



# The Joshua Tree

by VeryWellAged



Fourth Edition  
Revised and Extended

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When *fantasy* becomes reality.

## A Novel

**Fourth Edition**

24 April 2020 Release

First published in HTML format on the ASSTR website in September 2011.

The first self-publication in PDF format, of the complete book has a publication date is 20 June 2014.

This revision of the text has a publication date of 18 January 2015.

Format updated 25 April 2016.

Corrections in syntax and grammar updated 17 July 2016.

Various corrections including textual made 19 December 2016.

The second edition, published in complete form on 03 June 2017, contains textual changes as well as corrections in grammar, links, footnotes, and punctuation.

Textual and grammatical corrections posted on 02 March 2018.

The Third Edition, with a release date of 29 July 2018 includes significant changes to text, formatting, punctuation, footnotes and links to images and sources.

The Fourth Edition, with a release date of 17 April 2020 adds about three thousand words of new and expanded content. Most of the new content is in the last chapter which might have well been broken up into two chapters. There have been significant language (Cebuano/Tagalog) updates and changes throughout the text.

My editor, CN, who entered my world after this novel was published, worked through the entire text this past week. Literally hundreds of typos, and punctuation issues were resolved. The result now has a revision date of 24 April 2020.

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

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**Warning to reader:** All my stories, regardless of whether they reference "Jake," exist within the world of one or two possible Threads. A few stories reference a specific Jake and those really need to be read as corollaries, being grounded in a specific Jake world. Fully, to understand any of my Philippine stories, it is best to have already read either *Jake's Journal: The Philippines - Joyfully* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)) or *Jake's Journal: The Philippines with Ganda* ([PDF](#) / [azw3](#) / [ePub](#) / [mobi](#)). All stories even though not directly tied to any Jake, just don't include background, language explanations and such that is covered in the longer Jake stories. For that reason, having read either, the story with Joy or Ganda, is very helpful. Failure to do that will make the other stories both confusing and less enjoyable.

## Prologue

*The distance between harmless fantasy and reality  
is measured by the willingness of the dreamer  
to act upon the dream.  
(Jake's "Observations on life... spent.")*

Joshua had long dreamed. Now he would have a plan.

The number of older men, who in the deepest reaches of their desires, would like to have as brides, what our society calls children, cannot be counted. They are essentially the male population less a small few.

We are talking about those females who have reached puberty, or are bumping up against puberty, but are not of legal age. This concept of legal age is a slippery thing. Just what is legal age has been a moving target and it has gotten increasingly older ever since women gained suffrage.

When Teddy Roosevelt was president, there were plenty of places where a fourteen year old might marry, and some, where a twelve year old might marry. Going back further in history, we find females of ten years marrying. Those days are gone. But the reason they are gone has nothing to do with biology and everything to do with political power.

The biological imperative remains, as it always has ... and it burned within Joshua.

But, Joshua didn't have an easy answer. He didn't want a child prostitute. He wanted a very young wife. Well almost. What Joshua really wanted, in the deepest recesses of his heart, was, very young wives.

Joshua was not a Muslim. Joshua was not a Mormon. Joshua was not a member of any organized religion. He could not claim divine guidance. If he believed in God, only he knew for sure, for he uttered no such words. For Joshua it was a simple matter. He didn't see how it was a matter for God or anyone else. He got horny over young girls, he dreamt of young girls, he desired only young girls and he didn't desire any other female.

Now... it helps to know this about Joshua: He was fifty-five years old. He was divorced. He had a twenty-year Navy career behind him. He had fifteen years in with his current employer, where, due to a downturn in the economy, he was being offered early retirement. Joshua would never be rich by standards in the USA but, he was never going to go hungry either.

He had family but, they weren't particularly close. His kids were grown, with kids of their own, and he didn't see them often. He certainly did have friends but, none who were so important to him that their loss would cause a problem. Essentially Joshua was without an anchor, without a prevailing wind and without a home port of significance. Joshua was adrift, as he dreamt of his fantasy.

§ § §

## A Contrarian Universe

The alarm clock rang at 5:30am. It was a Monday and Joshua did not need to go to work.

Funny things, these newfangled electronic devices, they knew what was a weekend and what was a weekday. Friday had been his last day at work. He didn't have to turn off the alarm on Saturday; it never came on. He gave it no thought on Sunday for the same reason. But newfangled or not, the alarm clock was not cognizant that there was no job for Joshua to get up for on this Monday morning.

Joshua turned off the alarm and lay in a half sleep. What was he to do now? Yes, sure, he had thought about it before, but before was, well... before it wasn't a reality. Now it was as real as it was going to get, and he really wasn't convinced that his planning had been all that good. The prime example being this morning; how shall he spend the morning?

This was like a Saturday or a Sunday, but then again it wasn't. There was no college football on TV to distract him, no Sunday newspaper, no NFL, or 60 Minutes, no friends to hang out with over a few beers. No, this was a Monday, and for all his adult life, Mondays were for going to work. There was a void in a way he had not expected.

Like many mornings, he felt the stirrings of desire in his loins. Unlike many mornings, there was nothing to stop him from paying full attention to it.

Joshua dreamt. Joshua stroked and dreamt.

Joshua liked the look of Asian females. He might be as white as snow himself, but he liked Asian girls. As he lay in bed, his mind kept on circling back to a few young Asian girls he had seen at the mall this weekend. Not that he had any expectations of ever contacting them. No, they were fully American in their orientation. They were not available. He drifted in and out of a half sleep.



Joshua stroked and dreamt. His morning woody was now rock hard. There was no reason to get up. He could stay in bed all day and no one would be the wiser. Joshua stroked, and dreamt, and let loose cum.

At 6:22am, Joshua rose from the mattress and entered the bathroom for his morning ablutions. It didn't take long. Joshua was dressed and ready for the day in fifteen minutes.

A glass of OJ, a scrambled egg and a slice of toast disposed of, and a mug of coffee in his hand, with dishes and a pan in the dishwasher, Joshua decided to look at the computer. Other than the ever persistent spam, his email box was empty. Opening his browser, he typed "Filipina Dating" in the search bar. Why did he write Filipina and not Asian? In Joshua's mind, the answer was obvious. Anyone who has spent time overseas knows that Filipinas like Americans better than other Asian women often do, and praised be, they could speak, read and write some English. As a sailor, he had spent enough leave in the Philippines that the choice was, for him, obvious.

The screen filled with links for website upon website. He checked out a website that listed scam service/sites and then clicked on one that was reputed to be clean. Joshua was just browsing, but even to do any browsing he needed to register. Registration was free, but even when registered, he found he couldn't see enough and the search tool wasn't fine-tuned enough. He tried another and yet another site, each with the same result. Joshua was bored, horny and had nowhere to go, a deadly combination.

Joshua, a bit frustrated with the whole process, stood up, went to the bathroom to piss away the coffee. The morning woody was now replaced with a semi hard-on, and his own touch as he pissed, reminded him of his needs. Shoving his dick back into his jeans, he returned to the computer. Selecting the site that looked like his best bet, he clicked on the button to purchase a full membership. Forty dollars later, Joshua was able to set his search parameters tightly and see what he could find.

