



The Interviews

A Jake with Joy Story

by VeryWellAged

The Interviews

A Novelette

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By

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

Bona Fides

All I wanted to do was complete my dissertation; my doctoral thesis:
Micro-economic factor influence on
cultural/religious beliefs and
the establishment of immediate normative behavior.

I was not here to determine good or bad, right or wrong.

I didn't care. I did not have a dog in any fight.

I didn't care what the factors were.

I didn't care what the changes in normative behavior were.

I was aware that they might impact women more than men, but how that worked out, was not a factor in my mind. I just wanted to document it, whatever it was.

It just didn't matter to me.

Yes, sure I am a third generation product of the Woman's Liberation movement in the USA, but while my grandmother might speak of Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan in terms of reverence and my mother is a card carrying member of NOW ... me?

I'm part of a completely Title IX generation. Ever since I was born, I haven't known anything else. I played soccer from the time I was five and continued on through the varsity high school team. That was the only reason I didn't go out for track ... I couldn't do both at the same time.

My grandmother might see herself as in a fight for equality. My mother might be irked by the way the men in the world took things for granted that maybe they ought to not.

But my world is different.

No one in my world told me that a woman goes to college for an 'Mrs.' I went to college because it was assumed that I would. I pursued my Master's Degree and then my Doctorate because I saw myself as traveling that path. Nowhere did I ever think, what exactly am I doing? It was the trajectory of my life. I had a serious boyfriend. We had lived together for five years. He was pursuing his studies in high-energy experimental particle physics. Life was comfortable.



I had been using Skype to interview some women in Cambodia but I was getting nowhere with my thesis. I was frustrated when I went to meet with my thesis advisor, Dr. Corneal Glade. Cornie was easy to talk with and he listened to my rambling grouchiness for a good ten minutes before he picked up a book and started to read it! I got the point and came to a full stop.

Cornie put the book down and asked, *Are you asking for a little direction as to where you might focus your attention?*

Like, Duh! Yes ... that would be great! Where should I look?

Amber, I ran across something recently that will require care and discretion but might be a treasure trove for your work. I don't know much about it, but from the very little I have heard, it just might give you a direction. All I know is that it associated with some school in the Philippines. Check out this website.

He then handed me a scrap of paper with a URL on it and nothing more. That was it. We chatted a bit and then I took off.

I was at my desk as I typed the URL into my Dell notebook. The page that appeared allowed for login and for registration. There was nothing else on the page. I chose registration. The screen that came up next was a little surprising. There were three radio buttons for: mother, daughter, husband. There was a graduating class date dropdown box. There were address fields, and cell phone fields. Attached to each cell phone field was a drop down box for carriers. These included: Globe, Smart, Sun, Talk 'n Text, US based provider.

Next there was a question: *Whom do we know who will vouch for you?*

There were three fields. Check boxes with the names: Jun and Jake. Below that there was a text field.

That was all. Below was a submit button.

I figured that before I submitted a registration page I needed to get something else ready. I put a PDF of my thesis proposal, an NDA I would sign for them and a cover letter, all on my personal website under a hidden link. The cover letter explained that I would protect their identities and the nature of my research. I went back to the registration page and listed myself as daughter, put my contact info in and then in the memo field I put in the URL for my documents. I clicked submit. A screen displayed a confirmation of my submission and that I would hear back in seven days if my submission was accepted.

I waited. Seven days came and went. Nothing. Another week passed and nothing happened. I was going to meet with Cornie again and discuss my failure to contact this group, when there was a knock at the apartment door. Looking through the peephole I saw an Asian woman standing there. I opened the door to find three Asian women. All attractive and nicely dressed. Maybe close to my age? Hell, I didn't know. I was bad when guessing the age of Asians.

Hi. What can I do for you?

Are you Amber?

Yes... Who are you?

We will answer some of your questions after you sign this non-disclosure agreement.

We were still standing at the door and I didn't have a clue what this was about, but the mention of an NDA got my attention in a damned hurry.

One of the women handed me the document. It was not the one I had prepared. Did this have anything to do with my thesis?

It said that this was the first of three documents and that I could never disclose the names of the individuals or any identifying information related to this meeting to anyone, ever, regardless of the outcome. My failure in this regard would cost me five hundred thousand dollars.

The monetary amount was a bit goofy. I was a poor grad student, but what the heck. What could they divulge that was so damned important? I had no idea what this was about, but I would play along. I invited them into the house.

Having no intention of divulging anything, I signed. I did so with one of the women video recording the session and the other two countersigning. The three women put all of that away and relaxed.

They introduced themselves as Flory, Ivy and Jonna. They were Filipina. They told me that my 'registration' attempt on the website had caused a great deal of discussion within their group.

That got my attention! I had succeeded in the contact. So why the need to be so mysterious?

But then the women dropped a bomb on me. I had to sign a document saying that I understood that I was to learn about acts that were illegal in some locales and to gain access to such information I voluntarily would engage in such an act so that I put myself in as much jeopardy as were the people I wished to study. I had to sign the document (again on video) and then engage in the act on video. Only then would any more be explained to me.

What type illegal acts? Was I in physical danger if I went forward? They wouldn't say another word.

I had no way to know if the content of the information I was to glean was worth this effort. They would disclose nothing else until I was in jeopardy.

They sat there and waited for me to make up my mind. They refused to answer any of my questions.

What do I have to do?

They wouldn't say.

I was asked again to sign the document. I gave up and signed. It was again videotaped.

Now, they had questions.

Do you like girls or guys?

For what?

Sex. Love.

You mean men or women?

No. Answer!

Neither.

We will leave now.

Wait!

Girls or guys?

Guys.

Do you have any sexually transmitted diseases?

No.

One of the women picked up a cell phone and spoke into it briefly. The rest were silent and remained so. Five minutes later, there was a knock at the door. I was getting up to answer it, but I was instructed to stay where I was. One of the Filipina women opened the door. Standing there was a Filipino looking boy. He was slight of build and could not have been 16 yet.

The Filipina brought the boy to me, *This is Raymon. He is a virgin and you will teach him how to make love to a woman. You can take as long as*

you want – but your task will not be complete until he leaves his cum in your pussy. We will video record everything.

What they were expecting me to do was engage in statutory rape. Raymon looked like a nice kid, even with the tent in his pants as he gave me the once over — five times. The fact that he considered me desirable was reassuring that I could complete the task. The question was, would I?

The same woman told me, *Show me your bedroom.*

I got up and led them to my bedroom. It was nothing fancy. The women started to undress me. I let them.

Why didn't I stop them? I don't honestly know. I guess I can look back and assume that I figured fucking a fifteen-year-old kid was worth the price to complete my dissertation, but was it? What if he was younger? Is that a rationalization in any case?

Raymon was told something in Filipino and he started to undress. Once undressed, I was led to the bed. Raymon was told something else. He climbed onto the bed, grabbed my hand and pulled me gently onto the bed with him. I was twenty-seven. Raymon was no older than fourteen or fifteen. But for the moment, Raymon took charge and guided me to lie down on my bed.

I allowed it to happen.

I allowed this child to spread my legs and touch my private most parts without comment or complaint.

I allowed it as he slowly placed his cock at my entrance.

I guided him in and helped him establish a rhythm with me by slowing him down.

I spoke to him quietly telling him he was a fine man, that he was pleasing me, that he would be able to please other women his own age later.

He whispered back saying that he would have other women, but from now on, I belonged to him and would for life. I was his first wife, but not

his last. I don't know why, but I came with a thundering orgasm and he followed me into the chaos of lust with his own orgasm.

Raymon rolled off me, but he wasn't done with me. He was playing with my breasts as one of the women brought a third document for me to sign. He didn't stop and it was causing goddamned echoes of the orgasm as I tried to read what was in front of me. The women didn't stop Raymon. It sounded like they were approving of it all.

It took me a while to get it read, but it said that I am aware I chose to engage in sex with a fourteen year old minor and that I was aware he was a minor when the act occurred. That I was to never divulge identifying information related to my studies. If I did divulge such information, I understood that the video would be released. With the video still recording, cum running out my pussy and Raymon sucking my milky white breast, I signed the document.

I watched as media from the video-recorder and the three documents were placed in a FedEx mailer and sealed.

All three women proceeded to undress and pushing Raymon out of the way, proceeded to bring me to orgasm so many times that I lost all contact with the normal world. My legs quivered out of control, my pussy ached from excessive contact and my breasts ached from nonstop sucking. I was a rag doll.

I was told to pack a suitcase.

I asked how long I would be gone. I was told a few months. I did as asked, left a note for my boyfriend with whom I lived, explaining that I had to leave for an extended trip and didn't know when I would be back, but that I would touch base with him by phone shortly to get him up to speed.

As the women watched, I sent an email to my advisor telling him that I had made contact and was now 'in the field.' I would contact him at a later date.

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I was asked if I had a passport. I did have one. I was told to bring it. Following a shower, a change of clothing and a last look around, I said goodbye to the world, as I had known it.

And then we were gone.

