

The Package Deal

By Very Well Aged



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Take has choices and simple ones make for very different results.

A Novella

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Author's Foreword:

There are four threads in the “Jake Universe”. The first three (Jake’s Journals) start identically.

You are about to read the Fourth one.

This is one of three threads that deal with events in the Philippines. While it is not necessary, to understand this Jake it might be better if you have previously read one of these: *Jake’s Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully* (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi) or *Jake’s Journal: The Philippines with Ganda* (PDF / azw3 / ePub / mobi).

Part 1: A Deal in Full

How to all started

Just last year I was wearing low cut Disney Princess sneakers, you know the ones that sort of looked like slippers with the single thin Velcro strap across the top on an angle? They were pink of course. I thought they were sooo cute. I had Mom paint my new room in pink too! It was the very first time I had my own room and I was eleven ... but this is wrong! I am starting in the middle, well not exactly the middle, but not at the beginning. Dad, he's not really my dad, but he is too, he's my stepdad, but who wants to say that! Yuch. Well, SNAP, to get back on the subject, Dad would tell me to calm down and start at the beginning. So I'll try, but I have never written anything before, and I have so much to tell, and it gets so confusing, and well anyway...

When I was nine, I was living in Mindanao, that's in the Philippines, with Nanay, Tatay, Tita Bim-Bim (we normally write that as Bim2x), my cousins Peter-boy, Ays and Girlie, Tito Ricardo, and Tito Boy-Boy (Boy2x).

Can you remember that? Every time I write a Bim2x you are to think, Bim-Bim? Much later, you will meet a Nic2x and you must think, Nic-Nic! I guess I need to explain Tita/Tito too! Jeez, OK, Tita means aunt. Tito means uncle.

Nanay normally means mother, but Nanay is not my mother, she is Mom's mother. Tatay normally means father but he is my mom's father and my grandfather. I should be calling them Lolo and Lola, but I don't. No, I don't know why. No one in the family does. I know, we have a crazy family!

And I guess I need to tell you a bit about pronunciation. An 'ay' at the end of a word or name is pronounced with a 'hard' "I" sound. Also, the second syllable normally gets the accent. So you

are to pronounce 'Nanay' as nah-NI, and Tatay as tah-TI. Got it? It will help you understand my nickname too! You'll see later! Hehehe.

Bim2x, Ricardo and Boy2x are sister and brothers. Nanay and Tatay have a nice two-bedroom house in our village. I normally sleep with Bim2x, Girlie, Ays, and Nanay. Mom is in Cebu. She has a job and sends us money every month. She stays in a bed-spacer¹ to save money so that she can send more to us!

My real father lives in another province. Mom left him after Nanay saw him hit mom. So I haven't seen him since I was five. Mom hasn't lived here in Mindanao since I was five, but for a while, I lived with her in Cebu when she had a boyfriend who would allow me to stay too. Yeh, Mom had a nice BF for a while, but he died of a heart attack. His name was Billy. That was real sad, 'cause Billy was a good guy. Mom cried when he died. She goes to Billy's funeral and meets his wife, Sha. I guess Sha and mom are friends now. When Billy died, Mom and me, we don't know what to do, but mom is introduced to a guy from the UK, named Howard. Howard doesn't like me, so Mom sends me here and she stays with Howard for about a year, but Howard is abnormal. Mom says he refused to let her eat rice! He refused to allow her friends to come over to their apartment and he refused to allow her to speak Tagalog on the phone. Like I said, he is just abnormal! Anyways, he is always jealous and one day they have a big fight and he throws Mom's stuff into the street. Mom comes here for a week and then finds a job in Cebu.

And that's how it all is when Mom tells me she has a new BF. He's from the USA and he wants to marry her! Like wow! I'm not sure it will happen, you know, mom and I have had a confusing time of it, but Mom says this guy is real nice. His name is Jake and mom says that he will only marry her if she agrees that I am with her! Like wow! Like that is sooo different from Howard! Mom says that Jake has been to Cebu to see her

¹ Bed-Spacer: a bed in a common room for either men or women, never coed. A type of ad hoc dorm room for workers or students far from family.

already, and has gone back to the USA, but that we can do a video chat with him using Yahoo Messenger. And guess what, he has rented a condo that mom has moved into! I can come and visit mom and then move in with her after my school is out in March². And you know what? She says that Jake insisted that she get me as soon as possible. We are giggling ... like you know, that's exactly what we want anyway. Hehehe. I am a little jealous ... I want to be his GF too!

Mom sets up a three-way video where we can all see each other but type to talk using Yahoo. Jake is pogi! Mom tells me that but when I see him, boy she is right, he is pogi. Jake says, *Hey kid, how is my #2 girl?* I tell him I'm not #2, I'm the #1 girl and mom is #2. He is laughing. Hey I mean it! Mom is laughing. Jeez. I stick my tongue out at him. He just laughs some more. – Oh, mom says you won't know *pogi* ... it means handsome.

So anyway ... it happens. Jake helps mom get her annulment³ from my real father. Jake comes back to the Philippines again and I get to meet him in person. I even stay with him and mom in a hotel one night. We all sleep in the same bed and I get him to give me a real kiss when mom is in the shower that night! That is so nice. But when mom comes to bed, she is in the middle. Then he goes home again and mom says he is filing to get us visas to go to the USA! Like wow. I tell everyone in school that I am going to the USA!!! My teacher has me do a report on what the USA is like. I get to stay with mom in Cebu when school is out and now I video chat with Jake every day. He calls me his GF and I call him BF when we do that. He tells me that he wants us both to come to the USA and we are a package deal! That is so cool that he will not ask mom to leave me. We have a lot of fun on the video chats and I still call him BF, but even though mom knows I call him BF on the webcam, I call him Uncle Jake when I am talking to mom and to all who ask me about him.

² Philippine School Year. From first week of June, through March 20th.

³ Annulment: As a Catholic country, and the Philippines is very much a Catholic country, divorce is not available and annulments are very hard (and expensive) to get.

And then he comes back to Cebu. We all fly to Manila and stay in a really nice hotel! I have never been anywhere so nice before. Mom and me get medical exams and an interview at the USA embassy in Manila. The next week, we have visas and we are all packed up and going to the USA. Soooo cool. Yea! But OMG the trip takes like forever! It is so far from home and then we are there, where Jake tells us is our home.

It is so different from the Philippines. Just to start ... oh where to start? We had eight people in our four-room house at Nanay and Tatay's and that was without mom. Now we have a twelve-room house for the three of us. I have my own room, with my own bed! No one else sleeps in my bed. I have a dresser and all the drawers are for my clothes and a closet also just for my clothes. The walls are white but Uncle Jake says I can have them any color I want. I want pink walls. I take some 4"x4" sticky notes, each a different color, and on each page I write one letter of my name, D-u-l-c-i-n-e-a, and attach it to my bedroom door. It's my door! It's my bed. Uncle Jake says it is a new bed and that no one has ever slept on it. Then he says, *Nothing but the best for my GF*. How great is that?

I think mom really loves Uncle Jake. She is real happy except for when she gets really sad. That has always happened a few days at a time for as long as I can remember. She just gets that way. When we were with Billy, he would just laugh at her and ignore it. Howard and mom would have big fights over it. Jake, in the beginning worried about it and then after a while he decides it is just mom and ignores it. I know Jake loves mom. He talks to me about her and it is clear she is super important to him. But when he does that, sometimes I pout because I think that he doesn't love me as much ... he tells me I am being silly. He says he loves both of us and that I am in the USA because he wants me as much to be part of his life as he wants my mom. That is so cool.

The first week at my new school in the USA a teacher asks me if Jake is my uncle or my dad. I decide to tell her he is my dad. When I get home that day, I ask Jake if I can call him dad. He

starts smiling a stupid big smile and says that 'dad' is fine with him. So now he is Dad and he calls me daughter. I decide I like that. I call him dad a lot just to hear him call me daughter. That is sooo cool. That is when dad took me shopping and I bought the Disney Princess sneakers. I was eleven, it was October and I was in sixth grade.

Sixth Grade is a blast. I get on the honor roll all four quarters and the Principal's honor roll the last three with a 4.0 GPA. Mom and dad are proud of me and I make lots of friends. I am in band and learn to swim. Dad is great. He takes mom and me shopping and I get great stuff from Aeropostale and the Deb and Claire's. Dad even pays for stuff from Victoria's Secret although I never let him see it. Mom even lets me get two thongs and some thigh-high stockings. Mom says dad has a rule ... no pantyhose are allowed in the house. Weird, right? Oh well, it is OK. And dad also makes sure mom buys me only sexy dresses. Mom and I have fun finding sexy ones that still meets school standards for 'appropriate dress.' Dad also encourages me to wear high heels and mom thinks that it is cool, so whenever mom gets a pair of heels I do too. I look so cute in my tight little dresses and heels!

Summer is boring. I hang out in the family room down stairs and no one bothers me, which is fine because I am feeling weird most of the time. My boobs are beginning to stick out enough that I have to do something about them, but not enough that I really need a bra. Mom gets me some padded bras and that is weird. It feels really nice but it makes me look a lot bigger than I really am and that makes me feel bad again! Plus I'm fat ... no not really, I mean I don't have a belly or anything, but I look well stuffed into my skin. Oh God, I don't think I can really explain it.

I feel like sometimes I want dad to pay attention to me and sometimes when he does ... oh gross. I mean he hasn't done anything wrong. He just tells me how pretty I am and how much he loves me and I think, God save me! Still there are times when I just want to be hugged by him. But I can't do it ... I get

close to him and start to hug but when he hugs back, I like freak out and pull away.

He says that the boys are going to start paying a lot of attention to me but I know he's wrong.

He loves me, just like he loves my mom. He tells mom she is pretty all the time and my mom laughs and says, *No I am pangit*. Pangit means ugly.

I mean we have *pango* (flat) noses. We are brown in color, not nice white like dad. And he has a tall nose.

We are short! I am soooo short. Mom is taller than me, but even she has a hard time finding clothes that will fit her in the USA. We use whitening lotion and we will never get as white as dad!

So he tells me I am pretty but I know he is wrong. I am pangit with a pango nose.

Before school starts again, I need a sports' physical. Mom doesn't want to fill out the form, so she asks dad to do it. The form asks if I have started my period, and if so, how long ago ... Dad asks mom, mom says ask Cin, oh yeh, Cin is the nickname for Dulcinea, so he asks me, I tell him they started last spring. Hehehe. His head spins around to look at me. I just smile.

I am so glad when school starts again. I start volleyball and am making new friends. The only thing is, I get bored riding the bus. I sort of on purpose miss the bus pretty often and get dad to drive me to and from school. He likes to grumble about it, but he takes me and we are OK in the car. We talk about all sorts of things. I ask him why he is so nice to me. He says, *Cin, because I wanted you. I would not have married your mother and brought her here without you. You two are a package deal. You are both my girls and I love you both*. All I say is, *Really?* Dad says, *Really*. And then we are at school and I get out. I don't know what to make of that. I mean it's not the first time he had

said that. But maybe I'm thinking about it different now ... I am not sure what he means.

He says it, not just to me when we are alone, he says it when mom is there too. I mean like when we are driving in the car to somewhere and mom is in the front seat with him and I am in the back seat and dad will say, *You are both my girls and I love you both the same.* Mom is OK with this. She smiles the whole time. It's not that he doesn't act like a parent, he does. He sets the rules and he and my mom enforce the rules. I can ask that the rules be changed and if my argument is good enough he will agree, so it's not like he is a tyrant. Actually, he is pretty easy to get along with. And he buys me things. I pretty much get what I want for Christmas and my birthday. And he makes sure I get real pretty clothing. He never touches me in a way I need to say no to ... And he never enters my bedroom. He knocks and then waits for me to open. He never barges into the bathroom. I have all the privacy a girl could want at home ... but still it's like well different. I don't know.

Sometime after New Year's, I am just months away from my thirteenth birthday and dad is driving me to school again. God, it is so easy to get him to do this. Anyway, he starts talking about some of my bad moods I have been having. I don't want to talk to him about them because some of them are about him and the others are stuff I just don't want to talk about. So I tell him nothing is wrong. And he says, *Look, I know a little about girls your age. And one of the things they are worrying about is that they don't like their bodies. Either their breasts are too small or too large, or their waist is not small enough or their hair is wrong, or they think they're too short or too tall, or they don't like their nose, or the color of their skin ... or, or, or ... Cin, I want you to hear this. You are pretty and there is not a single thing wrong with your body. You are doing a lot of changing and you will continue to for at least a couple of more years. But Cin, you look great and you should be proud of yourself. You look great and you are great.*

You know, I know he says that because he loves me, but it sure feels good.

As I get even closer to my thirteenth birthday, mom is out of the house when I get home on occasion. One day it's like that and Dad is there because his office is in the house. Like everything is normal with him ... but I'm feeling weird. I want to run and at the same time, I want him to hold me. He doesn't touch me until I touch him. Then he holds me real nice like. He's not touching anything he shouldn't, still it is in a different way. I jump on him and by accident, I think it is an accident, my legs go around him and my crotch is smashed up on his leg, with a lot of my weight on my crotch. God, it's like I'm humping my dad! As soon as I realize what I am doing, which seems to take forever, I drop my legs to the floor.

I still am grabbing on to him on and off. He touches me sort of the way he touches and strokes mom, in a loving way, but when I want it to stop I just back away and he just stops. We are talking and I tell him I am just a kid and he says only until I turn thirteen. I say that's not fair, I want to be a kid longer. He smiles and says that I really want both, a kid and not a kid anymore, depending on the subject ... he's right. I am being playful, but he is right. Then he says, *Anyway, I can let my second wife play a little longer.*

I look at him and say, *I'm your daughter, not your wife.*

And he says ... Oh damn, he really says, *Cin you are both. You are my daughter and you are my second wife ... it was a package deal.*

He doesn't ask me to do anything he doesn't normally ask me, and that weirds me out too.

I go to him, and hold on, and tease him. He smiles, accepts the teasing and plays along but doesn't hold me tighter than I want him to hold me ... but I want him to hold me. I scare myself and

I back off. I play a game at the computer in the living room. He is watching a movie ... Mom is still not home and I am lonely.

I go and lay on the couch with my head on dad's lap. He strokes my head and neck with one hand, laying his other arm over my side, his wrist laying across the side of my left breast. But his hand is not touching anything. It feels good. It feels too good. I move a little. But when I move, I roll right into his free hand. Oh! It feels nice! I move quick to stop it. He doesn't do anything. I reposition and his hand is no longer touching but his wrist is. Oh snap! It's too good. I have to go.

And I am back playing a game on my computer when mom walks in twenty minutes later. Everything is normal.

Next day I call his cell phone, saying I missed the bus, and he picks me up. We are back to normal, nothing has happened. He is kidding around, and kidding me as we head home. I don't understand it. He is like a normal dad and then I know he is not.

It's not like he and mom are having problems. I know they are not. They are so happy together, I just want to choke sometimes. To dad, mom can do no wrong. He will tell anyone who will listen how she is smarter than he is, how she is the world's greatest cook, (he might be right on that one,) how '*ganda*' she is ... that means she is beautiful in Tagalog. She calls him *pogi* all the time. He calls her *Mahal* ... that means dear one or sweetheart. They hug and kiss and high five each other ... like what's the deal ... he has the best wife in the world and he wants me too?

I ask him that. And he smiles and says, *I told your mom when I met her, I need two women in my life. If I don't have it, I can't stay in the marriage.*

I ask him why and he doesn't know, it's just the way he is. He says he doesn't want to bring in someone from outside the family because it would hurt mom's feelings. I do know last

year, they had a fight about another woman, and that both of them know her. I think they even lived with her before I moved back with mom. Anyway mom was pissed that dad was still in contact with the girl. I guess dad broke it off with the girl. I think that is what he is referring to when he says mom won't go for that ... but mom seems to be OK, if it is me and her.

I ask her if I am really dad's girl just like her and she just says yes.

I am so confused. He treats me like a daughter, but when I flirt with him, he never stops me. I stop me.

I have my dress for the Valentine's Day School Dance. It is NOT school appropriate, but mom and I come up with a cute little short-sleeve knit blazer which just, sort of covers the shoulders and hides the fact that this is a strapless dress and I am wearing one of moms stick-on bra's she got from Victoria's Secret. I have five-inch platform sandals I will wear with it. I will not wear hose. There is a little slip built into the inside of the dress and that is good because it needs it! The dress hugs my body. I sure wish I was thinner but both mom and dad are going crazy over it. They say I am a knockout. I am not sure I know what that means. Mom lays out a thong we bought before Christmas, which is as red as the dress. I will wear that, the black stick-on bra and the little knit blazer over my shoulders. That and a little clutch mom is lending me and that is it. I look in the mirror. I do not look like a kid. Mom has done my long black hair. Mom and me look like sisters. Dad says so and mom agrees.

Two weeks after Valentine's Day, mom takes off for two days with some of her girl friends. Dad is all for it and hopes mom will have a good time and tells her how much he trusts her. He really does and he has reason to ... mom will never cheat on him. She is loyal right to her bones. She leaves in the morning when I am in school. When I come home, I ask dad for news from mom and he has none. He hasn't called her and she hasn't called him. He just isn't worried. I get a little grabby with him and he calms me down ... I should just get my homework done

like normal and then practice my flute. When that is done, he has supper on the table. It is leftovers but that is fine ... it's mom's pork adobo, pancit, achara, a salad of cucumbers, daikon, onions and tomatoes in vinegar. And of course, there is rice on the table. After dinner, dad and I clean up the kitchen and then he goes to watch the TV. I am playing a game on the computer, but I want a hug. I go over to dad and lay down next to him with my head on his legs. We are just like we were the last time and his arm is touching my breast again. It feels good. I leave it there. Dad has been stroking my head. When the commercial comes on, I roll over so that I am looking at him, lift up and kiss dad on the cheek. His hand is on the side of my head and he turns my head just a little and then kisses me full on the lips. I kiss him back. God I have wanted this and I have been so scared of this. He allows my kiss and then gently kisses back a light sweet kiss and stops. He holds me close to him but his hands are unmoving, they cradle me but are in safe places. He just holds me and gently rocks me. I am safe.

I stay like that for about ten minutes and then I lift myself up to his face and kiss him again. He smiles. I lay back down on his lap. When it is time for bed I do my normal things, and then go into the master bedroom and get into mom and dad's bed. I don't think dad has noticed. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I know is dad's in bed with me, but he is just holding me close and snoring ... I check him out ... I know mom says he sleeps naked, but now he is wearing his briefs. I had hoped and feared for something tonight, but I am safely cradled in dad's arms. He is not making me his wife ... I am still his daughter.

For the next few months, I never lose an opportunity to flirt with dad, to kiss him on the lips, to accidentally touch his crotch, to jump on him and grind my crotch into him. I am being playful but he is getting the message. When he is holding me, his hand will more often now also touch my breasts or my crotch. He pushes back when I grind against his leg. The kisses become longer and more intense. But I must initiate everything. He never starts any of our contacts. I go to bed horny every

night. I rub myself raw. Why doesn't he just grab me, like I read in stories? Why isn't he like the boys at school who never miss a chance? I never let them, but they sure are trying, hehehe, that's a good pun!

My breasts are getting larger. They are still not mom's size, but now I really fill my little padded bras. I am still two inches shorter than mom, and I am convinced that I am not growing. That has me bummed out. All my friends are taller than I am, some look like little girls and some are really way ahead of me. It is so strange ... we didn't look like this at the beginning of the school year. I always flirt with my teachers, but in the past, none of the men teachers would blush, now they do! Wow! That makes me feel so good between my legs, I want to run to the girls room and play with myself.

It's only sixteen months since dad bought me those silly Disney Princess sneakers ... now I wouldn't be caught dead in them. Most days I go to school in fashion ankle high, or calf high, boots with three or four inch heels. My room is still so pink and I have asked mom twice if we can't paint it purple. God! I am so embarrassed when friends come over! I am so over pink! I want a computer in my room and a TV, but dad says I can use the computer in the living room by the fireplace –which we never use – the fireplace I mean. Anyway dad also says no to the TV in my room. We have one in the living room and one in the family room. He says that is enough. It doesn't matter how much I flirt or kiss ... when it comes to dad stuff, he's still dad. I guess I like that.

When mom takes off with her girlfriends for another trip ... this one being three days, I decide that this is the time. After school, I do my homework and practice my flute. Supper is food mom prepared in advance. It's a pork and chopped asparagus stir fry, plus the cucumber-daikon salad and rice. Mom made a pan of sticky-rice and we have some for dessert. Dad goes back to his home office to do some work and I play a few computer games. When dad sits down to watch TV, I follow him and lay down on the couch with my head on his shoulder. At the first

commercial break, I move a bit and we start kissing. I like playing with dad's tongue. Dad is stroking my hair as we kiss. I start rubbing his crotch through his jeans. Dad is getting hard down there!

I grab the remote, turn off the TV and pull dad up. Laughing and tickling and pushing and shoving I get dad into his bedroom. I kick off my slippers and jump on his bed. I am kneeling on the mattress. I put my arms out to say hug me and he comes over to me. We have this incredible kiss ... it is so nice and long and OMG so full of desire ... It goes on and on. When we finally stop, I am looking at dad, but I don't really see dad. I do see a pogi guy and I know he loves me. He has loved me for years now. He has been waiting for me. I am important to him. I can see that too. He has never yelled at me. He has never yelled at mom. He always compliments us and never says mean things. This is a good guy and he is mine ... he has always been mine. I just never realized how much he was mine until now. I am very lucky. Every single thing I am wearing, he paid for. This house I live in, it is his and not a rental. I can live here for the rest of my life if I want. I am safe. He will buy me a car when I am old enough to drive. Everything I need, he will provide. All I need to do is love him and I do. I look at my guy and I say, *Take off your boots and come to bed Jake*. He smiles and does exactly what I said to do.

We are in each other's arms. I unbutton his jeans and shove my hand in. My hand is on his cock and I am gently stroking it. My lover is moaning. It's a good thing. I pause and get him to undress. He looks at me and asks me to undress for him. I am scared he will look at my body and well, that will be the end of it for us. But I do it because well, it's sort of the time to do it ... I get down to my bra and panties. I have on a pretty bra and panty set, that mom and I bought at Victoria's Secret. Jake, Dad, smiles and says I look pretty, but I need to finish undressing. I take off my bra. It's the first time he has seen my breasts. And he's smiling. He likes them! I slide off my panties and toss them on the floor. Jake, Dad, reaches out and brings me to him.

We are both naked and he is holding me. It feels so great. His cock is hard and pressing on my leg as we kiss again. This is going a lot slower than I thought it would. Jake, Dad, is in no hurry. I sort of am in a hurry but I don't know how to hurry him. My hand finds his cock again and he allows me complete freedom. I am stroking him again. He is really hard. I feel a hand on my breast. Jake, Dad, is playing with my breast. He is playing with my nipple. It feels so good. I mean, you know ... like, I do that too but it feels nice when he does it. I am kissing his neck, and stroking his cock and now he is sucking my nipple! Oh God that is sooo nice ... God I am sooo horny. I grab his hand and shove it onto my pussy. I need him to touch my pussy ... Oh please Jake, Dad ... ooh, ooh. YES!!! Oooh that's right, yes. He is playing with my clit. God he's better than me when I do that! Hehehe ... What? What's he doing ... no not that no ... no ... OH! Oh shit ... oh aahhh ... OMG it feels so good! He has a finger in my ass! And I like it. Yes he has a finger in my ass and he is doing my clit ... oh God I have never felt anything like ... oooohhh ... ooooh. Oh MY GOD!!! SHIT I'M CUMMING!!! Oh Ooooh ... Ooooh God! SHIT!!! What? What? Oh! It is warm and sticky all over my belly. Hehehe. He came too! It's all over my belly and my breasts too! Hehehe ... I got him to cum! Oh and did he ever get me to cum. I have never felt like that! Is that what mom gets every night? I mean I know they do it just about every night ... I can hear them ... but I never knew why she made so much noise before. Now I do! Holy Shit ... I've got to have more of that!

A few minutes later Jake, Dad, leaves the bed and quickly comes back with a warm, wet hand towel and wipes me clean and plays with my breasts at the same time. Oh that feels nice too. He puts the towel on the floor and snuggles next to me. I tell him I am cold and he pulls the covers over us. I am happy, in my dad, Jake's, arms and I am still a virgin. He did not take my virginity! I have to remember to ask him in the morning ... but now I want to rest.

Jake, Dad, does not have big breakfasts, just an OJ, a banana and coffee. I sit with him and eat some sticky rice. I ask him,

Why I am still a virgin this morning? He looks at me with a funny expression and asks, *Is there some reason to lose your virginity so soon Cin?*

There isn't, but I just figured when we had sex, that he would take it.

He smiles, takes a sip of his coffee, takes my hand, and kisses my fingers and says, *Cin, we have years ahead of us. Years of love to explore. Years of life to experience. You were my girl long before last night and you will be my girl on the day I die. We have time. Let's enjoy the love and not worry about getting somewhere too fast. You are still thirteen and unless you have a desperate need to get on to birth control, we can hold off a little longer ... OK?*

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The Doing the Deed

So that's it ... isn't it? He always wanted me as his wife/lover/mistress. Last night it might have felt official to me, but to Jake, I have been growing into that since the beginning. He was not in a rush before and he's not in a rush now. But I am ... I want to feel him inside of me. Mom will not be home for two more days. I will get his cock inside me tonight.

I get a text from mom. She asks how everything is. I text back things are OK. I think she is waiting for me to join her. She just doesn't know if it will happen this year or in two years.

How will Jake, Dad, handle it? Wow I hadn't thought about that before. I wonder how things will be in the future. I know when I went to my bedroom this morning it felt weird, like I used to live there but maybe I don't live there anymore. And the pink walls! I am so over them! I get some texts from my friends ... what am I doing? Do I want to get together? I look over at Jake, Dad, and he says without even looking at me, *Why don't you spend some time with your friends today. We can pick up where we left off later this evening.*

How does he get into my head like that? He's right. I can tell he's telling me to not grow up too fast. He wants me to enjoy being a kid ... like he said, we have time. I text the girls back. *Let's get together.*

I am a kid ... a horny one and one in love with my dad ... but I am a kid.

I have a blast all day. I am in a good mood. There is no pressure on the sex front. I am a little horny but I know Jake, Dad, will take care of that tonight. I feel pretty and desirable. A real man wants me, what can be better than that? I am free to be myself without having to explain or excuse. The world is great.

Dad makes corned beef and cabbage for supper, with rice of course! I love that, so supper is great. During dinner Jake, Dad, says, *Cin, let's be straight about this. Tonight we will be in bed together. We are not in a rush. It's all OK. We need to do the dishes and clean up the kitchen. I want to watch a couple of programs on the TV and then we can both shower before bed. OK?*

It is more than OK. It is one hundred percent cool! He is treating me with respect and honesty. I felt like I am older in a good way. We are a team, a couple. I am so OK with it, I start thinking it's time I start taking some of mom's duties like helping to clean the house and laundry and cooking. I have a life with a man in front of me and I have no experience doing what a wife, at least a Filipina wife, should be doing! Jake took us because we are Filipina, not in spite of it. Mom not only does all that, she does it to perfection. It's time I grow up in that way. It is nice to be with my friends ... but this is my house with Jake and I need to start taking care of things.

The programs Jake, Dad, wants to watch are some of my favorites, so we are both into it ... That is so nice and what is even nicer is that I am laying on him the whole time and he is stroking my hair, and head, and back. I am in heaven.

After the programs, we shower together in the master bathroom. That is so cool. I have never been in his shower before. There is room for both and he is flirting with me just as much as I am with him! He is washing my back and ass! Oh damn! That is weird. When we dry off, we get into bed under the covers. He slides down under the covers and is moving my legs around and ... OH! Oh yes! He's licking me down there. I feel his tongue and his lips. God it feels so good. Oh ... yes ... aahhh ... He is doing me and I am going to cum hard. Damn, he's getting me off and I am still going to be a virgin! I feel butterflies all over my belly and hips and legs. He sticks a finger up my ass and he's still licking me. I am bouncing up and down. His head is being smashed by me every time I bounce up, but his mouth stays glued to my pussy. Now ... his mouth is on my

pussy, he has a finger up my ass **and** he is playing with one of my breasts. I can only take so much! I really lose it. I lose control of my body and I feel myself jerking all around. I see Jake', dad's, face. It is sopping wet, from me? Oh God, did I do that? I feel limp. Jake, Dad, is doing me some more, I sort of want him to stop, but I can't tell him, and my body starts jerking again. I am still cumming. He is telling me, I am a good girl; I have a sweet pussy. He is keeping me in non-stop cum. I am afraid I will shit in the bed. I am embarrassed. I have no control. It feels like forever, I am cumming. And then I am just laying there. I can't really move. My muscles don't want to work. So much for losing my virginity! But Jake, Dad, hasn't cum yet. He puts my hand on his cock and I start to stroke it. After five minutes of stroking, he cums on my belly and legs. He cleans me up and we fall asleep.