He set his age search for 13 to 17 and clicked on "Search." Nothing. Then he entered 18 to 18. That brought him about 70 hits. But he wasn't getting what he really wanted. These girls were too old. Still, he looked through the listings of the girls displayed. Some were attractive, but they weren't what he was looking for. As he moved from one girl's profile to

another he started receiving on-line requests from women who wanted to chat with him. This was annoying. The women, from what he could see, were older. Many of them were in their thirties. He didn't want that! Their requests kept on coming, interfering with his ability to use the website. Joshua logged off and went out for a walk.

He needed to stretch his legs. He needed to get away from the computer, which had turned into a hostile place as he fended off request after request to talk. The morning air was crisp. The sky was clear blue with nary a wisp of a cloud on this fall morning. The morning sun was bright, but the temperature was a modest 52 degrees.

He walked along the sleepy city blocks of his little town. Aspen leaves in yards had turned yellow. Vines covered fences — both picket and chain link — hiding the structures that held them in place. Some of these had turned from green to a dark crimson.

Young squirrels scampered up, down and around the rough bark of ash trees as if on a huge flat table top instead of the totally vertical surface. They would keep these games of tag going for hours without ever seeking a branch to rest upon.

These 30 foot ash trees lined both sides of the streets. Their boughs hung a good twenty feet over the street and sidewalk, made an urban forest, deep with shade and patches of sunlight on streets sixty feet wide. Not a leaf had fallen yet on this fall day.

This was clean. This was right. This was so different from the needs of his heart and his loins. This felt good, but not satisfying. This felt like it should be right, but not for him. This clean, felt antiseptic. It felt passionless.

As Joshua's footsteps found their way along the uneven sidewalks and odd pavement details of residential blocks built during different eras, his mind circled back to what he really wanted.

Here the sidewalk had a deep border of grass between it and the street. As he crossed the street, the sidewalk abutted the gutter and all the grass was on one side alone. In the middle of the block, a large blue spruce pushed a knee up, heaving the sidewalk up at the joint and causing two intact cement slabs to angle up on each other.

If he couldn't find teenage girls directly, he pondered, what attributes did they have in common, that would enable Joshua to find them? He was stumped. It wasn't possible. And then he had the 'oh shit' moment. Why do they call it an 'ah ha' moment. It wasn't that, it was an '*oh, shit, could it be as simple as it appeared to be?*' Was it really that simple? He would see once he got back to the house.

### § § §

Joshua returned to the computer and logged back into the website. It was quieter now. All those Filipinas who wanted to chat were now in bed, sleeping. He would be undisturbed this time. The first thing to do was to change his search criteria. He was looking at the wrong age range. That piece of brilliance had not gone unnoticed before. What had gone unnoticed before was what the best range was for his search. That was the 'oh shit' part.

Joshua was interested in teenagers and teenagers were not listed on these sites. So now, he set the criteria for their mothers. He didn't really want the mothers, but they were the ones with the teenage girls. He set the age range for 30 to 36. He held on to other factors, as the mothers would also have to be good looking. But now he set a field to require that the women had to have children to be selected.

The resultant list was 700 names long. Granted, some of the children were sons rather than daughters, some of the daughters were of the wrong age and some of the mothers were plug-ugly. There were no search tools to select attributes of the children. But an amazing number had children who were the right sex and the mothers at least were attractive. Some mothers had three daughters. One had twin daughters. There generally were no photos of the children. Still, it was a candy store of a selection list. And added to that was that these women were not being contacted, by anyone. Their profiles languished on the website.

Not every mother would offer up what Joshua wanted and he knew that. But having spent time in the Philippines, he knew that some would. He would have to remove many of these women. Even after removing the ones who were not attractive. Some would be OK other than for the fact that they were of a higher economic bracket and would be far less inclined to serve up a daughter, and far more inclined to call in law enforcement.

Joshua weaved his way through the list, sorting through the women. From the initial 700 plus, he was down to an initial 24 women, all of whom he bookmarked in his favorites list on that website. Joshua crafted a careful letter and he selected one of the very prettiest mothers.

Her name was Ana Fe. She had three daughters, aged 16, 14 and 11. He attached an honest but flattering photo of himself and added some very complementary things about what he had seen in her photos. He suggested that if she was interested in him that they could web chat. He further asked about her daughters. Did the girls live with her? Did she have recent photos of her whole family? In what province did she grow up? What did her parents do? What were the names of her kids? How was her health? How was the health of her kids?

Once the letter was sent, there was little Joshua could do but wait.

§ § §

Ana Fe had registered at the website a year earlier. Nothing had come of it. She had never updated it and she hadn't given it any thought at all for the last six months.

Ana Fe spent her days selling cosmetics at a mall in Cebu City. She didn't make enough money for her family, but her oldest was working as well. They lived with her brother's family, all squeezed into a three room apartment; eight of them in all. Life was not easy, but it wasn't easy for anyone, so there was no sense in complaining.

There were plenty of Filipinos who had it far worse.

The sun sets every day in the Philippines, more or less, at 6pm. There is no daylight savings because there is little variation. Day follows day. The only difference is that of the rainy season where either: the edges of typhoons that sweep through the northernmost island of Luzon, dump drenching rains day after day on the Islands of the Visayas; or the typhoons head straight for the Visayas, these the middle islands of the Philippines, which sit about ten degrees north of the equator. During the rainy season, the evenings could be downright chilly. The temperature might dip to 22°C (which was a truly cold 72°F). At such times everyone was putting on extra layers and wrapping up in blankets.

Ana Fe was in bed by 9pm most nights. Tonight, as it was so cold in the apartment, they all went to bed at 8pm. Ana Fe would get up at 4am to wash and iron before the children were up. They needed clean and pressed clothes for school. She would also reheat the rice and the chicken adobo from the night before. That's what they would eat for breakfast.

Joshua had sent the email long after Ana Fe retired for the evening that Monday night.

Tuesday morning, she took a large tub, a bucket of water and a bar of Tide wash soap out onto the window terrace. Squatting down by the dim light of a single bulb she scrubbed the clothing and wrung it all out by hand, hanging the now clean outfits on a clothesline tied to the grillwork on the terrace. As she moved to the kitchen area to start heating up the breakfast, she also turned on the old desktop computer the family owned. It was a prized possession. They luckily were able to connect to a neighbor's WiFi that was not secure. It meant they did not have to spend ₱20 per hour at an internet café.

The rice cooker was turned on and the adobo was set to warm up. Ana Fe had the old iron in her hand when she stopped back at the computer and clicked to see if she had any email from a friend. There was an email but it was not from a friend. It was from the website she had signed up with last year. Now was not the time to read it. She shut off the computer.