§ § §

The Nature of the Beast

Kriscelle

Her name is Kriscelle. She is thirty-one years old. She has been in the USA for six years. She arrived with her twelve-year-old daughter Corrine on a K1 Fiancee visa to marry William. William is now sixty-two. The marriage is stable. The couple has produced two children, William Jr. (age 5) and Ann (age 2). Kriscelle is a homemaker. William is an architect. The family resides in San Diego, California.

That is the family as the world outside their home sees them. Inside the home, it is a different story. William has two wives, Kriscelle and Corrine. The only reason that Corrine has not produced children is that Kriscelle keeps her daughter on birth control. Corrine is now eighteen and desperate to have a child by William. William is all for it, but Kriscelle wants Corrine to graduate college first. William has told Kriscelle he wants Corrine's child but will not force the issue. Kriscelle controls the bed. So long as Corrine does as her mother says, the daughter has free access to William.

The sexual arrangement has been like this since before the marriage. When William took Kriscelle for his bride, Corrine was part of the deal.

This interview is with Kriscelle. Her command of English is good but not complete. She has problems expressing thoughts, which require complex reasoning or analysis, though it would appear that she is quite capable of both. She speaks a number of Filipino dialects as well as English. She has been driving a car for five years, handles her own finances and manages all aspects of the household. Physically she is 4' 10" tall, weighs 93 pounds. Her health is good. Eyes and hair are black. She has a Filipino high school education, which is to grade 10.

I was thirteen when I gave birth to Corrine. When I was a small child, I lived with Tatay (my father), sisters and brothers. Nanay (my mother) worked as an OFW¹ as a med-tech in Dubai. She sent money home every month. Tatay was a [tricycle](#)² driver. My Ate³ is two years older than I am and she tried to tell me to be careful, but the church teaches that it is a sin to use condoms. We had no birth control. Because tatay was often away until late, I spent a lot of time with Tita⁴ Gina and Tito⁵ Andy's house. They had seven kids and we shared the beds.

Things happen when there are so many people in one house and one night Tito Andy had too much Tanduay⁶ before he came to bed. I think Tita Gina also must have had a lot of Tanduay because she was snoring and she never snores. Tito Andy crawled into

¹ OFW: Overseas Foreign Worker

² A motorbike taxi device. Passengers sit in an enclosed sidecar or behind the driver.

³ Ate: a term of respect to the oldest sister and can be used as a sign of respect to an older non-familial female. [pronounced ah-Teh]

⁴ Tita: an Aunt

⁵ Tito: an uncle

⁶ Tanduay Rum: Philippine Rum

*bed next to me. His penis was hard. I could feel it under the sheet. His was not asleep and his hands were all over my body. I tried to get away from him but he angrily told me **kayo ay masama**⁷. So I allowed him to take me. He took me that night and then every night for a month before I got pregnant.*

I am sure tita, she knew he was doing it. She just told me to be a good girl to my tito. Tatay not say anything but I not live with him anymore. Tita and Tito made sure I have food. They pay my tuition through high school. After I have the baby, Tita get condoms for Tito to use. She said I should stop listening to the Padre when he said condom use is a sin.

When I sixteen Tito he stop sleeping with me but, I still living there. Corrine then four and she start Kinder⁸. I get a job at the Dole Asparagus processing plant and I able to pay her tuition. The work at the Dole plant was hard. But I was very fast and able to clear my table every day.

Because I have a child, no Filipino looks at me. I thought I was pretty, but I had no money to make myself look nice. I want to get out of Tito and Tita's house because Corrine was beautiful. She then eleven. I want a different life for her. Her grades were great. For the last four years, she had been the very top of her class, which mean that she get a scholarship and I not have to pay her tuition.

I held onto the Dole job for seven years. At age twenty-three I was laid off for younger workers. I needed to move. I no longer had my job and Corrine was about to start grade 5. She still eleven.

I get a job in Gensan⁹ at the Mr. Donut in the KCC mall. We stay at a bed-spacer¹⁰. We share the bed. The cost is ₱1,200 a month. I am making ₱8,000 month. The public school (I cannot afford a good private school any more,) is a different one from the one where Corrine had a free scholarship and the costs add up to ₱2,100 per semester, but I have to pay for all our food and clothing. We were getting one meal a day, plus a donut or two I bring back to the bed-spacer. There is nowhere for Corrine to get a quiet space to study. We are unable to afford to pay the teachers for the private tutoring they offered on Saturdays before major exams. I did not know how we will survive and be able to complete Corrine's education.

There is a tsismis, (gossip,) that is circulating about a school for special sixth grade girls who have young mothers. I ask around and find out that maybe this is true, but only a very few each year are chosen. We can apply without any fee, but it is unlikely

⁷ kayo ay masama: means you are being bad

⁸ There are two grades of kindergarten, 1 and 2

⁹ Gensan is a local concatenation for General Santos City

¹⁰ A bed in a room with other beds, like a dormitory, but normally in a private home. There will be a shared toilet. Each bed is rented by the month. A portion of a shelf or drawer may be provided or storage may be below the bed being rented.

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that Corrine will be accepted. That is all I know about the place other than the name of the teacher at the school, Jun and maybe where to apply.

I go there. It November now but there a sign that say applications for the school are accepted in April at a warehouse near to this place.

In the Philippines, the school year ends on March 20th. The new school year begins the first week of June.

The first of April, we go down to a warehouse in Gensan where there is a line of at least two hundred other women and daughters. That is just one day. Applications open for twenty-five days! We told that there about twenty openings each year. It is a one-year program. I think, what the point. Corrine not to be selected. Too many here!

But the rumor say 'that is all you need.' The rumor say after that your life and your daughter's life set and good! I don't understand the thing, but this not something I can ignore. We bring in Corrine's school papers. They interview both of us, take pictures of both of us, and tell us to come to another place the next week for testing. All the people we meet are women. I don't know it at the time, but Corrine is interviewed by Jun.

We return for Corrine's academic testing and afterward receive a text to come back for another interview. This time there is no line. We meet at the school and both Corinne and I are interviewed by Jun, Cherise and Jake separately. On May 10th we get the word that we both are accepted and that we should attend an orientation session the next week. I not understand why they say both! I have no idea what this orientation session was about.

The next week our lives change forever. Jun tell us our daughters to attend the school without any tuition fee. The school will pay for everything we needed for the ten months. That there was a dormitory we, both mother and daughter will stay in for the school year. I will have to quit my job.

The daughters will have an intensive year of schooling, learning everything that normal 6th graders learn and a great deal more to help them with their new lives when they leave the school.

We mothers also going to be schooled, plus we will be the staff for the dormitory. We will keep it clean, do all the cooking and take classes about things that made my head spin, and some old fears pop-up. What I not know until this meeting that the school an exit system for all the women and their daughters to leave the Philippines and come to the USA as wives of good husbands.

We have to do things that some of us didn't want to do, but it result in a life that we not even dare to dream – or if we had dreamed – this time it would come true. The school just about guaranteed it.

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Jun say that they could because they already excluded anyone who couldn't make it happen. But we must to do everything they say, no excuses.

If we feel we not willing we are leave right now. No one goes. Not a daughter, no, and not a mother leaves. That was even though every mother and daughter knew – was told right there – that the daughter would have sex with people at the school that year and that they would have sex with our new husbands as well. Plus we mothers were told that we would get classes in sexual technique while we were at the school. We are shown a movie about two mothers who fought the plan the first year and how it didn't go well for them until they gave in and followed the rules. Since then the school had a firm rule. From day one, we will follow the rules or leave now.

The staff did not have the time to devote to pig headed women. We all stay.

For ten months we learn how to handle US currency. They have real US paper money and the coins too! We learn how to weigh in pounds and ounces. We speak only English. We not allowed to speak in anything else even when we are alone with our daughters!

We learn US history. We learn US geography. We learn about regional differences in the USA. We learn about USA politics. We were told about, but never understood, the weather in the USA until we get here. We decide we are split between Democrats and Republicans! We learn American sexual mores and we learn that the real desires of men had nothing to do with those mores. We learn how to shop for clothing in a country that has no clothes we can buy off the rack that will fit us.

And we learn about sex in a way that simply is far beyond what any of us knew when we started. Yes, I am sure this is true!

We learn about just about everything a woman can do for a man and for a woman! We learn that men dream of having two women in bed. If we gave them what they dreamed of without fear of divorce, they will never leave us. But that only worked once we were married to them.

The matter of how to hook them comes down to the daughters. If the men have both the opportunity to marry a young, beautiful woman and also have as part of the deal, her even younger and lovely daughter as a bedroom companion who also knows how to please men, then the marriage is assured. The school did background checks on the men and any man with a questionable background is dumped. So far, every year every mother-daughter couple found a husband. Placement was 100%.

But I leave Tito's house to avoid this! This is both the same and different. Corinne is on birth control from the first day and two months before any sexual activity. The school makes sure she will never become pregnant before it is appropriate. It true Corrine can say no. Yes, any girl can say no, but if she does, she is no longer at the school. So there is pressure.

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But there is also the promise of a life in the USA for us and our children and their children. That's a big deal.