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This is it. If I don't lose my virginity now I have to wait for the next time mom is gone. She will be back tonight. Jake, Dad, is still sleeping. It is very early and I go to the CR (that's the toilet to you) and pee. I get back into bed. Jake, Dad, is still sleeping. His cock is semi-soft and he's sleeping on his side. This is going to be difficult. I touch his cock gently. It stirs, but he does not. I continue gently to touch his cock and it gets harder. But he's still on his side. I start touching on the "up" side and pull away so that my fingers are just up, on the side, from his cock on the front part of his hip. He moves a little to get the touch back on his cock! It works! So I do it again. Again I get him to move a little. By the third time I think he's on his back enough that I can mount him and stick that damned cock in my pussy.

I am wet between my legs. I am so damned horny I could scream as I straddle Jake, Dad, on the mattress and move the tip of his cock across my pussy lips, getting some of my juices on him. I am afraid he will wake up at any moment. I would like to go slow and ease his cock into my hymen before I break it, but if he wakes up, I am afraid he will stop me. I have to get him completely inside me. I center his hard cock on my opening and

with all my weight sit down on him, forcing his cock deep within me. *Aray⁴! Aray! Aray!* It hurts! (Aray means ouch.) But the pain is lessening and I am adjusting to what has just happened.

Jake is awake and his eyes are big! He is just looking at me. I can't help it, I get this big smile, start to giggle and then the feeling, without the pain, hits me, Oh, this is good. I bounce up and down and Oh God Yes ... I bounce harder, it's in-fucking-credible, Yes ! I am going up and down on Jake, Dad, and I can't stop. It's too good. I cry out, *Fuck me! Fuck me!* I am going nuts it is sooo good. He is getting bigger I think. Harder. Wider. He is saying stuff but I am not listening. And then my body explodes with him deep inside of me. My muscles clamp around his cock. It is sooo tight and he is sooo big. Then he explodes inside me. I feel the hot cum deep inside my pussy. I cum again and I am done, drained of energy. I lay over on him. I am now his wife and daughter. Thank god. It's done.

Jake, Dad/husband, puts his arms around me and kisses me. We kiss. We hold each other. We kiss more.

You just couldn't wait?

No, I had to have you in me.

So what do you expect to happen now?

I expect that you will treat me as your wife.

You want to sleep with me?

Yes.

You know your mom will continue to sleep with me?

Yes.

⁴ aray: pronounced, ah-RI

You know I still and will always love your mother?

Yes.

OK. I need to talk with your mother when she gets home before I let you move in.

OK.

Now let's shower and have some breakfast!

Yes, husband!

I think Jake texted mom during the day and also maybe talked to her by phone before she arrived home. As soon as she arrived, she grabbed my hand, and pulled me into my bedroom and closed the door. The following conversation happened in Tagalog ... but you don't know Tagalog, so...

Child, did he force you to have sex?

No! He didn't! It was me, mom.

He didn't threaten you or promise you anything?

No! He asked me to wait!

Wait for what?

Until I was older!

Really?

Yes really.

*And this is what **you** wanted?*

Yes. He wanted to know what the rush was.

What was the rush?

I just needed him inside me. That's all I know mom.

I see. OK, then that's all. That is that. You are wife #2. It is not easy you know.

I think I do, but I am sure I will learn more mom.

OK. I will talk with Jake. Are you moving into our bedroom?

I think so, can I?

Yes, I will make room for you in the closet and in the drawers.

Later that evening, after supper, mom and I moved my stuff into the master bedroom. Just a year and a half ago I was so happy to have my own bedroom. Now that room felt like it had been solitary confinement. I was so glad to leave it and join mom and Jake.

The next day mom takes me to the doctor for birth control pills. She is not going to discuss how I can have a baby without a problem – I tell her I want one right away and she has a cow at that! So I am on the pill and under orders to make sure I do not get pregnant until I turn 18. Crap! I want a baby.

Sleeping arrangements in the bed take a bit of working out because Jake likes to sleep on an edge of the bed and I do too. Mom is willing to sleep in the middle, but that means I don't get Jake at night to snuggle with ... then Jake suggests we use a little lighter blanket and I sleep naked. That allows me to feel comfortable in the middle of the bed. So now, Mom and I swap off as to who gets next to Jake each night.

Here is the way we resolve who gets the middle. The first question is which one of us, mom or me is most horny. If there is a horny one and not both of us then that person gets the middle of the bed and Jake. If it is both then the person who had

him last loses. If neither of us is horny – so far that hasn't happened – the person who had him last gets the edge and the other of us would get the middle ... but that really has not happened even with the exception of periods. And so far when one of us has her period the other seems to get real horny for a good solid three of four days. Jake has a horny partner every night, which is good because I found out that he was struggling with mom alone. He had wanted it every night, but mom just wasn't up to that! Jeez. I would have been! Hehehe.

Jake doesn't have us do any kinky stuff, with mom and me I mean. He does hold my hand sometimes when he is inside mom. I think he does that with mom when he is inside me. Inside the house, Jake treats me like a wife. That is hardest for me ... I can no longer have tantrums if I am unhappy. I can't expect mom to pick up after me. I cook three meals a week. Mom cooks three times a week and Jake takes us out to dinner once a week. I have laundry on Saturday morning and mom does laundry on Wednesday. I vacuum on Saturday and Sunday and mom does it on Tuesday and Thursday. We do the bedroom together each morning and we normally go shopping together on Sunday. My grades must stay high, there are no excuses for that. There has been no change on my clothing because Jake always insists I dress like mom does, not the same clothes as she is wearing that day, but we just wear the same sorts of things, except for school clothes.

One thing that has changed, and not just when I'm around, is that Jake talks about sex more, and about other women, and girls. I mean mom says he never did it before. If we all see a girl, he might comment that she is do-able or not do-able. I guess that means that Jake wouldn't mind fucking her or he would mind. Mom rolls her eyes when he says that and tells him he is abnormal! I asked Jake why and he said he would like to have another girl with us just for fun every once in a while but that it might include some girl on girl stuff and while mom has done that with Jake in the past before they were married, she hasn't done it since. I sort of would like to try that and I tell that to mom too. She rolls her eyes at me and says we are both

abnormal. So then it is Jake and me who discuss who is do-able. It's sort of fun just to think about it. It gets me horny. And that makes for really sexy talk when we make love. I also find out that mom is not a talker when she fucks Jake. I think he likes my dirty mouth when we fuck.

Another thing that has changed is that I warn mom and Jake before I invite a friend over. If she is spending the night, I act as if my old room, is still my room. Jake and Mom insist that I do homework and practice in there. That way it looks lived in and in use, whenever someone comes to the house.

Time seems to move a bit faster now and I do not know why but all of a sudden, I am no longer 13. My 14th year goes quick too. Mom tells me that my being Jake's second wife is a guaranty for us that he will not decide that she is too old. That's crazy, she is young, but she thinks she will lose her beauty and no longer be desirable to Jake. I just don't think Jake sees things that way. But mom sure does. These days mom and I are more like sisters. I am an inch shorter than she is and I am a B-cup to her A-cup, but we wear the same clothing and other than bras, we are using the same drawers. Our makeup choices are a bit different ... She doesn't go for my blue nail polish. Hehehe. Jake is happy. He is always smiling. We all laugh a lot and while there might be a little frustration over failure to share information on occasion, all is great. The communication issue is because mom and me talk in Tagalog and Jake just doesn't know what we are saying. Sometimes, as Jake points out, it is information he needs too! We are working on that.

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I am in my 15th year and we are talking about a trip back to the Philippines for two months this summer over school break. This gets me thinking about do-ables and for Jake and me. I will be 16 by the time we make the trip and I think Jake and I deserve a little sexy action when we go back there. I say so over supper one night. Mom is not happy but not saying no, and Jake is all YES! about it. We start making plans. Jake and I set up an

account on a dating website under his name. But he and I are using it. We are cruisin' for pussy! Hehehe.. This is so much fun! This will be my first girl-girl stuff and I will have Jake there to help and mom if she is willing.

Because mom is a little grumbly about this when Jake is not around, I sit down and talk to her. I point out that these girls can't come back to the US with us so they are by definition short time contacts. Nothing comes back to our home in the USA and Jake and I can have a little excitement even if she doesn't want. She asks me if I don't think it means Jake loves us less. I look at her like well, like she's lost it! Mom! He wants us with him the whole time. We are his girls. Relax mom, we're not losing him.

Mom has a hard time getting the fact that while Jake loves sex, he loves us for far more than the sex we have with him. We are his family and we are in his head. So long as we don't drive a stake through his needs, and force him to choose, he will never ever leave us. She squints at me. She is trying to understand that, and then, like a light bulb turning on, she does get it. OK! We are all OK on this now. Now we are all logging into the website.

We line up some dates. Jake does the first part, and then the girls say they will agree if the wife says she is OK with it, but they think Jake is lying. We get me, and mom, on a webcam with Jake and each time, the girl stops accusing Jake of lying and starts a chat with us. We are having a lot of fun ... except that, mom is feeling bad for these girls. She understands even better than I do, what their real needs and hopes are. There is this weird war going on in moms head. It is a war between the part than needs to keep Jake ours alone, and the need to help these girls in a more meaningful way.

That much she has told me. She isn't sharing anything else. I speak to Jake about it and he knows less than I know about it. Mom has not shared her thoughts with him at all. I think mom is wrong on that. She needs to be open with our husband. I tell her that. Finally, at supper one night it all floods out – and that

is real unusual for her. She tells the two of us that we can have fun playing around, but that we have to be doing that, to choose the one girl we want to add to our lives, and then Jake **must** find a way to bring her here. We have to help one of them and we girls must be able to love her as we love each other or it is no good. So we wives get a say on who gets selected.

This is weird but I get mom's point. Jake says he will think about it. When he says that, he means it. He often ends up agreeing, but sometimes he wants a few changes before he agrees to things and most of the time his changes are good ones. Mom knows this and so she smiles and says OK.

The next day at supper Jake is ready to talk about it some more. He says that he wants to suggest a few changes to mom's plan.

I may not be able to bring the girl we select over. It depends on a lot of things and so since I am responsible for bringing the selected girl home, I need a veto if I decide the girl cannot be brought.

We decide that so long as we select, he can veto.

Next ... We cannot tell the girls that they are in a contest to see who gets selected.

We ask why and he says something that makes mom smile.

If we do not tell them, they will not feel like they have to do something that they do not really want to do. If the reward is coming to the USA, they will do anything and then if we expect that later, both we, and they, will be unhappy.

Mom says Jake is right and she agrees 100%.

Lastly, Jake says, *No one younger than 18 and no one older than 24.* (That makes them a lot younger than mom ...)

Mom asks why.

Jake says, *Because Cin wants a girl lover and if the girl is too old, it will not work for Cin.*

Mom looks at me, blinks and asks, *Ganun, anak?*⁵ (Really, child?)

I have this big smile and I am giggling. Jake knows me sooo well! I answer, *Talaga!*⁶ (Truly)

Mom agrees and it is done. Once again, when mom or I asked for something that Jake did not count on, he gave it thought, made good suggestions to change a bit, but preserved the intent and we all win. God, I love this family. It just works.

We have five girls we are going to meet in the Philippines. We have whittled that down from twenty-eight. Jake has rented a furnished house for two months this summer outside of Davao. That's on Mindanao for you geographically challenged. We will have each girl with us one week. And for the last three weeks, we will invite the winner back and make sure she's the one.

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⁵ Ganun, anak: pronounced, gah-NOON, ah-NAK

⁶ Talaga: pronounced, tah-lah-GAH

Part 2: Cruisin' for Babes

A Nic in time

If I lived here in the Philippines, I would have graduated high school three months ago. But in the US I will start my junior year in a little less than three months. By the time I get out of High School some of these girls in the Philippines will be done with a two year college degree. That has me a little frustrated, but I am now a USA citizen and a Philippine Citizen. I am what you call a dual citizen. These girls would just about kill for that, so there is more than a balance, I guess.

We just arrived here yesterday. The house we have rented is nice and not too far away from our family here, but far enough that while we can drive to them, they probably won't be dropping in on us. Jake bought a motorcycle and rented a car. I have a US driver's license, and the minimum age to drive here is, yahoo, 16! We all can operate the bike and the car.

Today we head into Davao to pick up our first date! She will spend a week with us. Mom and I will be there some of the time and sometimes I will be gone or she will. We want to see Nanay and Tatay and my aunts, uncles and cousins too. Jake will also on occasion be gone. Jake says that having different mixes of us with the girls we are meeting is a good idea.

We have already been to the family home and had supper with them last night. Jake was drooling over my cousin Alyssa, who we call Ays (pronounced as Ice,) and who is about my age and sexy as all get out. Ays wasn't hiding her charms either. When she saw Jake giving her the looks, Ays sat down on his lap. Jake looked at mom, winked, and said can we add her to the list? Mom said she was too young! Hehehe. Ays had no idea what they were talking about but was sure as hell unhappy to hear that she was too young.

Today we meet Monica. Nic2x (remember? pronounced as Nic-Nic) is nineteen and working in a Robertson's department store. She is taller than both me, and mom, at five foot two inches in height. She was really uneasy about meeting us until I chat with her. Now she says she wants to meet me before she meets mom and Jake. We say OK and so while mom and Jake shop for supper at the market, I go to meet Nic2x in the SM Mall on Quimpo Blvd. Nic2x is not there when I arrive but I do come about ten minutes early. We are meeting at the food court and we have seen each other via webcam, so I know what Nic2x looks like. I must be daydreaming when she arrives because the first thing I know is that she is sitting down next to me and saying, *Kmusta ka*. That means 'how are you.' And the saying, you normally use in answer, is what I say, *OK lang*. That sort of means, 'I'm fine.' Nic2x speaks Cebuano, Ilocano, Tagalog and some English. I speak Tagalog and English. I can sort of understand Ilonggo (I used to know it but I am losing it), but not Cebuano or Ilocano. We figured that out via web chat earlier, so we stick to Tagalog now.

We just have a nice time visiting and sharing stories, Nic2x really wants assurances that Jake will not hurt her and that mom will not rip her head off. We talk a bunch about mom and Jake and then it is time to meet them. They text me, that they are entering the mall. We are meeting them at Bigby's Café, there, in the Mall. So for us, it's a short walk. We all get to Bigby's about the same time and get a table for four. That is nice. Tables have four chairs, we are four, hey I think four works! Jake orders a Pollo Saborito, mom has the Pescado Al Fresco, Nic2x has a Singapore Swing Bowl and I order the Shanghai Surprise. Four fish dishes ... I miss fish so much. The USA just doesn't have fish like this! We three girls all want Sprite. Jake orders a coffee, but he gets 'Nescafe three-in-one' and grumbles about how hard it is to get real coffee here. Mom gets Nic2x busy talking about Nic2x's family. It's all in Tagalog and Jake has no idea what is being said. Every once in a while if I hear something important, I say something in English to my husband so that he doesn't get surprised later. If I have one complaint about mom, it is that she is too willing to fall back

into Tagalog when Jake needs to know too. But I do that too, a little bit, so I understand. We know English, but not like we know Tagalog.

Nic2x is relaxed. Mom has been telling Nic2x about how Jake treats us and how things work at home. Nic2x is peppering mom with questions. We are all full when the meal is completed and we leave the mall as a group of four. The car Jake has rented is a small sedan and it fits four comfortably. Nic2x and I sit in the back. Mom drives and Jake is in the front passenger seat. That surprises Nic2x in a big way. She doesn't know any woman who drives.

I explain that in the USA all the women drive and we all have vehicles. Nic2x looks at me real hard and asks in a tone of amazement, *You drive? You have your own car?*

I tell her I do. Nic2x says loudly to mom in Tagalog, *Is it true that Cin has a car and drives?*

Mom only says, *Oo, talaga* (Yes, it is true)

I tell Nic2x that I can drive here, but that mom knows the roads around here better. Now Nic2x doesn't even know what to say.

The drive to the house takes twenty-five minutes, but we get there without any incident considering the crazy traffic here. It's nothing like driving in the USA, which is now, after five years very much my home.

I still carry Philippine passport, but I also carry a USA passport. In my head, I know I live in the USA. I know when I am there I am not treated like a foreigner, I am treated just like everyone else. If you live in the USA, you probably don't even think about it ... we are all different colors, religions, heights, noses ... we are Americans because we believe in America and we 'get it.' It's not like that anywhere else in the world. While my friends in the USA know I am a Filipina, I am one of them, just another American kid. It's not like that in Europe. It sure as hell isn't like

that in the Middle East. It's not like that in Africa, where, if you are the wrong tribe, you just might die by machete. To be an American, is something that happens inside your head. Once it is there, it isn't ever leaving. If you are an American, you know what I mean, especially if you weren't born an American. But if you are from somewhere else and don't live in America, I promise you, you will never get it, even if you are a European. I can come back to the Philippines, a native Filipina, but now I will always be an American. It feels sweet.

OK, enough of my riff about how I feel about that ... we are at the house and the car is parked. We all grab some of the things Mom and Jake had loaded into the trunk of the car and put them away in the house. Now things are going to get interesting. When online, we had asked each girl for their height and measurements before we came and we have purchased for each a couple of outfits they can keep as presents. I show Nic2x one of the outfits we purchased for her, which includes heels and underwear. Then I tell her to strip down and follow me to the CR. Mom has told me to check her out and make sure she looks healthy under her clothes and then to have her shower and shampoo. I make sure that all happens and then I do her hair and makeup once she is dressed. When I am done with her, I take her to a mirror and she is happy with the result. She is out of the jeans and t-shirt she had on and is now wearing a Keyhole Satin dress from 'Bebe' and matching 4" stiletto heels with undergarments from Victoria's Secret. She looks hot. While she was in the shower, mom and I also change into sexy outfits.

When we leave the bedroom, we are all looking hot. We put on a little fashion show for Jake. Jake and mom insist on taking lots of photos and we all are into it. Each of us struts around in our dresses and have photos taken. Then photos are taken with Nic2x and Mom, Nic2x and me, me and mom and then with the three of us together.

Then mom is out of her dress, and lays it on the arm of the couch by Jake and struts around in panties, bra and heels.

Mom's bra, panties and heels are plum color. Jake takes photos of that. It's my turn next and I do the same, and my coordinated color is deep red. I pose for about ten photos. Then it is Nic2x's turn and she takes a deep breath and drops her dress on the other two. The color of her dress is an orangey red and so is everything beneath. I know how pretty she is, but this is mom and Jake's first look. She is exactly my measurements but four inches taller. We wear the same bra size and the same panties size. My dresses look sexier on Nic2x because she has more leg showing. Jake is clearly pleased. He takes at least a dozen or more photos of Nic2x.

Now mom comes over to Jake and kisses him while running her hand outside his shorts and over his cock. When she is done, she winks at me and I take my bra off as I walk up to Jake and pull his head to my breast as I grab his cock through the shorts with my other hand. I have him pretty revved up when I hand him off to Nic2x. And boy does she surprise me. She stands six feet away from Jake, looking right at him. She removes her bra and tosses it at mom. She removes her panties and tosses them at me. Just like us, her pussy is shaven clean of any hair. She struts up to Jake, takes one of his hands, places it on her pussy and then closes the gap, unbuttoning and then unzipping his shorts and finally grabbing on to his cock – flesh to flesh. Mom grabs the camera and starts shooting photos. Nic2x and Jake do not stop. She falls onto the couch and Jake starts to eat her out. She reaches an arm out to mom. Mom comes to her and kneels down. They start kissing as Jake works Nic2x's pussy. Mom's panties are being pulled off by Nic2x.

I grab the camera and start taking more photos. This is sooo hot! Nic2x is finger fucking, and kissing mom, Jake is eating out Nic2x. I get it all on the camera, and then I strip off my panties and bail out of my heels. I scoot to Jake's side and put one of his hands on my pussy. He takes it from there as I kiss him and Nic2x's pussy region while he finger fucks me. All the while, I am stroking his cock. All four of us are getting some action. It's the first time Mom and I have gotten action at the same time, but we aren't doing each other so it is not as weird as it might

be. Mom is the first one to cum, followed by Nic2x just a little bit later. Then Jake leaves the pussy he had been eating and mounts me missionary style and fucks me until I cum good and hard. He paints my womb with cum of his own and we are all quite well done.

But ... I want to taste Nic2x and I grab her and take her in my arms. I start kissing her and she willingly is kissing back. Jake grabs mom and does the same thing. Mom is stroking Jake's soft cock. Jake is finger-fucking mom's asshole and she is getting very worked up. He slides a wet finger gently over her clit and she explodes with an orgasm that is something to see. She rolls off Jake. Nic2x smiles at me, whisper's sorry, and almost dives into Jake's arms. They are kissing and he starts finger fucking her. I roll over to mom just to hold her, but she leans in and kisses me full on the lips and her hand is on my back pulling me into her. I have never kissed my mother like that. But she is worked up and she starts finger fucking me. I am responding, intensely. I start finger fucking her ... and then I flip around and take her pussy in my mouth. She re-positions herself and we are in a 69 session. This is too weird for words, but I am eating her out, and I love it. I bring her to orgasm just a moment before mine runs through my body. I lay there with my mother's pussy juices all over my face.

Jake and Nic2x are done and just lying there. The sun is down and we all, one at a time, take a quick shower, and crawl into the one big bed. There is no more sex tonight, just sweet sleep, happy and exhausted.

In the morning, Jake and mom leave early to see Nanay. Nic2x and I are in the house alone. This is my chance for one on one time with Nic2x. She was definitely into that type of thing last night, so while we are having a quiet breakfast I come up behind her and kiss the back of her neck. That's all it takes for her to pull me around and kiss me on my lips while she grabs my ass and pulls me into her. I break loose and pull her back into the bedroom and I strip down while she does the same. I just about jump her and we tumble onto the bed. We start by

fingering each other. That is nice as we kiss. I do what Jake has done to me ... a thumb on the clit, the pointing finger up her cunt and a pinky in her ass. I take a breast in my other hand and a breast in my mouth and send her to outer space. She doesn't last five minutes before I have her in orgasms. I keep her there until she pleads for mercy.

When she comes back to earth, she asks me where I learned that ... I tell her I learned it from Jake. We talk. I need to know some things. The entire discussion was in Tagalog but I give it to you in English ... Sometimes there is no direct translation between our languages, but I will do my best.

Friend, why did you ignore me last night, and make love to my mother?

*Hehehe, yes I do that. I know you are OK with me, but your mother is the **wife** and I must please the wife to be accepted. Is that not so in your family?*

Ah, yes I guess you are exactly correct! Tell me, do you really like girl-girl touching?

Yes, very much, but I can't do it here. I have dreamed about it since I was little, but here, if you like girls, no man will take you. Have you been gone so long that you do not know this?

You are right, for me I guess I don't understand. I guess my mother will understand. So friend, do you really like men or do you want to be with a man only because you need a man for your life to be better?

It is complicated friend. I think I like the cock ... truly ... I will like a cock in me. I can have love for a man, but I also dream of women. It has been confusing for me all my life. I never hear of a family like yours before. I didn't think it was possible. I never tell my mother about this because I am afraid there is something wrong with me. Last night – I dream about such a thing – all my life!!! It is like a dream come true. I only wish it

could last forever. I wish you would be back here. I was willing to live a lie before and hide my feelings. I do not know how I will do that now.

Wow. Do you think I am sexy enough for you?

Hehehe ... Yes, so very very much you are sexy ... and the clothing we wear last night. Do you really wear such things?

Yes! We really wear such things at home. All of it. In fact you were wearing panties and bra, just like mine. We buy the dress for you specially and the shoes are for you. Your feet are a size bigger than are mom and me, but the panties and bra are exactly my size and so we ordered extra of mine and give it to you! [pause] Come let us shower again and make a meal for Jake and mom.

The rest of the day with Nic2x was just nice. We make pork adobo and pinakbet. We take the motorcycle into town and buy a cake at [Goldilocks](#) ... Oh, maybe you do not know about Goldilocks. It is a bakery chain in the Philippines. Most of Filipinos do not have ovens in their homes. Goldilocks has wonderful, oh so sweet cakes, for sale. Filipinos love sweet things. Hehehe. Mom tells me, when she was bribing the officials, to get her the annulment documents faster, she would bring them Goldilocks cakes each time she comes there. Jake likes the [coconut macaroons](#) they make there. I found out that they are just like the cans of [Manischewitz coconut macaroons](#) we can buy in the USA! I mean **exactly the same!** How can that be?

Nic2x and I get stares as we ride both ways. I am driving the motorcycle and most girls just don't do that here. Nic2x is having a blast and laughing really hard. She tells me 'go girl!'

Anyway, the rest of our time together that day is girl talk. The next day I will go to see my cousins and Nic2x will be with mom and Jake. Before I leave in the morning, I have a chance to talk with mom and I tell her about what Nic2x said. She doesn't

comment except to say that Nic2x must be very unhappy in the Philippines. Mom and I do not talk about how we loved each other the other night. Will we talk later? I am not sure what to say. It was weird but I felt good and safe when it happened.

Each night we are all four of us in the bed. On the third night she actually ignores Jake. I have him all to my self. She is concentrating on mom alone. In the beginning mom was unsure about this but by the end of the third night, they look like a couple. I tell that to Jake. He shakes his head and says something about unintended consequences.

On the fourth night, Nic2x is in my arms and leaves mom and Jake alone. Jake and mom, I think, appreciate that more than you might think, at least on Jake's part. I like having Nic2x in my arms almost as much as I enjoyed Jake the night before. She is a great lover. She is giving and careful and she asks questions. Too soft? Too hard? Slower? You like? I try to learn from her. She is far different in how she treats my body. We are both discovering something neither of us has ever done before. That is so nice. I think I have real feelings for Nic2x and that is worrying me. We have other girls to meet. What if I have feelings for more than one of the girls? What if we don't pick the one for whom I have feelings? What if we just can't bring her and Jake has to veto? I can see mom's distress now in so many ways. It just isn't going to be fair. We are going to have a lot of fun in bed, but in some ways the girls are really getting screwed, pun intended.

§ § §

The morning of the fifth day, mom suggests that she and I go into Davao for the day and visit some relatives. Jake is not wanting that to happen. Mom and he are talking in quiet voices and I can't hear. I barge in and say that I am a wife too and I want to know what the problem is. Jake agrees and tells me that he never wants to be with another woman without mom there, or at least me there. He does not want to be alone with Nic2x.

Mom's point is that if we select her she will be alone with Jake. Jake needs to understand that whomever he selects, she is going to be a wife to him. He is not disagreeing other than to say, Nic2x is not a wife now. I figure I have a right to speak too and I do just that.

OK, I got it. Jake, what you are not hearing from mom, because I guess she assumes you ought to know it, is that she trusts you and knows that you are never leaving us. We feel free to go because you are our guy, and no matter what happens, that is what you will always be. You being alone with Nic2x is not a threat to us. We know two things are going to happen. The first is that you are going to have a good time and the second is that you will want to tell us more than we want to hear about it. Right mom?

At that point, the discussion ended and mom and I went to Davao to see my aunt and two cousins. They live about forty-five minutes from our rental. We take the motorcycle. Mom feels like it is safer considering the roads and traffic. Of course, we have to stop at Goldilocks and bring a cake with us. We have a great time at my aunt's. I haven't seen my cousins for five years and we have a lot to talk about. We eat supper there and get home about 9PM.

Jake and Nic2x are making love when we arrive. Mom and I decide that we can join the party. We drop our clothing and mom takes Jake while I take Nic2x. We end up switching later and I get Jake, with mom taking Nic2x. I have come so many times by the end that my thighs are just quivering and my pussy is sore. Jake does not cum in me. He holds that for mom and I see his cum running down her leg. Nic2x moves over to lap it up.

