, but it is Ruma who is snuggled in. Azzy is not.



There are as many ways to live as committed lovers, as there are people alive to do it. There's, sure as hell, no rule for how it is done. Even monogamous pairings are different from one to the

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next. To say that we have a roadmap for how to live as a five-some is to beg the question, did I ever envision having one?

My theory is to ignore it. Let the gals figure out what they must. I am going to live my life as I want it. And for what it's worth, that's when I drink, who I hang out with, and who I choose to fuck.

I have all the options I need.

With the beauty parlor here, and the comfortable digs, the whores have made my place their own sort of clubhouse. I am not taking the whores, at least not often and not many of them. They have become friends, I guess. If I'm not the 'safe gay,' I am the trusted friend who doesn't take advantage.

I never touch one of them who has a steady guy. But there are some that are sidelined for now. If they have an itch they need scratched, well OK, on occasion I might be called on to do the servicing.

None of those gals sleep here and they, sure as hell, don't work here, but this is a safe place to hang out. Rather than run a canteen here, the gals chip in and buy their own snacks and soft drinks. When they take something, they put some cash in a jar. When something needs to be refreshed, cash from the jar covers it. And it's where the excess proceeds from the party reside.

But, as they are here each day, there are times I simply grab a hand of one and take her inside, if the gal makes it known that she is needing attention. They don't let me pay and I don't pay them. And when they bring a new one, I often get to get what amounts to a taste of the new stuff before the paying customers have her.

I sorta had one yesterday, 'cept I know the gal. Yeh, I know her pretty good. She's the wife of one of the expats. Uh-huh, still is. I know her and him, and their little kid.

She's a looker alright, and keeps herself pretty damned good. So imagine my surprise when two of the gals showed up with her. I didn't know what to think, but one of the two, Ruby, pulls me aside

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and tells me straight out that she's one of them now... and do I want a taste?

Well, now, I do, but does she know what happens here with the gals and me?

*Jon, I tell her she not accepted unless you do her and you tell us she will be OK.*

*You didn't!*

*Oo. Truly! I do that. It OK, take her now. She say she ready.*

So I go over to Nicky, put my arms out and offer, *I think you and I have an appointment.*

*Yes, I think we do.*

I don't want to know why she is doing this. It is simply none of my business. Every one of these gals has a reason, but she seems to think I need to know. As we walk into my bedroom, she hesitatively tries to start.

*Stop, Nicky. No matter why you have decided that this is your path, it is not something you need to explain to me. I accept you and the choice you have made. We will, I hope, enjoy our time together, and then it will be over. ... No matter who you are with, no one needs to know. All anyone needs to know is that you are going to give them what they need at that moment. Nothing more! Then you will move on and so will they. But, just in case you had any doubt, I have admired your beauty for a long time. I intend to enjoy our time immensely.*

Nicky looks at me, says nothing, nods, a tear forming and then wiped away.

She is twenty-eight, way older than the rest of the gals who visit here, and has been married to Tom for eight years. As far as I know, she's still married and I don't ask. As I will be using a condom, it doesn't bother me a bit that she may well bed her husband tonight, or have done so this morning. She can fuck anyone she wants to fuck. It's simply not my concern.

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*Well, now, let's look at the package! Nicky, show me what you've got, slowly and sexy-like.*

She's a bit nervous, and hesitant to begin with but, as she goes along, she warms up to the action, especially as I continue to give positive encouragement at each step of the way. However, she stops at her bra and panties. That will not do.

*Sweetheart, you're not done. First the bra, and you can fling it to me if you like, and then the panties.*

She's hesitant once again. My best guess is that this isn't going to end well.

Her bra finally comes off but she tries to cover her tits with her arms.

*Nicky, right now, think of me as your teacher... a teacher you must listen to. Now, do as I say! You will need to do this with all the others you have as your 'customers' from this day forward. Show your tits, push out your chest and be proud. You are not allowed to be shy. Clear?*

*Oh God, Jon, I'm scared.*

*This is required, Nicky. Do it, now, right now, and no more complaining.*

She drops her arms and displays maybe A-cup tits. That's what she is ashamed of, but most of these gals have tits that are no larger. It's not a problem. Men here pretty much expect small tits.

Next are the panties, and this proves to be another problem. She ditches them OK, but she's got pubic hair. That's not going to work, not one fucking bit.

*Nicky, you're going to have to keep your cunt shaved. This is not acceptable.*

*But Tom will see it!*

*So tell him you are getting itchy down there.... that the gals said to keep it shaved and put cream on it each night. ... But Nicky, this is also not an option. You're not working with a hairy cunt, not now, not ever.*

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*OK, next time.*

*No, Nicky, now. I will have Nelia shave you.*

I pick up my cell phone and text Nelia to come in right away, with a shaving kit.

*I don't want someone else to see me!*

*Nicky, shut the fuck up. You will do what I say. And... for what it's worth, all working girls 'do girls' as well as guys. Sometimes, you team up to do a guy. You will be naked with women many times. If this isn't OK, then give up on the idea of what you are trying to do.*

Once again there is a small tear forming that gets wiped away before Nelia arrives with the needed items.

*Shave her completely and then use your tongue to make sure she is totally smooth.*

I get a knowing smile from Nelia and a panicked look from Nicky.

As Nelia is getting set up and soaping up Nicky, I strip down and get next to Nicky so that I can kiss her and play with her tits, while Nelia is shaving the girl.

The distraction is having the desired effect. Nicky relaxes and Nelia can get on with the task without fuss. Once the shaving is complete, and before the lotion is applied, Nelia gets her face and tongue right on and in the girl's cunt. Nicky jumps a bit on a couple of occasions, but accepts the contact.

*As Nelia is about to leave, Thank you, sweetheart. Please join us in an hour. There are things Nicky needs to learn.*

*Just me, or can I bring Arcele?*

*Yeh, OK, the both of you.*

*Sige.* And the door closes behind her.

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*Now you are going to learn. Granted, you already know some things, but even those things will probably need some improvement.*

*Tom never complains!*

*Not saying that he would, but this is different. First is giving head. Let's see how well you do.*

*Jon, they said it just a courtesy that I let you fuck me. I not in school!*

*Oh, shall I call Ruby in and we can discuss this?*

*Yes!*

And she begins to get out of bed and get dressed.

*Stop! Get back here and wait.*

I have texted Ruby to come and she is here in no more than 30 seconds. As she arrives, I get a, *Bakit?*<sup>38</sup>

*Tell her, Nicky.*

The two launch into a prolonged Cebuano discussion. Ruby appears to be getting increasingly pissed off. Nicky starts to cry. Ruby is not letting up and the words continue to spill out of her.

*Finally, Ruby turns to me. I tell her she is a foolish girl. No woman with only a husband really know how to do sex good. Why she think I tell her to see you first. Better she learn before she make many mistakes. When we start, we young, so the man we with, they maybe kind and teach. But she is old. The man will be angry and maybe hurt her. You trying to help her! She being difficult. I tell her, do what you say, or go back to her husband and accept this a bad idea.*

*Thank you, Ruby. Leave us now. We will see what she decides.*

*Tama!*<sup>39</sup> OK.

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<sup>38</sup> Why? As in why am I here?

<sup>39</sup> Correct!

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Does twenty-eight seem old to you? It does here. By the time a gal is thirty she is considered old. Truly. No one will hire her in standard commercial jobs. She had better be married or already have a professional career by then. So hooking at twenty-eight is done, but only by gals who have been doing it for ten years or more. Starting at that age might just get her killed, or at least seriously hurt, if she goes with the wrong guy. That is, unless she gets to learn a few things first.

Ruby does leave and I give Nicky half a minute before I say, *Either get dressed and go, or give me head as best you can.*

Being pretty is nice, but if a gal can't perform, well, it just ain't going to work out.

Nicky gets down to business, giving head as well as she knows the drill, which is to say that she's pretty pathetic at it. I stop her. That's only the first of many things that she needs to know as the solo performer, and she's no good at it. There is no sense teaching until my two gals come later.

Next I play with her nipples, breasts in general, the rest of her body, looking for how ticklish she is, and then I start on her clit.

Guess what? I don't think Tom has ever touched her clit because it freaks Nicky out.

*Sweetheart, were you a virgin when you met Tom?*

*Yes! I was a good girl. Why?*

*Well, I am just surprised by a few things. Look, you are going to experience some new feelings. Don't freak out. OK?*

She looks at me with real fear but says, *OK.*

I lay back on the headboard and lay Nicky's back on me. I can reach her breasts and her cunt. Playing with a nipple with one hand, I split the lips of her vulva, expose the clit and, with a damp finger, start working it gently.