In the meantime, even though the we are cooking, we don't have to pay for the food. That comes free as part of the program. We eat and eat!

And we begin to gain weight ... and that starts another lesson we have to learn before we leave with our fiancés for the USA. All our lives we never knew how much food we would have at our next meal or when the next meal would be. And so, because food was a scarce thing we ate as much as we could. But when food is always there, we blow up like a balloon.

No husband will keep us if we became fat as soon as we get there and no one will marry us if we get fat now. We have to learn to control our food intake. It is a lesson harder to learn than you might think. Still, we learn. It is doubly hard to learn how good mashed potatoes are and then learn you can't eat them!

We were picked, we twenty pairs, because the daughters are both the smartest and the prettiest and we as mothers have retained our good looks after puberty; and we mothers were also smart. Jake called it the best package possible. They had selected 20 from over 2500 applicants.

The school set us up with online internet accounts. They monitor the activity to make sure we were OK and things progressed the way we needed. No one ever tells me what to say or feel. They do warn me off a man who had been arrested but not convicted of beating his girlfriend. Jake has a zero tolerance of violence from men who were to marry us. The same thing is true with alcohol and drugs.

I meet William online. Jake says he is OK. I am happy because William is nice! Three weeks later, William was in Gensan and staying at the Anchor hotel. I meet him the first day he arrived. Before we meet our men, Jake had a sit down with us. He and Jun and Rose had made love to us a number of times and we knew each other. Jake's advice was the kindest thing he could have said. He told me that I am a special woman and if I think that William was good enough to be my husband until the day he dies, then I already knew what to do and all he needs to say is that William will be getting the best of the best.

I walked into William's hotel room and asked him if he needed to sleep following his long trip or if he needed my body first. He told me he needed my body. I asked him if he had showered yet and he said he had just gotten out of the shower. I told him I have showered just before I came to see him. Did he want me to shower again? I would be happy to if he desired that. No, he said, it wasn't needed.

"Take off your clothing William. I want to see the man I am to marry."

He takes off his clothes.

As he is finishing with his, I start to take off my dress. Rose has taught us not to take off our heels until we are naked and climbing onto the mattress. As I slipped the dress down, William slid out of his boxer shorts. Oh, my god. His penis is twice the size of Jake's and Jake's is larger than Tito's. It is a monster. I had learned to give Jake deep throat, but I doubt I can do that with William.

I must have frozen because William just laughs and said, "Don't worry, it will fit."

I finish taking off my clothing and take his hands as we both climbed on to the bed. I took his penis and balls in my hands and started getting him ready. Now it was his turn to say, "Oh my God!" He was semi hard when I started, he was rock hard when I stopped and mounted him.

He has my saliva on his penis and I am wet from my own needs. I slide the tip of his penis back and forth across my pussy. Once I feel there is enough liquid on him I start to slide down. Slowly. As God is my witness, I have never had anything so large inside me. He is stretching me. It feels good but I can only take so much so fast. And then I felt a burning need inside me. I had to have him all inside me. I ram down as hard as I can.

Oh my God! Oh no! I had no idea where he was inside me other than somewhere no one else had ever been. I couldn't breathe! Then I can and the world stops spinning and I just start bouncing up and down like there is no tomorrow. I have to have all of him now. But my bouncing on him causes him to let loose his cum in me far earlier than I had expected it. I had only cum twice when he lets loose and floods me. That triggers the third one for me and we both just collapse.

We fall asleep and when we awaken, I get him hard again and ride his penis until my pussy is sore. He eventually cums inside me again before we leave the hotel for dinner at Grab a Crab.

We just talk for hours after the meal and eventually go to sleep. The next day after we wake up, I text Corrine, shower and dress. William asks me where I am going. I tell him I will be back for supper. He looks dejected. There was a knock at the door and I let Corrine in. She and I hug. I tell her to be good to our husband – loud enough for William to hear – and leave.

When I return late that afternoon and let myself into the room, the two of them are in the bed naked. They are smiling big silly smiles and Corrine has the most happy look on her face.

"Mom, if you think I am going to leave you two when I turn eighteen, you are crazy. William will be my husband, just like he will be yours, until he dies. And mom ... we have to keep him healthy for a very long time."

William, Corrine and I have lived together like that since that day. William is a very good man. He is the best husband a woman could ask for ... he never wants another woman in bed ... other than me and Corrine. He says we two are plenty for him. He has

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always been a good provider. There has always been enough money. I do not ask him to support my family because they never really took care of me. Corrine thinks we should send money to Tita and Tito ... I say no.

William doesn't drink. Never does any drugs. He has never raised his hand to anyone and the house we live in is a dream come true. I live a life I never thought possible. I am happier than I ever thought a person could be. William is our husband and will always be. He will never leave us and we will never leave him.

Corrine has graduated High School in the USA and is attending a local college. William pays for everything and I think he is happy to do so. Corrine wants his baby but I want them to wait until she gets her BS degree. I know the two think I am unreasonable. But I love them both and they know that too.

We see Jake and Jun, once a year, at an annual reunion, some of us attend. William has met other men just like him and has formed close ties to some of the other guys. My two children with William will have every advantage we can give them. They will never know the poverty I lived in. Life could not be better.

§ § §

A New Life

Ray

I am now living with Raymon's family. I share a bed with Raymon. I am treated as his wife. His mother took my birth control pills from me. Ray is nice and respectful to me, and fucks me three or four times a day. I have never had so much sex and am afraid that I will be pregnant within days. I have always liked having a cock in my pussy, so I am not complaining about that, but pregnancy is not in my plans! While Ray is really young, he does have a man's cock and the more we work at it the better he gets. It's, sort of, flattering to have such a young boy, with his parent's permission, as my own fuck toy. As he is in school most days, I have plenty of time to ask all sorts of questions of the others in the house and to take oral histories.

Ray's mom, Alysa, other than taking my birth control pills away treats me like a younger sister. She is teaching me to cook Filipino food. Alysa's husband Henry is a sweet man. He apologized to me one day in the oddest way ... at the dinner table he said that I sure was pretty but that every bit of energy he had was drained on a nightly basis by Alysa and Samantha, Alysa's daughter. Samantha is fifteen. Henry married Alysa two and a half years ago. Ray is one year younger than Samantha. Samantha has been calling me 'Ate.' She is happy her brother has a wife now. She was feeling guilty before. She tells me that it is good that Ray will have mestizo children. There is one other child in the family. Her name is Jacqueline and she is three. It is clear that she is also mestizo. But I have been told she is neither Henry's nor is she Alysa's. I gather Samantha is the mother! The father is a mystery for now.

The issue of my position in the family as a permanent member comes up again one morning as we are cleaning up the breakfast dishes. I try to explain to Alysa and Samantha that I am only with them for as long as it takes to complete my study, but they laugh at me and say I will see.

Alysa tells me I have a lot to learn and that she and Samantha will teach me. I ask her what she means and she says, *You want to understand our world and our choices? Yes?*

I tell her I do.

Then she says, *We will see that you learn what we learned.*

But I do not come from your world. It's not possible.

We will show you that too. You will see. It will all become clear at the end. Tell me little sister, have you ever made love with a woman?

No. Never before you three 'did me' at my place before we left.

Ah, OK...

At that point, Alysa says something in Cebuano to Samantha. Sammie acknowledges and pulls me to the shower in the master bedroom. She tells me to strip out of my clothing so that we can shower. I tell her I have already showered this morning, but she doesn't care and so into the shower we go. Sammie is soaping me up all over and that includes a soapy finger or two up my ass. While I am not given an enema, I am otherwise completely cleaned. While in the shower, Sammie takes a razor and shaves off all my pubic hair. She shaves my legs and underarms. As we get out of the shower she tells me to keep myself shaved like that at all times. She tells me I am to have a shaved pussy from now until I die.

When we come out of the bathroom, Alysa is there and she is also naked. Her pussy is shaved smooth, as is Sammie's pussy.

Come to my bed, Amber.

Sammie and I climb on the king and Alysa takes my hand.

Alysa tells me, Rose taught all the mothers and daughters to accept and to love other women with real desire. Jake taught us that men are neither by nature, nor by God, designed to love just one woman. When women demand that, the woman puts a barrier up between the woman and her husband's ability to feel complete happiness. While not always, sometimes that wall leads to divorce. It always adds distance between husband and wife. A wife, who joyfully welcomes other women into her bed, will keep her husband, as he knows that she is special and will not risk losing her.

She smiles and strokes me cheek before continuing. There are two requirements. The husband must understand that the ability to be with another woman is limited to times when his wife is with him. The wife must never make her husband feel guilty for these things. And Rose teaches that we women must learn to love each other without our husbands so that we can love them with our husbands. For now, you will practice with Sammie and me. Later you will be with some of the other wives and their families. We are not trying to turn you away from men. Our role is to teach you to love both so that you and your husband Ray never ever part.