On Sunday, we all go into Davao to go bowling at the Fairlanes Bowling Alley on F. Torres Street. It is right off the main drag, J. P. Laurel Avenue. After that Nic2x and I really want a Yum Burger and Spaghetti at Jollibee's and that is where all of us say we are going except Jake who is complaining that he doesn't

like the food there. He is debating between Kenney Rogers Roasters, Pancake House or Pizza Hut. He goes to the Pizza Hut, which is in the same mall as the Jollibee's ... mom decides to go with Jake, so we split up. Later we meet up at the Cinema 5 in the mall and watch one of those 3D movies. Nic2x has never seen anything in 3D and she is in awe.

The Long Goodbye

We drive back to the house and we all shower. Mom wants us to dress up, like we did the first night. After a light supper of left over pork adobo, pancit, pinakbet and rice, we just sit and talk about how the week went and how we feel about each other. This is our last night together and there are more photos. These photos can be put side by side with the photos we took the first night Nic2x was with us and I can always tell which are from the first night and which are from the last. It shows in our faces, and it shows in how we are with each other.

After the picture taking, we undress and hang up the dresses before we get into bed. We will try something different tonight. Jake's cell phone has a timer function with an alarm. Nic2x suggests that we swap off every twenty minutes, six times. That means we are with the same person twice. Once each hour we are with each one. I look at mom and she looks at me and winks. She seems OK with this, so I guess I am OK with it too.

Nic2x says we should lay on the bed ... mom, then Nic2x, then Jake, then me.

Then Nic2x says, *The first and second are a couple and the third and fourth are a couple. In twenty minutes, all us girls move one position, number four moves to be number one and so on. Jake is to stay where he is.*

OK, that seems simple enough. I get Jake first. We turn off the overhead light. There is a table lamp on, across the room. Jake starts the timer. He crawls around in the bed, with his head down by my pussy and his feet up by the headboard. He starts eating me out, and fingering my ass. Two can play at this game. I take his cock in my mouth. I am squeezing his balls with one hand, and instead of stroking his cock with my other hand, I have fingers in his ass. He thinks he will make me cum ... Ha! I will bust his nuts! He is getting really hard really fast. And then he stops and repositions to bring his head up to mine, and starts

kissing me. I taste my pussy on his lips. He is fingering my pussy and I am stroking his cock.

He whispers in my ear. *You are wicked! How will I last even 15 minutes if you do that?*

I laugh and whisper back, *Well? What do you think you were doing to me. I'm not thirteen anymore! I am your wife and I know you as well as mom does.*

So it seems Cin, so it seems.

He fondles my breasts and plays with my clit, giving me little orgasms. I keep him hard and happy. I love my husband and he knows it. I know his body, every bit of it. I am happy I get to start with him. The next person I will be with is my mother. This will only be the second time we have shared this type of lovemaking.

Jake and I talk, actually whisper back and forth. We are not trying to make this fast, we are pleasuring each other, drawing it out. I am licking his nipples, and nibbling on them too. I am nibbling his ear lobe. I am squeezing the end of his cock if he gets too excited. I am not the little girl he had in his bed three years ago. I have learned his body and have read widely on how to pleasure my husband; everything from the Joy of Sex to on-line porn. I ask my mom too. I don't care where I get the information. I only care to know if it works on Jake. Yes, on Jake. I don't care if it works on some other guy. Jake is my guy, and my only guy. I have never let another man or boy touch me and I never will. I see nothing odd about me being a one-man woman, while Jake is clearly not a one-woman man. Men were never intended by God to have only one woman. Jake is my protector and that has always been the man's role. Women were happy to group themselves under the blankets of a good protector. I whisper to Jake that I think I might be falling in love with Nic2x. He says he knows and he thinks mom is too. I am more than a little surprised by this news, but I am not surprised

that mom would tell him. Since mom is next, I guess I will ask her.

The alarm goes off. Jake and I untangle and he re-sets the alarm.

I walk around the bed and get in next to mom. My mother is a sexy thirty-four year-old. She is prettier than I am and she is slimmer too. I am lucky that I don't need to feel jealous of her. She is more shy than I am and less adventurous with Jake, but Jake has no reason to complain about how much she loves him and her lovemaking. He has a hard time controlling how fast he comes when he is inside mom. She does something to him that is beyond my understanding.

Before this trip, mom and I never kissed as lovers and I never thought we would be in each other's arms. Something has happened here in the rental just outside of Davao that I do not understand well.

I enter my mother's arms and she kisses me with an intensity that causes me to feel it all the way to my clit! Oh, my God! When she touches my breasts, it is so special I swear they want to leak milk. When she slides her hand around the small of my back, I want to crawl, head first, right back into her womb, kissing every inch as I go. I am hers and it is true on such a fundamental way that I cannot describe the erotic nature of the feelings that are coursing through my body. My hands wander all over her. I am taking her in, as if for the very first time. I am discovering her body, as a lover does. Her hips, her thighs, the back of her knees, her calves, her feet ... I take in the feel of her ass, so small and round, her tiny waist, her childlike breasts. I spend time on her belly as it gracefully ends below in her pussy lips, ever so smooth and delicate. I am kissing her with a reverence that is both respectful and seeking the essential nourishment that only she can provide. I am once again at my mother's tit. But this time, not with milk, but with lips, and tongue, and warm breath, and wet loins. I find life in her arms.

I whisper to her, are you in love with her? She whispers back, yes but it is too soon, too soon. She asks me the same thing and I answer the same way. We look in to each other's eyes and I see a complex mix of love and confusion and fear and intense desire. What does she see in mine?

The buzzer sounds and I find Nic2x to my right. Mom is with Jake. This is the last position for the first round. We will do these once more before we are done tonight. I am having feelings for Nic2x that are going to make it very hard to want to care about anyone else and I am not sure what to do about it. Right now, I don't want to do anything about it. I want Nic2.

I grab her and pull her towards me. I am on top of her and I am on my knees. I pin her legs with my legs. And pin her arms with my hands. My full body weight is on her. If I was on Jake, it wouldn't matter; he is too big. But Nic2x is not so big and I have her. I bend down and take a long kiss. I whisper in her ear, *I want Jake to get you pregnant, big as a carabao. Yes big as a carabao that plows the fields. You will be a bred cow for my husband and I will fuck you every day. Do you want that Nic2? Yes do you want that?*

Yes, Cin, give me to him and I will be your bred cow. Eat my pussy and see how wet you get me. I want to be your bred cow!

I flip around into 69 position over her. I go down on Nic2x. Her pussy is dripping wet. I attack her clit and suck it into my mouth. Her body orgasms. I suck harder and her body spasms wildly. I keep on sucking and licking. She is out of control and then she is quiet. She is spent and is without the strength even to ask that I stop.

I turn around again and lay next to Nic2x. We hug and kiss. She tells me she is going to miss me and that this has been the greatest week of her life. She slides down and does to me, what I just did to her, sucking my entire clit area into her mouth. I am in heat and do not know how to put out the fires. And then Nic

grabs a breast as she is sucking on my clit. It is too much. She has me flopping around like a fish on dry land.

I settle down and we snuggle again until the alarm goes off. And then I am quickly in Jake's arms. I whisper to Jake, *I want your baby.*

He whispers back, *Not tonight Cin, I just left my cum in your mother.*

He is limp.

I spend the next twenty minutes helping Jake get his dick hard. I fill his head with the picture of his three women all pregnant and holding on to him. I talk about six breasts filled milk and our breasts needing more action than the babies can accommodate. He will have to suck the milk out of all his girls. We are kissing and I am stroking his cock. Just as the alarm goes off, I think he is beginning to get hard.

And I am off the edge of the bed and climbing into bed with my mother. This is so weird. I fall into my mother's arms and just latch on to her left breast with my mouth, sucking for all I am worth. Her left hand is on my back holding me close to her. I feel comforted. My right hand wanders down to her pussy. I can still feel Jake's cum mingling with her juices. That is so exciting. I want to taste that. I want to have the cocktail of their love in my mouth. I detach from her breast and move down to action central. I push her legs apart and with my tongue in the lead, I dive in. The taste is good. Salty but not bitter. It had been shaken, not stirred. It was good to the last drop of it as I cleaned my mother up.

She rolls me over. She proceeds to eat me. I feel good, but I have had so many orgasms that I just sort of go into low level orgasms almost immediately and my body pulses with my quaking muscles non-stop until my mother stops, many minutes later. I am no longer in any control of my body. When

she stops, she moves up and we kiss on and on until the alarm sounds.

My last lover for the evening is Nic2x and that is by Nic2's plans. She must have spent some time on it. She started with my mom and she ended with me ... that was her statement. I started with Jake and ended with her. Jake started with me and ended with mom. That is perfect in so many ways. It is sexual ballet. As I roll around in Nic2's arms we hear mom and Jake sealing their love to each other as Jake cums for the second time and for the second time it is in my mother.

We don't shower, we just fall asleep where we are in bed.

In the morning, we start moving slowly. Mom is the first one up, followed quickly by Nic2x. I snuggle with Jake.

He whispers to me, *Now what the fuck do we do? We have four more girls. Are we going to fall in love with each of them?*

He is right. In seven intense days, we will either hate the girl, or love her. It is hard to think we would be unsure after such close contact for so long. That is not to say that we might change our mind over a longer time, but I don't see any way where might stay neutral. And what happens if we love more than one of them? Oh shit what have we begun? I can just see mom looking at Jake and me and shaking her head about hormones outdistancing judgment as she mutters, ***Abnormal ka!*** (You are abnormal!)

Breakfast is a mix of quiet and laughing about things that have happened this week. It is sweet, sad, joyful and inevitably too short. Nic2x gathers up her stuff along with the things we have purchased for her and we all load into the car for a trip to Davao, where we drop Nic2x off.

A Dry Spell

We are not scheduled to meet the next girl until tomorrow, but Jake has her cell number and texts her, telling her we are looking forward to meeting her. Before we even get back to the house Jake gets a text saying the girl has decided not to meet us. That is both good and bad. It blows a hole in the schedule and it means that it will be easier to select Nic2x as the girl. Jake texts the last girl on the list and asks if she would like to move up her time with us to start tomorrow. This is a twenty-one-year-old girl named Marilag. Her nickname is simply Mari. We know Mari has a four year degree in Hotel and Restaurant Management. She speaks five Filipino languages plus Japanese and English. Jake has said that it should be relatively easy to bring her over. That makes her significantly easier to bring over, than Nic2x will be, and that is not good news to my ears. I am hoping she backs out too. She doesn't. Two hours after his text, we get an answer from her; she will be pleased to meet us tomorrow. Jake texts back and confirms, saying that she will meet me first.

The next day I am at the Gaisano Mall in front of Gerry's Grill waiting for Mari. I see her approach, a shy girl five years older than me, but definitely uncomfortable as she looks around and walks up to me. OK, the next conversation was in Tagalog ... I am translating.

Where are they?

Who?

Jake and Gel. (Gel is a nickname for Angeline.)

They are shopping. Why?

I'm supposed to be with all of you, right?

Yes, and you will be.

Why do I need to talk with you?

Huh?

Well you're just the kid. It's your mom and Dad I need to meet.

I see. Did Jake not explain to you that you will be with all of us?

Yes, so?

OK, I already didn't like her. I was ready to tell her to go home, but I don't think Jake would be happy with me if I did. I texted Jake. *She does not talk to me. Only to you and mom. Come now.*

I get a reply from Jake saying they are coming. Three minutes later mom appears. Jake is nowhere to be seen.

Hi Mari, it's nice to meet you. I see that you have met Cin. Jake and I will be busy for an hour and I am sure you have a lot to share with Cin and getting acquainted does take a while considering the nature of our coming week together. We'll catch up with you girls later.

Excuse me but I am not your babysitter. I am here to help you with your husband, right? I mean there is something he needs that you are not giving him or he wouldn't need me. So I'd like to meet him now.

Mari, I am so sorry we bothered you. Let me give you some money to get home safely. I am sorry we troubled you. It clearly isn't going to work out. Cin, you can go to Jake now and I will walk Mari to a taxi and pay the driver.

And that is the end of girl #3! Who knew!

I am with Jake, and am filling him in when he gets a text from the girl. He texts her saying that she has obviously ignored all he had told her and had been rude to his wife and daughter.

Such is not acceptable. She texts back asking to meet him. His final answer is, he will never meet her.

Rather than the foursome at [Gerry's Grill](#), which we had planned for lunch, it is the three of us. From five possible girls, we are down to two more possible girls. The meal at Gerry's Grill is great, but Gerry's always is great food. We get home early and Jake goes back to the list, contacting the girl who is second from the last. Would she consider an earlier meeting. The answer is she could move it up a week but not two weeks. Jake contacts the third on the list. Could she move up her time with us? The answer we get back minutes later is yes she can. We move each up six days and schedule to meet the third girl on the list – and our fourth based on how things are going – tomorrow in front of Gerry's! That works for me.

This time we are meeting Tamia. Mia is eighteen and just finished two years of college in accounting. She is smaller than I am and I think she is darker, but it is hard to tell via the webcam. I thought Mia would be my favorite before I met Nic2x in person. Mia seems so nice when I chatted with her. Now I am worried that I will still like her and then what do I do?

Meeting with Mia goes well and we have a nice meal at Gerry's. Mia is a little shy and she is hanging on to me throughout the day. We do some shopping for supper before we go back to the house. Once there, mom, Mia and I all meet in the kitchen and start cooking up a supper to remember. Mom makes a [Leche Flan](#) and [Casava Cake](#). Mia and I make [Sitaw Adobo](#), Pancit with Pork and Shrimp and [Pork Caldoreta](#). Mia and I also make a [Fruit Salad with Buko Coconut](#). We have a lot of fun in the kitchen. Mia is good in the kitchen and we are having a good time. I am both happy and sad.

Supper is *masarap*⁷, delicious! We start with the fruit salad. Once we finish that, the adobo, pancit, caldoreta and rice are put on the table. We are drinking water and Sprite. Later, Jake has San Miguel Lager. For dessert we serve the flan and casava cake.

Mom is such a good cook. Mia's eyes just about pop out when she takes a little taste of the Flan. Hehehe. Mom's really is the best. After supper, we sit and talk a while. We are all so full. Then Jake excuses himself. He is going to take a shower. That is our cue. Once he is out of the shower, we will toilet, shower, and dress for the evening.

Mom and I had a hard time back in the US when we were looking for a dress of the right size for Mia, but we think we had found the right one. Mia is the last one to shower and the last one back to the bedroom. Jake is of course waiting in the living room. Mom has on a stunning and oh so short dress in blue with matching heels and undies. I am in a burgundy dress and shoes. We have a little red number for Mia. She looks at it and blushes.

Oh my God, you want me to wear this? I can't! I am too shy!

Mom looks right at her, eye to eye. *Mia! You know, full well, what we are going to be doing this week. No one lied to you. If this is going to embarrass you, what is going to happen when we are all naked and having sex? Are you going to run and hide in the corner?* [pause] *Put the dress on and stop being a child.*

She does dress, but she is shivering in fear. I want to take her to a small bedroom and just hold her. I would love just to be her friend, but I have a feeling we will be taking her home tomorrow. Mom and I work on her hair and makeup. When we are done, we take her to a full-length mirror to show her what she looks like. Mia gasps.

⁷) Masarap: [pronounced: mah-sah-RAP] is a compound word. Sarap means delicious. Adding 'ma' makes it 'very delicious.'

I whisper in her ear, *Do you see how beautiful you look? Do you see how desirable Jake will find you? He's going to want to eat your pussy. He's going to want to fuck you. And that is exactly what he is going to do. And you know what else? Mom and I want you too and we are going to make love to you. That's what tonight is about. When we walk out to see Jake, it's your job to make him want you, to make him want you in the worst possible way. It is in your best interest to see that you succeed. Do you understand?*

She does what all Filipinos do to say yes, the eyebrows go up twice.

Mom leads us out of the bedroom. We do our catwalk for Jake and then I drop my dress and approach Jake, giving him a good long kiss and stroking his cock through his shorts. Then mom drops her dress, unsnaps her bra and struts to Jake with that sexy walk she does. She pulls his face into her breasts, opens his shorts and strokes his cock good and long before she gets up and waits on Mia. She is standing there shaking. I had moved close to her while mom was doing her thing.

Now I lean over to her and whisper, *Drop the dress, get rid of the bra and panties, go over and suck his cock!*

Her eyes are huge and she gulps twice, she is frozen in her stance ... and then, she does exactly what I told her to do. She really does not know how to give head. Mom and I will have to teach her. But she is naked and she does have Jake's cock in her mouth. Mom and I join her and the party has begun.

Throughout the evening, Mia is timid; she is compliant but only after direct instructions. She is unable to swallow Jake's cum; she really doesn't want to eat pussy; she doesn't initiate anything. She isn't a virgin and Jake does deliver a load of cum deep in her cunt, much to her enjoyment. She is far less comfortable with the girl-girl action. Jake is getting a little frustrated with her and he whispers to me the he is going to

take mom and I should get what I want out of Mia tonight. I think she will not be here another day.

I take her in my arms and kiss her deeply. I tell her that she is on the edge. She hasn't pleased Jake or mom and if she can't show me more than she has so far, I don't know how long she can stay with us. It is then that she tells me that she just isn't sure that this is for her. I ask her why she said she wanted to be with us, if this isn't what she wanted. I guess she didn't believe us when we described what things would be like. She never really believed that women who like men would also want to eat pussy. That is for Dykes and we are not dykes. She doesn't use a word like dyke, she uses the word for Lesbian, but that is what she means. We aren't lesbians in her mind and yet we acted like we are ... except we clearly like cock and that has her totally confused. She doesn't want to make love to women. As much as she likes me, I am making her uncomfortable. I give her a bedroom of her own. We will take her back in the morning.

Four down and one to go. Our last girl will be Mila and she is 20 years old. We will meet her in six days.

§ § §

The Mayonnaise Chapter

Mayonnaise! How do you make chicken salad without mayo? I can't find any mayo in the stores.⁸ Mom reminds me that mayo would be a dangerous food to sell here as it goes bad quickly without refrigeration. Even if you have a fridge here ... well the power can go out for two days! So there isn't any mayo in the stores. I am grumbling because we have some cooked chicken here and I wanted a sandwich. Gel says make it. How? Ah she means make the mayo. So I get on the internet, look up recipes for mayonnaise and what do you know ... I can do it.

But I am getting ahead of myself again...

It is a lazy day. Jake is reading this really weird book he found on the shelves in our rented house here. It is called *Trout Fishing in America*, but I gather it has nothing to do with trout or with fishing.

Jake says it is proof that some 'cool dude' was in this house decades ago as the book has been out of print for a long time. He is laughing as he reads, so I guess I will have to read it. He even says there is a tie in between the book and what I am doing. Like I say, it's weird.

Yesterday was a bit strange too. Jake and mom took Mia back to Davao yesterday morning. There were some tears, but it went OK. We decide to take a break before the last girl.

Then mom she just takes my hand and brings me to the bedroom. I think she wants to talk, but instead gets on the bed asks me to join her. She wants to cuddle and then she starts kissing me! Like, I know we did that with Jake there before, but never alone. Now she is someone very different to me. Her hands are moving all over my body, removing my clothing button by button, unzipping my shorts, unsnapping my bra,

⁸ At the time of this story, it was hard to find. You **can** find it now.

removing my panties. We are naked now. We are skin against skin. Her hands are in my hair and our legs are entangled.

She is nibbling my lips, kissing my eyelids, nibbling my ears. She is stroking my breasts and my ass and thighs. Now she is eating me. Oh God, Damn! She does that so good! I am on my back. She scoots around and plants her cunt in my face as she continues to eat me out. I pull her cunt into my face and I taste her. She is dripping wet. As soon as I am in contact with her, my cheeks are soaked. She is getting to me. I feel heat all over my body. I am trembling. She has her hands on each of my ass cheeks and she is eating my cunt. Oh damn I'm cumming! Oh, oh she sticking fingers up my ass when I am cumming and I just explode. I swear I must have broken her jaw I am thrashing around so bad.

When I come back down to earth I am exhausted, but I haven't gotten her off and I eat her cunt, finger her ass and hold her tight. Finally, I know I am getting to her. My face is awash with juices just flowing from her like a regular stream. She pounds her heels into the mattress and bang, bang, bang, she is cumming; I hold on. I keep on eating her. I suck her clit hard. She cries out and then finally she is limp.

We lie there naked, uncovered, sweaty and exhausted. We sleep.

Jake comes in later, finding us as we lay there, I am sleeping but I guess he undresses first and then rolls mom off of me, which is when I awaken. He gets on top of mom and fucks her good and hard. She is cumming within two minutes but Jake isn't even really warmed up yet. He keeps on pumping into her. She is a rag 'fuck me' doll and he just doesn't stop. After ten minutes, he is still fucking her. I am playing with myself and watching them. Jake turns to me and asks me for some KY. We only have Vaseline, which is what I give him. He pulls out of mom, greases himself up, and then greases mom's ass up and slowly enters her that way. She is so out of it, she is glassy eyed. She pushes her ass in to Jake's cock. Mom is his fuck doll and I am

watching my mother get reamed. Jake tells me to get under my mother's pussy and eat her out. I do as I am told.

Once again, I am tasting my mother, and Jake's balls are slapping me on the head. Mom lowers her head into my cunt again and she is licking my clit. Jake finally pulls out of mom, who has little left to give and rolls the two of us over. Now my ass is in the air and I feel Jake, grease up my ass. And then, oh my, oh God, he is sliding that cock into my ass. I give myself to him completely. Mom is sucking on my clit. Jake is fucking my ass and I have a pussy in my face. I am cumming and I am not stopping. It is wave after wave of crashing orgasms rippling through my body. I am also a rag 'fuck-me' doll. And then I feel Jake's hot cum in my ass. I am completely exhausted.

At 2PM we shower. When we finally eat at 3pm, we eat leftovers.

Afterward, mom starts a chicken slow roasting over coals and we just lay around talking about the changes to us as a family since we have come back to the Philippines. It has changed us forever. I ask mom if she sees me as her daughter, or as someone else. Oh, I am still her daughter, but an adult daughter and one she is close to in a very different way. I have a husband and she can no longer be my 'parent.' I see her point on that. I do take advice, but I am an equal in the family. That was confusing to Mari. So should I still call her mom, or should I call her Gel? She doesn't know. She'll think about it.

The conversation stops dead in mid-sentence when we hear a tricycle come to our place. My cousin, Ays, has come to visit. She is my age and a fair bit prettier. I think Jake would agree with that as I note he immediately gets a boner. Mom/Gel winks at me. She has noticed that the flag is flying. God, he's so damned horny. He has just fucked us silly. I am done for the day and so is mom/Gel, but there is his Willy waving, like he hasn't gotten any for a fucking week! Men! If I didn't know that he was attached to us with something way beyond pussy and ass, I guess I would be worried. As it is, it's sort of funny

watching him rationalize why he has to fuck another girl. If she's pretty and willing, he wants to fuck her. It's as simple as that.

Ays is excited. Mom/Gel, it turns out, has invited her to spend a few days with us. That's OK but I sure wish I had gotten a head's up on this and I suspect Jake did as well. He doesn't say anything, but I think I can read his expression. I love Ays. We grew up together – on and off – until mom/Gel and I left for the USA with Jake. We are/were best friends, and just about sisters. I am two months older. We did everything together, including holding the top spots in elementary school. Ays is my age, sixteen and has never had a boyfriend. Tatay and Nanay say no boyfriends until you graduate. Since Ays is about to start college in a month, (I am jealous) she still does not have permission to have a boyfriend. Of that, I am not jealous. She does not know I am Jake's wife. I am not sure I can or should tell her. I will see how things play out. I have no intention of sleeping alone tonight. Did mom/Gel invite Ays over to tease Jake? What was she thinking?

Ays is completely unaware of our family situation. Mom/Gel has, up until now, been careful to keep it that way. Ays runs up to mom/Gel and gives her a big hug, then she goes to Jake and he gets a hug, and then Ays is in my arms. We hold on to each other, just looking at each other. And then ... and then she holds me close and whispers, *Ate*⁹, you are different, you have changed. What has happened? You look good but you are not the *Ate* I knew.

Ays is right I have changed, in how I move, in how I hold myself, in my composure, in so many little ways that Jake and mom/Gel never notice. They are too close to me. But Ays, who I have known since we were both in diapers together, she could see it, feel it, taste it in the air.

⁹ Ate: [Pronounced ah-Teh] It is the sign of respect for an older sister or older sister surrogate.

What do I say? I do not understand why mom/Gel has done this. It is clear that Jake has no idea. I am stumped but mom/Gel created the problem and I throw it in her face.

Gel, why don't you explain why I am so different to Ays ? I think Jake and I need to hear this too.

It was like I had dropped a bomb in the room. Gel had never heard me talk like that and I sure had never called her Gel before. Jake had never heard me be like that either, but he was a little put out too. She might be my mom, but we have a very different relationship now and I am only beginning to appreciate it at this moment. But it is Ays who is most beside herself. She understands that she has just stepped on a landmine that she did not know existed.

We all looked at Gel. No one says a word.

When Gel speaks, the first part is in Ilonggo, a tongue that I have not used in years and have pretty much forgotten, but Ays and Gel speak it. (I had most of it, but Gel corrected a few things me later, about what she said.)

Ays, I must first explain something to my family. You may certainly hear it, but please wait as I have more I need to say to you. OK?

Yes

Then Gel speaks to me in Tagalog. Tagalog is the language Gel and I use at home when Jake is not involved. Ays will understand it but Jake still does not.

Cin, you have a right to be upset. I meant no harm but I did it wrong and I am sorry.

Then she speaks in English.

After we meet Nic2x, I get scared. She is good. Maybe she is too good. I worry about losing you, Jake, and you Cin. This Nic2x, I think she is very smart. I know you both like her. She is very pretty and young. So I think, Jake you like young girls. I know you want to take Ays to bed. That I know for years. So I think, Ays is better for us than is Nic2x.

It was quiet again and Jake spoke to Gel.

Wife, I understand your fear, but it is unfounded. No one will get between the two of us. We are married forever. My love for you is unbreakable. Your concern about Nic2x is wrong. As to Ays, yes I admit I would be happy to take Ays to bed with us, but she is only 16 and too young to bring to the USA under a work visa, which is how we will bring the girl we want, if we can agree on a girl. I think you now need to do a lot of explaining to Ays about us as a family. Cin and I will leave you alone with her.

Jake and I went for a walk down to the market. When we got back Gel was there alone and she was crying. I learned later that once Ays learned what was up, she chewed Gel out. She wasn't interested in what Gel had in mind. She left on rather bad terms. Jake and Gel go into the bedroom to talk. I stay out of it. We will talk later.

I check on the chicken. It is done but no one is really very hungry. Jake and I eat a little. Gel doesn't eat at all and just goes to bed. Jake and I stay up a while and hold each other. And then we crawl into bed. Maybe tomorrow will be better.

After Gel and I speak about the mayo the next morning, she drives off to visit two of her sisters. She will be back later in the day. Before she leaves, we do not speak much about what happened yesterday, but she hugs me and says she is sorry, she was very, very wrong. That's all I need to hear. There has been some damage done within the family, but it will probably blow over.

And... that is when I learn to make the mayo. After mom got back from seeing her sisters we all sit down to sandwiches on Pandesal rolls and fresh chicken salad made with my homemade, and damned good ... mayonnaise.



Tricycle

Making Mila Moan

The last girl we are to meet is Mila. She is twenty-three, unmarried, living at home with her mother. She normally stays home and cares for her grandparents while everyone is out working. We have advanced her money to pay for a maid for a week. It was cheap enough ... a thousand Philippine Pesos. We meet her in front of Gerry's Grill again. We all like to eat there and so why not!

Mila is tall! Wow, she is five foot five! But that's because her mother is full Chinese. We can tell just by looking at her that she is *mestiza* (mixed race). Jake thinks she's *ganda* (beautiful), Gel and I don't think so. She has a *pango* (flat or stub) nose, just like us and she is brown, just like us. We had this argument with Jake. He says we are racists and that we don't like our own race. Gel and I think he is wrong, how could we not like our own race? Oh well, Jake gets a woody just thinking about her.

When I meet her, she is nice. We chat about how things have gone. She knows we have met other girls. She asks about them and I do my best to say nothing, but she is good and she gets some information from me. She wants to know what Jake is really like. That one is easy. He is the best, but no one can own him. He will not allow it. The funny thing is that we don't have to own him, as in limit him to us, because the more we push in the other direction the more he seems to want us. I tell that to Mila and she gets a real confused look on her face. It makes no sense to her. I also tell her that while he likes to look at all pretty women, he is pretty picky about who he will spend any time with in the bedroom. If the girl is not right, she is gone almost immediately. She wants to know what makes a girl right. I tell her it seems to be a combination of things. She has to be bright, he must think she is *ganda*, by his standards, she must be honest, she must like to smile and laugh a lot, she has to be a team player, she has to really love sex. She has to really 'like' girls. Most girls fail at least one of those categories.