Ana Fe was just done ironing the clothing for her girls and her own outfit, when all around her was in motion. Everyone was up now. Her kids were finishing their breakfast, laughing and playfully arguing, as they got ready for the day. Her brother and his wife were up and eating their breakfast. It worked out nicely. Roberto's wife, Analen, cleaned the house and made the supper each night. Ana Fe got home too late for that. Ana Fe got things going in the morning and helped Analen with the house on the weekends. Analen had two small children, aged one and three. Ana Fe's kids helped with Analen's childcare duties after school, so that Analen could get supper cooked. Roberto was the last one home at night, and he was so tired each night that no one asked him to do anything. They pooled their earnings. Her contribution was ₱8,000 a month. There was enough to send the kids to the public school, pay her

portion of the rent and purchase second-hand clothing. There was blessed little left beyond that.

Ana Fe had wanted to send her girls to a good Catholic School, not so they would be good Catholics, but because the quality of education was so much better there. But those schools cost ten times much as the public schools. Ana Fe could barely afford ₱2,100 a semester. There was no way she could afford ₱21,000 a semester per child. She still had two kids in school. That was better than her economic situation last year when she had three in school. Mary had graduated high school and had a job. But it also meant that Mary could not go to college.

No reason to complain. Many were far worse off.

There was no time to read the email from the website before she went to work that morning. There was no privacy either, and she certainly wanted some privacy. Analen had ridiculed her when she signed up at the site. She didn't need any more ridicule.

The ₱20 ride on the Jeepney<sup>1</sup> was crowded as usual. When she climbed in from the back entrance, (the only place you can enter a Jeepney,) there was not a seat to be seen. But, as is the way of life on these islands, each passenger squeezed a little tighter and a spot miraculously appeared.

The rain had stopped. Last night's flooded streets were completely dry. The humidity was thick, but Ana Fe didn't notice.

This was life in Cebu City. This was the only life that Ana Fe had ever known. She had been to Manila once as a child. They had taken the ferry. It was an overnight passage and she slept in a large room with double-decker cots as far as the eye could see. All women sleeping in one huge room and, men in another; marriage be damned, unless you were wealthy you did not stay with your spouse for the voyage.

Today, Ana Fe was traveling over the same roads she had known from her earliest memories. She didn't think about a way out. For most Filipinas, there was no way out. This was life. Maybe, when her girls got

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<sup>1</sup> Jeepneys are one of the most popular means of public transportation in the Philippines. They are known for their crowded seating and kitsch decorations, which have become a ubiquitous symbol of Philippine culture and art.

old enough and before they had babies, there would be a few relatively more comfortable years. But the likelihood was that at least one of them would be pregnant far too early and there would be no respite.

Ana Fe punched the time clock when she got to work. All thoughts of her troubles, and of the email, faded from her mind as she made her way to the sales floor. For the next eight hours with a half-hour off for lunch, she would sell cosmetics costing her entire monthly salary to women who acted as if it were no big deal to spend so much money. There were wealthy people in the Philippines. There were simply far more really poor ones. Ana Fe was aware of that fact, but it didn't seem odd or unfair. It was just the way things were.

Lunchtime normally meant she would pay ₱80 for chicken and rice in the food court. Today she grabbed a lumpia for ₱40 and just finished eating it as she entered an internet café. Even though she would only be there for 15 minutes, it would still cost the ₱20. It was an extravagance, but she wanted to read the email privately and this was the only way she could do it.

The email was both a nice and an odd letter. The nice part was that there was nothing offensive in the letter. It was polite and well written. But it asked too many questions and told her so little about him. What did he do for money? Where did he live? What was he looking for? What did he find nice about her? He said nothing about her other than she looked nice? Was that it? Why the interest in her daughters and family? He looked nice. But how could she tell what he was like? This was so backwards from everything everyone had told her about what men wrote. Ana Fe was confused.

*Dear Sir Joshua,*

*Thank you for your letter of interest in me. I have very little time for personal messages and chats. Maybe I do this when I am not working this Saturday if it OK with you. I not have photos of my children. I not have a camera. Their names are Mary 17, Janna 15 and Ricca 12. Yes the girls live with me. We live with my brother and his family. We are all, thanks to God, healthy. Thank you for asking. Please tell me about yourself. How you make a living? Where you work? What you looking for in a wife? What you want for life? Do you drink? Do you has temper? Please tell me*

*these things.*  
*Ana Fe*

Ana Fe was late by five minutes clocking in. She sought out her supervisor and told her she was very sorry and would work extra time both tonight and tomorrow over lunch to make it up if it would be allowed. Having a man interested was nice, but who knew if she would ever hear from him again. She needed this job!

§ § §

It was 10:45pm Monday when Ana Fe's mail displayed on Joshua's screen. She had just sent it minutes before, during her Tuesday lunchtime. Joshua read the brief response over a number of times. It was a frustration that she did not have a camera but, in retrospect, surely not a surprise. It also wasn't a surprise that a woman with three teens might be short on available time. He had failed to factor those issues in when thinking things through. He also noted that the girls were a year older than the posting but, once again, on reflection, noting that her posting had languished on the site for a year, he should have expected that. These ages would still work for him.

Joshua had the benefit of having known Filipinos before and, remembering that, when discussing complex things, the resultant responses would be less than that for which he might hope. He decided to send three letters at essentially the same time, each one with a separate idea embedded.

The first one had a subject title of "*What I am like.*"

*Dear Ana Fe,*

*I am 55 years old. I am six foot two inches in height. I weigh 220 pounds and consider myself physically fit. I am retired both from the US Navy and from the job I took after leaving the Navy. As a result, I have two pensions and can live very comfortably now without working ever again. I am a calm and easy-going man. I do not have a temper. I will never hurt you. I will never hit you. I will never yell at you. I will for the rest of my life — if you are the one for me — take care of you and your girls. I do like a beer every once in a while, but you will never see me drunk. All*



*of this is a promise that I will make on a Bible for you and before God.*

*Yours,  
Joshua*

Did Joshua believe in God? Maybe, but he knew Ana Fe would. He wanted to impress her with his sincerity.

The second letter had the subject: “*What I want from a wife and daughters. Part 1*”

*Dear Ana Fe,*

*All these are the basic things I want from a wife and my daughters. Loyalty, honesty, beauty (yes you have that, but I do not know about your daughters), intelligence, no gossip — a closed mouth, a good homemaker, a good cook, good sex, and no fighting. I need to see your daughters.*

*Yours,  
Joshua*

The third one had the subject: “*What I want from my wife and daughters and will give my wife and daughters. Part 2*”

*Dear Ana Fe,*

*Assuming after I see your daughters, and I find you all attractive, the rest of this needs to be understood.*

*I want your physical and emotional love. I want the same love from your daughters. What I will give you and all three of your daughters is a life of ease in the USA, each of you will get your access to Permanent Residency status and US citizenship. Each of you can enroll in the educational programs you might want to pursue. I will treat each of you with respect and love without limit. Are you and your daughters interested?*

*Yours,  
Joshua*

Before Ana Fe went home that night, she stopped once more at the Internet Café. She again spent ₱20. There were emails waiting for her. She was surprised to see three pieces of mail. She read the first one and smiled. This was nice and promising. She asked if she could print the letter out. Yes, she could for ₱5. She did.

Next, she opened the second letter. It confused her. Yes, he was right that he should expect those things from her, but did he mean for her daughters to be the same way? Why did they have to be pretty for him? This she didn't like. He must have written wrong about housekeeping and sex. He could not have meant to include her daughters! She decided to open the third letter before spending another peso on this man.