And with that said, Alysa drew me to her and we started to kiss. Her lips explored my lips. Her tongue darted out and in. Her hands roamed my body. I relaxed and allowed things to happen. I was not an active participant, but I was not unwilling either. Alysa was building a fire inside me and that desire was real and powerful. I arched my body to get her fingers deeper inside me. I stuck out my ass further when her tongue invaded it. Sammie's mouth was on my breasts. Her hands explored my body. I was floating on a cloud with an orgasm bubbling up from below. And then the orgasm came. It was profound and sustained as Alysa worked both my pussy and my ass. This was the second time, and the first gentle one with women. My head needed to wrap around the fact that while I loved cock, this was good, very good. One did not exclude the other. That was a new thought on a personal level. I had understood it intellectually before, but never on a gut level.

As I settled, back down to earth and the mattress, I rolled on top of Alysa and started kissing her in return with love for what she had given me. I was in her debt and she was in my heart. I promised myself I would thank Sammie later, just one on one. My hand reached for Alysa's pussy and I played rough with her as she gasped. I scooted down, took her pussy in my mouth and sucked her clit and all around it into my mouth, flicking her clit with my tongue. She came on my face. I laid back, thinking we were done.

Sammie was on top of me in an instant, her pussy in my face as she started eating mine. I find I am not good eating "up" while someone on top of me is eating me out. I try but the effect is desultory at best. It didn't stop Sammie from a complete assault on my pussy. In short order, I was coming again. I caught my breath once the orgasm subsided and I rolled

my little 'sister' over and gave her pussy a 'what for' until she was crying out my name and making a wreck of the sheets.

By the time we three got out of the shower again, my third that morning, it was 11:30 and Ray would be home from school in under four hours. Sammie had stayed home to help her mother 'do me.' Ray knew nothing of this.

As was the case every day, as soon as he came home, he would plough me but good at least twice. The amount of sexual activity in this family was way off the charts based on what I experienced and knew about from my culture. Of course Ray was 14 with a libido that could not stop if he had wanted to. And why would he want to when I was at home ready for him? But the rest of the family was incredibly active as well. Was this the case for all Jun's school families?

When Ray did come home, he just gathered me up and took me to our bedroom. Without a word, he fucked me until I came on his cock. Then he unloaded in me and within minutes started over again. After my seventh or eighth orgasm of the day and his third ... he had me that morning before he left for school ... we both lay back exhausted.

How did it go with mom?

You knew about that?

Yes, she texted me.

It went well, Ray.

You will help me with other girls?

Yes, if that is what you want.

You don't get it yet Amber ... it has to be what we both want.

Ray left the bedroom after pulling on his jeans. I had screwed up.

§ § §

The Nature of the Beast

Corrine

Mom and I had a difficult year in Gensan. I was never sure why we couldn't go back to Tito and tita's but mom said we couldn't.

I remember I was always hungry, even before when we lived with Tito and tita's. I also remember that I had always had to share a bed with many people. I had no privacy unless I was in the CR¹¹. But everyone was just like us. I knew, most of the kids I grew up with never went to school beyond sixth grade. If they did and they were lucky, they might get a job as an OFW. That meant it was best not to have a family back home because you would probably never see them except for a few days every few years. Mom hasn't seen her mother in over fifteen years.

Mom didn't tell me much about Jun's school when we first applied. I am not sure she knew much about it. When we went to the orientation, it was like living in a fantasy novel. We would do all sorts of nasty things but we were going to the USA and it was all OK.

The ten months at the school were unlike anything I had ever experienced in my life. Let me tell you about the dormitory. For the very first time in my life, I had my own room. The mattress was soft and comfortable. The CR had nice showers and the toilets were flush toilets. All of this was new to me.

We ate three meals a day! I was full in my belly. Some of the moms were good cooks. Some were horrible cooks in the beginning. But it seemed that the mom's who could cook taught the others. By the end of the school year, every meal was fantastic! I had never even dreamed of so much food and so good tasting food.

We wore uniforms, as all Filipino children do when they go to school, but we didn't have to buy these, they were given to us. And they were really pretty. The teachers were really smart and all the kids were really smart. Being first in the class wasn't going to happen for me for the first time in my life. We all studied together after classes were over. Every one of us

¹¹ Comfort Room (toilet)

was intent on getting straight A's and we did. We were special and we knew it.

The teachers also taught us things that the Church would be very unhappy about. Our teachers always told us when we were getting a lesson different from what the Church taught. They told us what we would hear from the Church and then they explained why that was wrong and what they needed us to know. We were sponges. We soaked everything up.

The school divided the type of classes and activities up this way. Basic Scholastic Studies were what every Filipina would learn in 6th grade. Enhanced Scholastic Studies included things that kids in the USA learn about their history and their country plus the different units of measure and currency. Basic Physical Education was just like any other school: Volleyball, basketball, and that sort of thing. Enhanced Physical Education taught us about our bodies in a way that would cause a scandal in public school. Some called this 'sex ed' but it went far beyond that into theories of physical needs and various techniques. We had the classes we called Charm School, where we learned the use of forks knives and spoons in the USA, plus things like how to tip, tips on how to dress for different occasions. Lastly, we had Sex School and that was real sex where we learned and practiced technique and developed a comfort level in the bedroom with both men and women.

Classes were six days a week and eleven hours a day. No holidays. We were twelve years old, but by the time that ten months were over, we had been molded into very special young women. We were confident. Our English was strong. We were sexually sophisticated and knowledgeable at love making with both men and women. We even had a few lessons with Jake, mom and me together since mom and I would likely find ourselves together in bed with our husband. That happened with Jake a few times, until we were totally used to it. We needed to think of ourselves as a team. By the end, we did.

By the time Mom had connected with William, I was ready. I knew that if I liked life at the dormitory, life in the USA with William would be even better. The fact that I would like William was easy. Why would I not like and love a man who would take care of mom and me for life. In fact,

William was really nice, handsome and both mom and I fell in love with him from the very beginning.

Of course, the first time I was with William, when he rammed that damned big cock of his in my little pussy I was not sure I would ever walk again! But I quickly learned I was able to take William, enjoy William and walk again. William was everything mom and I dreamed he would be. He has been a great dad/husband to me. He has been a great husband to mom. We have a great life now and we can do anything we want. William never tells us 'no.'

I am not leaving to go to college, but not because William requires me to stay. He doesn't. I am staying because I do not want to be away from him. I have a good husband and a good life.

Mom and I have tried to interest William in bringing another woman to bed with us. But William says no. He says the two of us is plenty for him. In the past six years, William has never lied to us and never wronged us. Maybe you think your life will not be complete without a PHD. I have what I want. I see no need to pursue degrees to know my worth. I see it every time William looks at me and his eyes light up. I have a good life and my children will have a good life too.

§ § §

A New Life

The Women

I have been passed from Alysa's family to Adel's. This happened the very week I learned I was pregnant with Ray's child. Ray knows I am pregnant and seems quite happy about it. I hate to disappoint the boy but I will seek an abortion shortly.

Adel tells me I am to spend a month with her family and then I will be passed to another family. I like the idea as I will get a real close look at a number of the families and get a chance for some real serious field work.

Adel has been in the USA with her daughter, Gloria, for two years. There is a baby about 15 months old. His name is Jake and once again I gather he is the daughter's but not the husband Paul's. Just what is going on with this, remains unclear to me.

I am given my own bedroom but after dinner, which I assist in the cooking thereof, I am told to put on a nighty and come to the master bedroom. Paul is a tall and handsome man in his late forties. Adel is twenty-seven. She is my age, but far, far prettier. Paul is over six feet and weighs a trim 180. Adel is five foot two inches and weighs 110. Paul is a redhead. Adel has black hair. They are a striking couple. Right now, they are both naked.

Adel smiles and says, *Join us tonight Amber.*

I walk to her, put my arms around her and kiss her. Then I turn toward Paul who is standing right next to us and I kiss him, taking his cock in my hand. He is very hard, not quite as big as Ray. I kneel down and take him in my mouth. Adel kneels down next to me. I think I know how to give head. Evidently, I do not, as she is giving me instructions and guiding me as I learn technique. Adel's right hand is around my back, and playing with my right breast as her chin is on my shoulder and she whispers directions in my ear.

I understand what she says I am doing wrong and make the adjustments. I hear Paul making noises. Adel is telling me to get ready for Paul's cum. I should suck it out of him and swallow it, as I go, leaving no trace when

we are done. I should suck until long after he has completed, trying to 'suck his balls through his limp dick' according to Adel's whisper. I do what she tells me. I do it exactly and I am rewarded by a man who is at a loss for words. We lay him down on the bed and Adel goes down on me. I am stroking her hair and her back and her mouth eats me from the inside out. She is more tender than Alysa is but she is no less determined. Her tongue never ventures near my ass, but her fingers do, as she works and licks my labia and clit. Other fingers are inside my pussy. Eventually I cum, and as I do, I hold her head close against my pussy, grinding against her.

Now it's my turn to do her and I decide to take my time. I tease her breasts, the inside of her thighs, the small of her back, the hollow on the back of her knees, the inside hollow of her ankles. I suck her toes, which someone told me is called 'shrimping.' And then I work back up to her pussy, ass and breasts. I allow her to build slowly. Slowly she starts to grind against me. I run my fingers deep in her ass and she explodes. I lap up her juices and snuggle next to her.