Mila asks about Gel. I answer her questions as best I can, but I tell her Gel should answer questions for herself. Then Mila asks about me. Do I really enjoy girl-girl sex stuff. I tell her I do. She asks if I really have sex with Jake, and I tell her I do. She asks me what I want from her. I tell her if she is going to impress me, she will give me her heart, body and soul. That set her back a bit. And then I tell her that it is the same that Gel and Jake will want.

How do I belong to more than one of you?

I can't answer that. I can only say that I am that way with Gel and Jake and they are that way with me.

What happens when we are done?

Nothing, Mila.

What do you mean nothing, Cin?

Oh, wala na¹⁰.

Cin you are not telling me something I need to know.

It's just that if it doesn't work out you might only stay until the morning.

I text Jake, 'come bail me out.'

She just looks at me. She's not buying it and I am stuck. Luckily Gel and Jake are close by and that changes everything. There are greetings. I have to pull Jake's tongue off the floor! I can't get over it! He says Gel is the prettiest and yet he has first prize

¹⁰ Wala na: [Pronounced wah-Lá nah] means (nothing else now). Wala is word in both tagalog and Ilonggo. In Tagalog with the acute stop, it means 'nothing.' With an 'Lah' sound in Ilonggo, it means 'left'.

wood in his shorts right now. I bet he has blue balls before we get back to the house. If you think I am noticing, Gel's having a fit. Son-of-a-bitch.

At Gerry's, things settle down and we have a nice noon meal. After lunch, we three girls go shopping and Jake goes to a Starbucks for real coffee which he can't get at Gerry's. The Starbucks has a sixteen-ounce French Press that they will bring to your table. Jake has another book with him. He said it is a gem that has been out of print for many years. He found it in the house. The title makes no sense, *Been Down so Long It Looks Like Up To Me*. I remember the author, because it isn't oatmeal, it's Farina. Jake says the copy is the first paperback edition. Anyway, he is going to be reading it at the Starbucks while we look for shoes and dresses.

Mila is asking Gel some of the same questions she asked me and Gel is getting flustered. Finally, Gel just explodes with, *Mila, stop asking! Jake forbids us to tell you. I can't and will not go against my husband's instructions. If you ask him, he will tell you to stop asking. If you persist asking him, you will be asked to leave. Do I make that clear enough?*

Mila looks at Gel and at me, and nods. We continue shopping but it is quiet in that noisy mall.

The car ride back to the house is too quiet, and Jake, who may on occasion miss some things, doesn't miss that there is a problem. Mila and I are in the back seat. Gel and Jake are in the front. Jake looks at Gel, who gives him a look that I learned long ago means, 'we need to talk in private.' I am not imagining that because as soon as Jake sees it he nods his head, his way of saying yes.

Immediately Mila turns to me and says *what just happened?* But she says it loud enough for all to hear. I give up and answer in a way all can hear.

Jake asked Gel what the problem was. Gel said I will tell you later in private and Jake said OK. Did I get that right?

Gel and Jake through laughter both say yes.

Mila spoke. Jake I will tell you what the problem is. I asked both Cin and Gel what this is a tryout for. It is clear that you are evaluating some of us. I asked them for what and they refused to tell me. Then Gel said that if I asked you – you would send me home. I do not want to be sent home. So I am not asking. But I do know something is happening and that you are not telling me what it is.

Since I am happily married and will never leave Gel and Cin, what do you think this evaluation is about Mila?

I have no idea Sir Jake.

And why, Mila, is it important for you to have this information?

So I can do my best.

And it is for exactly that reason that we will not tell you. We do not want you to do your best. We want to know the real you. Do you think that we have any chance of getting to know the real you now?

Sir Jake, when Gel tells me that you will reject me if I bring it up, I think she is over acting. Now I think she was telling me the truth. I didn't understand how serious she is. She is totally serious. You are going to reject me. I worry it too much and do not keep my mouth shut.

Jake did not say another word. It was silent in the car as we pulled into our compound.

When we get to the house, Jake whispers in Gel's ear. Gel immediately grabs Mila's arm and takes her into the master bedroom. I go to Jake and ask him what is happening.

Your mom is telling Mila to get undressed and then she will leave the room. You go in and see if you like her in bed. If not we send her home tonight. If you find her good, then you tell your mom that Mila is hers for the night. You and I will sleep in the other room. If your mom says no, for any reason, Mila goes back in the morning. If you both say OK we will have a quiet morning and then the fashion show tomorrow afternoon. OK?

OK.

Gel returns from the bedroom and gives me a kiss on the lips that is worth savoring. I ask her what she thinks.

Cin, her problem is she is smart and not used to being out of control. It scares her. She was acting in a natural way to protect herself. I feel for her. She meant no harm, but she didn't help herself with Jake. If she can't learn to obey Jake's instructions, even if they come from you or me, then she has no future with us.

Gel, Jake has never ordered us around. Why do you say obey.

Because we do! If Jake says something, we do it. We never fight him. We might ask for reconsideration and he will listen, but you know that when the answer is final, it has always been final for us. He gave you all the time you needed to do what he wanted because you were a child. He does not give adults the same time he gave you. When I first met Jake in Cebu, in the first twenty-four hours we were together, he told me there had to be two women in his bed or the marriage would fail. If I didn't want that, it was OK and he would say goodbye. I wanted him. First we tried another woman, but that caused problems. And then another woman offered him herself and her thirteen-year-old. I thought I would lose him. He never said he was going but I think he would have. I promised him, OK another female. And then he saw you and he was happy with you. But you were so young. He never said when he had to have you, but he did say, if we were to marry and come to the USA, that you have to come and it was a package deal. I said he must not rape

you and he laughed saying he had never raped anyone in his life and he wasn't going to rape you. So then I said, it had to be your idea. I figured you would never want it. But every time he said it was a package deal and that he loved you just as much as me ... well I had to agree with him. I was obeying. We always obey Jake. Jake has been good to us. He has taken good care of us. He has never broken a single promise he has ever made to us. He has been a wonderful husband. And now he is a wonderful husband for both of us. I know you love him as much as I do. You obey him out of love and his requests are always – in our eyes – reasonable. So there is no reason not to obey. But Mila does not have our experience with Jake and she is fighting for control.

All of a sudden, the world snaps into a different orbit for me. I still love Jake as much as I did five minutes earlier, but for the first time in my life, I have context to understand my life in a more complete way. Gel is still my mom, but now I understand why I have a husband who is already married to my mother. Gel is right. I obey Jake. I always will. I know that as I enter the bedroom.

Mila is naked but under a sheet.

The first thing to understand Mila is that you are no longer in control and there is no way to regain control short of leaving here. You may be older than I am and you are according to Jake, one of the most attractive women he has ever met in his life. But in this house and in this family, that counts for nothing. Jake is a husband to Gel and to me. He is a very good husband and we obey Jake out of love and duty. You neither love Jake, nor do you feel a sense of duty towards him. Gel and I understand that. But whatever destiny you have with us requires that you release your need to control and place it in his hands or in this case in mine as his surrogate. Do you understand that Mila?

Yes, I understand.

Here is what will happen. I am to take you in every way I desire. If I decide you are worthy, then later tonight I will leave and you will be joined by Gel. Tomorrow morning, if she reports to Jake that you are worthy, then we will restart this as it was supposed to be started today, with Jake. However if either of us finds you unworthy of Jake, then you go home immediately. Are we clear on that?

Yes. Thank you for telling me that.

Now drop the sheet, come over here and undress me.

Jake is right. Her body puts Gel's and my body to shame. Her breasts are C cups, her waist truly narrow and her hips nice as they curve out. When she told us that her measurements were 35-24-36 we didn't believe her. I do now. That is exactly what she must be. I had been so busy looking at her nose, I missed everything else. Am I a racist? Maybe Jake is right about that too.

I pull her to me and take my first kiss. She is scared. She pulls away and says she has never kissed a girl before. I have only kissed Gel, Nic2x and Mia a little so I can't claim great expertise.

I am your portal to all the good things. Are you going to complain that you have never kissed a girl before, or are you going to smarten up right now?

She grabs me and we start kissing for real. I never have to prompt her again. I bring her head between my knees and she starts licking me and doing a good job of it. She doesn't have any technique but she is pushing all the right buttons. Before she has me cumming, I push her onto her back and go down on her. I am sucking her clit, finger fucking her with my left hand and I have my right thumb in her ass. She is mine as I send her into orbit. She's a screamer. Unfortunately, the screaming is in Visayan which I do not know. She is coming down from the orgasm, but I do not let up. She peaks again, and again. I give

her a break for five minutes and put her face down on my cunt again. Now she has a better idea how to do me, and she sends me into orbit and keeps me there, with a vengeance. Finally, she gives me a break, which I am more than happy to have. I pull her face up to mine and we kiss again. This is a real kiss and I know we have broken through a barrier.

I take her to the shower, and we both clean up. I tell her to wait. I dress and leave the room. Gel is cooking and Jake is reading that damned book.

Jake, can we feed her before Gel fucks her silly tonight?

Sure. Gel, when will supper be ready?

*Now, **pogi** (handsome)!*

Bring her out, Cin.

Supper is fresh buko fruit salad, pan-fried tilapia with shrimp in breading, pancit, and, of course, rice. Mila eats as if she has never tasted anything so good, which considering how good a cook Gel is, might be true. We have leche flan for desert. Jake has a little [rhum](#) (rum to us in the USA). Gel and I only drink water and Sprite.

All three of us girls clean up after supper and put the kitchen in perfect order. Then Gel takes Mila to the bedroom. Jake and I do not see them until the morning. In the meantime I have Jake all to my self for the rest of the night.

I have not been with Jake alone much for months. We do get time alone when Gel takes a trip, but that has not been a recent event. He is sitting in the main room reading. I sit next to him and lean into him.

Yes, Cin? What?

Can we just go to bed now?

Are you tired?

No.

Ah. OK.

We shower and use the extra bedroom. When I get back into the bedroom all clean and dry, Jake is lying face down and naked. I climb over him and start rubbing, massaging his back. I know I am not schooled at this, but Jake likes it when I do this. It gives me a chance to ease into our love-making, keeping Jake relaxed and loose. Jake moans as I really work his back muscles, arms, and legs. And then I start stroking his balls. He hunches up elevating his loins and I start playing with his cock. I get him to roll over and I take him orally. Gel will take him this way but prefers not to do it. I love to take him in my mouth and I have been working on taking him all the way down my throat. I am still not really good at it and do not try that tonight. I suck hard on his cock. I am playing with his nipples and they are little hard pebbles between my fingers. I know he's getting worked up and I back off a bit. I want this to last a while. I slide up and give him a good kiss. My right hand is working his cock. My left hand is messing the hair on his head.

We play, laugh and keep each other stimulated as I ask Jake about how many wives he really wants. He tells me that two is plenty. I point out that he is going to have three. He is not so sure. So far Nic2x is the only one in the running. He doesn't think Mila has a chance and he is not sure he can bring Nic2x to the States.

I think we are just playing but all of a sudden, he is inside me from the rear. Shit, how the hell did he do that? I was, sure as hell, not paying attention. He is stroking away deep and he is tweaking my clit with one hand and a nipple with the other. God that feels good.

He whispers in my ear. *Do I want a younger lover while I am here?*

Yes, I would love a younger lover.

He asks me how young? I tell him younger than me. He wants to know if I want him to get me the girl. I can't believe we are having this conversation. Yes I want him to get me a young girl for me to have. He is fucking me, fingering me, and playing with my tits. He is going to get me a young girl ... God, I am so evil. I want my own little girl. Oh shit, I'm gonna cum. I'm really gonna cum big. Oh shiiiiiiit. Oh my God! Oh, I've gotta have her ... a little girl ... Oh God. Fuck ... What's he doing to me? I can't stop cumming...

When he did stop, I don't remember. I remember having no control of my legs. I remember gasping for air. I remember Jake's cock pounding me, and his fingers mugging my clit, and his hand twisting my breast. God, I can't hardly move without feeling some pain. It's the middle of the night. Jake is here in bed with me. He is sleeping. I feel like I have turned a corner. I feel evil. I feel like a predator. I feel horny as hell. I think it's time to sleep.

Gel and Mila join us for breakfast in the morning. Both are quiet and neither happy nor sad. Jake is looking at Gel and she purses her lips, pointing with them to the porch. They head out and I decide I want in on this conference. I excuse myself too and join them leaving Mila alone. I have a right to this discussion. Jake and Gel know that. They look at me and nod. Gel doesn't say much and it boils down to, she's a great girl, but not for Jake. Maybe we can find a nice guy for her when we get back home, but she can't fit into our world.

Jake is not arguing with this. He only wants to know what we will tell her. Gel says she will do it. She does it in Visayan and tells us both what she says to Mila later, while Mila goes to the CR and gets ready to leave.

Here's what Gel tells us later. *I told her that we are looking for a girl to be a third wife for Jake. I tell her that she is not the one for that. I tell her that she is pretty and good and we like her,*

but she would be unhappy with us. I promise her that if we find someone who we think is good and worthy of her, we will introduce her, but for now it is time for her to go home. She wanted a chance to be with you Jake, but I told her that your rule was only to allow that if I thought she would be OK for us. Jake I really like her and so does Cin, but she will not fit in with us.

Jake agrees and asks Gel to take her into town.

§ § §

A Pick Nic

While Gel is gone to Davao; Jake sends a text Nic2x.

Can you meet us tomorrow?

A minute later, she is texting back.

Where, should I come to the house?

Yes, the house.

Can I come right now?

Yes. But bring all your legal papers: passport, (if you have one,) post office card, NBI clearance, birth certificate, baptismal record, graduation certificates ... anything legal about you. OK?

Why?

I'll explain when you get here.

Gel returns and Jake tells her what he had done. They kiss. All is OK. Gel and I get a lunch ready. Jake is done with his hippy books and he's looking for something else to read.

Nic2x arrives by tricycle a little before suppertime. (It took her three [jeepneys](#) and the one tricycle.) We greet her with big hugs and I ask her what she will be doing for the next three weeks. She looks at me and then at Gel and Jake and back to me.

Staying here? Yes?

Jake answers, *Probably yes. Did you bring your papers?*

Yes, I brought everything I have, but you will not be happy.

[long pause] *Why?*

I am not nineteen.

[long pause] *How old are you Nic2x?*

Sixteen, Po¹¹. (Sir)

I don't even want to guess what is going through Jake's mind. He is quiet and no one says anything for a while. Jake just goes for a walk alone. Gel starts to follow but Jake says, *hindi*¹². Finally, about twenty minutes later Jake returns. He kisses Gel and me and then, with a stern and unhappy look, turns to Nic2x.

Let's start from the beginning. Nic2x, tell me about your family. This time, tell me the truth.

Nic2x is shaking, looking at the floor and speaks in the quietest of voices.

I live with my mother, my two brothers and my two sisters. My brothers work for a construction company. My mother is a Pharmacist.

Does your mother own the pharmacy?

Hindi, Po. She just work there.

How old is your mother? How old are your sisters and brothers.

Nanay (mother) is thirty-five. Kuya (older brother) Caesar is nineteen. Kuya Jon is eighteen. Caesar is married and Jon is engaged. Sister Rose is fourteen and baby sister Lily is twelve.

¹¹ Po [Pronounced: POH] is a sign of respect and may mean Sir or Madam, depending on whom is being addressed.

¹² Hindi [Pronounced: hin-DI] means 'no.'

Does Nanay know about us?

Opo (Yes Sir) I tell her about you, and Gel and Cin .

What is her feeling about this?

She is confused about my feelings. She doesn't really understand. But she say if I am happy and you are good, that is good for everyone. I tell her I will never see you again and she is sad for me.

Go back to Nanay and ask her to join us for lunch tomorrow. Have her bring your sisters, and all your family's legal papers and ID's. And you come back with them at that time and not before.

Opo. Salamat, Po, maraming maraming salamat, Po. (Thank you Sir. Thank you very very much, Sir.)

Gel spoke up in concern for the girl. Jake, allow Nic2x to have some supper before she goes. I will drive her into Davao after supper.

OK

Dinner is a quiet affair. Not knowing what the next day will bring and knowing how angry my husband is, there is no room for laughter at the table. After dinner and before Nic2x goes home, Jake reviews all of Nic2x's documents. She has graduated High School in March. There is no passport, no NBI report or police clearance. I don't know much, but I don't see any way to bring Nic2x to the USA. I know Gel is thinking the same thing because she gave me a look that tells me as much.

And so the next day we meet Nic2x's mom, Lena and the two other girls Rose and Lily. Lena is OK looking but nothing that Jake would get excited about. The young kids are really cute and if I felt we had a chance to bring them over, which I don't, I would seriously be thinking about them for me!

After the pleasantries, Jake has Gel find out what Lena already knows. The answer is not much. Lena knows that we had sex with her daughter and that has her really confused. She can't wrap her head around the possibility that women who likes a man could also like a woman. As far as Lena was concerned, it isn't that it is abnormal, it just doesn't happen!

Jake has Gel find out if she would like to live in the USA. Lena interprets this to mean marriage to a guy in the USA and she tells Gel that she would but no one could marry her. She is still married and cannot afford an annulment.

Jake asks Gel to ask her if she would like to work in a Pharmacy in the USA. Lena must know some English because she is surprised. Her head pops up as Jake speaks, looks hard at Jake and says, she would. *Yes, I love that. It is really possible?*

Jake speaks directly to Lena, *Do you understand my English enough to talk to me directly?*

Yes, Sir Jake. I think I can. You speak clearly.

And then Jake acts in a way that Gel had told me about but I had not seen.

Lena, I think it is possible for me to get you employment in a rural part of the USA. They need Pharmacists in such places and cannot get any. You would get in under an H1 visa. If you come, you will be able to bring your minor children but not your older ones with H4 visas. If I do that for you, I expect to have the girls live with me and you can get your own place. Do you understand?

I think so. You want my Nic2x for your pleasure, and as payment from me for that, I get to live in the USA. Is that it?

Yes, but not Nic2x only, I am thinking about the other two girls, so maybe all of them.

My younger girls are too young for you.

Yes, you are right, but they are not too young for my daughter. Are you interested?

Will you force my girls to do things they do not want to do?

I will not force them to do anything against their desire. My daughter will not force them either. I promise they will not be forced by any of us. Cin would like to spend some time with Rose and Lily now to make sure that this will work before we leave Mindanao. We have three weeks before we leave. I think we will need this time to get to know each other.

That is news to me! But, hell yes, I sure would. I look at Nic2x and she just winks at me and gives me the Filipina yes, eyebrows up twice.

Lena is scowling at Jake. *You treat my girls as good as you treat Nic2x?*

Yes.

Is it possible for me to maybe become a permanent resident there?

Yes. Are you interested?

OK. Will you take me to your bed too?

Do you want me to have sex with you?

Yes, but I don't want other women with me.

Jake looks at Gel.

Gel addresses Lena in Tagalog. (I am translating.) *Lena, I will let you lay with my husband, but I will slit your throat if you try to take him away from us.*

Lena showing some exasperation. (I am translating.) *Look at you, and at Nic2x, and at your daughter too. I know I am ugly and you are all beautiful. I am not a fool. But do you want me sleeping with another man while you are having sex with my underage children? You will feel safe? Really? I need a man between my legs just like you.*

Gel looks at Lena hard. *You will be good to us?*

You are going to help me, and my family, get to the USA legally? Yes, I will be good to you!

Gel looks at Jake and indicates assent.

That is when I speak for the first time. *Gel? Jake? It's a package deal!*

Jake looks at me with a bit of amusement in his eyes. *We will see. Gel, would you give me a little time with Lena while Nic2x and Cin visit with Rose and Lily?*

Gel's eyebrows go up twice while she speaks. *I will join the girls. You use the spare room with Lena.*

First, I will tell you what Jake told me later about Lena as none of the rest of us was there. I should say that even though Lena calls herself ugly, she is not ugly. She isn't as pretty as Gel but few women are! Lena is fine to look at. Jake agrees with me. When he took her to the spare bedroom – it has a smaller bed and we girls were going to need the big one – Jake got right down to business. He undressed Lena and sent her to the CR for a shower. When she came back into the bedroom, he laid her back on the mattress so that her legs hung over the end of the bed. He knelt down on the floor, placed her legs over his shoulders and dove into her pussy.

Evidently, Lena had never experienced oral sex before. She had "married" as a virgin and only had sex with one man, her husband. She hadn't actually married him until she turned

eighteen, but she was having sex with him since she was fourteen. She was pregnant and gave birth to Caesar at fifteen. Her 'husband' didn't do oral sex and so Lena knew nothing about it. Lena had not had any sexual relations since she got pregnant with Lily. That's when the bum left Lena.

Jake's oral activity took Lena by complete surprise. By the time she might have tried to stop it, she was enjoying it far too much. After her third orgasm, he gave her a break and climbed up on the bed with her, pulling her up a bit too and just held Lena. Lena was speechless, for a while. Then finally, she asked Jake, what had he just done and what was it called? Jake explained a little and then told Lena that if she liked it, she should really reconsider being with Gel or Cin as they were better at it than he was. Now that is a bit of a stretch! But the result was a second eye opening moment for Lena who all at once came to understand just how women might pleasure each other even if they liked cock. Not that Lena was ready to run and get us at that moment, but it was a seed planted.

Lena was stroking Jake's still hard cock and humping his leg. It had been over twelve years since she had been laid and she didn't want to miss the opportunity. Jake rolled her back into missionary position and entered Lena slowly. She had already come three times and was very wet. After five children by natural childbirth, her pussy was not tight, but she could feel Jake and as Lena was small, Jake was bottoming out with each thrust. Lena didn't care. If she felt pain, she didn't show it. She just wanted more. And more is what she got culminating in another orgasm. As a fifth orgasm approached, her body started shaking without control and Jake blew his load deep in Lena.

They had been making love for less than an hour and Lena had experienced five orgasms. She was adrift. Whatever bearings she had before entering the bedroom were now completely lost.

Jake asked Lena, *Is that what you want from me.*

Opo.

Well, then you had better learn to accept Gel in bed with us. You are not going to get me in the future without Gel. Do you understand?

Opo.

Any arguments about that?

Hindi

Good. Stay here. It's time you and Gel get better acquainted.

With that Jake wrapped a towel around his middle and walked over to the master bedroom where he poked his head in long enough to ask Gel to join him. That much I hear, as that's where I am. Gel disengages from her activities with us, (I will explain in a bit,) and leaves to join Jake.

Jake gave Gel a quick synopsis of what was going on and they reentered the spare bedroom. Lena was under a sheet. Jake sat on a chair in the room and Gel climbed into bed with Lena. Lena was spent, exhausted and apprehensive. Gel ignored all of that and slid into position to give Lena more oral action. Lena spread her legs out of more an automatic response to the stimulus than any direct thought.

Gel's lips and tongue knew just what to do with a poor over stimulated pussy. Ever so gently and with the lightest of touches via lips and tongue, with her hands exploring two wonderful and responsive breasts, Gel brought Lena to a thundering orgasm, legs and arms thrashing, raspy breath and sobbing. Gel joined Lena face to face and kissed her. Lena kissed back. Gel held Lena's head between her two hands, looked into Lena eyes.

Are you going to be a good girl and obey my husband?

Opo

Welcome to the family, Ate.

While all this was going on in the spare bedroom, Nic2x, Rose, Lily, for a while Gel, and I are in the Master. We all climb on the king sized bed. Nic2x tells her sisters to cuddle with Gel. I am unclear why she says that and am going to ask her when she pushes me back and starts going down on me. In the Philippines there is frequently little between your lovers tongue and your pussy other than a short skirt and a tiny panty. I am wearing a thong under my skirt. There is no barrier at all. Nic2x just pushes the thong aside and she takes me with my legs waving in the air. Her sisters are getting a good look at girl-girl sex as Nic2x goes to work on me.

Nic2x and I trade back and forth, removing clothing as we go, ignoring our spectators, not that they are totally passive. Gel is stroking them and snuggling with them. They get more and more aroused. They have never seen such things but they are at ages where their hormones are coursing through their bodies. They are suggestible. They know they are supposed to stay away from boys, but no one has ever told them that they have to stay away from girls.

I have never had a girl younger than me. I have never been the predator before. I have left that to Jake. Now I am the predator. Not Gel. No, she is just assisting but not doing anything aggressive. Nic2x is assisting by setting the mood. But it is up to me if I am going to take one of her younger sisters. I want both of them. They are cute and pretty and I want them for me. I will make them mine and then I will present them to Jake for a good fucking. It is my way of asserting control I guess. I have no idea if he will fuck them, but in my fantasy, he does. And in my fantasy, he sees me as essential to him forever. In truth, Jake will tell you, I am already essential, but I now feel a bit of insecurity as does Gel, I guess, when it comes to Jake. This feeling is new. Where did it come from?

After a while of pleasuring each other, Nic2x and me, I reach out to Rose and bring her to me. She comes willingly. I bring her into my arms and kiss her. She kisses back. Slowly I run my hands over Rose's body. The fourteen-year-old allows me to

touch her everywhere. Slowly I take her clothing off until she is naked in my arms. I play with her tits. She moans. I caress her clit and she humps my finger.

Gel is now gone from the room as I slide down and start eating Rose's pussy. Rose is humping my face. I hold on tight and continue to tongue her for all I am worth. I suck her clit into my mouth between my lips. Rose explodes in screams, bucking wild. It is her first orgasm and she is still a virgin. Much like I was when Jake got me off without going in me. I know Rose will need Jake's cock. But at that moment, Rose pushes me on my back, calling Lily to help her! They attack my pussy and my breasts with two mouths and four hands. Out of the corner of my eye I see Nic2x frigging herself. I have a tongue on my snatch, a mouth on my mouth, kissing me deeply, and four hands on my two breasts. I am not long for this world as my two little seriously underage vixens have me cumming for all I am worth.

After a brief break to just rest in each other's arms I set my eyes on Lily.

§ § §

Floral Arrangement

Lily is flat-chested. Rose has B-cups, but Lily gives only hints of her future potential. She is also still wearing clothing, something none of the rest of us is encumbered with, as we lie on the bed. She has a pair of shorts and a t-shirt top. Her hair comes down to her shoulders and is, as with all Filipinas, black and straight. Compared to me, at her age, she is a little slip of a thing. I had felt like a sausage. There is no sausage appearance to Lily. She is thin and probably weighs seven kilos fewer than I weighed at that age even though we are probably the same height. She has a ready smile, a face devoid of anything resembling baby fat. She will get older but her facial looks are close to adult already.

As with many Filipinas, her education into the realities of life began at an early age. Her mother might be a professional but their household income is still marginal. Life is difficult and there are no true safety nets. Lily and Rose know this. No one has to tell them. If you asked them now, or in the future, who exploited whom in this transaction of sexual gratification for security and safety they would be unable to answer. As far as they can see today at 14 and 12, it is a big win-win. It will seem the same way many years from now. I may be a predator but I also know that the ones who I choose and whom we can bring to the USA are the big winners. So moralists be damned, bring me some young pussy!

Rose is taller than I am even though she is two years younger. By USA measurements, I am 4' 9". Rose is 5'1". Lily is my height. I weigh as much as Rose. If anyone is *pangit*, (ugly,) it is I. Jake says it would be good if I stop eating all those cookies, but that I am not *pangit*. Both of these girls are pretty. They are Nic2xs in the making and Nic2x is really pretty.

As I set my sights on Lily, I see Nic2x put an arm around Rose and settle her down, stroking her in a sweet sexy way, but not

in a way that will bring on another orgasm. Rose melts into Nic2x's arms.

I pull little Lily into my arms and seek her lips with mine. My arms surround my sweet young conquest. We are lying back and our legs entangle, skin to skin. I pull off her t-shirt and unsnap her shorts. She wiggles out of the shorts and panties. There is no resistance. We are engrossed in each other as the kissing continues.

She whispers in my ear, *Am I pretty?*

I answer back in a whisper, *Yes, you are my sweet Lily.*

She asks, *Are we going to live with you?*

I ask her, *Do you want to?*

Her answer is a kiss that pushes me into the pillow behind me. I roll her over and go down on her little snatch. She's responsive and moans under my assault. My hands are all over her legs and torso. I grab her ass and pull her pussy into me more firmly. She assists. I turn her over and lick up from the base of her spine to her head. My hands are wedged between her and the bed as I tweak her little nipples. She's humping the mattress.