She read it once. She was so stunned she read it twice and then a third time! He wanted four wives! Oh my God! How could he? She was repulsed. He must be a perverted devil. She closed the email window and left, crying and shaken. She had spent ₱45 on that man! That was a lot of money to throw away.

§ § §

## The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

She had to wait a little bit for the Jeepney. It would not have been so bad, but it was raining again. Umbrellas were good for protection from the sun, but they did little for you when there was a foot of water in the street and it was raining buckets. She did her best to limit the damage. She carried a pair of slippers, which we would call flip-flops, in her bag. She changed her work shoes for these. Let them and her feet get soaked, please God, not the shoes she wore at work. Ana Fe huddled in a doorway until the Jeepney rolled up the street, at which point she needed to be out in the street hailing the driver to stop.

Soaked, sitting on the bench in the Jeepney, Ana Fe thought more about the odd man and his three letters. As she dripped water onto the seat, right along with everyone else in the vehicle, she looked around. What had she been offered? A life of ease: Not just for her but for her daughters as well. And each of them could go to school! How much was that worth? Yes, he was perverted, but he said he would be kind to all of them. Could that be possible? Education, for all of them? Did he really mean that? A life in America, for all four of them? She wouldn't have to leave them behind, as other women had to do!

It was perverted. It was against God. It was wrong. But would God forgive her if she did this for the sake of her daughters? What would her daughters think? Even if she said OK, what would her daughters do? What would her daughters think of her if she allowed them to even know about this? What would her daughters think of her if she didn't tell them and they found out later? Ana Fe was as close to being in a [fugue state](#) as any sane person might be.

She almost missed her stop.

A friendly face, who frequently rode the same Jeepney with her, said something to her and roused her out of her dazed state. She thanked the woman very, very much and exited onto a street as flooded as the one she had left earlier. She was fully soaked as she entered the apartment.

The rain had not shaken her, but Joshua's letters certainly had done so. What should she do? What if she ignored him and lost the one chance her daughters had out of this life? Would that be fair to them? If they

said no, then it was no problem for her, except what would they think of her? Would they call her perverted for even entertaining the offer? But what if she never asked them and acted for them by never answering Joshua? Would God be pleased or angry with her? What was she protecting her girls from? Here, they might be raped. Here they might be beaten and abandoned by a husband or boyfriend.

That had happened to her. She had lived with him for years, not marrying because they could not afford a church wedding. That's what she had wanted. And then he left. He left her and the children. There was no marriage. There was no child support to be gotten. In truth, Ana Fe didn't even know what child support payments were. Now, unmarried with three children, she had no future. Here, her children likely had no future. Just why was it so wrong to put up with a pervert if it meant a better life for all of them? It might even include a church wedding.

She walked over to the computer. It was already on. She loaded the Yahoo account and entered the email section. Quickly, before anyone noticed, she created a new email to Joshua without opening his to her.

*Dear Sir Joshua,*

*I was angry when I read the email, but maybe we do this. I will talk my daughters and if they agree, I bring them to internet café Saturday morning. That OK you? Send me photos your apartment.*

*Salamat Po,<sup>2</sup>*

*Ana Fe*

She quietly closed the screen and took a deep breath. It was 5:50pm.

§ § §

Joshua was sound asleep when the mail arrived at just before 4am, Tuesday morning. He hadn't been able to sleep too easily that evening. After sending those three letters, he was anxious, nervous and totally unsure if he had really screwed up. But was it a screw up? It was what

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<sup>2</sup> Thank you, Sir. [The 'po' being non-gender specific.]

he wanted. If she wasn't the one, was he not better off knowing now? Still, maybe there was a better way of broaching the subject than the brick-through-the-window way he had chosen.

He was on tenterhooks, hoping against hope for a positive reply. Would she agree? Would the daughters be pretty? He hadn't even thought to wonder if the girls would agree. Maybe he should have, but it never entered his mind.

By 2am, sleep had finally quieted his addled brain and sleep was gained. When the alarm clock sounded at 5:30am he was surprised by it, as well as groggy and irritated that he had forgotten again to remove the damned programming, and anxious to know if there was any email waiting for him.

As Joshua was showering in his master bath, Ana Fe was showering in the apartment in Cebu City. With a synchronicity that can only be described as weird, their towels were both in motion at the same time and, once dry, they stepped out of their bathrooms at the same moment. Ana Fe to bed with her daughters; Joshua to his computer and to his email.

What Joshua read was both a happy surprise and a frustration. It was Tuesday morning for him. It would be Friday evening (her Saturday morning) before Ana Fe might get the girls to the Internet café, if they agreed to come. Clearly, she must have thought he would like their looks, or why would she bother? Still there was a lot of waiting happening.

Should he send an email to another girl? Maybe he should. He selected another from the group of 24 and sent an email that was a combination of his first two emails to Ana Fe. Following that, he decided it was time to take some pictures.

Ana Fe had asked about an apartment, but Joshua didn't live in an apartment. His was a four-bedroom house. He had not needed so much room since the kids left, and then his wife left. Really left. She really left the house, the town and the state. He had always liked the neighborhood and this had been their home for a long time; it was paid for and so this is where he lived. There was a gracious covered porch in the front with a bead-board ceiling, and comfortable chairs and couches. There was a full basement, where he had his rifle and shotgun safe and where he did his

reloading. There was a laundry room down there, a bunch of storage and a mechanical room with the water heater and furnace.

On the first floor was a living room, a half bath off the living room, dining room, guest bedroom and attached three quarter bath. The bedroom Joshua had converted to a study. He had the computer on a desk, an easy chair and a TV. Also on the first floor were the kitchen, a back porch off the kitchen with a gas grill, and a back mudroom that opened onto a concrete walk. The walkway took you to the detached garage that opened onto the alley. The second floor had two bedrooms with an adjoining full bath and a master bedroom with an attached bathroom. The garage was big enough for two cars plus a lot of extra "stuff." Also in the back was a tool shed for the garden equipment.

The house, garage and shed were sided with white clapboard. The eaves were a deep forest green and the roof was black tabbed shingle. It was a double lot with the extra portion extending to the corner of his block. A lawn covered the balance of the house lot and the attached lot. Shade trees lazily spaced on both lots added a sense of graciousness to the house, which really did have a white picket fence around both lots.

Joshua took photos of all of it and sent them off to Ana Fe. Of course, before he took the photos, each room had to be freshly cleaned and made shipshape. This took some time. So did the mowing of the lawn and weeding before he took those photos. Then he took photos of the town, the schools, the hospital, and the Catholic Church. He sent those, too. Joshua was a busy man that week.

It was now Thursday. If nothing else this, his house, benefited from Joshua's new interests. Every morning and every evening, he looked for email, from Ana Fe, and from the second woman he had emailed.

His inbox appeared to be in revolt. No email appeared other than the odd piece of spam.

§ § §

Ana Fe checked her email upon awakening. There was an email from Joshua.