She whispers in my ear, *Move your stuff in here tomorrow. You will sleep with us this month.*

I ask, *What about Gloria?*

Adel smiles, kisses me and says, *She will be here with you tomorrow, I will not. You will be with Paul every night for a month. Neither Gloria nor I will be here each night. We will take turns. Sometimes we will all be here.*

She closes her eyes and she is asleep.

Paul is awake and he pulls me over to his side. His cock is hard again as he mounts me. I ask him to use a condom. He whispers back that I will find all Jake's men are disease free and as I am already pregnant, there is no need for birth control. He tells me that as he runs his cock as deep as he can go inside me. Since he came just a bit ago, he has no urgent need to come again and I am getting a thorough fucking. My knees are up by my head and he is ramming into me non-stop. I cum and cum again. He is talking trash to me, telling me I am their whore, they own my ass. But it doesn't upset me, it gets me off more. I am soaking the sheets with my

orgasms. And then finally he cums inside me. I am their fuck doll. The fact that I am rationalizing why I am doing it – might make it different in my head but not theirs.

The next morning is a Saturday and no one is getting up earlier than little Jake who needs attention. I hear noise in the hall and Jake's cries subside. A little later Gloria comes into the bedroom with little Jake. Gloria sits on the bed by her mother's side and hands the baby over to her mother saying it's her time with Paul and me now. Adel smiles, takes little Jake in her arms and heads to the bathroom. Gloria has something else in her arms. It looks like a wide leather belt. But I also catch a glimpse of a dildo.

Gloria is strapping it on and smiling at me. I know what strap-on dildos are for in general, but I have no direct experience with them. As I am contemplating what is about to happen, Paul pulls me on top of him and has me mount him. I still have not cleaned up from the night before. He is deep in me as Gloria pushes me forward, anoints my ass with something oily and mounts my ass with the dildo. I have never had a cock or a dildo up my ass. It might have been nice if she had asked first, or taken her time, but that is a matter for the history books. The pain was intense but short-lived. She is deep inside me; so is Paul, as they take me from front and back.

I lose control of my body. I am what Paul called me last night, his whore, their fuck doll, their slave. Eventually Paul comes and Gloria lets me up. I have no idea how many times I have cum. I have no idea what time it is. I can't walk for the better part of a day.

Adel and Gloria take a little pity on me and allow me to take their oral histories.

Adel was not raped or forced into sex at an early age. She fell in love with an older schoolmate and he seduced her. When the pregnancy was obvious, the families went ape-shit and barred her from the boy, but as abortion was not available, she had the baby, Gloria. She never regretted Gloria, but she also couldn't afford Gloria, Her parents supported the two of them until her father got hurt at work and laid off without benefits. The family became destitute. Jun's school seemed like a heaven sent prayer. I get the whole thing down via a recorder.

Gloria informs me – as if I do not already know, that she is into S&M and B&D. Paul likes to play with her more than Adel does. Gloria explains about the little Jakes and Jacquelines. They are from Big Jake in the Philippines. He gets the girls (daughters) pregnant just before they get to the States. That way there is no one looking at the husband to explain the child's sexually active nature. Gloria is proud to have a little Jake of her own.

Paul is a civil engineer with a state government. He makes a good, but not a great living. They are comfortable and stable. Paul thinks he has won the sweepstakes with his two girls. They often travel back to the Philippines on holiday and find other girls to connect with for group sessions, something that Paul loves and says keeps life fresh. Adel is happy with the arrangement. She knows Paul isn't going anywhere without her. She is set for life. Gloria is a wild card. But her connection with Paul is deep and strong. I suspect that as much as she likes to make love to Paul, she seems to prefer women. It is an interesting dynamic.

I am thinking more and more about how I am going to get the abortion. I mention to Adel that I need a few days in San Diego toward the end of the month. She nods but doesn't say anything. For three weeks I am either in Paul's arms, or Adel's, or Gloria has me in handcuffs. In between Adel is perfecting my Filipino cooking and teaching me to keep house like a Filipina. That is to say, immaculate.

At the end of the third week, we are on the road headed to Idaho. My date for an abortion at the present is not being accommodated. I am told they need to get me to the next family now because of scheduling issues.

I tell them I can fly there but they insist on driving me. Along the way, we stop at two other of Jake families homes. By the time we get to Idaho, we have burned through more than a week! At each location, I am lent out to the wife and daughter. Sometimes the husband is included but not always. Also at each location, I get to take oral histories. I find that the only one of 'Jake's mothers' who experienced forced sex was my first interviewee. All the rest were willing participants in their early childhood sexual experiences. The daughters are from nineteen years of age to twelve. I am told that the school has been in operation for seven years. The nineteen year old was from the very first class. With one exception,

they all have little Jakes or Jacquelines. I ask who decided on the names. It was decided on the website between the wives.

I decide I need to meet Jake, Jun and Rose. My hosts agree and ask me for my passport.

My sexual skills have improved remarkably. I can't get over the scope of things I have been taught. I can deep throat with the best of them. My pelvic muscles have been developed to do things I would not have thought possible before. I can get my female friends off quite easily now and I am comfortable coming on to a woman. I really am not worried if she is unsure. All these women are sure things and so when one of the families suggest I hit on another guest – who it turns out has never been with a woman and was not part of Jake's families, I just seduced the woman without realizing that such a thing is not easy. I just blew the woman away and had her for lunch. Now my only problem is that the woman is convinced she loves me and sends me text messages all the time. It is flattering. I am fully aware that other women desire me as do men. I am learning how much real power that gives me. I also begin to understand how much power the women I am studying really have compared to the average American woman. When they say they are happy, they are also saying they don't need any more power. They have plenty.

What was I searching for in striving for my doctorate? Prestige? Power? Surely not happiness. You can't curl up to a warm doctorate. If I compare my path and what I will have when I am done, to the path of these woman and what they have when they are done ... just who is kidding whom here? Who is the most free of bonds and who is all bound up?

Who is happier and whose happiness is more grounded in reality?

§ § §

The Nature of the Beast

Jinkie

She is twenty-five and her daughters are but twelve and eleven. She has been only a month in this country. Her older daughter, Jasmine, is pregnant. The younger daughter, Ginger, is but a leaf in the wind. Jinkie is married to Howard. Howard is fifty-seven. Howard is balding with gray. He is about five foot five inches tall with a potbelly. It would be charitable to call him handsome. It would be a lie to call him attractive. They live in a rural part of northern Idaho, some fifty miles from Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Jinkie doesn't care about that. Her husband loves her and has solved every problem she had. She would die before considering leaving him and Howard knows and appreciates that fact.

Jinkie fell in love at age twelve with an eighteen year old boy from her barangay¹². Her parents could not pry them apart. Even after the first pregnancy, she was attached to the fellow. After the second child, he joined the Army. She never saw him again. Jinkie was heartbroken. A fourteen year old with two children doesn't command any interest among other boys or men. She could not go to school. She could not work. Life for Jinkie, for ten years, was a struggle. The fact that her daughters were exceptionally bright and pretty, and that she was as well, were the only saving graces. It eventually got them into Jun's school. Ginger proved a little bit of a problem, but it seems Jun's school had dealt with that problem before and knew what to do.

When we got accepted to Jun's school I can't begin to explain how happy I was. I had not had a man between my legs in ten years. I saw my whole life lost. And then this wonderful thing. I knew there was nothing wrong with having sex at a young age for the girl, so long as the future was assured, and the way Jake and Jun had set it up, we would be safe for the rest of our lives. I don't care what they said to do. If they said to do it, we did it. They knew what they were doing and we just had to put our faith and trust in their hands. We did that and look at the results. I have Howard and he loves me. My children have a real future. And there are the basic things. We have food, we have a place to live, we have schools to attend without fear of not having the tuition.

You want to know how I feel about Howard fucking my daughters? Ha! I help him to fuck my daughters. Let each of us give him lots of children! He deserves it and so long as he is fucking us, and giving us our white American babies, there is no problem! It is what we want. Everyone in this home is a winner.

¹² The smallest administrative division in the Philippines and is the native Filipino term for a village, district or ward.

Jasmine

Howard is our husband. Look I know what you are thinking. That I am twelve! That I can't really know anything. That all I can do is repeat what I have heard from others. Ha! You Americans are fools. I know what my life was and where I was headed. No matter what I did, I had no options. None. I might be pretty. I might be smart. It didn't matter.

I have heard the term, 'game changer.' You know that term, yes? Well Jun and Jake are the game changers. And out of eight thousand girls in my year, twenty were chosen and I was one of those. Each of us was as poor as my family was. Each of us had to be very pretty in Jun's and Jake's eyes. Each of us had to be very, very smart in our schoolwork. Our mothers had to be very pretty according to Jun and Jake. And our mothers had to be single or separated from their husbands.

The fact that I was one of the twenty is a miracle from God. It is true. If it were not from God's hand, I would not have been selected.