I move my right hand down to her pussy and play with her clit as I continue to kiss my way up her spine. She is on the brink of an orgasm. I don't want to plunge my fingers into her snatch, as that should remain until Jake can take it. I want to give Jake two virgins but I also want my own two wives.

My lips are at the base of Lily's neck. My right hand is mauling Lily's clit. I move my left hand over Lily's rosebud on her ass and start to press. My little girl explodes in screams and spasms underneath me. Lily has her first orgasm.

I don't let up for a moment and her first orgasm leads into her second and third as wave after wave engulfs her sweet little

body. I let her come down from the third as it is clear she is a little sore.

Nic2x pulls Lily to her and Rose slides over to me. As Lily snuggles into Nic2x's arms, Rose and I find each other's lips. My hands are on her breasts and hers are on mine. I like the feel of her breasts. Her nipples are pink, rock hard and stick out an inch. I roll them in my fingers. She is doing the same thing to me. Nic2x slides down unnoticed beneath us and with a hand on each pussy starts playing with both Rose's and my snatch. I feel the electricity move through Rose's body just as it is moving through mine. Rose and I just hold on to each other in a love/death grip as the power of emotions courses through our bodies.

We lie all together – the four of us – without separation for the better part of an hour. I fall asleep for a while. I am not sure the others do, but eventually there is a stirring and we all trundle off into the CR for a joint shower. Giggling and silliness ensue as we soap each other up and wash each other. Claims of ticklishness are rampant where no such claims were made in bed.

Afterward, Nic2x and I sit the two girls down so that we can apply makeup to them. When we are done with the makeup each is incredibly lovely. I do not have a dress that fits Lily, but I do have a short skirt and cute tube top she can wear with a pair of heels. We do Lily's hair and give her some jewelry to wear. She is the sexiest twelve year-old you can imagine. We teach Lily how to walk on heels. She practices walking in the heels, in the bedroom, as we concentrate on Rose.

Rose I put in a dress we bought for one of the girls who didn't make it. She gets the full treatment, hair, dress, makeup, bra, thong, heels, necklace, and earrings. By the time we are done with Rose, she no longer looks like a fourteen-year-old. She is a radiant young adult woman. She is a knockout. The only thing Nic2x says can be translated as "holy shit."

Nic2x and I also dress to kill as the younger two watch and ask questions. When we leave the bedroom, we have been in there for five hours. Gel and Lena are in the kitchen and Jake is still reading another book he found on the shelves called *Sometimes a Great Notion*. (When I ask him if the book is any good and all he would say is that is better than the Texas Chain Saw Massacre. Then he says something about electric Kool-Aid acid. That is so not helpful!) I clear my throat, and Jake looks up and then I swear to God he does a double take; his eyes just about pop out of his head! He is getting serious wood as he calls for Gel.

We, (Nic2x, Lily, Rose and I) are standing there fully done up. I don't think Jake can believe his eyes. Lena and Gel walk into the room and just stop. And then in an instant Gel grabs Lena's hand while at the same time orders us four back into the master bedroom! I don't understand but comply as Gel, with Lena in hand, follows us.

Gel exclaims, *Cin don't you ever do that to me again! You will give me a chance to get dressed up too before you parade like that in front of our husband. Do you understand?*

I guess I do and so we help Lena get fixed up while Gel takes care of herself. When we are done with Lena, it is really clear that this is no ugly woman. Gel is in her sexiest outfit. Lena isn't far behind that level of 'come fuck me' look. In the process of all this, Gel gets me up to date on her doings with Lena and I do the same for her with the younger girls.

Before we leave the bedroom, we set a camera up on the dresser with a 10-second delay and take a group photo. It is one for the ages. When we reappear for Jake, his smile is so big as to be silly. *I have never in my life seen anything that can come close to what I see in front of me right now. Nothing could be more beautiful.*

Jake walks up to Gel and kisses her. Then he moves to Lena and kisses. Nic2x is next and then he is kissing me. He stops there and I see two very disappointed faces. *Jake you missed two.*

They are for you Cin, not me.

Allow me to be the judge of such things. Now, I am telling you that you missed two and that will not do!

Jake gives me the oddest look, looks at Gel who just shrugs, shakes his head in confusion and proceeds to kiss Rose in the most innocent way. Rose will have nothing of that. She grabs Jake by the head and gives him a real, tongue-sucking kiss. Lily follows suit. When it is all done Jake is sporting some heavy wood, which innocent Lily grabs and squeezes.

Nic2x drops to her knees next to Lily, unzips and unbuttons Jake's shorts, pulls his dick out and starts to give him head. At the same time, she is pulling Lily down next to her. Nic2x slides Jake's engorged dick from her mouth to Lily's mouth. Lily is more than ready to accept it and she does. With Nic2x whispering instructions into Lily's ear, Lily starts rhythmically sucking Jake until Jake simply cannot last a second more. He blows his large load into Lily's mouth. Nic2x has told Lily to swallow and keep on sucking as Jake comes and she follows directions exactly correctly. Jake is quivering and moaning when Lily is done with him.

After a brief and awkward silence Gel suggests we all sit down and talk about where we are headed and what each of us expects from now on. Jake agrees and suggests we break it down to what happens for the rest of our time in Mindanao and then what happens later.

I suggest that I speak for Nic2x, Rose and Lily plus myself; and that Gel speaks for Lena and herself. If the others disagree with what Gel and I say, they can speak up. All seem to agree with that suggestion and I go first. *Nic2x and I are sisters in age, desire and interests. We have access to everyone here, including*

you Lena. Rose and Lily are mine. I will decide who they are with for now. We will sort all this out again when they get visas and come to the USA, but that's how it is for now.

Jake asks, *Does anyone want to disagree with Cin?*

No one did.

Gel starts out, *Lena is mine, not Jake's. She will have access to Jake, or you Cin, through me. That will be the way it is here and also when Lena gets to the USA.*

Jake again asks, *Anyone want to disagree with Gel?* No one did. *OK the next weeks are a trial period for all of us to make sure that we really are happy with each other. There are no hard promises about the future until we come to the end of these weeks. This will be a very big change for all of us. And for the record Cin, I am not going to have any more sex with 'your girls.' They are too young.*

Jake, I wasn't too young for you was I? And if you don't offer service to my girls if they need it, who do you think will? Do you really think that would be safer? If they have the need, better to keep it in the house than allow it outside. It's the same argument Lena made before!

Gel is laughing. *Give up, Mahal. Your wife has you cornered; you'll have to give far more than an inch.*

The three weeks that followed were exhausting. My girls stay virgins but learn all about giving head. Nic2x and Lena lay with me, Gel and Jake every night. Jake never knows who he would be inside each night. He does know he would be inside one of us. Lena relaxes and becomes a fun companion. She does go to work most days but spends her evenings with us. Nic2x spends a lot of time with Gel both in and out of bed. Towards the end of those weeks, I ask Gel about that.

Gel just smiles and says, I am in love with Nic2x. She got to me. She told me she would the first night we spent together. She whispered in my ear that when we were done, I would be her wife. I thought she was crazy then. At the end of the first week, I thought she might be right and I was so scared I sought out Ays. And now it is true and I do love her as much as I love Jake. I don't know how that can be, but it is.

As we pack up to return to the USA, we are a very different family than we were on our arrival in Mindanao. We are leaving loved ones behind; not brothers and sisters; no, we are leaving our wives and girlfriends. And one other thing: the person who is the most changed and affected by this isn't Jake or me ... it is Gel.

Part 3: What Cin (& Jake) hath wrought

Take two in the morning

It is not an inconsequential task to figure out how to build the case to bring a Pharmacist from overseas and arrange for the creation of the position in a town that has been without a Pharmacist for twenty years.

Luckily my husband, Jake, has a number of influential friends in the town which is about eighty miles from our home. It is also lucky that each of those friends thought it was a great idea. So Lena had three very wealthy local town sponsors for her as a person requested for the H1 Visa and the town was doing a special deal to make a building available for the Pharmacy and set it up as a community co-op Pharmacy, which the town funded for the pilot year. Everyone involved called it a win-win.

There had to be a supervising State accredited Pharmacist until Lena could obtain State accreditation, but that was a hurdle not a block to the efforts. Nine months after our return to the USA and five months after the filing for the H1 visa, the visa was granted along with three H4 visas.

That little town of 1456 souls some 80 miles from the next nearest town has for the first time in two decades, a Pharmacy. The fact that there is a little awkwardness in Lena's English or awkwardness in the style of how things are done in her new little town compared to a city of more than a million in the Philippines, well that is just a speed bump on the road. Everyone is thrilled and problems experienced are cherished as good things! They are things that would never have happened at all if Lena wasn't there. Lena is welcomed and is happy.

When asked why her kids are in the next town, she only says that they are with her very best friends and that as a single woman Pharmacist she is happier knowing that the potentially

odd hours she works will not put her children at risk. She has had suitors but turned them all away saying she is a good Catholic and though she is separated, the marriage had not been annulled and she is not free to date.

And so five days out of seven she is at work or on call. Two days a week, she is at our house. If you ask Lena if the bargain she made is one to her advantage, she will assume you are somewhat stupid. Lena thinks herself the luckiest of Filipinas.

For Gel, Jake and me, life has changed completely. We were a threesome: one husband and two wives. Now Gel is wife to Jake and Nic2x. That has her more than a little confused. I am a wife to Jake plus I have two wives of my own, Rose and Lily. Jake beds Gel, Nic2x and me during the week. He sleeps with Lena and Gel on the weekends. On those weekends, I bed Nic2x, Rose and Lily. So far I have not asked Jake to take Lily's cherry. Rose needs Jake to take her and I am arranging a ceremony for that this weekend. I want Rose to feel how special it is. Rose is fifteen now. She is, in my eyes, way overdue in the cherry busting business.

Lena brought Gel some pills this morning. Lena's instructions were to take two every morning. Gel asked Lena what they are for and Lena answered cryptically, that they are for the family. Bless Gel's heart! She, who refuses to take aspirin, took the pills. She trusts Lena completely.

Nic2x and I are both seventeen. Jake says he is looking forward to our next birthdays when fucking us won't be a felony any more. The problem is that I will be committing a felony every time I have sex with Rose and Lily at that point, and so will he! He just hasn't thought that far ahead yet.

Nic2x graduated high school in the Philippines and so the local school here says she cannot attend high school, but the community college says she can't apply there until next semester. Rose and Lily are in school and are doing fine. Rose is in high school and Lily is in middle school.

Our house is so filled with females! Poor Jake, he is the only guy here. Not that he seems to mind.

Jake no longer talks about do-able women. He says he has more than enough for the rest of his life. This Sunday night, after Lena leaves to go back to her place, Nic2x and I will present the sexiest Rose that Jake has ever seen. Gel, Nic2x and I will sleep elsewhere that night. It is time for Rose to join us. Jake has no idea what is about to happen.

This is Saturday morning. Lena got here last night and gave Gel the pills this morning. I will talk to Rose about the upcoming events tonight.

Tonight Gel will lay with Rose and Lily. Nic2x will be there too but I will keep her busy. I am excited to see what happens with my two girls and Gel. I have already primed them to gang up on Gel. This is going to be fun. Jake and Lena have the night all alone tonight.

Gel and I have not made love together since that week we had Nic2x with us alone. We sort of look at each other differently these days and I sense a longing between us. But tonight will be about something else.

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Saturday evening has come now. Rose and Lily have never made love with Gel. Their older sister has, as has their mother. They want to taste Gel. Gel has never made love with a female so young. My job is to hijack Nic2x to keep her from Gel tonight, at least long enough for my girls to have access to Gel. My girls make my job very easy. While I am talking to Nic2x they grab Gel and drag her into their bedroom. By the time Nic2x and I get done with our conversation my girls have a half an hour head start with occupying Gel for the evening.

When Nic2x and I walk into the bedroom, the lights are on, clothes are on the floor, Lily is eating Gel and Gel is kissing and

frigging Rose. I put my arms around Nic2x and start kissing the nape of her neck as we watch the scene in front of us. Rose is taller than is Gel with larger breasts and wider hips. Lily is Gel's size and with her A-cups. Gel may be older but on this bed, it just looks like three beautiful Filipinas enjoying each other. From a woman who didn't want anything except her man and only grudgingly accepted the fact that I would join her husband, she has changed in big ways. I watch as Gel brings Rose off, their tongues and lips devouring one another. Gel's legs are accepting little Lily's tongue as the most natural of things. I pull Nic2x out of the room and we will settle on some cushions downstairs. I have Nic2x to myself tonight, something I have not had since Mindanao.

Nic2x is a force of nature. She created room for herself in our world, not because she knew the end game, because she didn't. It was that, for her, we were the only game in town – ever – and she was not going to lose the opportunity no matter how short it was. For her – we were what she had dreamed about and did not think possible. For us, we would never have been able to bring her here if she had actually been the nineteen-year-old she claimed to be. It was only because of a lie and the fact that her mother was a Pharmacist that she is here now. Luck plus need plus lies equaled a result that worked for Nic2x. For us it also gave me the two girls I could have for my own. That was my fantasy. For Gel, Nic2x was scary, and a complication that she did not want but fell deeply in love with.

But Nic2x meant Lena and Lena was a complication to our life that we really hadn't wanted and for which we hadn't planned. The Lena we first met would not have worked with us at all. Jake had no interest in her. But Lena had a strong bargaining position. We all wanted Nic2x and I wanted Rose and Lily. To get them we had to have Lena. Lena made the sexual dance in the house very difficult and confusing. If it wasn't for Gel accepting Lena and the fact that Lena is as smart as can be, it probably would have not worked at all. But Gel did accept Lena, partly as a lover, and partly as a sister. They are tight now. They

talk every day. Lena is only in the house two out of seven days, but she misses nothing.

The funny thing is that 'he who must be obeyed' is our sex object but unseen and unheard from on most days. He has too many pussies to fill, too many lips to kiss and so, much of the business of the house is dealt with, by the four of us: Gel, Lena, Nic2x and me. We rarely consult with Jake unless the decision is unclear to us. He loves us and we all love him, but each of us receives loving elsewhere as well and each of us is busy. This is what I think Jake would call a prime example of unintended consequences.

Nic2x is hot and ready to go, having watched Gel with her two sisters. She strips off my top and skirt and pushes me down on the cushions. She strips her own clothes off, and then climbs on me in what you might call a 69 position. That is exactly what we start doing with each other. I have a hairless hot dripping pussy over my face. She has my hairless and wetter than all hell pussy in her face. I don't know when she shaved her pussy last, but it is as smooth as mine is, and I shaved an hour ago. God she smells so good. I get lost in her juices. I hear nothing as her thighs engulf my ears. All I know is my body and hers. I do not want to know anything else. We are sisters, we are lovers, we are bonded for life to each other. I may not be her wife as Gel is, but for the life of me, I do not know what the difference would be.

I feel Nic2x's fingers gliding over my back, across my ass, down my legs. She can have all she wants. I am satisfied. I am her slut and she is mine. She is sucking my clit deep into her lips. Oh my God, that feels good. Her tongue is playing with me as she sucks. I can't take much more. I feel hands on my ass cheeks pulling them apart and then something trying to enter my ass. It is all too much. I am cumming. Please love me Nic2x, I am cumming. Oh Nic2x, Nic2x, God I need you.

§ § §

The Rose Parade

Sunday morning is always special every week now. We have only been together as a combined family for three months. The first month or so was insane. Just learning a new country for one person is hard. But we added four people to our family – one of whom has had to really wing it alone most of the time. We can't be there with her as she makes her way in her little town.

Teaching Lena how to drive has been a real effort and we really don't want her driving in the Winter months this first year. Luckily, we found someone who also commutes between the two towns every weekend and Lena is carpooling for now.

Lily and Rose were just sort of unceremoniously dumped into the water and told to swim (as I was at age 11) as they entered public school. I had always gone to Catholic Schools in the Philippines, and Jake thinks that if we were living in Mindanao, I would have graduated from such a school, but here in the USA he wants his girls to attend public school and that is what we do. I had found the Middle School here to be a nice and welcoming place. Lily started it at age 13, two years later than me. As an eighth grader she is finding it a bit more difficult to make lots of friends, but our family takes up the slack in that way. Rose is in tenth grade in High School. I include her with my circle of 'Senior' friends, so she's ok and protected. They are doing fine in school. Just like Gel, Lena had kept them in good Catholic Schools in Davao, so they were in good shape educationally when they got to the USA.

Nic2x's education as far as learning about her new country has been Gel's responsibility. Nic2x and Gel do everything together from morning to night: Cooking, cleaning, laundry, shopping, running errands, showering and socializing. Except on the weekends, if you see one, you see the other.

Jake commented one day that he is the only man in the world who fantasizes about having sex with just one woman alone. With a goofy look on his face he says that in our home, the minimum number of pussies in any one bed seems to be two.

Sunday mornings means we have all spent better than a whole day reconstituted as a complete family and we are about to sense that loss again. Though Lena was the "have-to" add-on, Gel, Jake and I have come to greatly appreciate her.

Sunday mornings are also the one and only 'family breakfast' day. We all come to the table, showered and dressed at what Jake calls a respectably late hour for our Sunday morning gathering. The food is a combination of Filipina and American cuisines. Jake makes his "Rye-Idea Sweet Buttermilk" pancakes with real maple syrup and butter on the side. There will be some meat on the table, either bacon, or *tocino*, or ham, or *longanisa*. Gel and Nic2x will cook up a large pan of Filipina-style scrambled eggs. There will be fruit, depending on what we can find. To drink, will be water, Sprite, Filipino-style fruit shakes and coffee. And there will be rice. There is always rice.

Seating somewhat reflects the previous sleeping patterns and so will change on occasion.

There are seven people at the table, with Jake always at one end. Gel always sits to Jake's immediate left and normally Nic2x next to Gel's left. I am on Jake's immediate right with either Rose or Lily on my immediate right. Lena often sits at the other end, in stark contrast to the rest of our sitting pattern. But in a way she is the head of the 'other' family at our table and as such, Nic2x is on her right and Rose or Lily is on her left.

Today is different. Gel is on the other end with Lily to her immediate right and Rose to her immediate left. Lena is sitting on Jake's immediate left. I remain on his right but Nic2x is next to me. And we are blended in a way we have not been before. There is laughter and happiness this morning ... that is no

different from other mornings ... but that happiness with the arrangement of the seating does seal our family as one family. This is a good morning and tonight will be a special night.

Before this morning, it did not occur to me that Lena needed to be here for the Cherry-popping. Now I am concerned. I will speak with Lena.

After breakfast, we are in the kitchen together cleaning up. *Tita*¹³, *I would like to speak with you about Rose.*

What is it Cin? Is something wrong?

No Tita, everything is very good. But Rose is now fifteen and I would like her to be with Jake. She has been asking for this for some time.

I thought Jake said he wasn't interested in Rose and Lily. Is that not right?

Tita, he said they were too young at the time. That is all. But you are right, he has not sought to have sex with them. I think if I ask him, he will say he is getting all he wants right now.

I suspect that he is already getting more than he can deal with Cin. He didn't expect to have me. I have already complicated things for Jake.

Remember what you said to Jake back when we first met? He could either take care of you or you might find that comfort in other men? Well that probably goes for Rose too.

... I see. ... Does Jake know this?

No, he doesn't. Will you tell him you give your permission?

¹³ Cin is calling Lena "Tita" or her aunt because of age and the relationship as the mother of Nic2x. In a way, all Filipinos are related and are family.

You know this is crazy abnormal, right? You know that a sweet fifteen is not supposed to be having sex by permission with her mother's older lover – who is also married to someone else? Right?

Yes, Tita.

... OK I will get Gel and we will tell him.

Jake pulls me aside later in the day. He is trying to act angry but I'm not buying it for a minute.

You like young stuff.

I'm not denying that, Cin.

So why complain when a pretty fifteen-year-old is ready to jump into your bed?

It's too dangerous.

It's too dangerous not to!

Are you giving me the Lena argument again?

Of course, I am because it is true!

Do you understand the consequences? Do you think I am not falling in love with Lena? Do you think I can sleep with a woman ... with a girl and not care for her in a way that's not fatherly?

Jake, don't give me that crap. Rose has been giving you head for two months!

Cin, there is a real difference for me when I am inside someone. It is very different and there are different emotions.

Well, I guess I wouldn't want it any other way. I would not like to think that you could fuck and not care, so I guess the answer is that you should be careful what you agree to. When Gel said we have to bring a girl back and you promised to see if you could find a way, this is what you got. You need to take Rose's cherry tonight. And for the record, does Gel know that you are in love with Lena?

Yes. She says that it makes it easy on her because she is deeply in love with Nic2x. I seem to sense that there is a re-alignment happening.

I guess it takes me a moment to have that sink in, but when it does, I know what I have to say!

If you divorce Gel, so she can marry Nic2x, then I want to be your bride, not Lena and I will fight for that, Jake.

Maybe I should marry Rose!

I want to hit him! How can he do that? But he is right ... everything is in play. Everything is in play.

As Lena and I prepare Rose for the big event tonight I have mixed feelings. I love Rose and I know Rose cares for me. She is lovely even with her *pango* (snub/flat) nose and her dark skin. She is prettier and younger than I am. Why wouldn't Jake prefer her over me? I know she wants to feel cock inside of her and has been pushing me for this day for some time now. I don't think she has even thought about what happens later. About her feelings for the man who takes her cherry, and will likely be inside her later, at her request many times. Maybe it will all be OK. Maybe she won't abandon me for Jake. I am scared. I fought Jake to get this done and I might have fought against my own interest. Only time will tell.

I'm a very different girl from the one eight years ago in Mindanao who argued that I should be the #1 GF. I am now a real live functional wife to Jake. I have been lying with him for

four years. I know everything about him. I have seen him through fever and am committed to him for life. If something should happen to Gel, I can and will do everything for him that she has always done. I know how and I do these things today. Is he committed to me?

I take a break and am pouring myself a Sprite when Gel finds me.

Cin, why did you tell Jake that I would divorce him?

Because he told you, he loved Lena and he said that made it easier for you to love Nic2x.

OK, yes, that is true, but how do you get to divorce?

Well, duh!

*Well duh yourself, **anak** (child), there are some things you still don't seem to understand. Jake was, is and will always be my legal husband. When I bury him and I hope he lives to 100, I will still be his wife. Not you, not Lena and not Rose. You can all be his mistresses and he can call you his wives. You can call him husband, but never confuse that with the legal marriage certificate I have. If I die, then and only then, you girls can fight it out. Until then, it isn't going to happen.*

OK.

... Cin, Jake feels about you and me very different than he does about Nic2x, Lena and the girls. He knows in his heart that they might leave us at any moment. He knows in his heart that the three of us are never going to separate. You will never have to fight Lena for Jake. Not ever.

I won't have to fight if he falls for Rose? She is so young and pretty Mom!

That's the first time you have called me mom since that day with Ays in Davao, anak. She stops and kisses me. Don't worry. Even though she is young and pretty. Remember when I sent that beautiful Filipina home? The one that Jake was drooling over? He never complained. We are pretty enough for Jake. He is committed to us. A year and a half ago you told me to trust Jake. Now I am telling you, that was good advice. Trust Jake.

§ § §

American girls have sweet sixteen. Filipino families with enough money celebrate a *debut* at age 18 ... We, in our family, need a tradition to celebrate the 15th birthday. Some Latin cultures do this with Quinceanera. That is not a cherry-popping celebration, but in this family, it will be.

It's 6:30pm. Rose is all done up! She is in a burgundy dress with a back that plunges down to just above her ass and a front that goes no further than it must to cover her B-cups. There are straps above that and down the back, but that's all above. The length is only low enough to cover her thong and allow her to sit with the skirt folded under her. There is no bra. Her sandals are four-inch high burgundy heels with rhinestones. Her little purse is also burgundy with rhinestones. I put an orchid in her hair. She has no stockings on. We put some Bulgari perfume on her. She looks and smells great.

I thought about getting her on birth control but I think Jake is unable to have babies. Neither Gel nor Nic2x has any birth control and they have not gotten pregnant. I stopped the pills and I have not gotten pregnant either. So I decided against doing that for Rose. She is without any protection.

There was no lunch today – due to the late breakfast. Supper was a version of a buffet with lots of the past week's leftovers, all reheated in bowls plus rice. Take and eat what you want, when you want. It started at 3pm and by 5pm we all but Jake and Rose have eaten. Lena will leave at 7:30pm. We present Rose to Jake at 7pm. Rose looks like a woman, not a girl and

Jake treats her as any man would an attractive and available woman.

She really is beautiful. Jet black hair. Straight and the length of her shoulder blades. Her complexion is perfect; not a pimple anywhere. She is thin but not skinny. She is the tallest female in the house now. Still a size '0' or XS. She weighs 46 kilo (101 pounds). She wears size 6 shoes below her flawless calves. She is special.

Before they leave the house, Jake pins a lovely white gardenia corsage on the strap of Rose's dress. Where he got it, I have yet to learn. They go out to a very nice restaurant in a nearby town. Rose is not old enough for alcohol ... but Gel and Lena don't drink alcohol either. Jake orders steak and shoe string potatoes. Rose has grilled tuna with wild rice. They share a sacher torte for desert. Jake drives to a place he likes for the view and Rose and he talk for a while. Jake secretly texts us before they arrive back at 11pm. We are all hidden away in bedrooms when they walk into a dark house.

Jake escorts Rose to his bedroom. Gel and I have removed all our photos and stuff from the nightstands. We have a negligee and a silk robe for Rose hanging up in the room. Rose takes them and enters the master bathroom. When she exits she has shed all for the bedroom wear. Jake is ready for her in the bed and pulls back the covers for her. Rose slides in. Jake and Rose both know that he is not trying to seduce her. He is there to accept her as a mistress and she is there to give Jake her precious virginity. No one is playing any games. All the cards are face up.

Rose has given Jake head before. She will not do so tonight. Whatever they talked about before coming home seems to have helped them set the mood they needed as Jake takes Rose in his arms and kisses her as 'his' for the first time. They both take their time touching each other. Learning the other's body and caressing the places that feel so nice. There is no rush and no clock is running. They have all the time they need and both

know it. Jake's fingers work a path from the soles of Rose's feet to the top of her head; along the way taking many quiet detours.

He spends time with her breasts. He has never seen a woman respond as strongly as Rose does when he starts sucking on her breasts. He flicks her nipples with his tongue and it is almost too much for Rose.

Rose is patiently working Jake's cock, tracing the underside with her lips and then nipping the underside in a playful manner. She climbs on top of Jake.

Is this how Cin did it?

How do you know about that?

Cin told me. Is this how she did it?

I was asleep. She tricked me. Did she tell you that?

Yes, but she wasn't fifteen yet. If she had been, would she have had to trick you?

Probably not.

Good, because I don't want to trick you. I want you to want me and take me. Do you Jake? Do you want me even though you already have four women?

I do want you, Rose, beautiful Rose.

And with that, Rose slowly slides her pussy down onto Jake's dick. Stopping to accommodate the hymen that gives way and then, moving down until Jake's cock is hitting her in her deepest recesses. Then there is the waiting to see if anything causes discomfort. There is no discomfort. So a slow and steady rhythm develops. Neither of them is in a rush; both want to draw out the encounter.

Jakes hands slide up and down Rose's sides, over her breasts and down over her thighs as they are spread around and over him. He runs his fingers through her hair, over her cheeks, down her neck, over her breastbone. She is beautiful.

Her hands are planted on Jake's chest as she moves up and down on his cock, his dick, his penis. She wants to feel all of him inside her. She knows she can never own him, but she can come close to owning him. He will never ask her to leave. She has him as her lover for as long as she wants and as long as he lives. That much is clear from all she knows about all that happens in this house. She has read about men who leave wives after getting them pregnant, about men who hit wives, about marriages that are too painful to even think about.

Jake is too old. She knows that. Jake is pogi ... even if he doesn't think so. Jake will love her and respect her. But he will never be hers alone, but that means she can have me too and that is something marriage to someone else cannot give her. She looks down at Jake, while slowly and lovingly moving up and down.

You know I am not going away. I know what's at stake and I am not going to leave you for another guy, don't you?

No I don't, Rose. Why won't you?

I don't have the English, Jake, but I am not leaving you.

What are you hoping to get out of this?

What I already have. You, Cin, Gel – she was awesome last night – safety, love, and a family that holds me tight.