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Now, that has got her attention! She's grinding against my hand, moaning and squirming like crazy. I keep it up and get rougher with her nipple. She's bouncing around now.

I move her up and slide her off to my side, so that we can kiss and I can insert a finger into her cunt. With that first finger inserted, I go looking for her g-spot. It takes all of maybe ten seconds. I press on it for a bit. Doing so causes her mouth to ram into mine. Yeh, I'm there, so now I... tap, tap, tap on it.

Nicky explodes, screams, gushes liquid out her cunt, bites my lip and scrapes skin off my arm. *What... What... What you do?*

*Gave you an orgasm.*

*How that. Men get this, not girls!*

*No, Nicky, women get orgasms, too.*

*Ha! Not when Tom fuck me. I never.*

*Yeh, that is clear. And not every man will give you an orgasm, but you are capable of them and you will have them on occasion. Just because a man gives you one, doesn't change the situation. He is just a customer. Nothing else. Understand?*

*You mean, not fall in love?*

*Yeh, that's what I mean.*

*So, I not to love you now?*

*Exactly, and we are not done. By the end you may not like me at all.*

I put her on her hands and knees and put on a condom. It seems Tom has never used this position either. As she has already cum hard, sliding into her is easy. I start playing, with a tit (as even A cup tits hang down) and with her clit. I fuck her in earnest.

She reaches her second orgasm before I pull away from the clit and place my thumb over her shithole. With each sequential pounding

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

of my dick, I add a little pressure to Nicky's asshole and, finally, push in to knuckle depth.

She's moaning and cumming. I push the thumb in all the way and I continue to pound her cunt. I feel another orgasm. This is a big one.

I pull my dick out of her cunt, and my thumb out of her ass. With the other hand I finger the cunt, while I push my old man into that ass. That's something she sure wasn't expecting.

But I pound the ass, with a finger inside her cunt and that other finger on the clit. Her initial complaints about the intrusion give way to orgasms and cries of joy, long before cum is dumped into the condom.

*This is normal?*

*This is what sex can be like. There are many, many other things, too. But if you can't handle this and the things with the gals, you aren't going to make it.*

*Jon, I never know this. Tom not know or do any of what we do.*

*That much is clear, and when you are with Tom, you must not show him that you know these things.*

*Sige.*

*Let's take a shower. The gals will be in here in half an hour.*

When my gals do get here, there is another animated conversation, of which I know nothing, as it is again in Cebuano.

Arcele asks, *What you want us to do?*

*First, teach her to give head.*

*She say she know, she do it with you.*

*Yeh, like I say, teach her.*

*Oh, OK.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*What else?*

*Teach her to eat pussy and the rest. She has never been with a girl.*

*Never?*

*Ask her?*

And the answer is immediate... *Never.*

Once the lesson related to giving head is complete, I get up, as my portion of it is over, but, *Jon, you said there are many other things. Show me.*

*That's enough for today. With what you have learned, you will be OK.*

*But there more?*

*Sure, there's lots more. But you'll survive with this.*

*Sige.*

And with that, I leave the room.

I find Ruby, *How is she going to work with Tom right there?*

*He goes out to meetings two or three times a week. We will introduce her to older Filipino men, not expats for those times. It will work.*

*I see. Well, good luck.*

*She do OK?*

*Yeh, but you need to take her with you, with some of your kinkier clients. She needs to learn a lot more.*

I get a smile. I like Ruby. She and I have been together many times. She is a gem of a gal, smart, capable, honest and resourceful.



## Nicky

About a week later, Ruby and Nicky are back on the terrace with some of the other gals.

All seem OK and I am not paying any attention to them, though I am on the terrace as well.

What I am doing is looking for a black ten as Ruma wipes the condensate from my Red Horse and puts a paper towel under the glass, while making a comment that I don't have a lick of sense.

Sorta sounds like a wife. But at least that's the worst of it.

*Why don't you move the red four?*

*Because I am looking for a black ten... Nicky, how has it gone?*

She laughs. *You told Ruby to bring me with her on some of the kinkier guys?*

*Yeh. So?*

*Oh my God, Jon! One guy likes to dress in ladies underwear and be whipped! Then he wants to be rubbed, still in the underwear, until he comes! You know this?*

*No ... and sorta... No, I don't know this guy, but yeh, there are all sorts of things you gals get asked to do. You have to keep an open mind and not laugh. If that's what gets the guy off, that's your job.*

*Oo. That what Ruby say. You right, there much I not know yet. You good to teach me.*

Not much reason to speak and so I continue looking for the ten.

*Jon?*

*Yeh?*

*Tom... he useless. He not understand what a woman need.*

*Well, that was clear last time we met. What's new?*

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

*What new is I know now. Yes, I married to him, but maybe just so he can have a maid! No real marriage except legal!*

*Oh, Nicky, after eight years most marriages are like that. This is why some men seek prostitutes. Those men aren't getting what they want from their wives. Those wives don't want sex any more. Both sides of a marriage seem to have problems. That's one of the reasons I am not married.*

*But it good with you!*

*And we aren't married. Maybe that's the reason.*

*No, you good at it.*

*Well, I have been with many women. Maybe they taught me a lot!*

*Oh. I not think of that. It boring for your girls?*

*I think not, but ask them?*

*Why not? Why not like other marriages?*

*Because I am not married to them. When I have sex with you, they have no problem with that. What marriage has that type of thing happen?*

*Sige. ... Jon, I been with three men since we together.*

*OK, well, I hope it is working out for you. I'm not sure I need to know this.*

*Yes, I make money. That good, the men, they OK, not mean. Sometimes too drunk, I think. But OK. But...*

*But what?*

*No one give me the orgasm. No one touch me where you do it. Why that?*

*Well, I guess many men who visit a prostitute have no interest in pleasuring her. All they want is to fuck and cum. Each man is different. I'm sure you will meet men who will spend time to make you feel good.*

*I ask others, they say not many do this. Maybe if I find one, I will want him as a regular.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Yes, if that man wants a regular. It's up to the man, not you, Nicky. You can say yes if asked, but the guy has to ask.*

*I miss it.*

*You only had it once, I'm not sure you can say you miss it yet. Give it time.*

*Maybe you teach me again?*

*That's a bad idea. You want to have orgasms?*

*Yes!*

*Hold on... Azzy? Ruma?*

The two are not far off and they appear pretty promptly.

*Take this puta to your bedroom and don't let her leave until she has had at least five orgasms.*

My gals each grab a hand and, with Nicky looking back at me, she is led away.

Arcele must have been close by and listening. *You do right. You say right. If you with her again, she will fall in love. That not good.*

*So says the whore who fell in love with me!*

*Totoo! But I not married? Ganun?<sup>40</sup>*

*Fair enough. But I suspect that her marriage is not going to last very much longer.*

*How? It forever.*

*Yes, legally. I am talking about them living as husband and wife.*

*Ab. Bahala na sila.<sup>41</sup>*

*Indeed!*

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<sup>40</sup> Like that? Or whereas? Or Although?

<sup>41</sup> It's up to them.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon



The quarantine continues, though we are no longer really under lockdown. I have been to the malls. Sure, I have to wear both the facemask and the face shield; sure; it's uncomfortable, but if it keeps the virus away, it's cool with me.

Going to the mall means I can both shop and get my fast food! I no longer feel restricted like I had been. We still have restrictions, but I just can't get worked up and angry about a government that wants to keep me alive. That's all they are trying to do.

I am reading shit that is going on in the USA, in Europe and in Israel. What's with these fools? Are they a bunch of pussies that can't suck it up when needed? It's not like anyone's saying you need to have your nuts cut off. Shit, put on the protective gear and live!

And hell, I've been a Republican all my fucking life, but what's with these idiot Republican Governors who are anti-mask, anti-keep people safe? A virus ain't a political thing. Why make it that way and kill your own people. It makes no fucking sense. What the fuck is happening to my country? They're acting crazy.

Yeh, it's not bad here, 'cause we ain't fightin' it. So I can go out because we are all sucking it up. Sure, some things are still closed, but there has been a ton of new stalls, ad-hoc business startups, to cover some of that shit. People here are working and making money. Construction has started up again. There are a number of delivery companies that have started up. So, OK, in-business restaurants can't serve you there, but you can order and delivery services bring the food to you! Grocery stores have online options now.