Wednesday's email subject line read: Kitchen, Dining room and Living room. There was no text below but there were three photos. She opened the one named kitchen. It was huge. But she couldn't figure out where the hotplate was. Nor did she see the rice cooker. Where was the safe water dispenser? She thought she recognized the fridge, but it was huge. She thought she might be looking at a microwave, but it wasn't on a counter and if it was built into the wall, what was the other thing below it? There were so many cupboards and closets they surely could not all be for the kitchen. What was the appliance under the counter to the right of the sink? It could not be the refrigerator if the big thing was a refrigerator.

Next, she opened up the dining room photo. Oh, my God! All this room just to eat? The table was huge and there were eight **matching** chairs around it! The furniture was all fancy and looked like the type of things you saw on TV when looking at the homes of wealthy Filipinos. There was a cabinet completely filled with dishes. It was all so large, so much, so fancy.

Finally, she opened the living room photo. She couldn't believe her eyes. There was more room here than in their entire apartment. Such luxury! If this was real, she didn't even know what to think. But one thing seemed to becoming clearer to her. She could not ignore this. She needed to talk with her children.

Mornings were too busy. There was no time now. She would talk with them tonight.

No, not now... now she had to get the clothing washed and pressed, the rice and pancit warmed up. She had to shower, dress and get to work. There was precious little time to think about Joshua. She had spent far too much time already looking at the photos. She had no time to waste.

The rain had stopped again and the roads were dry. The Jeepney trundled down the road like every other day. She sat among those she had sat next to for so many other days such as this one. As they bumped along, Ana Fe had visions of couches, easy chairs, beautiful tables, fancy drapes over pretty windows. She had seen such things on TV but she had never been in such a home. And then there was that kitchen that was so improbable in its appearance. Were there bedrooms like this too? This was a very large apartment.

But she would be sharing a husband with her daughters. Could she do that? Was he really going to require that? Was that really possible?

The Jeepney came to the mall. Ana Fe exited and clocked in with five minutes to spare. The morning moved quickly. There was a sale and her floor area was filled with shoppers.

Today she took only a fifteen minute lunch and was about to clock in 15 minutes early when her supervisor stopped her. She should get out on the floor right now and her supervisor would clock her in at the right time. Ana Fe would get docked for missing the minutes yesterday but she would not get fired by the supervisor for missing those minutes. However she would not get paid for the 15 extra minutes she worked today. It wasn't fair, but there was no one to whom she could complain. She needed the job and this is simply how things were.

As she walked out onto the sales floor, she realized that Joshua had offered her a life without the need to work at all. Imagine that! She could stay home and take care of that big apartment! That is, if she could accept this man taking her three children as his wives along with her. Could she do that? She wasn't sure.

As the afternoon wore on, the crowds were thinner and the time seemed to drag. Ana Fe could not afford to spend more money at the Internet Café. She would wait until she got home to see if there was another piece of mail.

The sky was clear as she waited for the Jeepney this evening. She climbed on, finding a seat and passing her pesos up, hand to hand, customer to customer, until it reached the front and the driver. To say it was a quiet ride home would be to misinform, but the riders were quiet. The noise was that of Cebu City itself. It was always loud. Today was no exception. It was a rare fifty seconds wherein a horn did not sound or some other element of the city did not intrude upon the ears.

This evening, Ana Fe came to her stop and disembarked without the need of being reminded. She hurried up the three floors to their apartment and quickly went over to the computer to check her mail. Roberto's wife made a comment that Ana Fe must have a boyfriend, considering the way she ran to see the mail. There was laughter. Ana Fe had not had a boyfriend for many years. Normally such a comment



might have caused her some distress, but not today. Today she ignored it and opened up the mail. There were photos of a study, and some bathrooms; how many can there be in one house? There were photos of three bedrooms. They were each lovely and each had a fine bed in it. The beds, the furniture were matching and incredibly beautiful. How can an apartment be this big? And then she saw other photos of the outside of a building. Oh! He didn't live in an apartment, this was a house. Was it really his? Who else lived in this house? It surely would not be for him alone. Then she saw a photo of the garage and the car inside. He has a car! There were pictures of a lawn and a garden. Was this truly all his?

She called her girls together and told them she needed to talk to them. They gathered around their mother, not far from the computer. Ana Fe didn't know how to start this. She didn't know how to explain any of it. But if the girls rejected it — then no matter how nice Joshua's home was, no matter what he might do for them, it was all without the required participants and she would tell him as much.

*My children, I have something important to tell you and it is difficult to explain so I want you to listen closely.*

Ricca blurted out, *Oh no, something bad!*

*Ricca be quiet and listen. I met a man online. He thinks he might like me. He lives in the USA and there is a possibility that we could live with him. I am going to show you some photos. Then I am going to have you read what he has written to me. After that, we will need to talk.*

One by one, Ana Fe showed them the photos: the kitchen, dining room, the living room, the bedrooms and study. They saw the outside of the house, the lawn, garage and all that it bespoke. There were gasps, giggles, and sighs. There was playful jostling.

And then Ana Fe had them read each letter. Between each letter, they talked about what had been said and how they understood the meaning. The second to last letter caused confusion and an argument about what it really meant. He couldn't really mean that he wanted good sex from all of us could he? He must have made a mistake. He must have meant only mother when he was mentioning sex. Ana Fe said nothing.

And then the third letter was displayed. There was no doubt any more. Yes, they could all get college educations. Yes, they could all live in that nice house, but they would have to all be wives to Joshua. They would not have to work. But Joshua was 'abnormal.' On that, they all agreed.

The concept that they would all marry the same man was beyond hard to fathom. They had no way to even imagine it. It was perverted and wrong. But they didn't close the windows displaying Joshua's home. They didn't close his letters. They didn't erase any of the emails from the system. They didn't email back saying 'no.'

After deciding that Joshua was one truly weird fella, they giggled over what a life in America among the *Kanos*<sup>3</sup> would be like. They playfully argued over who got which bedroom, until Janna said that each of them would be spending time in the Master. That quieted them down again.

Then Ricca said, *I want to be a doctor! But what if we aren't pretty enough?*

Ana Fe looked at the three sweetest faces in her world. Her face was solemn, but not worried or mean looking. She spoke softly, *Children, I am worried about many things. Your beauty is not a worry. Joshua would find you pretty if we showed your faces. That much I know. I make decisions for you every day. This is something you must decide for yourself and you must do it soon, but you don't have to do it now. Let us not talk about this further tonight. I told him if you agreed, he could see you Saturday. That gives us a few days. Do not talk to anyone else about this! Let's eat.*

Ana Fe closed the windows on the screen, logged off the email account and washed up. Her mind was in turmoil. Since when did Ricca dream of becoming a doctor? It would never happen in their lives here, she thought. It could not have just emerged anew without predicate. And yet there was no fertile ground here for such a predicate. All seemed repulsed by Joshua's proposition, but no one had said, '*no way*'. The door had been left open.