You know the phrase, 'God works in mysterious ways'? Well he does. Jake and Jun do not claim to be God's agents on the earth, but they are. I told them that they are. They laugh at me but it is true. I have read that a person can be an unknowing agent. I think that is what Jun and Jake are.

I cannot begin to explain all they stuffed into our heads in ten months, one school year. I am not the girl I was when I entered the school and mom is not the woman who was with me that first day of school. You know she was the world's worst cook when we first got there. Now she cooks great. We both are different people today. Our old selves would never have found our personal savior. Both mom and I know that.

You don't think I am mature enough to love anyone yet. But that is not my problem. That is yours. You don't know how to love. You can't see that someone outside of your own head can be that important to you. Jake calls that the Western Civilized Mind disease. I know how to love. I know how to give myself completely. I have learned that in doing that with the right person I can and do grow wings to fly over things I never could have before. I also know that those wings do not belong to me. They are for me, but they only exist because I love unconditionally. I know the love must be real, not fake, or someday I will fall out of the sky. God can take away everything he gives and I have no control over that. All I can do is be faithful in my love and pray that God sees that.

I know that I love Howard. I don't love the 'idea of Howard', I love the real Howard. You do not find him Pogi¹³, I do. You look around and see other men. I look around and only see the men who never raised a finger to save me. And then I look at Howard and see the one and only man who did save me.

¹³ Pogi means Handsome

Does he deserve my unending love? Yes! Does it matter that I am only twelve? It doesn't matter to Howard and I glory in the fact that he loves me. I am the reason he married mom. He loves mom too ... but I am the reason we closed the deal. When he slides his cock in me, he is hard. When I let him remove it, it is always soft. I need Howard's love to fly and I don't want ever to be without it.

Howard

I am supposed to be the bad guy right? I know what would happen if this became public. I understand the laws. But you have spoken with them. Have I coerced them? Are they frightened or intimidated? Do I scare them? Do they want a way out? I know there are no real bars on the windows or doors, but do they perceive there to be bars? Do Jasmine or Ginger look or act terrified, sullen, fearful or even mildly worried? Do I seem scary to you? You and I know I am old, fat and far from handsome.

Did Jinkie tell you I was married twice before? I was. I was not a good husband. You know why? Because I felt trapped. You would think that a guy like me would be happy with one woman. I never was. I was always looking around. And you think that when a woman married a man she would open up to him sexually. With my two wives, it was the opposite. Once they married me they shut down sexually, as if to say, 'now that I have you, I don't have to give you sex any more'. After the two failed marriages, I never thought I would marry again, but a friend told me that Filipino women weren't like that and so I registered on a dating site for Filipino women.

I was amazed. The women did seem different, but there were so many, how to choose with whom to be serious? I mean, look at me! They did! There were honest photos of me and if they wanted, I used my webcam. I hid nothing. And yet so many were interested in me.

How did I choose Jinkie? Well it was a number of things. Her description didn't just say "I am a simple girl looking for a man to love me" like so many of the others said. It had substance to it. Her photos were really nice but also didn't seem like they were professionally photo-shopped. When I met her on the cam she was real nice. She looked on the cam just like her photos, and we had a nice conversation. Other women were less able to do that. And then once I was interested with her, not before, she introduced me to her daughters. She never said anything suggestive about them, but they also were so pretty and so nice to me that I had to meet them.

I flew to the Philippines two weeks after I met Jinkie on-line. I flew to General Santos City and was staying at a hotel there in town. Jinkie came to the room and proceeded, for twenty-four hours, to take me to a place sexually I had only dreamed of. Do you really want to know what the sex was? Do you want me to describe in detail what she did? No? Good, OK. She promised me that this wasn't just for now, but for always so long as I was good to her. I would have asked her to marry me before I returned to the USA. But the next day Jasmine came to me room and Jinkie left. I had no idea what Jasmine was going to do. I thought we would talk and go out to see things in town. Instead I got four hours of incredible sex, followed by a two hour nap and then other

The Interviews

hour of sex. I had never had sex with a minor before and I do not dream of having sex with minors. Jinkie returned that afternoon and asked point blank if I was going to marry her and treat Jasmine as a wife as well. We didn't discuss it further. I simply considered the matter for at least five full seconds before saying yes. As to Ginger, I didn't have any plans or thoughts about her and I had not seen her at that point on the trip.

Once done, the two of them asked me to take them to Grab a Crab for supper. But before we could, go we needed to pick up Ginger. Ginger clung next to me all that night at the restaurant.

Jinkie told me if I wanted, we could move into a furnished home for the rest of my stay and live together as a family. She could cook for me and we could get used to being a family. That made sense to me. The next morning we made the move to this place, which must have been somehow connected to the school, for this very purpose since I have heard other families stayed there as well.

That week was idyllic. I had never known such happiness. I also have never made love to such young girls. Sometimes I was with Jinkie when this happened and sometimes she was cooking, cleaning or shopping when Jas or Gin or both decided it was time for a roll in the hay.

Jinkie was a great cook and I never ate so well. She kept the place immaculate. She and the girls just settled in around me. We played cards, sang karaoke, went for walks, watched TV. They asked what I did for a living. Asked to see photos of where I lived. We visited other people they knew and others visited us.

Jinkie was clear with me. So long as I was good to them, they would be good to me. And good didn't mean showering them with money. No, it was not money. They wanted no yelling, no hitting, no drugs, no drunkenness, no gambling, and no lying. They wanted a safe place to live, food to eat and an education for the daughters. That was the easiest thing in the world for me and I readily agreed.

When I returned to the USA I filed the paperwork for the fiancée visa and once we got that, I brought them over. Now that we are here and the marriage is a reality, everything they promised me has ended up being true. I am for the very first time happy in a marriage. Is it the way marriage is supposed to be? Of course it isn't. But it works quite well for us. Gin is on birth control. Jas is pregnant with Jake's child – probably a necessary precaution to protect me. Jas will go on birth control once the baby is born. Either can stop having sex with me and it will not change my commitment to this family. There is no requirement for Jas or Gin to engage in any sex with me. Both know that. Both tell me to shut up about it.

§ § §

A New Life

The Hinterlands

It seems that there is nowhere in Idaho or Utah to get an abortion. I am being passed from family to family far from any such access. Is this intentional? I could quit and leave but the word has been subtly provided that if I leave I am not going to be welcomed back and I will have to leave all my field notes behind. I am hanging in there.

I have lain with seven of the husbands, eleven of the wives and nine of the daughters. I have conducted interviews with each individual with whom I have lain and others. I have come to some preliminary conclusions. None of the men is a classic pedophile. If a neighbor's child was in the house, that child would be completely safe from molestation. These men all seem to have healthy egos and have no hidden, sublimated urges. Instead, all the urges are expressed and resolved within the home. Every one of the men is aware that he is breaking the law.

None of the daughters has reported to me any feeling of coercion. Rather, they express a desire to continue their sexual relationship with their mother's husband. This is said with the understanding that everything they say is private and I will not tell anyone. What I have heard more than once is that their mother limits their access to the husband. This is typically related to issues of bedtime for school nights, and is understandable from the mother's point of view, but is a source of frustration for the daughter. This is an issue relegated to the younger daughters.

There is a relatively uniform level of basic sexual knowledge between all the females in the families. There are some who are far more fluid and experienced in their sexual activities. None lack competence. Some activities such as deep throat techniques are far more broadly understood than would be the case in the general population. Every female engages in bisexual activity. This is observed in 100% of all the homes. None of the daughters is sexually playful with men or boys other than the mother's husband.

Most of the mothers do not work outside the home. This is unusual: Other research on Filipinas, outside Jake's group, who come as wives, indicate that most seek employment.

The women (both mothers and daughters) in this group have formed a close and closed society primarily through the website. Some – but not all – of the men have done the same. When the women converse with each other, once in the USA, it is exclusively in one of the Filipino languages. (I note that this was not the case for them when they were at the school.) Interestingly, all the women speak either Cebuano (also known as Visayan), or Ilonggo and some speak both. While all have some Tagalog, within the group Tagalog is no one's primary language and is almost never used.

These women stay off the more normal social media sites such as Facebook, Friendster and Twitter. They feel safer staying a bit under the radar. This is also very unusual. Outside research indicates that Filipinos are heavy users of Facebook.

I don't have my own access to the group's website, but I have accessed it when sitting with the wives. Chat sessions are available for one-on-one and group chats. There are a series of blogs, used mostly by the kids. There are events and calendars. Interestingly, the school itself is a participant on the site. This gives feedback to the school, which is used to change its processes based on how things work out in the real world.

That makes these wives and daughters more than graduates. They are still attached to the school and are the advanced network, who help guide the school's development. The females, both mothers and daughters are not timid in that regard. They seem to see it as their mission to help those who are in the pipeline and to keep the process functioning. It is as if they, the females, are on a mission. They all believe in the mission and the rightness of it. The feedback regards issues of school education prep, sexual techniques, and keeping their husbands happy.

I have giggled a little as I have read about reactions to my presence in homes. Evidently I am the first non-Filipina that the husbands have had as extras in bed since the marriages occurred in many cases. The results from the places I have stayed indicate that the extra spice was nice but the marriages experienced no difficulties after I left. The ones I visited in

the beginning refer to me as sexually inexperienced. More recent postings have noted my education in such matters has advanced.