And then, there are the home parties of all us old farts who have stayed away from everyone and are still healthy. It's working here. And since I can get all the beer, rum and brandy I want, all the pussy I can fuck and all the food I want to eat, I don't have a damned thing to complain about.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

And while I am damned sure not going to be fucking Nicky, I am enjoying some of the unattached gals who show up here. One of the big things I worry about with Nicky is that her husband is an expat. She is part of this expat world. She's friends with the other wives of those expats. They all gossip, all of them. So she's a landmine I just as soon not step on.

It would be way beyond complicated if I started up with the gal. Shit, I know Tom and used to drink with him on occasion. That's way too close to home. He and I are friends. Another thing keeping me away from Nicky is that she hasn't found another guy who will ring her bell. She needs to find that. It's damned dangerous if she decides I am the only one who can do that for her.

The next party is in three days. Word has it that Tom and Nicky are attending. As all the working gals now know about Nicky and know her on a really personal level, it has the potential for being awkward. Ruby tells me that Nicky has doubled up with Criza on two occasions and with Lourdes once (each time with a Filipino guy, not an expat).

So, tell me, this isn't a recipe for potential tension in just knowing how to interact and not act phony?

Oh, and I shouldn't forget to mention that Nicky, according to Criza, has a sorta regular female client who Criza thinks might be the wife of an expat.

As to that last piece of intelligence, all the working gals have tried to get the dope from Nicky on who it is. She ain't saying, which doesn't make it any better, as now every wife of an expat is being checked out. I asked Ruby to mention the potential problem to Nicky, but I gather the comment was not well received.

See why getting married is a dumb idea? What a damned mess. And it gets worse at times! A few of my girls have heard a rumor, just a rumor, that one wife of an expat has left her husband.

The rumor is that the gal is pregnant and the husband ain't the father, as he had a vasectomy. Well now, there was a bit of

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

snickering about the wife and pity for the husband until more rumors started to circulate that the husband had a thing of having sex with her and another guy. So, if all the rumors are true, it was the husband who put the stud in the bed with him and his wife. That puts a whole new complexion on the matter.

Word is, the wife is setting up house with the stud and the husband is licking his wounds. No one is feeling sorry for the guy, and my working girls think he isn't worth their time. As one said it... *Jon, you not put two boars in with one sow. What he thinking? OK, one boar and two sows... that work. Not the other way!*

I can't say I disagree. I would have said that if he wants him and another guy with one gal, he should get a whore, but the whores here want nothing to do with that. One tells me, it's too dangerous for the girl, too much potential for violence.

Anyway, it's not my problem. Now, the party may be a problem, but the boar and sow issue ain't.



They're all here. More expats, wives, girlfriends and whores than there were last time. And for some reason more of the guys than usual, and even some of the wives, are getting hammered.

One of those getting hammered is Tom. He must have polished off more than a half liter of brandy all by himself, and he's still at it. Nicky is staying far from him, but that is normal. The women hang together and the men form their own groups at these things; no one has reason to pay any attention to him.

But there comes a time when the working girls move in on the available men and see who they can pick off. A new gal, who I don't know, she came with one of the other whores, sets her sights on Tom. This ought to be interesting. I know Nicky is aware, but she's not moving in to protect her 'man.'

Tom's getting chummy with the whore, while other wives are now looking at Nicky and loudly wondering why she isn't intervening.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Nicky, it just so happens, is hanging out with some of the whores who are here with the regular guys. So, while that it is less than normal, it isn't raising any flags for the wives, other than Nicky isn't doing shit. As to her hanging with the whores, some don't know these are whores, and those that do may assume Nicky doesn't.

Nicky is also getting hammered, and that is becoming clear to the wives. Nicky and Tom are now the prime topic of the night's gossip.

Wait... now another gal I don't know, most likely another hooker, is teaming up with the first one as they see what they can get out of Tom.

There's one thing I am sure of. I am staying far away from all of this. Arcele and Nelia move next to me and ask if they should do something. I tell them to stay away. Something tells me that Nicky has planned this. She wants free of Tom and wants the rest of the wives to blame Tom and not her. That may be the reason she's getting hammered.

While I am not sure how it will play out, the likelihood that this is staged suggests strongly that we should do nothing.

Eventually, the two whores leave with Tom, and Nicky announces loudly that if that's how much Tom values their marriage, he can find a new place to live! She's done with him. And I'll be damned, all the wives rally around her. She may just have pulled off what she wanted... but at what cost? She's got an eight-year-old kid. Is the SSA support she gets for the kid (as the father is getting SSA payments and the child gets some too) enough, along with what she gets from whoring? Really?

She legally owns their home, and so she's got a place to live. I don't have any idea, but one thing's clear, whatever induced her to become a whore was not trivial. She just blew up her marriage quite intentionally.

As I look at all the wives consoling Nicky, there is one that is standing back and smiling. Can it be? Is that the one? If so, it is a

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

fucking ‘good for the goose/gander’ thing because that woman’s husband frequents whores on a regular basis.

Is the reason the guy uses so many whores because his wife is a lesbian? Is the wife thinking she will have a lesbian fulltime lover? If she is, she’s in for a disappointment, as Nicky likes dick.

Jesus, I am too fucking close to all this, these days. I know too many of the players on all the sides. This is a side-effect of what the quarantine and COVID have produced. Things that might have just simmered before are bubbling over.

In all the excitement, no one has noticed how all the available men have been scooped up by the whores and have left. The only ones left are married couples. Most of these guys are totally drunk and the wives are pouring their mates into their vehicles, which the wives will drive home.

*If you even think of asking me if I miss it, I will hit you, very hard. God, Jon, I am so glad that I don't have to deal with any of that. Not the work, not the wives, and Jon, sure you drink, and maybe far too much, but are never that drunk. And she laughs, not any more. Before you drink more, I think.*

*‘Cele, I never thought that you enjoyed it, as much as it was a way to get through college. Once that was done, I figured you would be happy to leave the life behind you. Was I wrong?’*

*No, I guess not... but yes! Yes, you were. There was something about marriage. What I saw from my work told me, I really would be miserable as a wife. I would be miserable without good sex too. So, I frustrated that there not a third option.*

*And I'm the third option?*

*Yes. You are third option. There are times I want sex and times I just don't. Tonight you are with Ruma and Azzy. For me, that's perfect, because I just want to sleep, alone. I need that tonight. And, my love, you need Ruma and Azzy more than you know. They are exactly what you need tonight, pure and uncomplicated love. My life is complicated. So is Nelia's. But theirs not. You need what they have. You need to feel simple love. That what they are for you.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*And, 'Cele, that's what scares me about them. They have no plan B, no backup plan. I am all they have now. Don't you think that scares me?*

*Oh. No, I not see that. I only see through their eyes, not yours! You not want that responsibility to anyone, ever. Right? So now there are two, not just one wife, two kids. Hala! I not see it.*

*Yeh, no offense, but it doesn't surprise me.*

*I'm sorry, Jon.*

*Yeh.*

Arcele moves off to bed and sleep. Nelia follows suit shortly thereafter. I grab the young'uns and bring them to my bed. The staff we hired for the party have cleaned all up before they left.

The place will be in OK shape for the morning. Not a small thing. I am wiped out.



There is a goodly amount of BBQ and rice left over, and so breakfast is fried rice and skewers of reheated BBQ pork, plus some Red Horse.

Nelia tells me she has two rebonding jobs to do today, and Arcele is working on university stuff.

Azzy and Ruma are keeping me company. They got a chance to talk to the two unknown whores from last night. That got me to perk my ears up.

*How did that happen?*

*Azzy is the talkative one. Each one looked lost when she come and not know anyone. So each time we talk.*

*Why were they here?*

*Someone pay them to seduce Tom. They not sure who do this, but they got half pay before they come and more if they can do it. Each ask us, who is this Tom?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*And you told them?*

*Sure, why not. It had to be Nicky who do this, so if that what she want, why not?*

*And you're sure it was Nicky?*

*She the only one they ever see before. They see her at a party they work last week and they told not to speak to her when here.*

*Did they know Tom is her husband?*

*We not tell them. If Nicky want them to know, they would know.*

*What do you think about this?*

*It weird. But you teach us marriage cause problems, so maybe this the right thing. How we know?*

*Yeh, you got that right.*

Ruma is troubled by something. I look at her and invite her to speak.