Ricardo had questions about what was happening with his sister but he knew not to ask. Living in close quarters, you just knew that privacy was

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<sup>3</sup> Kano: pronounced 'ka-NO' with a fast stop at the 'O.' Slang word for an American man, especially a white man, short for Amerikano.

something you afforded others lest you lose it yourself. It was the only way to live in peace, if not total harmony, when sharing a living space such as they did. Ricardo also knew that if Ana Fe felt she needed help, she would ask. He would be patient, eventually he might learn what was happening and, if he didn't, he would eventually forget that this had ever happened. They all had to get along. Without each other, bad things would happen to each of them, as it took all of them pulling together to survive.

This was something Ana Fe was aware of as well. She knew that if she left Ricardo and his family, Ricardo and Analen would be unable to make the monthly payments. She was adding to the family coffers, as was Mary. Every peso mattered.

Dinner was uneventful, filled with small, insignificant chatter. Afterward, the kitchen was cleaned to as close to sparkling perfection as was possible to make it. Cleanliness was not the rule because of an arcane value. It was necessary to stay healthy and deny insects and roaches what they needed to begin living with them. Everything was cleaned every day. The bathroom was swamped out and scrubbed down, the clothing washed and ironed, the food put away and the counters and floors washed down. The apartment and its occupants might be humble, but the apartment was clean and its occupants stood up straight.

Night came early and rest was welcome. Ana Fe's family followed their evening rituals and all became quiet in the apartment. Outside, the din of Cebu City came in unabated through the open windows. Karaoke played with the warbling voices of the untrained, roosters crowed, horns honked, sirens blared. The sound of motorcycles with their inadequate mufflers was ever-present. There was no air conditioning in their apartment and the windows were only closed against the rain when it came.

These sounds were the background to their lives. They gave no thought to it at all. But on this night sleep seemed to elude each of the daughters and Ana Fe. Each had too much to think about. There was too much riding on their decision. Each daughter understood that one 'no' was a potential veto against the rest, and each daughter understood what seemed to be in the offer in front of them. For each daughter, to say no was to potentially dash the future of her sisters, even if she didn't have

such hopes. And yet each did, that night, dream dreams of things never before thought possible.

Ana Fe also was thinking. She was having something close to an erotic nightmare. She saw herself placing her twelve year old daughter, naked, atop a man and lowering her onto his erect penis. Could she really do this? Would she be sharing a bed with her husband and her daughters? How would this work?

Thursday morning eventually came. As usual, Ana Fe was up before dawn. The first thing she did was turn on the computer before she started her tasks. In between tasks, she would click on something or log into something until she was in front of the mail program. There were three more pieces of mail from Joshua, each containing more photos. These appeared to be from around his town. It seemed like a small place, not a large city. Ana Fe had grown up in Cebu City. Millions of people lived there. The pictures she was looking at showed nice buildings, clean and well-kept, but in the provinces. She was not sure she could live in the provinces. And not in a single photo did she see a Jeepney, or a bus, or a train, or a taxi, or a tricycle, or a pedi-cab. Just how was she supposed to get around? She closed the windows and logged out of the account.

As with every day, there was little time for introspection. There was too much to do. Everything required many steps. Of course, Ana Fe wasn't aware that it wasn't this way all over. It had always been this way for her. When someone bought a cosmetic from her, she wrote up a ticket by hand and walked the cosmetic, her ticket and her customer to the cashier where she would stand in line with her customer until the cashier was ready. Then she could surrender the cosmetic and ticket to the cashier, who would then ring up the sale. She would then walk back to her workstation. Even though the cashier could scan the item when ringing it up, it still had to be compared with the hand-written ticket. This was the way things were done. That it wasn't done this way in other places was outside of her understanding.

There was no time to think about Joshua. There was no time to think about what might happen to their lives. And so she didn't consider emailing Joshua. She had told him Saturday and that wasn't unfair. She was busy.

That night again, there were more photos. One was of a Catholic Church. It was a small thing, not like the Cathedral they attended, when they attended, which was not all that often. Ana Fe closed the window to the mail program and said nothing to anyone.

Friday morning there were no new photos. Ana Fe became fearful. Should she have been writing back? Just because she said Saturday for the girls, should she have been emailing something to him and what should she say? She couldn't tell him yes. She wanted to say no, but then she was afraid to say no. She didn't know what to do. There was no time to dwell on this now. Morning was a busy time and she dove into her work.

That Friday, Ana Fe spent no more time on Joshua... but Janna did.

Janna was in her junior year of high school and she was thinking long and hard about her future. She had seen Joshua's photo. He was a handsome man. She was willing to be the 'wife' of such a man if he would be good to her. If she had to wait until a man could actually marry her, she would have been out of school for at least two years<sup>4</sup> if not far, far longer. Her mother might think it wrong for each of them to be his wife, but she didn't care. If he really could take care of them, Janna had decided that she was in favor of it.

On the way to school this Friday morning, Janna decided she would ditch at least her first class. She wanted to see if she could chat with Joshua. There was an Internet Café just around the corner from the school. Janna would go without lunch and spend some of her money to get on-line. She walked into the Internet Café at 7:10am.

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It was early Thursday evening and Joshua had not heard from Ana Fe for days. She had not acknowledged the photos he sent and he had not gotten anything back from the other girl he had attempted to contact. He decided it was time to send out an email to a third woman, when he got a request for a webcam chat from Ana Fe. This was a day earlier than he had expected a webcam session, if it were to happen at all. He had never used the feature and didn't really know how it worked, but

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<sup>4</sup> Philippine law requires a person to reach the age of 18 to marry and there are no exceptions. At the time of this story, High School in the Philippines was from 7th to 10th grade. Students graduated at age 16.

the potential to see and hear her stoked his willingness. He clicked on "Accept."

Two small windows popped up. One was of his face and one of a teenage girl. This was not Ana Fe. She certainly was pretty, but who was she? It must have showed on his face because Janna saw something and quickly announced, *Hi! I'm Janna. I know Mom's login and I wanted to meet you. I hope it is OK.*

*Yes, it's fine. I am happy to meet you Janna. You are very pretty. What do you know about what your mother and I have been discussing?*

Janna was giggling and rolling her eyes. *I know you must be a sex addict or something because you want all of us to be your wives. But if you will take care of us, like you say, well, I guess it's OK with me.*

*What does the rest of your family think?*

*I not know what Mom thinks. She told us we had to decide and get back to her. I think Ricca will say yes, but she is too young! Ate<sup>5</sup>, sorry, that Mary, not say anything to me and I not know about her. Mom said we all had to decide by tomorrow morning. Are you really going to be good to us? You promise?*

*If we become a family, then, yes I promise.*

*Why do you want us all?*

*The truth is I want you and Ricca. I will accept Mary and your mother because I need your mother to have you and your younger sister and leaving Mary out isn't smart.*

*Really? It me and Ricca you want?*

*Yes.*

*I not think Mom know this.*

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<sup>5</sup> Ate: pronounced 'ah-Teh.' Older sister but can also indicate an older and respected female.