I had not been a wallflower sexually before I entered into this fieldwork. I believe I knew what the average American woman might know. These women are simply far more knowledgeable.

I am getting more horny as my pregnancy advances. I did a simple search on the web and find that it is normal. What is not normal is that I have so many ready partners that my desire is getting amped up even more. For the last two months I have been passed back and forth between three families in Idaho and Utah. It is a crazy life. Everyone of the wives is a beauty queen and every teen daughter is as well. My desire for women has grown and grown. I still like cock and the husbands have done their job filling me as needed, but they are not attached to me and clearly do not love me.

I hear from Ray every week and it is silly but I miss him. It is his baby inside me and I am building a real fondness for the father of this baby. I am in the middle of my fourth month. If I don't end the pregnancy soon, it will be too late and now I am wondering if I want to do that. The women want my next baby (yes they are talking about that) to be one from Jake. I think that guy has had plenty already. He seems to agree as I read a post he answered related to that. But I am going to meet him and Jun. I have an extended stay visa in my passport and a ticket for the Philippines. I will be escorted by one of the families from the second graduating class. I gather I will get to stay in the 'furnished house' they have off the school grounds.

I have been keeping my Thesis Advisor current on my interviews and situation. He thinks he is losing me to this cult. I tell him it is not a cult. Each has their own religion, their own way of doing things. They are just highly protective of their identities because of the laws. He says he is concerned about the apparent traffic of women – now including myself – in a sex trade. I assure him that it is all 100% voluntary. There is no one being forced. I am not being forced. It is just the only way I could openly and honestly gain access to the group and do my research. He is not sanguine but he says ... OK.

I did say goodbye to my boyfriend. He is a really nice guy and he deserves to have companionship, I cannot give him that now and I don't know if I will ever be able to do so. My experiences have certainly changed me. I don't think I want to live without females in my life, but I also need a man. I am not sure exactly how I will work that out.

My research so far guides me to a real re-evaluation of assumptions we make about normative familial structure, pair bonding and hierarchy. I can see how economics and the perceived need for safety plays a far larger role in successful ordering of these than is normally thought. There does not seem to be a natural tendency for dyads. Men seem more grounded and happier in cohesive polygamous groupings. They seem 'tamer.' Granted all the families I have studied have a male with significant wage earning behavior, not just potential. It seems like that might be a limiting factor.

I am currently back from Utah and in Idaho again. My host family is from the sixth class, which makes the daughter 18. She is currently pregnant with her husband/father's baby as is her mother. The mother has produced two children for her husband and there is a Jacqueline as well. So there are three kids under six and two more on the way. "Dad" is strutting around like a peacock. With three pregnant females in the house we are quite a sight. Of the three, I show the least.

The mom's name is Marish and Marish has a crush on a neighbor woman. She thinks the woman – age twenty – is interested in women and more specifically in Marish, but Marish can't be sure. She wants to know if I would hit on the girl and see what's up. That doesn't expose the family since I am just a guest.

I ask some of the other women, via the website, if should Marish act out the crush if it would violate the 'rules'? They don't think so, but it is really up to Marish's husband.

I decide to ask Marish. She giggles and tells me that her husband thinks it's a gas. He has no problems with it and wonders if he gets to bed the girl.

The girl is pretty enough. I agree. This will be my second attempt to pick up a girl. I put on a short and pretty skirt, a cute top with a cute pushup

bra. That makes me a little more than a C cup. I have painted my nails a pinkish red, fingers and toes. I am wearing open toe high heel sandals. I think I look good, cute and perky, not slutty. I decide to go down the street and just say I had seen her around and as I am visiting the area, I thought I'd see if she is up for visiting. She is up for a visit. She offers wine and but I decline due to the pregnancy, she takes some for herself.

Her name is Lindsey. She's a redhead with green eyes, five foot five and of Irish descent on both sides. She's not seeing anyone right now. She has been in a few complicated relationships. I note she avoids words like boyfriend or girlfriend or first names. I comment on her earrings. They look custom made and are lovely. Yes, they are custom made by a local artist. I reach out to feel the weight of them on her ear. My hand brushes her skin, she doesn't pullback. I go in for a kiss and she kisses back. Contact! By the time I leave we both have pussy juice on our cheeks. I have a surprise for her tomorrow. We will do a threesome with Marish.

Once Marish knew that Lindsey eats pussy she was thinking of only one thing. But that didn't mean her husband, Cody, got shorted. No, he got a three course meal that night. His three pregnant women all in bed with him. Marish tied his hands to the bedpost. Marish and I started by shrimping him while his youngest wife, Isabella sucked on his nipples. Two hours later after teasing the hell out of him, Isabelle had a strap-on up his ass, as Marish was giving him deep throat and I was sucking his nipples as hard as I could. I think it is safe to say that he came as hard as he ever came in his life. He sure as hell slept hard.

It's, sort of, funny as this was such a turn-around from the first night I stayed with this family. That night I was the 'victim.' Marish had me handcuffed to the big bed and I was on top of Cody with his dick deep in my pussy. Marish was on top of me with a strap-on up my ass. Once they were done with me, they gave me to Isabelle for the rest of the evening. So watching Cody get it was a lot of fun!

The next day was a hoot. We just about tackled Lindsey and kept her going for as long as we could. Lindsey was surprised when I showed up with Marish in tow. My way of dealing with it was to go up to Lindsey, take her in my arms and give her a kiss from the depth of my heart. I then did the same walking back to Marish and giving her a deep kiss. I then brought Marish to Lindsey and said, "Girls, I think you need to kiss."

Marish took it from there. Lindsey reciprocated and the three-way was on in good fashion.

§ § §

The Nature of the Beast

The School - Philippines

I am well into the fifth month of my pregnancy. Clearly there will be no abortion. I am really beginning to show big time now and my sexual passion is lessening a bit. I am told that soon I will lose all passion until after the baby is born.

I was escorted here by one of the families who then pretty much dumped me at the school and on Jake. I have met Jun, Rose, Joy, Abbey, Mitch, Anabel, Rosemarie, Cherise, Jana and so many others. Before I was allowed to meet the students and their mothers, I had to agree not to mention I have met with the graduates. I gather that such information is too distracting for them. I have initially sat in on the classes for the daughters and the mothers. I have been staying in the dormitory and observing the mothers. They are indeed a mixed group. Some can cook, others are learning. Cleaning everything everyday is a mantra. I gather that some of these women did not come from homes where that was done and it is inculcated into them now. I arrived here toward the beginning of the school year and it was clear that some of the women know just about nothing when it comes to sex and none had any girl-girl contact in their lives. There appears to be a general Filipino cultural bias against girl-girl sex and bisexuality is unheard of. I find this fascinating as such issues never surfaced with the graduates and it is not the case with Jake's women in the big house across the way from the dorm.

The women know the rudiments about female hygiene, but the church discourages additional information. The government has health programs to provide information, but the church officials discourage the women from going. While the Catholic Church is very strong here, there is a national Catholic (Episcopal associated church) and other protestant denominations such as Baptist and Seventh Day Adventists as well as a strong LDS (Mormon) presence. I gather the Jun's school is secular and that Sunday is given off to attend church (which makes it hard for the Seventh Day Adventists, but Jun says that is just tough). They need six days a week to teach and that is that.

I am seeing the women and the daughters much as they must be at the beginning of every school year. They are what you would expect from a

poor Catholic country. It's a place where divorce is not permitted and annulments are hard to get and just about impossible for the very poor. It's a place where sexual identity is forced through very narrow channels and the results are gays who look and act as "girly-boys," and females are either straight or sublimated lesbians. Mistresses are legion, both respected and reviled in a bizarre dance of denial. Official corruption is rampant, education is not free, unemployment is the norm and twenty-five percent of all Filipinos work abroad.

These mothers have some English, but it is limited and not very good. The daughters have far better English and are actually now part of the teaching cadre for the mothers as they are forced by the rules to speak only English. (I learn this is not a rule in Jake's home. It is only a rule in the dormitory because these women need to assimilate to life in the USA.)

These women also do not dress or care for themselves as do the women I met in the USA. They do OK, but it is just not the same. There are far more flip-flops here. In the US, the women took pains to wear elevated heels of some type. Here the bras are just bras for most of the women. A few wear push-ups, but in the USA, all Jake's women use the push-ups. Many of these women are leaving the grounds on Sunday for church. The women in the USA claimed religious affiliation, but none attend services.

Use of make-up is different here. All use nail polish, but the choices and colors are different. The daughters here are not sexualized at this time. They are all remarkably pretty as are the mothers – especially so when compared to the general population.

I begin teaching advanced English to the daughters. Jun's English is fine. She tells me that Jake advises her of any, and every mistake, she might make. I ask her if she finds that infuriating. She looks at me in wonder ... she tells me she demanded it from Jake. He didn't want to do it. She tells me they had a fight about that. How could she teach these girls if she was not getting corrected when she made a mistake? Jake agreed, finally, and her English is, possibly as a result of that, quite good. My presence here simply relieves her of a few classes so that she can attend to other pressing matters. Because I am also staying in the dorms, the mothers are coming to me to explain issues with English.