*Jon, if he wants more women in his life, this not the way. If she think he not good at lovemaking, why not just teach him, or get someone else to teach him? Why do what each do?*

*I think she was trying to find an excuse to end their life together, even though they will legally still be married. She just wants to end her life with Tom. The reason why is not our concern.*

*We will never have that type of problem. Right?*

*I can't see any way that we would.*

*Good, and thank you for last night. We both know you tired, but you give us good love.*

*You are welcome, but loving the two of you is the easiest thing I do. I'm not sure how I could even get it wrong. Loving the two of you is like breathing. I don't have to think about it. I just do it.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

And that gets me some really nice kisses.

I return to nibbling on a skewer of pork when we hear a commotion at the gate. I assume its Nelia's customers and ignore the noise. Most certainly, it's not for me.

But it is.

*Good morning, Jon.*

*What are you doing here?*

*That's not a nice way to speak to a guest!*

*Sorry, Nicky, but really, why are you here?*

*I kick Tom out! It over.*

*Yeh, I figured that was what was happening last night with the whores you paid to come and do him.*

*Who told you that?*

*Oh, come on. It was obvious. So you got what you wanted. I truly hope it works out the way you want it to.*

*You think I do wrong?*

*I didn't say that. I don't know what the issues were that you had regarding Tom. And, I do not want to know. I only know that you would not have taken to prostitution if the marriage was a good one. And that is before you learned that sex with him wasn't as good as it could be. All I said was that it was obvious what happened last night, and I hope the result works the way you want it to work.*

*Well, I can be with you now. That's a benefit.*

*No, you can't. You need to find another man who can ring your bell. I am not the only man in the world who can do that. Besides that, I'm a man with four loves, I'm too close to you and Tom. You need to find a man with far more distance from Tom. ... Once you find another man who rings your bell, you will forget about me. ... And while we are on the subject of too close, Christine may*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*have a reason to be pissed with Douglas, but if I were you, I would not get involved.*

If it is possible for a Filipina to turn white and have the blood drawn from her face, Nicky is the poster girl.

*How you know? No one know! No one! How you know this? I kill her!*

*That really doesn't matter. And while no one else may know now, if you keep it up, all will know. End it. Don't shit on your own front stoop.*

*Hub?*

*Hub, what?*

*Stoop?*

*Look it up.*

*You angry with me?*

*No! Once again, no, but I do think you are making dangerous and foolish choices. You are lucky things didn't blow up last night. Whether it was the two whores or Christine, either of those things could have been a real mess.*

*You like me?*

*Sure, I like you. Next you want to know if I liked fucking you. So, yes, I enjoyed that. I enjoyed your body. I have, for many years, enjoyed the sight of it. Having access to you, making love to you was a blast. OK?*

*So why you not want to do it again?*

*You know, so, this is going to sound egotistical, but I don't want you to fall into love with me. I need someone else to do to you what I did so that you can reorient your feelings away from me.*

*Why?*

*Really? Really? I live with four females. You are married to **my** friend. Your daughter shouldn't live here. You shouldn't live here. That's why.*

*So if I don't live here, it's OK?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*If you fall in love with me, you will be here, even if you live in a different house. Others will notice. Tom is a friend! Figure it out! Find a man who will do what I did for you and love him, or keep on hooking, bury the need for ecstasy and get on with that life. Either way, there is no reason in the world why I should be in your life going forward.*

*Take me once more! Prove to me that it wasn't a onetime thing. Prove to me I can feel it again! I never feel it before. I never feel it afterward. I don't know what to believe, Jon. Was it real or was it something that happens only once in a lifetime with a man? Show me that with the right man it can happen time and again. Please.*

I look up to see Nelia standing off a ways. She is agreeing with Nicky's request. In her non-verbal way she's telling me to do it.

*Didn't my gals get you off?*

*Yes! But they not a man. Show me.*

I really want to finish my breakfast and my beer, but I get up, take Nicky by the hand and walk towards the bedroom. However, I signal Nelia to come to me. When she does, I tell her to send the young ones to the bedroom.

I have said often enough before, visually there is not a damned thing wrong with the gal. And there was nothing unpleasant regards sex with her, though she had a lot to learn last time.

To give myself a few minutes with my girls, I tell Nicky to go shower before we start. As soon as she is out of the room I tell Azzy to work Nicky's clit and g-spot. I tell Ruma to work Nicky's tits and stick at least her thumb up the gal's ass, as Azzy is working the cunt. I tell them, I will simply be kissing Nicky.

That decided, we all undress.

When Nicky returns she sees us all naked and asks, *Need protection?*

*Hardly, however, you may need time to recover when we are done with you.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

We arrange ourselves on the bed and I take Nicky in my arms and to my lips. The kisses are with passion. I am not phoning them in. I want her to know my passion, while at the same time, my two young'uns will give her another lesson in why having orgasms does not require me at all.

Azzy knows full well what to do with clits and what a g-spot is. Plus her hand is a lot smaller. There are times she can get her entire hand in a cunt, something I certainly can't do. Ruma is a great sucker of tits and she loves to cornhole women. It gives her a feeling of control that is very important to her. When she can do it with an older woman, the benefits to her are even stronger.

And so, as the kissing continues, the young'uns are making their magic. That magic is working. Nicky is bouncing around, biting my lip, whimpering, gasping, freezing up and then shaking.

We keep her going like that for a good fifteen minutes, and that is a very long time for rolling, and repeating, orgasms. We just don't give her any rest. Finally, I take a little pity on the gal, pull the young'uns off her, mount her myself and push through her hot but exhausted cunt, which continues to produce orgasms until I cum inside the condom.

*There's your proof, once again. Both men and women can do it to you. There are going to be individuals who can do this without you coming back here. Clear?*

*Yes, Jon. Clear. It clear to me. I will do anything you say.*

*Oh, Jesus, go home and then find someone, just not me!*

Once the gal leaves, I sit back down at the table. My Red Horse has been sitting too long, I need a fresh beer and Arcele gets me one. The skewers are cold now, as is the fried rice, but, fuck it, I decide to just eat them as they are.

Arcele is still by my side. Clearly, she has another reason beyond the beer, which she has already gotten me.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*What is it, 'Cele? Something's clearly bothering you.*

*How you know she is doing Christine?*

*I guessed.*

*Ha! No one guesses that good. We all try to learn and she not tell. No one know, truly. How you know?*

*It was something I saw last night. It was a small thing, and I might have been wrong, but I was pretty sure that what I saw meant Christine was the one. So I acted like I knew for certain and Nicky confirmed it.*

*You tricked her?*

*I guess you could say that, yeh. I wasn't one hundred percent sure when I said it, but I had good reason to believe I was right.*

OK, we have covered it, but Arcele is still by my side. This just isn't normal.

*There's something else. What is it?*

*The two who go with Tom last night?*

*Yeh, I don't know them. Never saw them before.*

*They here.*

*Now?*

*Oo.*

*Where?*

*They Nelia's two for rebonding.*

*No shit?*

Arcele smiles.

*Did they see Nicky?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Dili*<sup>42</sup>.

I take a long, long drink of the beer. I just don't need this type of shit.

This place is turning into a Shakespearean farce, with all the elements of intrigue, the clueless fools, the misdirection, the sexual confusion, and the pure nonsense, all of it played out against a backdrop of unlikely spectators. There are no shipwrecks, but there are wrecks of expats on this island, all stuck with each other because of a quarantine. What a fucking mess.

I begin to wonder if Red Horse is enough for the moment, or do I need to switch to rum?



Travel between provinces is now allowed in limited ways, but it is opened enough so that LoveRose informs Azzy that she is coming to visit, though a date has not been set, yet. The news is not welcome, and though Azzy would like to see her mother, there is real fear about what will come of her visit.

It's been two weeks since Nicky has been here. She has not been attending the afternoon gabfest between the whores. She hasn't asked for a session with Nelia. We just haven't seen her.

There has been talk about Doug and Christine. Evidently he has had a fight with one of the regular girls he sees. Some think that Christine had something to do with it. Anyway, the working gal in question is now looking for someone else to plug a financial hole in her monthly income. I could venture a guess about what has happened, but I keep my trap closed.

The two whores that I didn't know, the ones who put the moves on Tom, have now joined the group and show up two or three times a week. They are Love2x<sup>43</sup> (eighteen) and her cousin Lili (nineteen). Both were attending a university in another town, but

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<sup>42</sup> No in Cebuano

<sup>43</sup> Pronounced: Love-Love

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

due to COVID all in-person classes are still cancelled. They do their classwork remotely via Zoom sessions and other online tools, or so they tell me. Exactly how this works, I have no fucking clue.