*You are right, she doesn't know this and she doesn't need to know this. I will be good to her and I will be good to Mary. They don't need to know. So, Janna, are you my real, honest to God, girlfriend now?*

*No... not until you come here. You come here and kiss me and then I will be your girlfriend. When will you come here?*

*Are your sisters all as pretty as you?*

*Mary is prettier than I am. Ricca is too young to be pretty but she is cute I think. When will you come?*

*That is something I can't decide until I hear if all agree on Saturday. And if the others are as pretty as you.*

*Ha! You will say we are all pretty! If we agree on Saturday then when will you come?*

*Janna, I can be there in a couple of weeks. Why the rush?*

*If you are real then you will come right away. I have been told that many men talk about such things but never come. I hope you are not one of them.*

*I see. I was not aware of that. Does that happen often?*

*I think it happens most of the time. Will you really help me go to college?*

*Yes Janna I will. I will also teach you how to drive a car. Would you like to do that?*

*You have a car?*

*Yes and we will need more cars if you and your family comes here.*

*Really? You are able to buy many cars? Truly?*

*Yes, really and truly.*

*Sir Joshua, you are **gwapo**<sup>6</sup>. Do you know what that means?*

*No.*

*Gwapo means handsome Sir Joshua.*

*Janna, how do I say, 'you are beautiful.'*

*Gwapa ka*

*Gwapa ka, Janna.*

*Daghang salamat. [giggle] That means 'Thank you very much sir.' And you would say to me, 'Walang anuman.' That means, You are welcome.*

*Walang anuman Janna.*

*Sir Joshua I must go now, but I think we will be very happy.*

*I agree Janna. I think you are correct. I hope that we will see each other tomorrow.*

*Yes, I hope so too. Bye.*

And so Joshua had finally made the type of contact that told him his dream might well become a reality. Fifteen-year-old, Janna, had accepted the offer. If Ana Fe accepted, that would be enough. If Ricca also said yes, well that was a celebration, and if Mary agreed, it was as close to perfect as it could become. But if Mary said no, the deal would still work for him.

The next hours were a combination of high anxiety and non-stop masturbation. All he could do was pace the floor, look at the computer and jack-off. All three things he did repeatedly, until he went to bed at 1am. His dreams were fitful.

Half a world distant and with the entire Pacific Ocean between them, Ana Fe, Ricca, Janna and Mary were feeling very differently.

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<sup>6</sup> This is Cebuano not Tagalog. The Tagalog would have been 'pogi.'



Ricca was a sixth grader and school was a demanding place. She was excited about the adventure of leaving for America. She was frightened that Janna, Mary or their mother would say no to the whole thing. Ricca had long dreamed of being a doctor, but had never mentioned it because there was no way it could happen. And then, out of the blue, this guy says he will put her through college. Wow! And so it had spilled out of her mouth in front of her family without her even being aware that she was spilling the beans she had, for so long, kept hidden, until it was too late. What had they thought of her? Ricca was embarrassed. She was afraid that tomorrow would be the end of her dreams.

Janna returned to school, having missed the first period. She was almost giddy as she made her way through the day's classes. Janna was sure she and Ricca would say yes. She also knew that Mary's agreement was not needed. She wasn't worried about what her mother would decide. She knew that if Ricca and she wanted to go, her mother would go. If she was going to say no, she would not have asked them. Mary was old enough that she could be left behind if needed. Janna was walking on a cloud. She would have a gwapo guy, live in the USA and go to college!

Mary was confused as she sat in front of her keyboard and entered in inventory for the store. She tried to keep her mind on work, but it insisted on wandering. She actually had a boyfriend. Her mom didn't know this. They had not had sex yet, but Mary's heart was set on the guy. They often had lunch together at a *turo-turo*<sup>7</sup>. The possibility of going to the USA was more than just tempting. It was a fantasy now turned into an option. But that option meant leaving her guy and being a 'wife,' without ever really being married. That was a sin. Mary assumed that it also meant having children in this new marriage. Her children would be bastards, just as her sisters and she were. She wasn't angry with her mother for that, but if she did this, it would not be an accident of a man who abandoned her, as it was with her mother. With all that in her mind, being a mistress with children, if she took it, the path back to the guy in the Philippines would be closed.

Her life was not easy. She worked hard six days a week. She knew that the rest of her life, if she stayed in the Philippines, even should she marry her guy, would not be easy. But Mary was in love. She would have to forsake a church marriage under the eyes of God, to go to the USA.

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<sup>7</sup> Turo-Turo: Literally means point-point. a small type of restaurant which offers meals for cheap prices usually found along the sidewalks where the food is displayed and you point to what you want to eat.

Mary really didn't want to go. But, worst of all, Mary assumed that if she said no, she would ruin things for Ricca and maybe Janna. She had no idea what her mother thought or desired and was afraid to ask. Her mother told her to make up her mind without guidance. Mary decided that she needed to talk with Janna.

Ana Fe was a mess. As she had told her daughters, it would be their decision. She wanted to say no. This perversion was wrong. But she could not say no if her daughters wanted her to say yes. How Ana Fe made it through work on Friday was a mystery. By the time, Ana Fe stepped onto the Jeepney, to return home, she could remember none of the day's business.

Ana Fe knew that if she said yes, she needed to explain the financial obligations she had to her brother in a letter to Joshua. It was Ricardo's family, as well as her own, that was affected by this. As much as she needed to consider the desires of her daughters, she needed to consider the needs of the others.

She texted Mary and asked her to gather up the other two. They would meet out in front of the apartment house. This discussion needed to happen in private, which in this case meant in public.

Before Ana Fe could join them, that evening, Mary and Janna had already had a discussion. Mary was to the point. *Do you want to be a mistress to this guy?*

*Yes! Mary, he is gwapo. He will send us to college. We will get USA citizenship. Yes, very much yes! You think staying here is a good idea? Really?*

*Maybe you will meet a nice Filipino here and marry.*

*You mean like mom did? When will you ever be able to afford a church wedding? You would not have children or sex until when? Maybe you are thirty or older? You think the guy stays with you? Ha!*

*But it's not right to share a man.*

*Tell that to all the mistresses that still live in our country. You know that many Filipinos have mistresses. Why is this worse?*

*Because it's you, Ricca, mom and me?*

*At least I know I will always love the other women of my guy.*

*Ok, Ok, we do this.*

Twenty minutes later, as Ana Fe exited the Jeepney, she saw her three girls. Gathering around, they formed a huddle to discuss things. Ana Fe turned to Mary first. *Do we say yes or no to Joshua?*

*I want to say no, but Janna and I have spoken and if I say 'no,' I screw thing up for her. I think that I will also disappoint you Ricca. Will I Ricca?*

Ricca, looking at the ground, *If you say no, I will be unhappy but I will accept your decision Ate.*

*So mother, how can I say no? My sisters want me to say yes?*

*Ricca, Janna, is Mary correct? Do you both want to say yes?*

Mary was correct. Both girls confirmed that to Ana Fe. Janna chose to not mention that Joshua didn't really need Mary to come. In truth, Janna really needed her *Ate* to be with them and so Mary never knew she had an opt-out option. Ana Fe proceeded to explain that she would email Joshua tonight that they would all say yes, but that there was a matter of financial support for her brother's family. Janna freaked out. This was a bump that she had not expected. There was a possibility that they would lose Joshua!

All four returned to the apartment. After supper, Ana Fe left the apartment, walking down the street half a block to an Internet Café. There she composed a note to Joshua.