I'm not a nice guy, Rose.

Good, turn me over, fuck me hard and make me your whore, you bastard! I want to be owned by you.

§ § §

The Pharmacist's Solution

Jake is leaving his sperm in Gel, Me, Nic2x and Rose. None of us are on birth control. Lena is on the pill and so she doesn't count. None of us have gotten pregnant – until today. Today is different. Gel missed her period – she is very regular. And so as her second month rolls to a conclusion we are wondering ... that is Nic2x and I are wondering. Lena is sure.

Gel is saying to Lena, *No way! I can't be pregnant. I have never been with anyone but Jake and we all know he isn't able!*

Lena walks up to Gel with EPT kit.

Gel is shaking, *If I am pregnant, Jake will divorce me! He will never believe it is his.*

Lena insists, *Oh yes he will! What do you think are in the pills you have been taking these last three months?*

Lena! You were giving me fertility drugs?

You wanted a baby didn't you? Jake wants babies, right?

Gel is now talking in Visayan to Lena and I no longer know Visayan all that well, but Gel is pissed. I can get, *'Yes she wants to be pregnant, but Lena should have told her.'* In truth it's both their faults and that eventually gets worked out ... Gel takes the EPT to the CR and comes out with a small smile. Yes, she is pregnant.

Both Nic2x and I announce we want the pills. Lena says no. Gel says no.

I decide it's time to talk to Jake, ... and Gel agrees? Huh?

She will talk with him right now.

She needs to tell him she is pregnant. This extra question about me and Nic2x will come up after that.

Later Gel returns. When Gel presented our case to Jake she tells us his answer is clear concise and simple. We can each have the pills the day after we turn eighteen and not a day sooner.

I turn to Gel.

You knew what Jake would say?

Yes and you should have also.

She is right, of course. But that means that before twelve months have elapsed, I may be pregnant and so may Nic2x. And that changes everything! I announce that Nic2x and I need to tackle the house now and make everything baby-proof. We need to start collecting seats for the cars. We need to work on a nursery. We need to start going to garage sales and collect baby clothing and toys and all sorts of stuff. If we are going to have all adults females pregnant or with babes in arms, then we had better get busy now!

Rose was standing right by me as all this talk was flying through the air. *How many babies does Jake want?*

Nic2x is the one to answer her sister. *As many as we can give him. Six, nine, twelve...*

Now that it really is possible, I think you need to ask him. If he really wants twelve, are we going to be able to have his babies too? I'd like that. And if we are going to have that many, where are we going to put them?

Rose is right. We are so used to acting without consulting Jake that we hadn't realized that we need to do so now! Lena is laughing and Gel is shaking her head in disbelief. Gel announces that she had already covered that with Jake when she asked him the previous question.

According to Gel ... when she launched off to speak with Jake ... when Jake learned of Gel's pregnancy – without being told of the fertility drugs that played a helping hand – he was so happy that he was frozen in place with the stupidest smile on his face than Gel has ever seen.

Then he said, *Oh my God, Gel, sit down! Don't move! We are so lucky!*

Jake, relax, there will be more.

How? It took so long.

The pills Lena gave me were a fertility drug. Not only am I pregnant, but as soon as you allow it, Cin and Nic2x intend to start on the pills. They also want babies.

Not until they turn eighteen they don't! ... Good lord, Gel. This whole family is going to change again. We need a far bigger house! Are you sure they want to get pregnant?

Cin's been wanting it since she was 13. Just how many do you want Jake?

How many can I get, Gel?

Abnormal ka! (You are abnormal.) Who knows. If the three of us each have three then there is nine. You want nine Jake?

If you want to stop at three Gel I accept that. If Cin wants more, I accept that too.

What if Rose and Lily want to give you children?

They are too young.

Only for now Jake. Only for now. Do you understand that with Rose and Lily and Lena ... even if each only had three, you would have eighteen children?

Yes that would be right.

Abnormal ka!

Lena exclaims, ***Abnormal sha!*** [he's abnormal!]

Gel's answer to Rose's question of how many took us all by surprise. For some a happy surprise ... that being Me, Nic2x, and Rose. For one other than Gel, a shock ... that being Lena. Gel looked hard at Lena. *Lena, never underestimate the nature of unintended consequences.*

I am only now beginning to understand that. Well I had better get Rose and Lily on Birth Control pills right away. Jake clearly is fertile, just not powerfully so. It is best to take no chances.

Once again the nature of what constituted our family is kicking into a different reality. There is a concept Jake told me about that was coined in the early 1970's called future shock. I think that is happening to us now.

The Sunday morning breakfast following Saturday's pregnancy announcement is a circus. Each of us is trying to figure out how this affects us now and what it will mean for the near term and the long term. Talk continues around the table long after the dishes are cleared and then moves into the kitchen as we clean up from breakfast.

Everyone is in the kitchen except Jake and Rose. I was about to ask where they were when I caught Gel's eye. It's funny what can be said without speaking. In her own way Gel let me know that our two missing members were in the master bedroom. I decide this is something I want to join.

Joining is the right and privilege of any wife. I don't need permission to see my husband and so, into the bedroom I go. Jake, bless his sweet heart is eating Rose's pussy and Rose is laying back and just enjoying.

Jake has no idea why we want to be with him. I am not going to try to explain it to him. He does have too much weight around his middle, but he is handsome and dignified in his appearance. Yes he is old and we are young, but for some reason age issues just don't come up. We, every one of us, likes being treated with respect and Jake clearly does that. He also loves us. Each of us knows that. But I can't explain why we are all here except for the realities of where we would be without him.

Right now I am not worrying about interfering with Jake. I strip down and latch on to one of Rose's breasts with my lips. I grab the other and Jake continues his oral work on cavities. Rose is beginning to bounce around, whimpering a bit and gasping for breath. Now Rose is bouncing more and harder and then a scream announces an orgasm.

Jake has not stopped and so I don't either. How many times have I thought 'OK you can stop now' as he drives my body to an even greater explosion. He, no we, are doing that now to Rose. It doesn't take long before Jake gets what he is looking for. Rose has lost it as she enters an orgasm that rocks her entire body.

Jake rolls me from my side to my back. He rolls Rose on top and facing me and then mounts Rose from behind but into her snatch. I put a finger on her clit. We are face to face and I am kissing Rose as Jake takes her hard. Her hot breath enters my mouth. She is moaning loudly now. She is sucking my mouth in hers one moment and screaming 'Yes!' the next. Rose screams our names like a mantra as she peaks for the third time and I gather Jake paints her vaginal walls with cum.

We are, the three of us, just laying there on the bed side by side as the door opens a crack and Lily's head pops into view. *May I come in?*

I answer, *Yes, come and join us.*

Lily enters, disrobes and climbs up to us. I whisper in her ear to lick Jake and Rose clean and Lily goes to work which brings on

sounds of pleasure from both lick-ees. After, Lily snuggles face to face with Jake and gives him a big kiss.

We are all four cozy together on the bed when Gel and Lena come in. They are not there for more festivities. They need Jake at the dining room table. If we are to build a new house we need to talk about finances, and land, and that means Jake needs to engage. Playtime is over.

Back at the dining room table about half an hour later following showers, the question of what we will need to build is first up for discussion. Lena has a cup of sweet light coffee in her hands and she looks beside herself. *Jake, really? ... You really want 18 children? **Ganun?** (really?)*

Jake looks at each of us, pausing as his eyes sweep the room. *Each of you are **ganda** (beautiful) and each of you is smart. You would, each of you, give this family good looking and smart children. Do you want me to say 'you can give me children and you cannot?' Do you want me to say 'you can only give me one child because **she** wants to give me one as well and there must not be too many?' Each of you should decide on your own if you want to bear me children. ... He takes a good look at each of us again before continuing. ... I do not make it a condition of being here. Hell until yesterday morning I didn't know it was possible. Cin, do you want me to pick favorites? Nic2x, do you really want me to tell you how many children you can have or even should have? Gel, what would you think of me if I told you I didn't want as many children as you yourself wanted to give me? My only requirements are (1) that no one gets pregnant until they are eighteen and that (2) if a doctor tells you it would endanger your life to have a child, you do not get pregnant anymore. Every one of you is dear to me. No one is expendable. Does that answer your question, Lena?*

Yes, I guess so. Who here does not want to have children?

There is silence. We are all at the table and not a single person says 'me'. We all want to bear Jake's children.

Lena had not received one response. She asked us as a group of females, ignoring Jake, *How many children do you think you would like to have?*

In the ensuing commotion, the average as we discovered came out to be 3 or 4 children per Filipina or to total the five of us, between 15 and 20 children. Of course they would not all come at once and so the needed nursery did not need to look like an orphan asylum. Children did not need single rooms or even rooms limited to two.

The decision was made that we needed six more bedrooms for the children and another two for the moms who were nursing and needed to be sleeping close to their children. Jake's Master bedroom would be far from the children's rooms. We would need a larger kitchen that was between the adult dining areas and where the children would eat most meals. Toilets, baths for the youngest, showers for the older ones, storage, coat closets, a huge mud room, a playroom ... all were listed and Jake was asked to choose an architect very soon.

As soon as Jake found one, Gel, Nic2x and Jake would meet with the architect and report back. Nic2x, Gel and I were assigned to find the land once we knew the requirements based on the building plans.

It is a blessing that the house we live in is paid for and on prime real estate. The value of our house is doubled because of where it is situated. We would build elsewhere and plow all that money back into the new place. At least that is Jake's plan. I hope he is right, we will need a very large place.

I ask Lena if she wants any more children. She only smiles and kisses my forehead.

I ask Jake what he thought of all this and he smiles, gives me a hug and says, *Cin, all I ever wanted was my two wives and I never wanted more. You wanted to sow some wild oats – sorry, Cin, but that's just an expression that means you wanted a*

chance to taste what life had to offer before completely settling down – and I thought it was a good idea. Your mom saw things from the vantage point of those who we would be hurting. I can't blame her for having a good heart. But it meant another wife. I really didn't want that but, OK, if she was OK with it, I was not going to complain and then you would have had your fling. He sighs and shakes his head. ... But Nic2x was a bomb that blew up in my face. When I went for that walk after learning of her lies, I had to ask myself a number of things. Understanding that many people would not consider what I was doing with you and your mom honorable, I do have a sense of honor. ... He just pauses for a second before continuing. ... If I chose Nic2x, it was going to be complicated. Of course at that point I didn't know how complicated. I know I was maybe giving you more than you would really want in the long run, Rose and Lily did seem to be what you hungered for at the time. I had no intention of adding Lena to my bed and no intention of adding Rose or Lily to my bed. That exploded once the decision was made. And so for me I went from two wives to four plus two girlfriends who will become wives. Six wives. No man in his right mind wants six wives. No man in his right mind would believe that six women would want me.... There is a sheepish grin as he shakes his head ... I have thought for six years that I was unable to have children. So I never considered what would happen if I could. Lena, bless her heart, heard that Gel really wanted kids. Well, Cin, if it was just you and me and Gel, that would never have been a problem. If it was possible then absolutely. There would not have been a panic like we saw today. ... So here I am, living a life that makes no sense. To be good to one, I must be good to all or all hell would break loose. Some of the consequences are just crazy. I often think ... Cin, what hath we wrought? ... There is another long pause and he shakes his head again. ... Maybe if we were living in the Philippines, this would be a lot easier ... but this is the USA and it is not going to be easy and it is not going to be inexpensive. But Cin, for the record, just so you know ... I would love it if you have my kids.

§ § §

Bigger, Better, Improved, All-in-One!

This has been an amazing nine months. Gel put Nic2x and me on birth control soon as we learned Gel was pregnant, just to be safe. Nic2x turned eighteen two months ago. I turned eighteen yesterday. I will graduate High School in two months. Nic has been off her Birth Control pills for these two months. Lena says we need six months off the pills before we can take the fertility pills. I sort of think we have been screwed in this deal ... we should have been off the birth control pills for half a year before we turned 18! When Jake heard about the confusion he just smiles and advises patience, no harm is intended and we don't want to rush into an early pregnancy in any case.

We have a new baby in the house, my brother Abraham. We call him Abe. Abe is three months old. He never gets a chance to cry. With Gel and Nic2x, and Rose and Lily and me taking care of him, he is always in someone's arms. He is the happiest baby ever. Gel reminds me that this is how I was raised with all my aunts and cousins.

We are moving into our new home in a month or two if all goes right. That will be so cool!

Jake and Lena have been talking about the Pharmacy and they think there needs to be a second Pharmacist up there where Lena is working. The question was, could the Pharmacy afford it and the amazing answer was it could! That is, so long as the salary range is where it is for Lena, and if Lena and the new Pharmacist could share an apartment. Since the extra Pharmacist would also be a Filipina, that seemed possible. The extra Pharmacist would not be part of our family so that was not a problem. They presented the findings to the original sponsors and later to the town council and the co-op board. The numbers were straight forward, no additional funds would need to be 'donated'. The Pharmacy operation itself could fund the costs involved. Lena and Jake were authorized to make the search. That is happening now. Jake may make a trip back to

the Philippines in a little bit to conduct some interviews. Gel and I are jealous! We want to go too.

Lena and Jake have this interesting relationship. It is not husband and wife. It is more like – huh – like two good friends. They don't always see things the same way. They like and respect each other's space and position. They really like each other on very personal ways, but they 'keep their own counsel'. That's a phrase I learned from Jake and I think it fits here. Gel laughs when she thinks of the time she threatened to cut Lena's throat if Lena tried to take Jake.

Lena has no interest in taking Jake from Gel. Lena likes fucking just fine but she doesn't want another husband. That much I have figured out. Jake has figured it out too. He told Gel and me that he had been wrong to be too concerned with Lena's challenge about another man. If she found one, she could probably handle it without risking the family. Gel thought about it a minute, shifting Abe into a new position while he suckled, and told Jake that while he might be right, it was best to sit on the idea until Lily turned eighteen. Jake just nodded and said that he figured that Gel was exactly right.

So when I say Gel and I are jealous about going back to the Philippines, we mean just that and nothing about Jake and Lena.

Most of my time these days is with Rose and Lily. Well mostly Lily. Rose and I both have access to Jake and we see each other now not nearly as much because of that.

Lily is so cute. She is trying to seduce me into giving her full access to Jake, promising me that she won't be like Rose. She will be with me more! She has been on this campaign for about four months. She is fourteen now. She points out that when I was fourteen I was already Jake's wife. I think about it ... I was and I wasn't. I grew into being his wife over all these years. In truth it was a process. The sex happened sort of all at once, but the growing and maturing happened over years, just as Jake

was trying to tell me. I just didn't want to listen. Explaining all this to Lily helps not a bit. She is intent and in that I see myself.

Jake asked me if I am a lesbian who likes his cock or am I a bisexual? That has me stumped. How do you answer a question like that? He suggests that if I dream of other woman and get sexually excited I might be a lesbian. If I dream about both men and women, I might be bi. But I only dream about my lovers. Jake, Rose, Lily, Nic2x and – yes – and Gel. So I have no idea what I am. I only know that I am happy and secure. I know I will be holding at least one of my lovers every night.

I haven't talked about school at all, have I ... I think you don't really care about that anyway. Oh well, it does take up a good deal of my day so I will say a little, OK? Look, I spent half my middle school years and all my high school years not needing a boyfriend as I was already married in my heart and head (and pussy). So there was no distraction. There was no concern of, am I pretty enough, or anything like that. I wasn't worried about being accepted. The funny thing was I was accepted by just about everyone. I have so many friends both boys and girls in school that it is sort of funny. I think I am popular because I am not competing with anyone. I am nice to all and I have no fear of being rejected. I am active in swim team, drama and band. (I am too short for Varsity Volleyball here.) I still play the flute and I picked up the piccolo. I have been on the honor roll every semester since I started here. I will graduate with either a 4.0 or a 3.99. So school has been a good thing.

When it comes to dances, I do go and I have had dates for the dances. Jake told me early on that if asked to go to a dance with a guy, I should say yes, if I thought the guy was nice. So that is the thing I have always done. I do say yes to dates. I have fun and I hope my dates have fun. We just don't develop a sexual or romantic relationship. Jake also told me to tell each date that if I heard he, the date, was bragging about 'how far he got with me' – and I *would* hear – he would never get another date again. That was good advice and there have never been any rumors.

Girlfriends know I will not steal their guys and so everyone tells me everything! I know so much dirt on so many kids that if Gel hadn't taught me to not gossip, I would be very dangerous!

I get hit on by male teachers every once in a while; not often, but it happens. Once again Jake warned me that I might have this occur and his advice was right on. If the advance was without strings, I should tell my teacher I was flattered by his interest, but I was saving myself for someone else and he was just a little too late, but thank you very much. If there was an implied threat, I should walk right into the principals office and report it. I have never been threatened, but I have thanked three teachers and each one got a kiss on the cheek from me as a consolation gift.

By agreement within the family, I don't hit on anyone from school. What we have at home fills my plate and that is that.

But my school years are coming to an end in two months. Both Jake and Gel are pushing me to go to college. We will see. In fact that there is a weird discussion related to that one day. Gel is there but is silent for most of it. I know that she agrees with Jake because this is the sort of thing they talk between each other about before they speak with me.

Jake suggests, *Cin, it is time for you to reconsider your commitment to me and the family. You have my permission to say something like... 'I thought I knew what I wanted for life when I was 13, but I have grown up and I find now that I really want something else.'*

Why would I want to do that?

Because it is time for you to go to college and spread your wings.

Do I have to leave you and the family to go to college?

No, but it is a logical step.

Logical or not I am not going to do it.

Please take some time and think about it.

Are you telling me that you are done with me?

Jake is somewhat upset and angry. *Don't you ever even think that. I love you as much today as the day we sealed our love in our bed. That will never change. I just feel an obligation to release you from bonds you made for yourself as a child.*

Then never bring this up again. I am your second wife until the day you die. Understand husband?

Yes, Cin, I do.

So I don't know if I am going to college. We will see. If I do, there is a two year college here I can attend and then we will see.

Lily is in eighth grade this year. She has really bloomed in the last year in her physical appearance. She is tallest Filipina in the house at 5'3". She has full B-Cups and with the pushup bras we get from VS she fills out a C-Cup! She is so sexy in a dress I just soak my panties. When she wears her four inch heels with a sexy dress she is so incredible!

Remember when I did my Valentine's dress in seventh grade? Well, when Lily dressed up this year it was almost a disaster. She looked so good, so mature, so sexy that the school almost sent her home. After she was dropped off at the dance, we got a call to come pick her up and take her home. Gel and Jake went and dealt with it. The dress she was wearing met their printed criteria as did everything else she was wearing. So what was the problem, Jake asked ... and they couldn't explain. With that Jake told them to either specify the offending item or let her in. And so, Lily got to attend the dance.

At fourteen she is as grown as she is likely to get. And Lily is in my dreams every night. I give her the talk about boys – and girls – that Jake gave me. She looks at me like I am truly stupid.

Cin, do you really think anyone from school is of any interest to me. I have the sexiest senior as my nightly fuck buddy. You are my wife! I am not looking for any romantic or sexual hookup at school. I just want good grades. I will go to dance and date so that no one will start asking questions about us, but my life is in your arms and hopefully in Jake's bed when you guys think I am old enough, hint-hint. As a matter of fact, my pussy needs licking. Are you in the mood to assist or do I need to find Gel?
[big grin]

With that I whip off her panties and shove her back on to the bed. I dive in after her with my head finding safe harbor between her gorgeous thighs. I am smaller than she is and not as pretty. I joke with Jake sometimes that he is not the only one with a pretty young wife. Right now my cheeks are wet with Lily's flow. She is humping my face and has her hands on the back of my head directing my efforts somewhat. God, she is horny tonight. I haven't done much and she is cumming hard. I keep at her and a second orgasm rolls through her body. I still don't let up. It is a risk, she might become too sore. But the risk pays off with a crashing big 'O' that shakes the bed. I really hadn't done much other than give her head. She was just primed.

I roll off Lily and onto my back and fall asleep. I wake up as Lily is securing the last of four handcuffs to my right ankle. She has attached padded handcuffs to each arm and each leg and to the bed posts. I can barely move. We have never done this before. I have no idea when or where she got the cuffs. Admiring her work, she announces that I am all hers now and there's nothing I can do about it.

She has a long feather and she draws it over my breasts. Oh God! Where the hell did she learn this? It is both so good and torture! She draws the feather down over my abdomen, across

my hips, down my legs, across my ankles, up the inside of my calves, the inside of my thighs, and then between my wet pussy lips. Jeeezus, Mary, Mother of God. Oh shit, that is not fair! It is so good, so not fair that she is doing this to me. Damn – just fuck me please! God, no more tease!

She takes out a small powered dildo. Where did she get that? She is sliding it all around my exposed pussy lips. She spreads my lips with the fingers of one hand and the dildo hits the hood of my clit. Oh God! Not fair. I can do nothing and she is driving me crazy. Slowly the vibrating dildo is describing circles around my clit. I am cumming and cumming. I can't stop. I am gasping for breath. She ignores my state and inserts the dildo into my snatch as she starts to suck my clit into her mouth.

I am out of control, I have been cumming for, I have no idea how long, but at this point I will do or say anything. She must know this as she moves her mouth to my ear and whispers, *Do I have to keep this up or can I have Jake?*

§ § §

Lily - suitable for any occasion

Knowing what you want and getting it are two very different things. Lily has known this all her life. She doesn't get discouraged by it. She accepts each thing she wants to get as a challenge and then sets out to surmount the hurdles. The first time I saw it was in our rental in Mindanao when I had convinced Jake to kiss Rose and Lily.

It was Lily who at age 12 grabbed Jake's dick when he showed some wood. That is a remarkable thing for a twelve-year-old to do under any circumstances. And even though what we were doing at that moment wasn't exactly an innocent encounter, no one else had grabbed genitals. No, Lily knew what she wanted and ahead of all others, she went for it.

Now after two years, I know I can no longer hold her back from Jake. If I don't formally arrange it, she will make it happen some other way. I also don't want her to resent me and that is a line that we have inched right up to already. It is time to talk with Jake.

I find Jake in his office, his eyes fixed on the screens in front of him. He has not even noticed that I am in the room. He is clearly working on something and I wait until he looks like he is taking a momentary break, to announce my presence, by making a little noise. He turns and I get a smile at his immediate awareness of my presence. It makes me smile back. I know how lucky I am to have this guy in my life.

Husband, I have a problem and shortly you might have a problem. Lily is insisting that you should take her virginity. I know she isn't fifteen yet and I know you think she is too young. The problem is that she is convinced she is not too young. To the extent that she knows what she is doing in bed, she is not.

I proceeded to explain what she had just done to me. All the while, Jake was shaking his head and asking where she got the handcuffs. I had no answers for him of any substance.

If I refuse – I gather I am going to have a real problem.

Yes, I think we both will.

We need to talk with Gel. I think you are right, but nothing is going to happen without Gel involved.

Gel is out shopping with Nic2x and I text her to find out when she will be back. The answer is that she is on her way now. Two minutes later her car pulls into the driveway – Nic2x is driving. When Gel sees me, her face shows the question of, what's up? I say one word, *Lily*.

Gel is a smart woman. Not much gets past her. She looks at me, and then a smile comes over her face. *Well, anak¹⁴ you slept with her last night. What happened?*

Jake laughs. I am sure he can't help it. All of what I tell Gel, Jake has already heard. But he is patient and I retell her the whole story. Gel does not ask where the handcuffs came from. She doesn't interrupt me once. *I need to talk with Lena. Then we will see.*

She kisses Jake on the cheek and says, *pogi asawa talaga!* (truly a handsome husband) giggles, smacks me on the ass playfully and grabs her cell phone.

The call to Lena happens in front of Jake and me, but it is in Visayan and like I have said before, I don't speak Visayan. We can tell they are talking about Lily. Gel is laughing as they talk. Visayan is spoken very fast and I can't make out much at all. Finally I stop trying and look at Jake who is smiling and shaking his head.

¹⁴ Anak [Pronounced: ah-NAK] child.

Cin, do you have any idea of how much happens in my home that I have no clue about? Hell, it happens right in front of me and I might as well be on another planet for all it's worth.

Well, at least you are not the only one. I have no idea what they are saying. You know, Gel does that way too much.

You're not much better! When you want to ask Gel a question it is often in Tagalog.

He is right of course. We all do it to him. We are very lucky he is tolerant. I have learned from my Filipina friends that many men would not put up with it at all. It is the cause of many fights in the homes of others. I think Jake's bottom line is, if he can trust us and there are no dishonest actions, we are completely free to do as we like (with the limitation that there are always limits on children because they are children and for no other reason). Jake once told me that no man can require a woman to be good, honest and faithful, but by being arbitrary and controlling he can make it hard for her to be good, honest and faithful. So the problem for the guy – in his way of seeing things – is to find a good woman, love her like crazy, never lie to her and never get in her way. He figures that if she is really good, then there is no reason to worry, she will act in the man's best interest.

He may not be right, but it seems to have worked for him. That seems to me to tie into the courtesy he always pays to us. He certainly has opinions, but he listens to us without stating his opinions. And if we can really resolve an issue without hearing his opinions, that seems to work for him. It is only when our 'solutions' do not fully resolve a matter that he is likely to insert his views.

Because he does things that way, Gel thinks he is smarter than we are. He thinks that we are very smart and smarter than he is, but that there are moments because of life experience he has a different understanding. I think Gel is right. He is smarter than

we are, but so long as no one gets hurt he stays out of the decisions.

Nic2x has walked into the room while the cell phone conversation is in progress, asks me a couple of things and then listens to the progress of the conversation. Nic2x's native tongue is Visayan.

So, Jake and I stand there awaiting the decision from Gel and Lena which evidently Nic2x already knows. When it comes, I guess I am the most surprised. Lena seems to have expected this. Gel is not happy about a new fourteen-year-old in her husband's bed, but thinks the whole situation is absurd. That is why she was laughing. She knows why she loves Jake, but why Lily should, is a true mystery to her. In any case, it is settled. Jake will bed Lily tonight.

Jake takes it all with a shrug. There is nothing for him to do until later.

As Lena is not here, I expect the question of who is to prepare Lily for the evening will fall on my shoulders, but in that I am wrong. Gel says it will be Nic2x and her who will deal with Lily. Nic2x whispers in my ear that the message is that all the wives had to agree, that Lily couldn't force it by forcing me. She is asking to join the wives ... all of us and she needs to see that we all agreed to allow this. I had never considered that, but they are clearly right. Once again this decision is made without Jake's input.

Exactly what happened between Lily and my fellow wives, I do not know. I see Lily that late afternoon as she is presented to Jake. She is wearing a pencil thin yellow dress and heels. I detect clear hose and garter clasps under the dress. There is a string of pearls around her neck and dangling pearl earrings. There is a loose fitting pearl bracelet on her left arm. She is holding a yellow silk clutch purse with pearls. Her shoes are strappy four inch heel sandals the straps are the color of her milky looking pearls. Jake has nice slacks, a nice dress shirt, but

no tie and a light weight silk and wool sports coat. He is wearing his Lucchese boots with the chiseled toe. Lily is so beautiful and Jake is pogi. I am sure there will be whispers at the restaurant. She looks just a bit too young and far too pretty! It is only 4pm. Why are they leaving so early?

At the door, Lily has an overnight bag and Jake's overnight things are there as well. Nic2x loads the bags in the car as the two say their good byes to the rest of us. And then they are gone.

As they drive off, we are both happy for her and unsure of where we will be in the future. Will Lily and Rose be happy being wives to Jake, or is our life on less stable ground because there are so many of us now? Where are they headed tonight? What has just happened?

[I learn this later]. Three hours after they drive off, they are in a city far from home. Jake has a reservation for the night at a nice hotel and a reservation for dinner at 7:45pm. The time during the drive is partially taken up by significant discussions.

As they are leaving town, Lily turns to Jake and asks him point blank, *Do you want me as a wife, or do you just want to fuck me because I was a pain in the ass with Cin last night?*

Lily this is as good a time to talk about us as is any. I will answer your question, but you need to listen to all of this. OK?

OK

I have a problem. One that has been with me all my life. I can't just fuck. It doesn't work for me. So I don't 'do' casual sex. I resisted having sex with you because I felt you were too young.

Interrupting, Lily exclaimed, *You took Cin when she was 13!*

Not by design. Didn't Cin tell you she tricked me?

Yes, but I didn't believe that part of the story.