They have not said a word about Tom, or Nicky, or anything else related to their other customers, nor should they. These two girls are sweet and a bit clueless as far as the business side of their business.

I haven't been with Love2x, but I have had Lili in bed. The kid is too damned wholesome for me, and don't even ask me what I mean by that! But I guess she's OK, though there's no question that she would best be with a younger clientele who are far less demanding.

I have a way of rating whores by the condom score. [Wasted (condom) | One | Second wasted | Two]

Arcele, Criza, Ruby, and a couple of others were/are 'Twos.' Those are the ones I will be with again, no question about it. Lili is a One. That's all, and due to that, she will likely have a hard time making enough income from her chosen profession.

Ruma thinks I should give Love2x a ride. Maybe the cousin will be better. I'm not sure I want to bother. Besides, Lili made the request to lie with me. Love2x has not and, without a request, I have no reason to pursue a whore. I have plenty of these gals who want to fuck as it is.



Tom sent me a message via Facebook. He's pissed off and cussing up a storm because it seems it's impossible to get to the UK right now. Even to get to Manila, before he can board a plane to anywhere, he would have to isolate in a hotel for two weeks. That would cost more than the airfare he can't get, because the UK isn't letting anyone in, or at least that's what he's been told.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

Another expat is trying to get back to the USA, God knows why, as the place seems to be overrun with COVID cases. Anyway, he's having a similar problem.

There's a guy who is stuck in the UK and can't get back to his girl here. Many of these folks have been stuck here or abroad, for seven to nine months. They're frustrated and, in some cases, truly screwed. Most of these guys are ones with more regular cash in their pockets and are peripatetic travelers... they just can't sit still, and sure as hell can't settle down in any one place.

For them, this COVID thing is their worst punishment. For those of us who are settled down and have just enough cash to be where we are, the restrictions are a nuisance, but we will work through it.

For the whores, in the beginning they were going broke. The places they normally met their customers were now closed. The places they took them were also closed. But they got inventive about where to take them, and they got innovative in providing the guys with other ways to indicate when there was a desire to hook up.

The biggest problem for the whores is that many of their customers are married or have live-in partners. In the past, the hookup would occur at a bar when the partner was not with them. And now, that no longer works, forcing them to find new customers without that problem.

For me, like I said, I'm doing OK. In the beginning, I thought I'd be screwed, but it just hasn't worked out that way. Of course, with LoveRose coming, all that may be in a bit of jeopardy. She really was a dandy maid, but morally she is a tight-ass. I didn't care before because, if she didn't like it, she could leave. It didn't directly affect her. Now it does. Oh, does it ever.

I was worried that it was all going to come to a big fucking screamer, or so I thought. I mentioned my concern to Azzy. Azzy, I gather, contacted LoveRose. The upshot is that LoveRose is not coming.

*Azzy, what did you tell her?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I say, you come here, then Jon fucks you. He fucks me, and he will fuck you.  
Do not argue. If you not want, do not come.*

*You didn't!*

*I do this. Better she accept or stay away.*

All I get from LoveRose is a text that says her plans have changed and she won't be coming. So what seemed like it might be a big problem is no problem. For now, it seems like smooth sailing.

Tom has decided to 'work his way' back to the UK via a stop or two. He's flying to Malaysia and then to Dubai. He hopes to enter the UK from there. It's a big gamble, but he flew out today and so, unless he gets turned around in Manila, he's gone from here, because once he's out of the Philippines, he will be denied reentry. It's a COVID thing.

The expats have been what I missed most about this quarantine and series of lockdowns, but maybe I am getting a different feel for things now. I'm not sure why, but there are things that are beginning to stick in my craw. Guys who used to be friends are yelling at each other and using pretty foul language to describe folks they used to drink with. It's becoming damned ugly. I mean just today I get a text from Jim.

*You inviting Ian to the next gathering?*

I guess. Why, is there a problem?

*He's a libtard!*

And you're a 'patriot'? Jeez, Jim, get over it.

*You siding with the fucking Dems?*

No, and you damned well ought to know better.

*Well if he's coming, I ain't. Got no use for you fucking libtards!*

So, now I am a liberal? Really? Have you lost your mind?

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*If you invite him, yeh, you are! Hell, I can tell by what you call them!*

Sorry we won't see you next time.

*Fuck you, buddy.*

Was that really necessary? Why are my drinking buddies manning the parapets? When I'm with them, I just want to 'go along, get along' with all of them. I'm not into picking sides, for Christ's sake. I mean, some are Baptists and some are Catholics. Do I care? Fuck no! Of the Americans, some are Republicans, some independents and a couple vote with the donkeys. Why should I care? And why the fuck are the Brits and Aussies taking sides regarding US politics? It makes no fucking sense.

The professional gals, out on the lanai, have been bitching that their regulars aren't paying attention to them, but rather they just spend their days yelling about politics.

The more I am around the gals, and not the expats as much, the more I am getting the feeling that some of my old drinking buddies are probably useless fucks that the gals just put up with, all in an effort to pay the bills, especially if the guys are the gals' regulars.

Yeh, I'm sorta seeing it from the other side of the table. These are hardworking gals just trying to make a life for themselves. I guess I like them better, now that I'm not seeing them in their working uniform.

Ruby told Arcele that the gals like me more, now that I'm not drinking! But, I **am** drinking. I didn't understand the comment until Arcele asked me to write down every time I had a Red Horse, or a shot of rum or brandy.

Turns out that I may be drinking only half as much as I used to drink. That's weird. Ruma and Azzy make sure there is always a beer or a bottle near me. So, is that why? I can have it, don't have to ask for it, so I drink less? Maybe it's because I am not matching drink for drink with other guys at a bar. Makes no sense that I am

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

actually drinking less, but it seems to be the case. Or maybe I'm just spreading it out more, so the impact is less noticeable.

I'll have to think about that.



Tom did go.

Word was that Nicky had glommed on to all that was in their mutual bank account, sold one of Tom's motorcycles, and their car. She is riding around on the remaining motorcycle. The money she got from the sales of the vehicles is probably enough to keep her head above water for more than another nine months or so, even if she doesn't turn a single trick.

Word also has it that she isn't turning any tricks. It's not clear that she hasn't found a regular who can ring her bell. But as no one has seen her with anyone, it seems unlikely.

But we will see Nicky tomorrow. She has booked a rebonding with Arcele. That's not necessarily odd, other than the gals don't spend that kind of money unless there is a need... a party, an event, something that requires getting back to as close to perfect as the gal can make it.

So, if Nicky is currently a homebody, what's the deal? My Spidey sense is telling me that something is up.

In the meantime, it is both another day in paradise and another day under quarantine. That in itself is strange. There certainly are many cases of COVID in the Philippines, but just not here. We still need to wear the facemask and face shield when we are out and about, but in other ways, life has reached a new normal.

Stores have been reconfigured to 'shop' safely with cashiers isolated from the purchasers. We all have our ID tracking cards with the scannable QR codes that get scanned as we enter businesses.

There are military/police checkpoints on the roads where we show we have masks on. It's all part of the new normal. Some of the

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

expats are bitching about it. None of the Filipinos are bitching. I'm OK with it. Hell, I am no longer stuck in the house!

Sure, things have changed. Sure, even though there will be vaccines in the rich nations, it may be a long time before we get a vaccine here. Sure, life may never go back to the way it was. My bet is that it won't.

I guess I will have to get used to that. It's been a long time now since I hung out at a bar and brought a hooker back to the house at night. I'm not sure I will ever do that again, even if all are vaccinated and the bars are all opened.

Of course, if the daily gaggle of working gals ends, maybe I would see the need every once in a while. It's hard to say right now. Too many ifs. Way too much unknowable.

With so much unknowable, the only things I do know is that I need another cold Red Horse and a five of hearts. I've already played the diamond, and so if I can't find the heart, this game is over.

## **Lili & Love2x**

I look up to ask Ruma to get me that beer, but what I see is Lili with Azzy coming toward me.