I am concerned with the issue of coercion that I think is bubbling under the surface. With Jake and Jun's permission, I am conducting interviews and asking about the issue without 'naming' it coercion as far as the mothers and daughters are concerned. When it comes to Jake and his 'family', I am far less cautious in my technique. To my great surprise, Jake tells me that he welcomes the discussion and urges me to pursue it within his household quite freely.

Jake agrees to sit down for an interview which turns into two interviews. He is seventy-one at present. I was expecting a decrepit old man. While he is clearly not young, he weighs a trim 145, is attractive and has a sweet smile. I was expecting a 'salesman', a con artist. He is not that at all. He is thoughtful, reasonably well read, articulate, conflicted and seemingly a decent guy, who is completely aware of the paradox of what he is doing to these women to give them a future.

Jake

You ask about coercion. It is an important question. But it cannot be answered without context. And the context is the Philippines. It is not this school. You are wrinkling your brow. I want to resolve that before we go further. I had Abbey compile a list of all the dating/marriage/hookup sites that exist today, and are used by Filipina women to find a foreign spouse. Here it is.

He provides me a printed list and a USB stick.

As you will see when you check these sites there are thousands of Filipinas seeking men. While all claim to be good simple girls, some are surely con artists, and so I accept that the real number is a bit lower than the number listed and some are duplicative between lists.

Never the less there are many tens of thousands of women I found on the lists.

Those women are in great number just what they say, but it's a buyer's market and these women are desperate. That's where the coercion comes from, not me and not here. If we weren't competing in such an imbalanced market I would be one very happy guy. I would also not have

the household of women I have now. And if you think I asked for all these women, you would be wrong.

We break here and I go back to research Jake's claim. It seems he is right. The next day we continue.

The school is not creating the coercion, but it could not place the women successfully without recognizing it and making adjustments for it. Do we push the envelope to assure placement? Yes ... but we are also assuring real long-term stability of the marriages, far and away better than the average Filipina finds without us, and the traditional Filipina way was already far better than traditional marriages in the USA. We have had a few men who have died, but out of the over 150 families who have gone through this school, there has not been one divorce. The families remain intact.

That tells me that our strategy has legs. If we are pushing the boundaries, and we are, we are doing it with the safety of our families in mind. We are taking advantage of the natural proclivities of the male of the species to provide a safe place in the sun for our women and children.

I am sorry if I sound hyperbolic about this, but it is how I feel on the subject. I am fully aware of the coercion. I am fully aware that it is beyond crazy that Rosemarie and Anabel function as my wives. If you think it is a little perverse, you are not alone, but regardless of the finger shaking moralists on the outside, you and I are, and will remain, a minority of two in this household. You are encouraged to investigate that and report back to me if I am wrong.

I did investigate Jake's claim and he was correct in his assessment.

One last thing before I end this. I have read the postings asking me to give you a child after you give birth to Raymon's. I have no intention of doing so. I see no benefit in such an act. If any of my family encourages you in that regard, please tell them to mind their own business or you can tell them to go to hell. I have done quite enough seed planting.

The Staff et. al.

The staff is a subset of Jake's household. And it is an amorphous subset as roles are fluid. I assumed the staff to be the same as the household and believe that my assumption holds up to scrutiny. I attach a chart showing the duties, which at times, each fulfills. No one on the staff has spent any time even considering the issue of coercion. The responses I got generally were ones of indignation at the suggestion. The attitude was no one was being forced. All were free to leave. Nothing had to be paid back. How could I allege such a thing?

Was Jake a cult leader? That got a bunch of laughs, eye rolls and side to side shaking of heads. What crazy person suggested that to me, was the general response. Jake was part of a family and every member of the family had a say in how things worked. Jake, I was informed, got overruled frequently. His women (he called them his girls and they prefer that but I can't bring myself to do that) insist that on a day-to-day basis, it is they who make the decisions and run the place. They all love Jake; they will never leave Jake, but he is not authoritative in a cult way. They trust his judgment but rarely ask for it.

Is the school Jake's or Jun's? The answer from all was that it is Jun's.

Joy is as close to a matriarch of the group, as anyone, though she has not reached forty-five yet. She was the least willing to speak with me. She told me that I should go home. I should not write anything about them. *Only bad can come of it.* She said she was sure I would write bad things about Jake and that was unfair. I assured her it wasn't the case but she could not be mollified. I was stumped. Abbey provided the answer.

Mom is as close to being the one and only wife as there is here. We all know it. Jake knows it. He has offered to marry her but she says it is not fair to the rest of us. We, mom, me, Mitch, and Jun, created this world for, and with, Jake. We are as responsible for it, if not more so. But everyone points at Jake. It's not fair to him. If there is a good guy, he's the good guy. If bad things have been done, Jun will tell you it is she who is the most responsible one.

My interviews with Jun and others verified these claims of responsibility. It is the women who have had the most to do with all that has occurred. It

seems, from my interviews, that Jake was only involved to save the women from total meltdowns.

My extended field trips out into the provinces (with a female escort, normally Rose or Mitch) confirm that the assessment of abject poverty without any meaningful opportunities had not been overstated. My interviews with women using the dating sites, but not associated with Jake, agreed with all of Jake's claims of inherent and endemic coercion.

I was in the Philippines for three months. Before I left, I re-interviewed the mothers and daughters I had interviewed when I first arrived. Massive changes in perception were already evident. The denial of natural bisexuality was gone and was now generally accepted by both the mothers and the daughters. The flip-flops were gone. The cooking had improved greatly as had their English. They were well on their way of becoming the next graduating class.

§ § §

A New Life

Ray's Baby and Wife

At each stage, I am in the presence of one of the 'families.' I am never alone. I never provide my own transportation and I never pay for a damned thing!

I returned, from the Philippines, eight and one half months pregnant. I was delivered to my putative husband Ray, who was now 15 years of age. The homecoming was sweet and genuine. Ray and I had been in contact the entire time. He knew from the sonograms that we were probably having a girl as there was no evidence of a penis. We had been going back and forth in email and IM about the name. That was still not resolved.

While I waited for the birth, I reviewed my fieldwork and came to a conclusion that I had failed to find a micro-economic factor. I was dealing with the prevailing economic factors of a society and an innovative, unique response to it. Not to suggest that is not a minor thing. It is a minor adjustment, but it wasn't what I was looking for.

Yes there were micro factors influencing cultural/religious beliefs. And there was the establishment of immediate new normative behavior. Limiting micro-factors included the number of participants, the unusual but limited educational adjustments, and a limited class of potential placement candidates. This would never be applicable to a large group. There were far too many points for exclusion. Too many boxes needed to be checked. It is just that it was as I saw it a social rather than economic factors.

I wrote that all out in a long detailed, annotated and footnoted letter to Cornie (my advisor) and suggested that I probably had to withdraw my thesis proposal. It was true that cultural and religious values had been directly influenced and dramatically changed. And the cause had been an understanding of both human nature and economic need. I had proved that completely. I had also shown that normative behavior was completely remapped through the process.

It wasn't that I had disproved anything in my thesis. I just was investigating the wrong thing.

I did note that what I had investigated was not a cult, as much as it was a cabal organized and run mostly by women, for women, successfully taking advantages of the natural weaknesses of men.

Cornie wrote back two days before I gave birth to Lily (7 lb, 3 oz.) that I had a microeconomic response to a macro pressure. The response was highly successful but constrained due to self-limiting factors. He saw no reason to walk away from the thesis and urged me to complete what I had sent him along with the rest of my underlying supporting interviews and documents. I did that, but before I sent it off, I submitted it to a selected group of highly educated and professional individuals within the group. They asked for a few inconsequential (to the thesis) changes that tightened their anonymity, to which I readily agreed.

Lily is a beauty! A mestizo and a happy one. Ray is a proud papa. He helps me with Lily far more than his mother or sister think is appropriate. Filipino men are not normally as involved with infants.

When Lily was six months old, I was awarded my Doctorate. We all went to the ceremony. Lily was in my arms as I walked up to get the diploma. Ray, Samatha, Jacque, Alysa and Henry attended the ceremony. Following the graduation, we visited another Jake family for the weekend before heading home. And yes, it is home now.

Lily belongs to Ray as much as she belongs to me. I can use my doctorate in San Diego to teach here. I don't have to go anywhere else. I am part of a world that is self-supporting and, it is very hard to leave. Ray and I are planning the next child for when he turns seventeen. I have access to Alysa and Sammie and so my female needs are nicely met. Henry, dear Henry would cut off his hand before he would touch anyone other than his two women. Go figure.

I have been given full access to the website and am now accepted as part of the group with Jake's and Joy's urging and support. Joy told me that they had read what I had written and she wished to apologize. I accepted with the proviso that the next time we meet we can sleep together one

night. She accepted my proposal. I am looking forward to tasting the boss lady!

§ § §

The End

Images



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