That part of the story was very true. So to get back to what I was saying ... I held off being with you because I wanted you to grow up more. Not because you aren't pretty enough, because you are very pretty and you do give me wood, but because I wanted you to be a girl longer before you became a wife. Being a wife is a serious thing and in many ways means the end of your childhood. Look at how Cin is not like other high school girls. Look at how it has changed Rose's life. I love you and will be happy to wait for you if you would like to hold on to your childhood a little longer. We can still enjoy a nice dinner and evening without sex before we go home tomorrow. It's OK with me. But when I take you, you will become my wife. And Lily, that is forever, a concept that at fourteen is hard to understand.

I understand it and want it. I am not a little girl now. I am Cin's wife and I will always be her wife.

The conversation continues in a vein regarding how Jake wants a wife to be and what Lily wants in the future. There are no issues of conflicting needs or intentions.

They get to the hotel in time to check in, drop their luggage freshen up and head to the restaurant.

Fourteen-year-old Lily does look older than 14 in the evening light and while she is not nearly Jake's age, many white people can't seem to guess the age of Asians too easily. At dinner when Jake orders wine, two wine glasses are brought to the table. Lily decides to have wine with Jake. Jake has a crab stuffed double lamb chop with new potatoes and braised baby green beans. Lily has the house's Chicken Pot Pie which we are told was wonderful. Lily and Jake having skipped salad and soup, each have a dessert of carrot cake. Lily is a little tipsy and Jake is feeling playful. It is 9:30pm and Jake decides they need to return to the hotel. Lily is pleased and ready.

Their room is a suite with a huge bathroom of marble, upscale furniture throughout and a real thermostat that controls the room air temp without an obnoxious under the window unit. The lighting is soft and seductive. Once settled, Lily insists on undressing Jake herself. While he is still standing she kneels and removes his boots and socks. They come off easily while Jake maintains his balance on his other foot and Lily's head with a free hand. The second boot and sock are removed as the first was. Jake's belt is loosened and his shirt is removed.

Lily unbuttons and unzips Jake's slacks and they are removed followed by his briefs. Jake is still standing and is now naked. Lily is still fully dressed and on her knees. She slowly takes Jake's member into her mouth. Her tongue reaching under the penis, all the way to Jake's scrotum and then licking her way forward towards the head. Then as she exhales warm moist air over the member she takes it as deep as she can without choking and seals her mouth down on him when she reaches total depth, her hot mouth and tongue enveloping his cock. Lily starts to hum and she slides back and forth. Jake can only see the top of her head directly, but her full kneeling visage can be seen via a mirror in the room. It is then he understands that she isn't kneeling, she is squatting, a position Asians seem to be able to remain in without difficulty for extended periods of time. The hem of her dress is high on her and she is exposing her thong.

The fellatio does not last long. Lily does not want Jake to cum yet. Lily pushes Jake on the bed in sitting position and starts a slow striptease. Moving to unheard music, Lily sways and twirls as her dress is unbound and removed. It falls from her body with one hand holding straps from the shoulder. It is now in her hand as she swings it in the air and then onto Jake's lap. Next Lily playfully removes her bra and tosses it to Jake. Her full B sized breasts, are firm and completely natural, as they sway with her movement. Her nipples are already hard and at attention.

She has no pole to dance with, though it seems clear that she would love to use one as she removes her thong, a wonderment

to Jake as he knew Lily was wearing hose with garters. But the thong had been put on after the hose. The thong is twirled around on one finger as Lily proceeds to dance around. It ends up on the arm of a couch as Lily places herself on the bed, legs kneeling on either side of the sitting Jake. Lily is still wearing hose, garter belt, high heels and all her pearls.

Jake's member is stiff and ready as she pushes him back and mounts him. His cock is held in Lily's right hand and is grazing her pussy lips.

This is how you took Cin and Rose as your wives. Now it is time for you to take me as your wife.

And with that said, Lily using Jake's dick, finds her hymen and then shreds it. The pain is real but short in duration. Sexy Lily rides Jake with a skill that belies her age or lack of experience. Her pussy is tight and her muscles strong. Every movement is amplifying the pleasure Jake experiences. Lily's juices flow over Jake's cock and mats the hair on his abdomen before soaking the mattress. Lily is verbal as she plows her smooth hairless pussy up and down repetitively on Jake's shaft. She tells him she is his little fuck-toy wife, his horny little girl wife, and as she begins to orgasm she tells him she is his slave girl. And that does it ... he blows his load inside her.

Lily collapses on top of Jake and they lie there for a while. But Jake starts to get hard again and Lily has one more itch she wants to scratch. She gets up, still in heels, hose, garter and pearls and removes some KY from her clutch.

She climbs on the bed next to Jake and whispers in his ear, *Grease me up and take my ass.*

Jake takes the KY from her hand, stands behind her at the edge of the mattress and applies the KY to her rosebud and to his cock and to two fingers. He slowly inserts one finger to gauge Lily's ability to handle any related discomfort or pain. As she shows none, he enters her with two fingers. Still no negative

reaction. On the positive side, Lily is close to another orgasm. Jake withdraws the finger and positions his shaft behind her. He slowly parts her rosebud. This is the most difficult part. After that as he is repetitively pumping deeper each thrust Lily screams, *Take your slave. Make me a slave.*

What follows are a series of orgasms from Lily who just seems to go into a nonstop orgasm loop and finally collapses under Jake.

Lily isn't completely done yet. She is exhausted and cannot move, but one more thing needs to happen. She wants Jake to take a picture of her as she is, with cum flowing from her pussy and asshole, still clad in heels, hose, garter belt, and pearls, sprawled out on the bed. That being done, she asks Jake to undress her fully and they sleep without benefit of shower.

The next morning after a shower and before a breakfast Lily decides they aren't done yet and proceeds to get Jake hard via oral measures. Once hard, Jake pushes her onto the bed and takes her pussy from behind as he fingers her clit. The result for Lily is a fast and furious orgasm followed by a second one as Jake refuses to let up and then a third as the warmth of Jake's sperm fills her.

On the way home, Lily is quiet for a long time. Then about halfway through the drive, Lily in a voice that quivers just a little bit says, *I meant it, you know. I am your slave, not just your wife. I will do anything you ask. I will not question you or give you trouble. I will do what you tell me to do, no matter what.*

Are you really sure about that Lily?

I am your sixth wife. You have five good wives. Are any of them slaves?

No.

Then I will be special to you. You will see.

§ § §

Cin Expanded

I am pregnant.

I am eighteen years old. I have been married five years to my husband and I am carrying his child.

I am a woman now in every sense of the word. There is a sense of freedom I have never felt before. I am no longer a junior partner. I am not diminished by age anymore and now I will give my husband a child. Maybe his first daughter!

I am happy.

It is true that my husband and I love each other. But now there is life in my womb he and I share. That is a connection that is greater than any marriage certificate. My husband and I will be connected forever now, through all time.

I am joining my mother in the club of mothers.

I am now across a divide from Lily and Rose who will have to wait some years to cross that divide. Nic2x has yet to join me, but I am sure she will soon.

I am happy.

I snuggle into Jake and his arm holds me to him. It is warm and safe under the comforter on our bed. Mom/Gel spoons against me on the other side. I am encased in love. It is an early Winter morning. There is snow outside. It is quiet here in the dark. On these days when the clock informs of morning before the sun can, it is the playful exuberance of my bed-mates that gets me moving.

Jake gets up to get ready for his work day and Nic2x gets up with him and will get his coffee prepared. She has classes this morning at the local college, I am taking the year off from school and will start college next year. I snuggle more emphatically into Gel who then turns towards me and takes me

in her arms. She kisses me on the lips. We haven't been like this since Mindanao.

I kiss her back with emotion and need. Her fingers entangled in my hair, mine in hers, legs entangled in each other's, our kissing goes on the on. Nipping at each other's lips, exchanging whose tongue is in whose mouth, our passions mounting, we egg each other on. Gel is still with milk and I slide down to suck on her breasts. As I do so I also start fingering her clit. Her milk is warm in my mouth and I suck harder to get more as Gel explodes in a very loud orgasm, her pussy shooting juices. I give her no relief as I continue to suck and frig her clit. Her orgasms continue as she screams, weeps, moans and spasms.

Finally... Please, Cin, please, ... I am yours, ... you know that. I have always been yours. Now give your love some rest.

And I do, allowing her to curl up in my arms and sleep.

As much as I worried about stability on the family when we added Lily to Jake's bed, no problems have surfaced. For the first time, Lily is not always on edge. She is however no longer dressing like a fourteen-year-old. The rest of us do wear jeans on occasion. Lily is wearing dresses. We do wear flipflops as slippers in the house, Lily wears slippers too but prettier ones. When it is cool she is wearing hose with garters which the rest of us only wear when it is really cold out and some stockings are really needed. She is often the one making Jake's coffee in the morning and she is often in his office helping him keep things organized. What she is not, is as often with me. But that works out just fine. Things are re-balancing a bit but they are in balance. Gel's time is more with Abe. Lena isn't making it home every weekend as she gets more engaged in her work. Nic2x is assisting Gel as much as ever but that also takes her away from Jake quite a bit. Rose, Lily and I are filling the void with Jake and we are surely not complaining. I am aware that once my baby is born, I will also spend less time with Jake.

Jake and I have talked about these changes and it seems like he just decides to like whatever life throws at him and decides to

believe it's just what he wants. He's happy with Abe and happy that Gel spends as much time with him as she does. He's happy that Nic2x is there so that Gel does not feel isolated and alone in the process. He thinks it also gives him time to grow his new relationships with Rose and Lily. He thinks that our conversations about the changes will provide for a smoother transition for me when it comes about.

As to Nic2x not being pregnant, it's not an issue for Jake. He loves her whether or not she gets pregnant. But he does think it is good she has the family's support if it turns out she cannot. So for Jake, all is good. And for now, he is sleeping each night with a pregnant eighteen-year-old, a sixteen-year-old and a fourteen-year-old. He says he's the luckiest man in the world.

Lily is rubbing lotion on my belly every day. I guess I'm pretty lucky too.

Since I have time and Lena hasn't been able to join us for two weekends straight, I am going to spend some time up in her apartment. I was just about to pack my bag when I found Lily already doing it for me. When I asked her why, she looked at me like I was crazy and answered in a "I'm sorry your brain isn't engaged" manner, *Because I am your wife, idiot!*

Lena gets off work at 5:30pm so I will leave here at 4:00pm. This is the first time any of us has spent time with her, in her town. She seems to be looking forward to it.

I like the drive up to Lena's. While I am traveling, my mind wanders back to the amazement of the girls in the Philippines that I was driving. I think nothing of it. My life is on such a different arc than it would have been if Gel and I have never met Jake. It scares me to think about it. We would have survived but life would likely have not been kind to us. I wonder what type of man I might have met. Would he have beat me when he learned I liked women/girls too? There, you can't have both. You are one or the other. Would I have ever learned I like girls? Maybe not. I would not be driving. Would I be living in a nippa

hut? Would I be washing my family's clothes by hand in a big tub? In the future would I look older than I am quickly? How long would I live? But I don't have to worry now. I am with Jake. It is a commitment, not a boyfriend. And yet no one outside my home would understand it.

§ § §

Lena's apartment is nice. It is twice the size of the condo Gel got in Cebu and we were, at the time, happy with that! There is a nice queen sized bed. I will be sleeping with Lena tonight. I wonder how that will go. We have never really been alone together before.

I unpack my stuff, get my bearings and Lena suggests we go out for supper. She isn't near the cook that Gel is (no one is) and I guess this is a response to that reality. We go to a modest little place called the Cowboy Cafe. Lena has the trout and I have a patty melt. Both of us have Sprite. We skip dessert and slowly walk back to the apartment. It is cold, but we are dressed warmly.

By the time we get to the apartment we are ready for the cozy warmth it offers. We remove the boots, coats, scarves, gloves and hats. Hehehe ... I never owned such things when I was growing up in the Philippines! Lena makes up two cups of hot cocoa. I hold onto my hot cup to gain its warmth. I am relaxed. I know and love Lena and she me. We are now family in many meaningful ways, just not on paper.

As I warm up more, I remove a sweater, and decide to get dressed for bed. Lena is doing the same. She says if we want to, after we get changed maybe we will watch some TV.

When Lena exits the CR she grabs the TV remote and turns the TV on as she climbs onto the bed. But no sooner than we are next to each other, we are kissing. Not a peck on the cheek kissing. This is raw sex kissing and we are moving our bodies in ways to pursue the sexual session that is about to take place.

Sometime during all this the TV remote is grabbed; the TV turned off and the remote chucked on to a chair.

Lena is leaning into me, pinning me down and mauling my clit. I don't have a lot of options other than to allow her what she wants. As that doesn't seem like a bad thing, I give her my body without contest. I have no panties on. She has been playing with my clit for a while. I think she is going to eat me next but I am wrong. The next thing I know I feel a tug as a handcuff is attached to my right hand. Lena is handcuffing my left hand while I am complaining that this is unfair! Then she sits on my legs as she secures these. I am cuffed hands and feet!

I look at Lena and ask why. She smiles and licks the inside of my left thigh.

I have always wanted men who dominated me, and never thought I would ever be with a woman in my bed. Then Gel taught me ... I really could love a woman. I liked it but it took me a while to really understand that and how I felt about it. Slowly I realized I like to dominate women. I like to be in control. Sometimes that can be less obvious. Sometimes I want it to be complete. When Lily borrowed my cuffs, I was curious to see how you handled it. It seemed to go OK, so I had Lily send them right back to me in the mail. Your mother started as my owner, I am now her owner. Did you know that? Do you know that Jake and I tie her up and then have sex with her? Did you know that we tied her up and gave her to Rose one night last month? Tonight you are mine. Tomorrow you will be mine as well. You are mine until I decide to release you from my desires. That may never happen. You will always be Jake's. He is my boss, but in every other way you belong to me now. Do you understand?

I will need to hear it from Jake.

That is fine. You can talk to him tomorrow while I am at work.

Lena gets off the bed and stands by her night stand. She opens a drawer and pulls out a weird shaped leather belt and plastic penis, a dildo. She attaches it to the belt through a ring of sorts. Some of it sticks into her and the rest hangs like a man's heavy wood. Lena coats the dildo with KY jelly and climbs into bed again. She positions herself over me. She is going to fuck me! I have never been fucked by a woman. I guess there is nothing to be scared about but I am scared anyway. The dildo Lily used, did not penetrate me. This one will.

The dildo is close to my pussy. She grabs it and positions it, moving it up and down in short strokes as it separates my pussy lips. Once she finds my entrance, she pushes gently. The large dildo starts to disappear inside me. God, it is big. Bigger than Jake and his is the only thing I have ever had inside me. This is maybe twice as big. Oh God, I am afraid of being ripped apart. But I am not feeling any ripping. It is going in me. All of it! And then the real fucking starts and the rhythm starts and my hips find Lena motions and match them. Oh shit, it feels good; better than good. My body is falling in love with this feeling. I want this thing pounding away inside me. I do not want it to stop. I need it. Lena's mouth finds mine and I kiss her with every ounce of my strength. I am screaming, *Fuck me, fuck me Lena.*

It seems to go on forever, but at some point it does stop. I have no control of my legs, which are twitching. I think about the baby, but the doctor said sex will not hurt the baby so no worries there. I ask Lena to release me from the cuffs. She does. I still can't move anyway.

Is this what you plan on doing to me tomorrow too?

Yes.

Is this what you do to Gel?

Yes and more.

What type of more.

I take her ass too.

She lets you?

Yes and now she lets Jake too.

You have a girl up here too, don't you.

Why do you think that?

Intuition.

Yes.

Does Gel or Jake know?

No.

Tell me about her.

She's a girl who works for me part time in the afternoons.

So she still goes to school?

Yes.

How old, Lena?

Fifteen. Her name is Ann.

You fuck her with cuffs and that dildo?

Yes.

You fuck her ass?

Yes.

Does she love you, Lena?

I think she does.

Does Jake and Gel know any of this?

No.

Jeezus, Lena

I know. It's a problem.

In so many ways.

You need to meet her, don't you.

Yes, I think so. How often do you fuck her?

Almost every day after work.

So I am cutting into her time with you. She will be jealous.

Yes, maybe.

You were also with her these last two weekends?

Yes.

Well that's for tomorrow. For the record you don't need cuffs to get me to accept that dildo. It was great. But don't try restraining me again. I am not my mother. I allowed it once from Lily and once from you. Try it again and I will have you bound, gagged and fucked by a goat. You got that?

Yes.

And one other thing. No one owns me. I am Jake's wife by my consent not a deed of sale.

I see. OK.

Lena and I have slept together many nights, just always with Jake and Gel too. Sleeping with Lena alone even considering the cuffs and difficult words we have just had will not be a problem.

In the morning I wake up refreshed but troubled. I must meet this Ann. Either she can be integrated into our family (unlikely) or Ann needs to go which may mean Lena needs to go too. We all love Lena, but she has put us in jeopardy and that cannot be allowed to continue.

As Ann is high school age and I am closer to her age than anyone else in the family but Rose and Lily ... it probably falls to me to make the assessment. Even though I am sure of myself, while Lena is at work I call Jake and have him put the call on a conference phone. Gel, Nic2x (yes I know Lena is her mother but she has to be part of the discussion) and Jake are all there as I break the news about Ann. All agree with my assessment and plan. That includes Nic2x, who actually had to be initially held back, after she argued that we should cut her mother out immediately without any assessment. Before I get off the phone each of my family members tells me pretty much the same thing. They all say in their own way, thank you.

But Jake gave me some very specific instructions. I am going to be doing some research and learning today. It evidently is stuff that Jake knows all about, but he's not here and he's not the one to make the assessment. So he told me what I need to learn. He didn't try to tell me himself. That is so typical of Jake. He fills in the holes without being a know-it-all. He does know it all, but you don't walk away feeling bad. You walk away feeling good.

I have a job to do. I have to assess if it is possible to bring a white girl from the USA into a home of Filipinas. She would need to want Jake – unlikely – and want both real cock and pussy – unlikely but possible – and be happy being one of seven wives, beholden to no wife, only Jake – most unlikely.

First things first. Can she play in threesomes or she a one woman girl? Plus whatever Jake needs me to assess.

I have a laptop with me and while Lena is gone I do the searches; first on domination and submission, then on bdsm, and finally on master slave relationships. I learn that these types of relationships are based on 'pair bonding' unless there is one master and many slaves. In any case, if this is what Lena is into with Ann, it is clear that Jake is right in his concern that 'we will be unable to integrate Ann, or even keep Lena' in our family. Jake said something else that got my attention. It looked like he might need to have a talk with Lily.

By the middle of the afternoon I can see exactly what Jake is concerned about and why they won't fit into our family. Jake would have to play the role of master within the family structure and he is as far from that as it is possible to get. Yes in truth he is the master and we obey him, but he never exercises that power once you join him. Why? I do not know, because he has the power. But Jake does not want slaves, he wants personal initiative, empowered women who are emotionally attached to him.

If that is a contradiction (and Jake says it is) maybe that's why it only works with us Filipinas who would not be here if it weren't for Jake. Jake says that's exactly it. Each of us accepted his requirements to join him, but we did it willingly. We did it because – for us – it was a good deal. That would not be the case for others. He is very honest about that. Now that we are in the family we don't want out because it is a very good thing; but you don't really discover how good it is until you are in it but (to discover and here's the contradiction) you have to join first ... so unless you're a Filipina or someone like us, you would not have joined him.

I put my laptop away and I call Jake once more. I don't need a conference call this time.

Husband, thank you.

For what, Cin.

For not wanting slaves.

Ah, you are welcome.

I think Lena does. She tried to tell me she owned me. And she told me she owned Gel.

Yes, I have spoken with Gel about that. It is at an end. Gel rejects that.

Good. Ownership is part of the Master Slave format, right?

Yes and in our family there cannot really be a Master other than me and I reject the concept.

So if her relationship with Ann is based on that, they need to both be out?

I'm afraid so. If being a Master with a Slave is what Lena has discovered she needs to be in her life, I respect that. But it doesn't belong in our family.

I know Nic2x will survive it, but what about Rose and Lily?

I think Rose will be fine. There may be a problem with Lily.

Shit. Will you let me know what's going on with Lily?

I will try but right now your hands are full.

OK, but can I ask you that there be no hard decisions on Lily until I get home?

Of course, Cin. A wife's request is to be honored. You know that.

I do know that. That's one way he means 'empowered.'

At 5:35pm Lena and Ann come into the apartment. Ann is a dirty-blonde. She is about 5'4" and has a nice figure from what I can see. Her clothing is unflattering and hides her body. She is about three years younger than I am.

I told Ann to do anything you say, Cin.

We are talking in front of Ann.

She does this because you own her?

That's right.

So Ann, are you Lena's slave girl?

Yes, Mistress.

Ann, take off all your clothing.

Ann does exactly what I tell her. She is a very attractive girl. She has a nice figure and beautiful skin. But she keeps her eyes cast down, just like how I read submissives and slaves behave. I doubt this is an act. She will play with three because her Mistress told her to and told her I was another Mistress. If I do something to blow that image, she is going to be very confused. I gather we will have sex with Ann, and that is not a real problem at this point, but it does spell the end for Lena's participation in the family.

I have to be absolutely sure before I make the decision that Lena must be severed from us.

Lena, is this just a game the two of you play, or is this your real relationship with Ann?

Well, we don't show this at work, Cin!

That's not what I meant. I'm sure you can play act a different way. The question is, is this play acting now, or is it play acting at work?

It is acting at work.

What would happen if you released Ann from the slave status?

Ask her.

Ann, how would you feel if you could still love Lena, but you were no longer a slave and have the right to say no or do what you wanted.

I couldn't! I must not! I must be Lena's slave.

Why?

It is my purpose in life.

Lena, this is what you want?

Yes! But we must hurry, Ann must get home soon!

Ann eats us both out. Lena runs a dildo up Ann's ass and she cums hard and fast. And then Ann is gone.

This simply will not do.

You know this is not going to work for the family, don't you?

Yes, I guess I do.

I am not going to ask you to make a choice because you can't. You need this.

Yes.

You are going to have to separate from the family.

What does that mean?

You can visit your kids, but you cannot sleep with us, nor are you part of our deliberations.

I see. Is this you speaking or is it Jake speaking.

It is Jake, Gel, Nic2x and me speaking. All the adult wives plus Jake. It was unanimous conditional on what I found tonight. I found exactly the conditions they feared.

I see. I guess you all are right. I did see the contradiction in it but hoped there was a way around it. I guess there isn't.

I'm sorry Lena. Look, let's get a bite to eat and then I think I need to get home.

§ § §

Fair Witness

Changes are always disruptive. As I get home, we have to come to terms with what is happening to us, as we exclude Lena from the family. We have never excluded anyone before (at least, who had been made part of the family) and it feels creepy as well as necessary.

It is hard for me, and I am struggling to understand what it means to Lena's three daughters. I know Nic2x was the one, who was, and remains, adamant that it be done. That bothers me too, but what of Rose and Lily; what are they feeling now? How will it affect them in the future?

I can tell you what they are saying to me now, but how do I even know that what they are saying is what's in their hearts, or just what they want me to believe is in their hearts. I am not omniscient. I can only see things from my place in this family. How often have I been wrong? How many times have I reported things that were not true and only seemed to be true as I saw them and understood them?

I asked Jake about this, as I am really struggling with the responsibility I took on when I made the decision about Lena for all of us. Jake gave me a book to read and asked me to come back and talk to him about it when I finish it. I did and I have just told Jake that I *grok* that. Jake smiles and says something to the effect that I now understand we are all living in a world of misperception. Ok, yes, I do get that, but how does that make anything better? And anyway, where are all these weird books coming from? I mean ever since Jake found that first weird book in the Philippines it seems like he is reliving a past life. It feels like cultural anthropology to me and Jake is the subject!

Finding time to sit, one on one, with anyone in this family is a big problem. In this family, there are almost always three or four of us together. After Rose and Lily get home from school, I finally get Rose alone. I want to talk with her about Lena, and to

my surprise, she does as well. For the life of me, I do not know the truth after our conversation. As usual, I am translating from Tagalog to English.

Thank you for what you did with mom.

Really?

Yes, it needed to happen.

Why?

Mom was never really part of us.

How do you mean that?

I don't know how to say it, but her needs are not the same as ours.

You are not upset with me?

No! Oh my God, were you afraid of that?

Yes, I was.

OK, I can see why you might think I am, but honestly, it's OK.

You will be OK talking to her?

She's still my mom, she just doesn't belong here.

How is Lily dealing with this?

That's where you might have a problem. I am worried about that. She isn't talking to me at all.

Did you know your Mom had lent her some handcuffs?

No, really? I mean I knew she had them, but not that Lily has them.

Lily gave them back, so she doesn't have them now, but she did have them for a while.

On whom did she use them?

Me.

Oh, Cin! No wonder you knew what to do with Lena!

What do you mean?

It would have ripped us apart if you had let it continue.

Why do you say that?

Because that is not what this family is about. I know that! You know that!

But Lily doesn't know that?

Maybe she is confused.

Maybe.

But I'm not. Jake is my husband, just as he is yours and I'm not going to let Mom screw that up for me.

How can you stop her? If she loses her job for whatever reason, you have to go too.

I know. That's why Jake and Nic2x need to talk to her. It is also why you and Jake need to explain that to Lily.

She is right. I had left some major things unfinished but she was also right that I was not in the best position to finish the job; at least with Lena.

But ... was that just a stiff upper lip I heard from Rose? Was it the real thing? How does a sixteen year-old sort out her feelings about her mother, and about us, in this type of truly weird situation? I mean there isn't exactly any real world reference she can be guided by. If I am flying blind, what is she doing? How would I feel jettisoning my mother?

About half an hour later, I go into Jake's office. He smiles and after a sweet kiss and a squeeze of my ass, tells me he has been expecting me. The guy always has sex on his mind! Luckily, I am still in the earlier part of my pregnancy and also have sex on my mind a lot. Mom has told me that as I get well into the last trimester, it is the last thing I will be thinking of. But for now, it is reassurance that with all the other pretty asses in the house that he still wants mine.

I really don't feel pretty right now, but his hands and mouth make me feel desired anyway. It's one thing to have a dyke stick a dildo up my pussy and a totally different thing to have my husband let me know he still wants my body and my love. I have no problem in the world having sex with girls. I love it. But it is not a substitute for Jake. Why do others think we have to choose between men and women? Since when does making love with a woman mean one of us needs to be a dyke? Maybe if I was a stone cold Lesbian it would be different, but I am not and neither are my girl lovers. We all love cock. I dream of it. Yes, I know Nic2x dreams more of pussy, but even she tells me she dreams of Jake and his cock too.

Anyway, Jake agrees he needs to speak with Lena and agrees to take Nic2x with him, but he doesn't think I need him to speak with Lily. I'm not really happy with that decision, but ... I tell him I'll try. He says something else to me that I am trying to figure out. It is at the end of the discussion. I think our talk is over and am getting up from the easy chair in his office; then as I am half up but not yet on my feet, he starts talking.

Cin, you have come a long way from the morning, over five years ago, when you speared your pussy on my cock. You were

too young when you started: half-child, half-woman. I didn't think you were ready and in many ways, you really weren't, but you could not be dissuaded. Gel and I tried – successfully I guess – to help you make the transition that most young girls make by breaking away from their parents while you were becoming, in every meaningful way, a wife to me. ... Now you carry my child, and you are now grown, in so many ways. The childishness is gone: gone from your choice in nail polish, gone from your choice in clothing, gone from your choice of words, and gone from the way you interact with me, and the others around you. I know you don't see it. Gel does and she knows you are not her little girl any more. I see it. I see you as my wife, as much as I see Gel that way. Your mature brain has caught up with your hopes and desires. In truth, I am not sure why it all didn't blow up in my face and send me to jail, but it hasn't and I am more in love with you today than I ever was before. Thank you for everything.

You are still not out of the woods. You are still fucking two minors. I don't think that Rose will be a problem, but Lily is a wild card at fourteen.

I am well aware of that, Cin. I hope you are now done with your need for new underage pussy too. Go talk to Lily and let me know what's going on in that brain of hers. I suspect you are the only one here who may be able to figure it out.

And with that, Jake falls silent. I get back up, kiss him the kiss of a good wife to a strong supportive husband. This is not a sex kiss, it is a kiss of mutual respect and trust ... and then I leave my husband to his office tasks. I am not wet between the legs. My panties are not soaked. Life just isn't like that in real life. Much of the time in our daily lives, we just have to go about getting things done without mind-blowing sex. But I do know he can do that to me when the time is right, and I will be right there, with him, getting him off, as he gets me off ... when the time is right. But this is not the time.