*Sir Jon, may I ask a question?*

*Sure. What is it?*

*Why men only ask me once? Others asked many times. You never ask me back. Why that?*

*Those are two separate issues. Allow me to take the easy one first. I never ask any of you. I didn't ask you before, you ask me, right?*

*Oo. The girls say that the way it done to start.*

*That, Lili, is the way it is always done, whether it's the first or second or more times. If you don't ask, it will not happen with me. So that is the simple reason why I would not have asked. ... But the second issue is different... why men do not ask for you a second time. For me to answer, may I ask you a few questions?*

*Opo.*

*Do you like sex?*

*Of course, yes.*

*Well, let me ask it a different way. Does doing sex make you very happy when you are with the man?*

*Why you ask that? It a job!*

*Sure it's a job, but this job is one that you either have to be a great faker, or you really, really need to love doing it, if you want the man to ask for you again. When I was with you, one of the things that I noticed is that I didn't get the sense that you were enjoying it as much as you were doing what you thought you should do. Is that unfair of me to say?*

*You say the other girls need it and I not need?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Maybe not need, though maybe yes for some. But truly enjoy it, yes. I think... even if maybe the guy is not the best, still they enjoy the sex even when the guy isn't great. The sex makes them feel good. Does it make you feel good, or maybe you feel dirty?*

Lili gasps.

*You feel dirty?*

*Maybe a little. It is wrong to do, what we do. You know this.*

*Actually, I don't think any such thing. I know foolish people think it's wrong. I think it's natural, normal and needed. So, no, I don't find it dirty. But if you do, even a little bit, don't you think that it is in a way something the guy can sense?*

Oh!

*The other thing I noticed is that you don't have good skills when it comes to handling a guy's dick. Have you gotten more comfortable with that?*

*I not know what you mean.*

*Tell me, do you think dicks are dirty or disgusting?*

*They are! You pee from them!*

*Maybe you need to find a different way to make money.*

*How that?*

*Well, you are a college student. I hear some work at call centers.*

*I not able to get hired.*

*In truth, you are getting the same response in the sex work. You are not getting hired. You get interviewed but you don't make the cut. If you think a dick is dirty, grab a towel and wash it before you start the sex work. Take the time to clean it and caress it. Let the guy know that you will take care of his pride and glory.*

*So, I doing all wrong?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I wouldn't go that far, but there is room for a lot of improvement. By the way, how's Love2x doing?*

*She not doing. She do maybe twice and no more. Only me working.*

*Why is she here?*

*We friends. We together.*

*Lovers?*

*No. Just friends.*

*Why did she stop at two?*

*I not know. She not want to say. Maybe you help her and help me?*

*I'm not sure I can help you and I won't help her because she hasn't asked for any time with me.*

*She shy.*

*Well, whores can't be shy.*

*Why you talk like that?!*

*What term do you prefer? Puta, hooker, sex worker? All the same.*

*You say you not think it is wrong!*

*I don't think it is wrong. You sell sexual intimacy. What term do you want to use?*

*Oh, sorry. I not know. ... You teach me to be ok with penis. That needed, correct?*

*OK, I guess.*

*I will talk to Love2. Maybe she will ask for your help.*

*Azzy, who has been right next to Lili, thinks this is a good time to speak up. Lili, it me to talk to Love2x, not you. You go with Jon now.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

That was a bit presumptuous on Azzy's part. Not the 'I'll talk to Love2x' stuff, but the volunteering me to go with Lili part. But, as I was about to take the girl to my bed as it was, no harm has been done.

It doesn't take too many steps to get from the kitchen table to my bedroom, and so the trip is made fast enough.

*OK, Lili, let's set the stage. I am your customer, we are in a rented room. I will, by this time have my clothing off and so will you. We will start with that. And, as I am speaking, I am disrobing. Lili gets the clue and sheds her clothing as well.*

*I am your customer and you think my dick is sweaty and nasty. What will you do?*

*How I do this and not insult a man?*

*There are any number of ways from, 'I see you have been busy. Here let me wash you in the shower,' to 'let me make your dick feel special,' and wash it with a soapy wash rag. So long as you are putting your hands on the man and offering to take care of him, you will be OK.*

*I will wash you, OK?*

*Yes. That's fine.*

Lili goes about the task of washing my manhood and a giggle escapes from her. I give her a look and she offers. *It getting hard.*

*That should hardly be a surprise to you.*

*But I am not doing anything.*

*You are handling me, and I clearly like the feel.*

*Oh.*

*Now, inspect the dick, closely. Does it look OK? Is there anything to worry about?*

*No. It look OK. Skin tight and smooth.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Are you worried about any issue of cleanliness now?*

*No, of course no.*

*Good, so are you ready to give me head?*

*Now?*

*Well, is there anything else you need to check first?*

I get a look I can't decipher, but Lili repositions herself and goes down on me. She is not using her hands. She has no suction. She's no better than she was the first time I was with her.

I'll need my girls in to correct this. Better I just move on to the next event. The last time, I didn't try to control her. I just allowed her to show me what she had in her tool belt, as it were. This time it will be different. I'm going to take her for a ride. It's time to see if she really enjoys sex in any way.

If this was sex with one of my girls, I would start by kissing them, but Lili is not my girl and I'm not going to kiss her. We will establish intimacy in other ways.

I put the girl on her back, put my mouth to a breast and a finger on her mons. Let's see if I can rev this gal up. Can she even get stimulated, or is the act of sex for her a mechanical thing that she endures for the sake of the money.

As I suck her tit, the nipple becomes rigid. Her breathing is shallow and then I start receiving real moisture from her cunt.

My fingers are exploring the walls of her cunt. There are some ripples in it but I have no problem finding her g-spot. I only barely brush over it for now. I spend more time with her clit and tits.

Lili has her hands on the back of my head. She isn't directing traffic as much as holding on. She pulls her knees up and spreads them a bit, giving me better access to her cunt. She's pushing that cunt into my hand; her hands are pulling my head onto her breasts. She's leaking really good between her legs.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I lift my head off her tits and look right into her eyes. Her gaze fixes on mine. I smile and tap, tap, tap on her g-spot.

Lili screams. Really howls and then completely convulses. Once again. Tap, tap, tap. She cries out. I hold my gaze on her. She is staring back. Is it fear? Tap, tap, tap. *Fuuuckkk!*

She's gasping for breath. I mount her with condom and, holding her lower torso in the air, via holding on to her thighs and lifting them up, I pound the shit out of her small frame.

She is leaking a river, gasping, convulsing, and moaning. All the while I maintain a gaze on her. She looks back at me. There are tears running down her cheeks.

I move a thumb to her shithole and just push in as I continue to fuck her hard. Maybe the result is a whimper but the convulsions also really become stronger and more frequent.

It's time to bring this to an end. The reality is that she will not feel cum hit her. That part of the act is denied to her. But end it must, and I fill the condom with my aborted offering.

I remove my thumb from her ass, and pull my dick out of her cunt. I lower her hips down onto the mattress and move off to the side of the girl.

I know one thing. She can enjoy sex, but it may be necessary to take control of the girl to get her there. If so, that would not be good. Most of her clients won't do that and those that do might be dangerous for her.

As I lie to her side, she snuggles into me tightly. That is also not a good sign. It's fine for my girls to do that, but after sex, Lili should be getting up, dumping the condom, washing up and getting dressed. Fun time is over! She's not done, not until she disposes of the condom, make sure she has the money and goes, unless there are other things, as in a paid-for evening out.

## **Quarantine Chronicles: Jon**

I get up... someone has to. *Lili, come back tomorrow and we will teach you how to give head correctly.*

She looks up. *I do it wrong?*

*Yes. You do it wrong. Tomorrow you will learn to do it better.*

*You fuck me again tomorrow?*

*Is there a need?*

*I no good again?*

*You were very good. That is not an issue.*

*So why not again?*

*Lili, what would the purpose be? I was interested in knowing if you could really enjoy sex while it was happening. Clearly, you can.*

*You enjoy it with me?*

*Yes, I did.*

*So why you not want me again?*

*I am not your lover. I am also not your customer. I have four loves and you are here as a prostitute who had questions. I am willing to help you with that. So yes, I enjoyed it. But that is not why we are here. OK?*

*What I do wrong?*

*You did nothing wrong today, other than that of how you give head, and you will learn that tomorrow. I do have a question of what happens when you are with a client who is not controlling you. Can you enjoy the sex and also be in control?*

*Oh! I not know! Maybe I need to be controlled to do good sex?*

*Maybe, and if that is the case, then this profession is a bad and dangerous one for you.*

*OK. Really? I to feel these things when I in control? I will think about this. Jon, how I in control?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Ask Ruby.*

If anyone knows control, it's Ruby. Ruby's also a master at giving head. She may be the one I have teach Lili tomorrow. This gal, however, is probably in the wrong business regardless of what Ruby can teach her.

*You also didn't do the things you need to do after your client cums.*

*What that?*

*I will have Ruby explain that too. Part of the reason you are not being asked back is because you are not doing some needed things at the very end.*



*Jon, you want another Red Horse, or maybe some Tanduay?*

Azzy is doing a pretty good job of reading my mood.

Being a hooker ain't for everyone. I mean, consider. The gal has to have a firm grip on who she is, what her body wants and needs, what danger she might be in, how to handle the odd situation without tipping the customer off that she is worried or frightened.

The hooker has to be flexible about meeting the customer's needs without losing a sense of her own emotional balance.

Does any of that sound like Lili?

Sure, that describes Ruby, Arcele, or Criza. All are great at it. Some a little less so. Some way less so, and Nicky comes to mind. But Lili is a total loss. I'm pretty sure now that she is going to get hurt if she stays in the business. The girl is fucking clueless.

So Azzy is reading that in my face. I don't dislike Lili... I'm just freaked out that she is trying to be something she clearly cannot be.

*Better stay with the Red Horse. And maybe a bite to eat? Can you heat up a hotdog for me, sweetheart?*

*One or two?*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*Better make it two.*

*OK, talk about Love2x later.*

*Really?*

*Oo.*

*Shit. OK.*



Twenty minutes later, I am a good way through the Red Horse and Azzy is placing the hotdogs in front of me. I put the cards down and am about to tie into the first dog when Ruby sits down by me.

*Hey stud.*

*Fuck you too, Ruby.*

*Nice mouth! Want to tell me about Lili?*

*Other than you should scare the crap out of her and get her to quit hooking?*

*Oo. Other than that.*

*Your student has no idea about how to have sex and be in control at the same time. She has no idea how to give head. And finally she has no idea how to end the session and get the fuck out after the guy cums.*

*You kidding?*

*No.*

*You sure?*

*Yes, Ruby. I am positive.*

*You think she needs to be dominated to have sex?*

*Pretty much, and when she isn't dominated, she just sorta goes through the motions without any emotion at all. She thinks prostitution is dirty. She thinks dicks are dirty. She wants to be loved by her customer.*

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*How you know?*

*What she said and what I experienced.*

*How I teach her?*

*Hurt her. Really hurt her. Make her learn she needs control or some damn fool will kill her. Teach her to give head right and what to do at the very end. She's got nothing.*

*This why you send her to me and not Criza or someone else?*

*Dub! Of course. Ruby, you're probably the very best, and very smartest.*

*Well then, fuck you too! Teaching is not my profession.*

*Nice mouth.*

*Why this my problem? What she to me?*

*Well, what's she to me, too? Look, we all take care of each other. At least a little bit. Let this be one of those times.*

*Sige, sige.*



Hotdogs. They ain't fancy and they ain't the tastiest of foods, but they fill the hole and they are, for me, what they call, comfort food. A little chopped onion, some sweet pickle relish and a bit of brown mustard on top, all enclosed by a hotdog bun, 'paired,' as those silly bastards like to say, with some good strong beer, and I'm a happy man.

And bless Azzy. She knows it. I don't have to tell her any of that. All I have to do is ask for a hotdog and the rest just comes. Azzy is something, to be sure. A year older now, and depending on how long this COVID shit lasts, she might be an adult before we are done with it. Who the fuck knows? You hear one thing one day and then the opposite the next. I have stopped paying attention to the news. All I do is comply with the local edicts and live my life as best I can.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

But, speaking of Azzy, she is sitting down with a bowl of ice cream and an expression that tells me we are about to talk about Love2x.

OK, *what is it?*

*You know. Do her?*

*Has she asked?*

*She afraid.*

*Why?*

Azzy shrugs.

*Sweetheart, I need a reason. What has happened?*

*She afraid of you.*

*Did she say that?*

*She do.*

*I don't think she's working as a puta. So what would be the reason?*

*Oh. Really not a puta?*

*Ask her.*

*Oo. I do it.* And, bowl of ice cream in hand, off she goes.

I haven't started on the second dog yet when Azzy returns, sits down and affirms, *Do her.*

*Why?*

*She want to be, but she not know how.*

*How is this my problem? I don't train putas.*

*So? Just enjoy her. What the difference? You fuck putas. So why not this one?*

*Nice mouth.*

*I learn from you!* And she sticks out her tongue.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*She has to ask.*

*I send her to you. If she come, that is the ask.*

*OK. After my meal. Don't push it.*



*Azzy tells me that you are afraid of me. Do you think I will hurt you?*

*No, Sir Jon. Not that.*

*Then why?*

*You are a friend of Tom, di ba?<sup>44</sup>*

*Yes.*

*What me and Lili do, that why Tom leave?*

*Ah, I see. The answer is complicated. But... I do not blame you for Tom leaving. It isn't your fault.*

*Truly?*

*Truly.*

*Oh! I think you will be angry.*

*I understand. ... I am not angry with you. So, are you still scared?*

*A little.*

*Why?*

*Maybe, I am no good?*

*At sex?*

*Opo.*

*Has someone told you that you are not good at sex?*

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<sup>44</sup> Is it not so? Or, Correct?

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

*I do it twice. Both say that.*

*You were scared each time?*

*A little. Yes.*

*Am I scary?*

*I think, no.*

*Good. Let's enjoy each other and not worry about doing good. Let's just have fun.*

*OK, I try.*

Try she does. She doesn't wait for me to undress her. She simply peels off the crop-top, bra, leggings, and panties she has on. In no time at all she's sitting on the bed ready for me to join her. If this is fear, what the hell will she be like when she isn't afraid?

She doesn't look much different from many other cute Filipinas with her straight black hair, oval face, mocha color skin, small breasts and trim body. Her choice of nail polish is a little bit on the younger generation side of the ledger, with different colors on different nails.

There is a small, colorful tattoo of a flower on her left shoulder. Her earrings are simple studs, with a colored gem or glass in them.

Her cunt is shaved, and there are no scars or bruises on her. She's a cute kid at eighteen, with a ready smile, with bright white and straight teeth, even if she's a bit nervous or scared. As far as looks and demeanor goes, a fella could do far worse. I guess there's little more to say beyond that.

I have removed my clothing and join her on the bed, putting an arm around her back and bringing her close to me. Running my hand down from her forehead, over a cheek, neck, shoulder and flank, I kiss her forehead before laying her head back against a pillow with the arm that had been behind her back.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

The hand that had come down to her side and hip now curls over her mons and splits her labia in search of her clit. As soon as I find it, Love2x moans, sighs, and with a free hand she caresses the arm that's not stroking her clit, but rather propping me partially up next to her.

So far, there's not a damned thing wrong with the kid. She's enjoying the physical contact, unafraid of intimacy and happy to be stimulated.

I move a finger into her canal. It's already slick and juicy. She spreads her legs to afford me greater access without prompting. Her g-spot is easy to locate and, when it is tapped, she bounces off the mattress. So, OK, she likes this part. Now that I may have gotten rid of any lingering fear, how does she do giving head?

I kiss her forehead again and whisper in her ear, *It's time you give me head. If you need coaching, just ask. OK?*

*Opo.*

I get on my back and allow Love2x to get into position. It doesn't take her long. Without preliminaries, she puts her mouth on my only semi-rigid member, and simply bobs her head up and down. Do I need to explain why none of this is right?

It is similar to the issue I just had with Lili. She has no clue in that way.

*You get a perfect for desire and willingness. Now, either I will give you some suggestions for technique, or we can ask Azzzy to join us and she will assist to teach you technique. So you choose, me or Azzzy?*

*Truly? Azzzy will be here with us? This is done?*

*Yes, it is done. If you do this for a living, you will be with other girls and a guy on occasion.*

OK, Azzzy! And the kid actually giggles! Go figure.

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

I reach over to the nightstand and grab my phone. The subsequent text brings Azzy to us in less than a minute.

*Sweetheart, strip down and then teach this truly bright girl the fundamentals of giving professional head.*

Azzy is not a professional, but she has learned from the best. I get a smile and all the movement I requested. Once Azzy is on the bed with us, she asks Love2x to show her how she started when I stopped the girl. Love2x simply grabs my dick, puts her mouth over it and starts bobbing.

And so for a moment, Azzy just stares, looks at me with bewilderment, before stopping the kid and offering, *Ate, let me show you how I start? OK.*

*Oo.*

And with that, Azzy starts her master class of giving head. The class lasts for fifteen minutes, before the young teacher kisses the cheek of the older student and announces that she is no longer needed.

But before my sweet lover can leave, I ask her to have Arcele join us. I get her eyebrows signaling acceptance of the request.