My conversation with Lily happens as soon as I leave Jake's office. It is a confusing talk, for me, but I think all is OK. Lily is in her bedroom, on her bed and apparently listening to music. The ear buds are in her ears, and she is staring raptly at her BlackBerry. I come in and sit on the foot of her bed. She looks up and pulls the buds out. For some reason this conversation is in English.

Girl, we need to talk.

Lily frowns and shifts into a sitting position.

I know.

Really? What do you think we need to talk about?

Mom, of course. Duh.

OK, so you've been thinking about this?

Like uh-huh.

And?

Well, like, you know, it's not all that hard to see that there is no way Mom can, like, pull that stuff and have it be OK.

OK, and?

Well, like, you know, I love my Mom, but this is my home, you and Jake are my loves and even if you, like, were not here, I'm not leaving Jake.

What about the slave stuff?

Like, I am.

You are what? Explain that to me? Isn't that like your mother?

Look, Cin, Jake never told me I have to be his slave, right?

OK, yes.

I, like, told him I was his slave.

Yes, I know. That's the point...

So? He never punished me and it was never a requirement. If I didn't want to be a slave he would love me anyway, right?

OK, Yes. That's right, but...

So, what's the big problem? It is my choice. Jake will always be my master. I am lucky I have a master who doesn't want to be a master and is kind to me.

Lily, you are losing me. I..

Look! Let's, like, say I (and this won't happen) wake up some morning and don't want to be a slave any more, Jake won't care. He'll love me as much as the day before, like, right?

True.

So, don't you think, like, I know that? I am not my Mom! I love her but Rose and me, well, we have this family now and Mom needs something we can't give her. Like, if you think about it, we would, like, be in the way for her. Rose and I know that. And, Cin? ... I love you.

If all this is OK, why haven't you been talking to Rose?

She treats me like a little kid. You don't.

The conversation ends with Lily in my arms, kissing my neck and sucking my ear lobe. I still don't understand the slave bit, but it doesn't seem to be a problem for Lily. In the meantime, a little comfort sex is needed for my youngest lover. I start to slide

down between Lily's legs, but she has a different idea and stops me. She grabs her BlackBerry, (Jake can't abide anything Apple or anything without a keyboard, so he got us all BlackBerry's – if you have a problem with that take it up with Jake,) taps something out, puts the buds in my ears and dives down between my legs! What do I hear? Bebot by the Black Eyed Peas! Try that as you are getting a good eating out! Wow! Some comfort food! I swear to God I am cumming in time with the refrain, 'Filipino!' (If you've never heard the song, you can find the original video of it on YouTube. Give it a listen and think of me!)

So much for comforting Lily; she is revved up, seemingly feeling free of the bonds to her mother, and recommitting to us. How can that be? Was I as hard to read or understand when I was fourteen? I have to ask Jake about that.

I wash up and meet Gel in the kitchen as we get supper ready. The rice is cooking. Gel is chopping vegetables for the pancit and the pinakbet. The chicken afritada is cooking in a big pot. The pancit will have pork and shrimp in it; lots of good food. We have to get it on the table in about 90 minutes. While we cook, Gel and I talk about what's been happening. She and Jake have spoken. Gel is worried that we might lose all three girls if Lena creates a wreck. For some reason, that never occurred to me when I was with Lena, but it is a potential problem.

The kids don't qualify for green cards yet. So it's a real worry.

Gel says, Jake and I have been worried about this since they got here. We talked to Nic2x about what she wanted to do in college. Did you ever wonder why she decided to go into the nursing program? She will have her RN when she is 20 and we already know she will get a job at the hospital. We are going to try to move her from a H-4 visa to an H-1 or an emigrant visa as soon as we can. But that is still over a year off. It is also why Nic2x is not pregnant. We decided that we did not need any complications to her getting the H-1 work visa. Before the problem with Lena, our big concerns were with Rose and Lilly.

It will take years to get them green cards. Now we are even more worried; worried that Nic2x gets the time to complete her RN training and gets a job.

This government stuff sort-of freaks me out. Clearly, Jake and Gel have been dealing with everything, including everything for me. I am a citizen now. So, I am safe. But my three girls don't even have green cards and it is a creepy feeling.

It's hard for me to be cheerful at the supper table tonight. This coming Saturday, Jake, Gel and Nic2x go to visit with Lena. I will stay here with my girls. In the meantime, there is a long week to get through. And what if it blows up this weekend? I don't think it will, but I don't feel good about any of this. Lena is taking a big risk with the girl who is working for her. I know; I know we are taking a risk too, but with the exception of Lena, we are the parents and there is no outside adult who has connection to our girls.

Am I kidding myself about our safety? What if Lena gets angry with us? I wish so many things. I wish our government recognized same sex marriages. I wish Rose or Lily were old enough to marry.

[In Tagalog]

Rose sort of teases and tells me, *Cin, you need to start smiling or your baby will be colicky!*

Lily chimes in with, *Yes! That would be bad. And you need to be a good role model for us!*

I give in. *OK, I give up. Everyone get in the car, it's time to get some Blizzards at Dairy Queen.* [In English] *Jake, can we get you a Blizzard, or maybe you want to come with us?*

That breaks the bad mood! Off we go.

Still the week drags on until the weekend comes and the trip to Lena occurs. Then, I am on pins and needles until we hear from them. The entire time they are with Lena we hold our breath and don't dare call them, for fear that it will be at exactly the wrong time.

Finally, close to suppertime on Saturday my cell is telling me that Jake is calling from the On-Star phone in his Hummer. Lily and Rose are right there with me and I put the phone on speaker so that they can hear.

OK, what's the deal?

I hear laughing from Nic2x and Gel.

Jake shouts, Quiet! The laughing stops ... OK, here's what happened. Nic2x scared the crap out of her mother so bad that we spent an hour quieting her down. Lena hadn't thought that she might spend 20 years in jail here before being deported back, and that all three girls would be deported immediately. Once that became clear she became hysterical. But severing relations with her girl here may just cause that bad crap to happen. It turns out that the girl's mother is happy with Lena's attention, as her daughter is for the first time getting good grades in school...

I ask, *Did Lena tell you that?*

My, aren't we a bit testy! No, Cin, Gel and I met with the mother. I explained, (lied,) to the good woman, that Filipino customs were different and that it is common for women in the community to mentor younger girls in the village and that I was afraid it might be misunderstood. The mom seemed relieved to hear this and then told me of the good the relationship has done for her daughter. She was happy to know that it was just a cultural thing. It looks like the mother will not be a problem. We spoke to the girl and Lena. Both understand that they have to be more than careful. Lena knows not to add anyone to the household and seems happy we came and warned her. I can't

know for sure, and things can fall apart at any time, but for now, it is OK. Plus, Lena is not going to cause problems for us. She knows it would blow up in her face.

So, for now, you think we are OK?

It is Gel who answers, *We hope so but, **bahala na.*** [now, it is God's hands]

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Push!

Well, no one is going to jail! At least not now.

Lena has been good to her word; there have been no problems. Rose and Lily have been good to their words about how they were feeling. The only real change is that they have attached more strongly to Jake.

Nic2x and I have a talk about the RN degree and what had gone on relating to that and babies. It seems I was completely left out of the loop on that whole matter. It's not that I needed to be in the loop, it's just that I feel miffed that I was not included. At least now I know why Nic2x is not pregnant. I don't think she really wants to be a nurse, but it is the best way to secure the H-1 visa and that is crucial for her. Besides Jake laughingly told us that when he gets really old, he will need medical care, and Nic2x will be the one in charge. Nic2x is not grinning. All she says is that she better become a doctor if that is the case.

So everything settles down and returns to normal as much as we can have it. Abe is growing up and developing a real personality. I am the only one pregnant and due any day now. Rose and Lily benefit (they tell me), as they have far more access to Jake than they have had in the past, now that Lena is not here on weekends and I am not in Jake's bed. I have sworn off sex for the duration.

Lily gives me a lotion and oil bath twice a day. Jake takes time with me everyday. We sit and talk and also go for walks. I am so over this pregnancy stuff. I want it to be done with. I am about to be a nineteen-year-old mother. That fact is not scary, as I will have my mother right here the whole time. I do not have to raise my child alone. No, my child will have a Mom, Dad, Grandmother and three aunts under the same roof. I consider myself lucky. As to the sex of the baby inside me, I have no idea. There have been sonograms but each time I told the nurse I didn't want to know the sex of my baby.

I am feeling blue. I am HUGE. I waddle instead of walk. All I want to do is sleep and eat. And I am constantly needing to pee! How unsexy – how unromantic is that?

Rose is now seventeen. She is gorgeous. I am so jealous. I am a whale and she is this beauty queen. How did I let this happen? Rose is more beautiful than Gel, Nic2x and, of course, me. Her breasts are larger and perfectly firm. Her skin is flawless. Her hips are wider and sexier than are the rest of ours. Her hair is perfect. Her calves look miraculous in heels. And adding insult to injury, her belly is perfectly flat. She is sweet in her manner, always courteous and good-natured. Jake tells me she has developed into a champion when it comes to giving head. Worst of all, it was my desires that brought her into the family! God, what have I done to myself?

[Translated from Tagalog]

Gel! What are you laughing about?

You! I was watching you as you stared at Rose as she left the room. My child, are you angry with Rose?

Jealous, envious, frustrated, confused, hurt. I don't know.

Why child? What has she done?

Nothing other than be perfect.

What are you talking about?

Have you seen the way Jake looks at her?

Oh, OK, yes, sure. He can't get enough of her. It's cute.

Cute? Oh Mom, really? You call how he looks at her, cute?

Cin, he goes through that with each of us at some point. You ought to know that.

If you say so. I don't think it's cute. I'm a whale. He looks at me and he sees a whale and then he looks at her and his tongue is hanging out.

Do you think your husband doesn't love you anymore?

No, I guess I know he loves me, but not like he loves Rose!

Oh, Cin, I know what you are feeling. I felt the same way when I was carrying Abe. I still felt that way after Abe was born. I had lost my flat belly. I didn't feel sexy enough for Jake. You were seventeen, Nic2x was seventeen and a knockout – she still is. I was really down in the dumps. Don't you remember?

Yes, but I thought that was what is called postpartum depression.

Well, maybe that was part of it, but not all of it.

So, how did you get over it? You don't seem depressed now.

Remember when Jake took me on a trip to Denver for five days? You and Nic2x took care of Abe, remember?

OK, sure, I remember.

Why do you think we did that?

Oh ... Jake was telling you he loved you and that was never going to change.

Close. Yes, you are right, the message was he loved me and that was never going to change even though there would be younger and prettier girls in his life, no one could ever take my place with him. He wasn't going to lie to me and tell me I was prettier. I wasn't and I am not now. But no one in this family can take my place and never will. The same is true for you. Yes, Rose is prettier than we are, and Jake enjoys her beauty, but she can't replace us in his heart. Rose knows that. You should know

that. Jake told me he told you that earlier in your pregnancy. Did he not do that?

Huh? ... Oh yes, I guess he did, but maybe he told me that too early in my pregnancy.

He told me he felt guilty because he hadn't told that to me earlier!

Oh Mom, I guess there is no good time.

I will have to tell that to Jake. Maybe it will make him happier. [giggle]

Maybe ... but God, Mom, Rose is so beautiful.

Be patient Cin, Rose desperately wants to get pregnant as soon as possible. We are about ready to pull her off the pill. Then she will have to stay out of Jake's bed until she turns eighteen and starts taking the fertility pills. Once she is with child, that flat belly will be no more, at least for a while. Beauty is God's way of insuring that some man makes us pregnant. But once we are ... well let's just say after that, we had better hope our man loves us for who we are and not completely what we look like.

But Jake does care about what we look like.

Yes ... he does, up to a point. None of us are ugly or fat, and so long as we take care of ourselves, Jake is happy with us.

Did he tell you that?

No, it's just how he is.

What Mom has told me does help, but I decide I need more sisterly assurance. Nic2x is still up at the college, but she will be home for supper. I will talk with her before bedtime.

In the meantime, I swear I know I shouldn't react so strongly every time I get these Braxton Hicks contractions. They started toward the end of the second trimester. (God! I sound like my Ob/Gyn.) Anyway if these are practice contractions, I'm sure as hell all practiced up. Gel just smiles and reminds me I couldn't wait to get pregnant. Then, between fits of laughter, she tells me that God is just reminding me of the consequences of my desires. Time to pee and then a nap.

Even a two hour nap is heaven. That's just what I get. Rose is helping Gel, by watching Abe, while Gel gets supper ready.

It's just before 4pm and I walk into Jake's office. As usual he's typing something. He minimizes it when I walk in. I kid him about secret lovers and he responds by saying I wouldn't want to read about myself on the screen. He's teasing of course. He probably doesn't want an inadvertent error to creep in by an accidental touch while we are talking.

To what do I owe this visit, sweet Cin?

I need assurance, Jake.

Assurance?

That you actually love a whale.

Sperm, killer or humpback?

Filipino, bobo asawa. [stupid husband]

Ah. You feel like a whale?

You have to ask?

Well, you don't look like a whale to me. You look beautiful.

Oh, bullshit! I see how you look at Rose, and I see how you look at me.

Do you want sex, Cin? I was under the impression you wanted nothing to do with it at the moment.

No, I don't want sex. I am talking about how you look at me and at Rose.

So, you look at me, looking at Rose, as I wish I could make Rose as pregnant as you are, and you think I am thinking what?

You are not!

Oh, but I am.

Damn you, Jake, I came in here pretty pissed off, and feeling crappy, and you ruined it by making me both confused and flattered. That's not fair!

Sorry for ruining your pissed off, crappy feeling. What did you think I was thinking?

That I am a big ugly whale and Rose is a beautiful girl that you prefer.

Have I ever said anything like that?

I've seen how you look at her Jake.

I know, you already told me that.

So?

I think this is a bit of late stage, wish it was over, pregnancy emotions. I know you have been sleeping alone or with Lily lately, but sleep with me tonight. OK?

OK, but no sex.

Not with you, Cin, but is it OK if I hold your hand while I have sex with Rose?

Jake! How can you?

Trust me?

Jake!

Trust me, Cin.

OK, I guess.

Good. Now go. I have work to do.

It is 5:30pm and supper is on the table. I am so hungry. I eat and eat and eat. Not all at once. Very slowly, but non-stop, I work through the food at the table. It doesn't make me feel less like a blimp but I just can't help it. I need to eat. I am still eating as everyone else has left the table. I ask Nic2x to sit with me. She crinkles her brow, but stays seated across from me.

Whenever anyone else makes *afridata*, or *caldoreta*, they just put the vegetables in the pot, but Gel pre-cooks by deep frying them and the result is a far better tasting dish. With each dish she cooks, she brings special skill. The result is amazing, like the *lechon kawali*, where she uses corn starch on the pork belly chunks after they are boiled but before she fries them. It's odd because my grandmother doesn't do any of these things. Nor does anyone else I know. Only Gel. I have asked her about how she learned to cook like this and all I get is a blank stare and a question, *It tastes good, right?*

As I work my way through my third helping of the *afritada* and my fourth helping of rice, Nic2x is sitting patiently. Ah, the rice. There are all sorts of different rice. Some long, some short. Gel buys a medium here in the USA in the Asian food supermarket, it's called *Nishiki*, but back in Mindanao I looked at what she bought there ... it is shorter. Mom says it is a locally grown variety and is not exported. It is so good that it is all consumed in the Philippines. Most rice is harder, drier and firmer when cooked, but ours is soft, moist but not squishy and has a nicer

aroma. It works better with the rice paddle and becomes part of what ever dish Gel has cooked. We eat at the homes of other Filipinos, but no one cooks the same rice as Gel.

Did Gel get depressed in her ninth month?

Yes. Don't you remember?

No. I think I was too jealous of her.

Are you depressed?

Can't you tell? I have been crying and feeling grumpy.

She laughs a little. She pauses and kisses me on the forehead. She smiles, places a hand under my chin, and looks into my eyes.

No, I think I am too jealous of you. Why are you depressed? You have Jake's baby inside you!

But I am a whale; a blimp. I was never as pretty as you but now I am ugly!

Who told you that you are ugly?

Look at me! I don't need anyone to tell me what is obvious to my eyes.

No one in this house will agree with you. We are all – maybe with the exception of Gel – very jealous.

Huh. If you say so. Well, I sure don't feel that. I look at Rose and I am jealous of her.

On that we can agree! She is amazing.

Jake asked me to come to his bed tonight, but Rose will be in it and I am in no condition for any sex.

I will join you.

Time to pee. I sit with the family as we watch TV tonight. We will watch the TFC (The Filipino Channel) channel broadcasts of the most recent Pilipinos Got Talent for both Saturday and Sunday. We have them on the DVR. I like it better than the America's Got Talent show. There is no mean judge on the Filipino version like Piers Morgan. He is such a creep! Ai Ai, Miss Kris and Sir Freddy (FMG) Garcia are nice people. I don't always agree with them, but they are so sweet that it's OK.

It is only 9pm when Gel announces she is spending the night with Lily. Following which Rose takes Jake and Nic2x takes me and, with giggles and laughter, drags us into the master bedroom. In the bedroom, on the nightstand by me, is the body lotion I have been using a few times a day.

It's funny, but also clear that Nic2x and Rose have coordinated this scene. One on each side, Rose and Nic2x strip off the down comforter and its duvet cover from the bed. They turn down the soft white top sheet.

Nic2x gets busy undressing me as Rose works on Jake. Nic2x is quick but methodical. I don't have much on: a shift, bra, and panties. Rose has more work with Jake.

Nic2x smiles as she notices that I have started leaking a bit as my bra comes off. I just started leaking yesterday. She licks me clean. That feels so good. I am relaxed as Nic2x puts me on my back. I see that Jake is now on his back too. Jake takes my right hand with his left and holds it softly. Rose is naked as she turns off the bedroom lights and climbs onto the bed.

Nic2x slides in by my side. She starts applying lotion to me. She must have warmed up the lotion in her hands first because I feel none of the initial coolness I normally associate with the application. It feels good, comforting and relaxing.

A clock by the bed produces a little illumination now as my eyes adjust. Rose is giving Jake head. Nic2x is applying the lotion all over me. Most on my swollen belly, but also over the rest of my torso, arms, and legs. She covers the base of my breasts but not all of them. The reason is clear as she moves to suck my left breast as she rubs lotion in everywhere else.

Rose's mouth abandons Jake's dick and she re-positions herself, squatting over his rigid, saliva coated, member. I can see everything as his dick slides in her lowering pussy. Her pussy is bare like all of ours and the sight of her labia enveloping his penis is damned sexy. There is not a sound other than that of the mattress and of Rose's sigh as his pelvic bone meets her lowered form. Her nipples are sticking straight out and are above Jake, as he looks up at Rose's face. Rose is looking down at Jake. God, she is beautiful.

I am getting excited watching Rose fuck Jake, as Nic2x sucks the first colostrum from my breast and diddles with my clit. I continue to hold Jake's hand, which continues to grip me in a firm way. We are, for a moment, frozen in time; it is one of the most erotic sights I have ever seen.

Rose starts bouncing up and down.

Nic2x is sucking harder on my breast. She has a finger on my clit and one stating to snake up my ass. God! I told her no sex! Shit!

Rose is fingering her own clit as she enthusiastically bounces on Jake's dick. Jake is talking to her. She, grunting and between her strokes, answers. He is also squeezing my hand – he wants me to listen.

Want do you want Rose?

Rose grunts as she slams down hard.

I told you [down stroke] before. To give [down stroke] you a child [down stroke] like Cin.

Why?

I can [down stroke] not be [down stroke] truly yours [down stroke] until [down stroke] I do. [down stroke] Give me [down stroke] my baby [down stroke] Jake [down stroke]. Give [down stroke] it [down stroke] to [down stroke] me [down stroke] damn it [down stroke]. Make [down stroke] me [down stroke] like [down stroke] Cin!

Jake reaches up with his free hand and grabs a nipple. Rose screams and cums hard on Jake, pounding his ass deep into the mattress. Jake does not let go of Rose or me. He lets his cum loose inside of Rose who is screaming anew.

Nic2x has had me on the edge and I now start to do what I should not; I start to cum and cum hard ... and then – oh shit – oh fuck – oh no! I am having contractions and they are not Braxton Hicks! But no one knows this! They think I am cumming. I can't talk to tell them and they are in their own world as Jake did not go soft and he is continuing to fuck Rose into another orgasm. Rose is screaming.

I am screaming, *Fuuuuuck!* [gasp, gasp, gasp]
Hosssspital! [gasp, gasp, gasp] *Hosssspital!* [gasp, gasp, gasp] *Nowwww!*

That does it. They freeze in the most amazing tableau. If I wasn't so engaged with having a baby at this very moment, I might have wanted to take a second to savor it, but what I want are their asses in gear. NOW!

And then, ... that's what I get. The lights are on, clothes are thrown on all, including me and off we go. There is colostrum on Nic2x's face. Seventeen-year-old Rose wafts sex and has cum dripping down her legs. Jake is covered with Roses juices and his own cum under his jeans and he smells ripe. And then there

is me, a real mess. We are a walking aroma factory of sex in all its stages.

The trip to the hospital takes ten minutes. It takes longer than that in admitting. We get some weird looks. We really are aromatic. But eventually both Nic2x and Jake are allowed to come with me. Rose is not allowed in – I hear them tell her to go to the waiting room.

The contractions are getting closer and closer. Oh my back! God, how long have I been here? My back is killing me.

Someone is saying that they don't need to shave me ... She sounds shocked. Why? Something is said about wiping me up. Oh God, contractions ... Where is Nic2x?

My water breaks. Where is Jake? Where is the Doctor? Thank God Nic2x is here. This is going to happen a lot faster than I thought. Oh God, the contractions! [Scream/gasp, scream/gasp scream/gasp breath, breath, breath].

My doctor is not here but I am wheeled into the delivery room. All I can think about are minutes of peace I get between the contractions and – God – the pain during them. [breath, breath, breath].

How long now? When did I get here? What time is it? All I can think about are seconds of peace I get between the contractions and – Oh, there's Jake. Good. Oh, shit the contractions! [Scream/gasp, scream/gasp scream/gasp breath, breath, breath].

Shit, this is no joy ride. It seems to go on forever. Where is Jake, where is Nic? What time is it?

I am screaming, I am crying. The pain, oh the pain. I think I see my doctor. How long? Oh God, [Scream/gasp, scream/gasp scream/gasp breath, breath, breath].

Where is Nic2x? I see Jake! What time...

The doctor's talking to me. I don't really hear him. And then I hear...

P-u-s-h!

Epilogue

Mothers and Daughters

My name is Bella and I am thirteen years old. My father is Jake and my room is pink!

I finished reading what you have read. It's weird how it just stops there. There. My head has not popped out yet! I am about to make my first appearance in this world thirteen years ago. She stops.

I found Mom's diary by accident and read the whole thing. I couldn't stop! Holy crap, I am having a hard time thinking of my mother as she describes herself, like when they were saying goodbye to Tita Nic2x in Mindanao that first time! Wow. That was my mother, father, **Lola** [grandmother,] and Tita Nic2x! I started rubbing myself just reading it! I never read anything like that before.

I can't believe Mom stopped her diary where she did. The diary is lying on my bed. My skirt is hiked up. My panties are wet. Mom walks into the room.

There's no hiding it now. So, this is not the time to go on defense, this is the time to ... ask *her* why. After she turns white, then red, and then, I swear, blue, (hehehe she is a US citizen now of course,) she breathes again, and sits down hard on the bed by my side and hugs me.

She is still hugging me.

Did you read it all?

All.

Oh Bella... [long pause] Well... [Mom picks up the diary shakes her head as in disbelief or maybe amazement and looks intently at the spine as if there is something magical there] ... I suspect that you have some questions.

I have not tried to pull my skirt down. Considering what I just read, what would be the point in that effort?

I already did ask you, Mom. Why did you stop writing, right when you did?

Because when you arrived, everything, everything in my world was complete. You were the completion of the Package Deal in a way that completed me, completed us, and completed my connection with your father. You, sweet Bella, exist because I needed to give your father a beautiful daughter. And that's exactly what you are.

But you didn't finish.

You finished it by being you! If you want the diary finished, you finish it.

I can't. There is too much that happened when I was real young.

OK, so ask me, ask Lola, ask Tita Nic2x, Tita Rose and Tita Lily, and you can write it all down.

Why do I have to do it?

You don't have to. But if you want it extended then you should be the one to do it. I don't need it. You are my completion.

What happened to Lena?

She moved to New York when you were six. She had gotten her green card at that point. She wanted to marry her 'slave' and she couldn't do that here. We get greeting cards from her every Christmas.

Did Dad say he required you to have me to complete the deal? That wasn't in the diary.

No, child, that was all in my head. I needed it to feel complete with your Dad. Once you were in our arms, there was a sense of completeness that I cannot give proper words to, for you. You were the very first daughter that Jake raised. He had a daughter long before he met me, but he had not raised her and had only met her when she was in her thirties. You were his real first. Lola gave him Abe – the son and I gave you to him. We were all in heaven. Of course, Lola and I each had two more babies and your aunts had theirs: your sisters and brothers, the eleven of you in all, are a joy, but Abe and you were the first ones. We love all of you. But the role you played in my life is special.

You were my age when you became Dad's wife. Outside of this family, I don't know anyone else like that. Am I supposed to find my husband now? When is my Cherry Busting ceremony supposed to happen?

No. No one expects you to do anything like what your aunts and I did. There will be no Cherry Busting ceremony. We made a deal, with Jake and with ourselves. It was about taking control of our lives and getting to somewhere, where we could be in control. [...pause...] The contradiction was that to take control, we had to give up all control to Jake. You, or others, might call it a devil's bargain. It would surely have been a devil's bargain if the guy had not been your father. He was the saving grace of it all. Yes, we gave our bodies to him, but he did not take our souls. He left them intact and urged us to further our education and find a life for ourselves after he died. He even accepted that some of us would leave him before he died. He never really required us to stay. There was no blackmail, no gray mail, no coercion of any type, by him. Any of us could go.

Of course, if we left before we had the green cards, we might have had to return to the Philippines and for us, to do so without that green card was not acceptable. So, there was pressure, but not from Jake. Once we had lived with him for a

while, it was hard to leave because there was real love. I really shouldn't speak for all of us, but it is true. We all do love your father. That is why we stay. ... But you sweet Bella, you are one of the wonderful presents we get from that bargain. You are an American. You don't have to make any deals to obtain true freedom to be who you want to be and where you want to be. I am not sure you will ever appreciate that gift, but it is a big thing. Our experience was unique and you will not need to replicate it.

It has been twenty-one years since you came to the USA. Dad is eighty now. I know you laugh and say, a spry eighty, but he is a very old man. I don't know if he will live long enough to see me graduate high school. What will you do when he dies? You are only thirty-two.

I will live with your titas and Lola. Your titas and I have loved each other and been with each other for sixteen years. They are my age and we will do fine. Lola and I are closer than I can explain to you, but I guess you read those parts in my diary and so you already know that.

Jake has never tried to have sex with me, not that I want him to, but is it because he is too old, or am I not pretty enough?

Oh child, maybe he is too old, but he has all he can handle from your Lola, from your titas and from me! As for how pretty you are, you know you have heard your father say how pretty he thinks you are. Jake does not lie. If your father didn't think you were pretty, he would not say that.

Abe says he wants to be like Jake.

Well Abe has some growing to do, but he might be able to do that at some point in his life.

Is there a way I could have a Jake type life?

Huh? I am not sure I understand you child. You mean with one husband and many wives?

I mean find a guy to be like Jake is to you, and have other wives around me.

Why would you want to do that?

Because being with a man alone without sister wives around is something I don't think I could ever really get used to. My world is one of women. You all make the decisions. Jake really doesn't.

Huh. Well you would be surprised because Jake really has the final say around here. It's just that we know how Jake wants things. After all these years with him, we know him very well. He doesn't have to say much anymore, but child, things are done his way.

I guess I need to think more about that. When I get old enough, will you help me figure all that out? I still think I need to be surrounded by women, even though I do want a husband. And if my Cherry Busting is far off, what am I supposed to do with these feelings I have? [giggle] I am your daughter, you know!

Oh child ... let me think about it too. I think I also need to talk with Jake, Lola, and your titas. This is something Jake would call an unintended consequence of the Package Deal!

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The End