Now that the kid knows how to give head, and Arcele arrives, I have Arcele teach her how to put a condom on a man in a loving, sexy and nonthreatening manner. No man wants to feel like the gal thinks he's a disease carrying monster. Putting a condom on in a playful way is a real plus when in bed as a hooker.

As there are a number of different techniques to be learned so that when there are repeat meetings it isn't always the same way, this teaching segment may well be taking longer than that of giving head, albeit interspersed with a fair amount of giggling, but it is eventually learned and we can now move on to the next thing. Fucking.

With Arcele still on the bed, but passive, I start by asking how this next part, the actual fucking, has gone before. Both times she was

## Quarantine Chronicles: Jon

only on her back. And so that's how I start. It's the basic missionary position. And then I get my arms under her hips, lift her up a bit and start inserting my thumb in her asshole while I fuck the kid.

Her eyes fly open and her head swings over to Arcele, who only smiles back at her. That seems to calm her down. The intrusion into her shithole is accepted as I continue to fuck her.

She is getting off and I see no problems, so I ask, *'Cele, play with her clit and suck a tit please.*

Love2x has just come down from a cum of her own and isn't really able to register much of a response as Arcele goes about the assignment. But as the assignment begins and the results of the increased stimulation comes to fruition, the kid just cums and cums, screaming, cussing, twitching, and flopping around, until my cum results in the end of those activities.

There is one more activity to master. Arcele gets Love2x's attention, reminds her that no matter what has occurred, she must have the presence of mind to assist in the removal of the dick, with condom still attached, from her cunt. Nothing could be more important than that!

Arcele is still with us as Love2x asks, *Am I OK now? I do OK?*

*Well, there's nothing wrong with you, but you need 'Cele to teach you how to be in control of the whole thing from beginning to end. Once you learn that, you will be just fine.*

And she will be. Lili and Love2x may be close friends, but there is a world of difference between the two of them. Once Love2x gets the rest of this figured out, she will likely rise to the top of my rankings.



Before COVID (I think I will call that BC) I spent my time drinking with expats. Now DC (during COVID), I spend my time

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drinking and socializing with hookers. So tell me, which do you think is better?

I used to think I needed to be with those who spoke real English. Now I am with females who live more honest lives. I think I am liking this better.

It took me a while, but I have Nelia, Ruma and Azzy cooking foods I really like and, in truth, some of those Filipino foods are good, too.

Nelia, though I haven't mentioned her much lately, is the glue that holds us all together. Arcele is busy with schoolwork and the call center. The younger two are, well, younger, and they can't go do all the things that need to be done. I can go out some these days, but we all agree it is best that I not go to crowded places.

And so, Nelia is the ringmaster. Without her, we'd be in trouble. Inasmuch as none of these gals are wives, I really do depend on Nelia more than anyone else.

Things may not be 'normal,' but life has settled into a good and easy pattern. It was feeling like it was all smooth sailing from here on.

But just when you think it's all smooth sailing, that is when something that was a non-problem starts bubbling up to become a problem. At least for a bit. There's always something, I guess.

This time it is Nelia who brings me tidings from my non-problem problem. Nicky is here. This is the day for her rebonding.

I put down my cell. I was reading some of the links I found in The Drudge Report.

*And?*

*She wants to come in to speak with you before Nelia.*

*Why?*

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So, this requires an explanation. The hookers hang out on the lanai. They don't come into the house. It's not that they can't, it just is that they don't. The lanai is their afternoon 'meeting place,' but there are times some of them come early. Any of them are welcome to hang out there. But coming in to the house is different. I sort of want an imaginary wall between my life and their lives. I will, and often do, join them on the lanai. But when I retreat into the house, well, I am not with them. OK?

They can come in to see Nelia for a 'salon' session, but that's not where I am.

*I not know.*

I think Love2x is here for a session with Arcele this morning.

*Are Love2x and Lili out there?*

*Oo, they see her.*

*How did that go?*

*Weird, I think.*

*So, she is out there with the other two? ... Are they speaking?*

*Ha! It silent. Truly.*

*OK, bring her in.*

*Sige.*

I pick up my cell to finish reading the current link I was on and I don't put it down when Nicky is escorted in. Let her wait a bit as I finish what I am reading. But I do come to the end of the article and put down the phone before picking up a bottle of Red Horse.

*Good morning. How are you?*

*We need to talk, Jon.*

*We are talking. I asked you how you are.*

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*That what we need to talk about.*

*OK. I am listening.*

*I am alone now. You know this.*

*Not really. I mean, I haven't heard from you, and I don't listen to gossip. So, no, I didn't know what you have been doing. I do now, at least that you are alone.*

*I not want to be a puta. I think maybe I too old.*

*There are far older gals working like that, but I understand your concern.*

*Yes. OK. Well, I too old. So what I do?*

*That's something you should have considered before you got rid of Tom.*

*No, I right about Tom.*

*OK, whatever. And with that I take a bit more of my beer.*

*It OK if I stay here?*

*No, it isn't OK.*

*Why? You like me.*

*How many reasons do you need?*

*Why? Tom gone.*

*Yes, Tom is gone and you are still Tom's wife. You will always be Tom's wife. Your daughter is Tom's daughter. No. And more beer slides down my throat.*

*Why you this way?*

*I told you before. You and Tom are too close to me for what you want to happen. I told you before. Find a man who can make you satisfied in bed.*

*I not find this.*

*You haven't looked hard enough.*

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*But no new men because of COVID. So where I find?*

*Yeh, you have a valid point there. But, sorry, can't help you. That's another reason why you should have thought through dumping Tom when you did. That was also during COVID.*

*I OK with money for maybe a year, but what I do then?*

*How many times do I have to say, that's another reason why you should have thought through dumping Tom. All this was a given right from the beginning. And I drain the beer from the bottle.*

*Nelia puts another bottle of Red Horse in front of me and I take a swallow. It's time you start hooking. All that's left to you is being a whore. So, old or not, that's what is left to ya.*

*She starts crying, but then, what the fuck did she expect? She tossed out her meal ticket. Wives, they're a pox on the universe! Fuck'em. Literally, fuck'em.*

*Nelia helps Nicky find the way to the salon door and settles her in there before returning to me and asking, *Why you so mean to her? She want you because you make her feel good!**

*Sure, she wants a guy who can ring her bell, and I did, but she really needs a replacement meal ticket and that's not me. ... She fucked over her husband. Why should I be nice to her? Maybe he deserved it. Probably not, at least not as much as she did to him. Anyway, all that she is complaining about is directly the result of her actions. It's like the kid who kills her parents and then asks for pity because she's an orphan. It just doesn't work.*

*How you know he not deserve it?*

*I don't, but he was the meal ticket. You want to believe he deserved it, go find out from her. I don't believe he deserved what he got for a minute. If you want to think differently, go find out, but don't come back to me and say, he talked bad to her, or he was bad in bed, or he was cheap, or he was rude to her, or she fell out of love with him. He had better be an axe murderer or something like that, or what she did doesn't cut it.*

*Why you angry with her?*

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*Wives, Nelia, wives think they are special. They make life miserable for their husbands and then they have the crazy fucking idea that they can complain about the fact that their husband isn't doing this or that, to make their lives so much better. Fucking wives. Why do you think I'm not married?*

*You not bad to me, 'Cele, Ruma or Azzy? Why that?*

*Not a one of you is a wife to me. You don't act like wives act. Wives don't accept mistresses. You gals accept each other. Wives bitch about a man's drinking and such. You gals make sure that I always have all I need. It's just not the same.*



It's been over a year. First world countries seem to have lots of vaccine. The good lord only knows when I will get mine. But if things continue like they are right now, I don't really mind.

True, I can't travel. I guess I don't care. True, I have to wear the masks and face shields, and they sure are uncomfortable, but if that's the worst of it, I don't care about it enough to make a thing about it.

True, I am not hanging out with the expats, but they have split into a few groups, all about politics, and each is fucking nuts. I am happy to not have to deal with that. Actually, there have been no more parties here because of that and it's OK with me.

The gals seem happy to hang out here and Nelia's salon business, as it were, is doing fine, connected to that.

All in all, as far as I'm concerned, I don't need to return to 'normal.' My normal didn't include Azzy, Nelia, Arcele and Ruma. This new normal does, and it works just fine, as does the cold Red Horse on the table in front of me.

What's that we used to say? *'Fuck'um all if they can't take a joke.'* Well, I'm having a good laugh cause I got a good life, the rest of y'all can go get fucked, I really don't care.

Nope, not for a fucking goddamned minute.

# **The End**

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