*Hi Joshua,*

*I talk my girls. They say OK with you. You will see them in morning. But another problem is my brother's family. We live them. They need maybe ₱5500 a month if we leave them. You do that? See you tomorrow.*

*Ana Fe.*

The email arrived at Joshua's inbox on Friday at 5:30am. The alarm went off shortly after that. Each day Joshua swore at the damned clock but hurried to get up to see if any new item had been sent to him. By 6:45am Joshua had read the message and sent back the following.

*Dear Ana Fe,*

*Thank you for the very good news. Assuming that I find all your daughters to be pretty, and there is agreement that all of you will join me, then once you join me, I will send monthly remittances to your brother to cover your part.*

*All my love,  
Joshua.*

That email was waiting for the four of them when they assembled at the Internet Café. All four read it, with Janna letting out a yip as the meaning was clear.

In Cebu it was Saturday morning at 10am and in Joshua's home it was Friday at 8pm.

The intervening hours as the girls slept had been a trial for Joshua. Nothing had gotten done. Not a dish was cleaned, not a shirt washed, not a blade of grass was cut. Even the doors to the house stayed undisturbed. Joshua couldn't sit still to watch a simple TV show. He kept on thinking about Janna, and what she had said. He hadn't even thought about traveling to the Philippines. At some level, he was aware that he would need to go, but that concern was more of a future concern just a few hours ago. Now he had to refrain from booking the flight immediately. He needed to see what the Saturday webcam connection might bring.

Now that time was at hand. Joshua was at his computer, logged in and waiting. When the girls logged into the IM client after reading the mail they immediately saw Joshua was there. Janna had control of the mouse and immediately opened up a webcam session with him.

Joshua was without words. The girls were lovely. Ana Fe and Mary were actually beyond lovely. They were beautiful women. Janna and Ricca were an old man's wet dream of young girls. They were all smiling and waving. He waved back. There was no way to speak to all of them at once and Janna typed a message to him.

*OK... now when are you coming? ; - )*

*As soon as I log off from this, I will purchase tickets. I will try to be there in about two weeks.*

*How long you staying here?*

*How long do you want me to stay this time?*

*Long as you can. Why you ask this?*

*After we meet, I have to file for you to come here and I have to do that from here.*

Ana Fe leaned over Janna and spoke to her. Janna typed,

*How about month? Mom and Mary continue to work, we also go to school. We keep what we have until you get us to USA.*

*That does not give me much time with you. I will come and if we decide you are coming to the USA, I will provide money to cover for you and your brother's family until I can bring you here.*

*You will not pay my uncle after that?*

*No. I will pay for your uncle after that but no need for you also as you will be here.*

*Really? You pay us even before we come to USA?*

Yes.

*Where you stay when you here?*

*I will see about a rental apartment.*

*Mom says I the one to IM you because I home earlier. But the Internet Café cost money we don't have.*

*I will send your mom money for the following things: Each of you gets a new dress, new panties, new shoes, and just before I get there, a trip to the beauty parlor. Plus I will send enough for daily IM sessions. OK? How much do you need to do all that?*

*Up to you.*

*No, Janna, I need to know how much money you need to get those things.*

After some discussion, a decision appeared to have been made.

*Mom check on the beauty parlor and I let you know tomorrow.*

The IM session went on with Joshua greeting each one and each one typing at least one sentence to him via IM. When the ₱20 was used up, and the goodbyes had been said, the session ended and they were gone.

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## Logistics

Getting a visa for more than a 21-day stay in the Philippines requires submitting an application and a valid US passport to the Philippines Embassy or Consulate. But to do that Joshua needed to know where he was staying. Joshua purchased round trip tickets to Cebu. As for lodging, a quick check on the Internet produced a number of options. The one he selected and secured was a 3-bedroom unit as described in this ad, which he found:

APARTMENT FOR RENT ACCEPT MONTHLY AND YEARLY RENTAL  
LOCATION : BANILAD, CEBU CITY

MONTHLY RENTAL OF THE FOLLOWING:

1. 3 Bedrooms at ₱30K
2. 2 Bedrooms at ₱25K
3. 1 Bedroom at ₱15K, 18K & 20K  
( depend upon the size of floor area )

FREE OF THE FOLLOWING:

1. Change of Towel & Bed sheets once a week
2. Cleaning once a week
3. One car parking
4. Billiard and Table tennis
5. Wi-Fi ( 24/7 internet Access )
6. Cable TV
7. Furnished

With Land Line Telephone every unit @ ₱150  
per month ( Optional )

EXCLUSIVE OF THE FOLLOWING :

1. LPG gas for cooking @ ₱750/month (optional)
2. Water & Electricity Consumption ( with own individual meter per unit )

NOTE :No Condo or Apartment association Dues.

ACCEPT MONTHLY & YEARLY CONTRACT

ONE (1) MONTH DEPOSIT & ONE(1) ADVANCE

UPON MOVING-OUT, DEPOSIT WILL BE GIVEN RIGHT AWAY,  
AFTER READING & PAYMENT OF BILLS.

FOR APARTMENT VIEWING/MORE INFORMATION & PICTURES:

Please Text or Call : Joe

mobile phone number : +6332-528-5557

smart cell number : +63929-497-6488

globe cell number : +63906-444-6439

sun cell number : +63923-528-5177

E mail ad : jcr\_4156@yahoo.com

Website: <http://propertyincebu.bahay.ph>



Joshua got the unit for the thirty days he would be in Cebu, with an option to extend on a month-to-month basis. Travel dates and residence address in hand, he would work with Visa Pro in San Francisco to acquire the extended stay visa. He printed and filled out the application. On Monday, he would send it to the company by Federal Express, along with his passport and a money order. Visa Pro would expedite the application with the Consulate. By the end of the day, that Saturday, he had the dates and the address locked down and was ready for Janna when she came on-line Saturday evening (her Sunday morning).

There she was, but there was no mic or speaker on the PC she was using. Janna started to type.

*Hi BF!*

*BF?*

*hehehe! Boyfriend!*

*Ah! Hi GF!*

*: - ) good! When you coming*

*I will arrive in Cebu on October 11th.*

*So long from now?*

*This September 25. Two weeks from today is October 9th. It takes about a day to fly there and I cross the international dateline and lose a day. The result is the 11<sup>th</sup>.*

*Ok. Where you staying?*

*In Banilad.*

*That far from us.*

*I will pay for taxis back and forth. OK?*

*Really?*

*Really.*

*We going to stay with you?*

*I hope you do.*

*Good. Oh I forget. Mom says to do everything you want we need too much money.*

*How much Janna?*

*I embarrassed to say! The beauty parlor cost ₱1000 each! Mom says too much for all four. You not need all four done.*

*How much for the rest?*

*Sir Joshua. I do not want to say. It is more than we ever have.*

*How much?*

*Mom says it maybe ₱15,000. Too much.*

*Tell your Mom I will send her ₱25,000 today. And tell her to use it all on the four of you, not your uncle's family.*

The IM continued for the rest of the hour. It was playful, fun, happy, sexy and easy. Every day thereafter, Joshua would IM with either Janna alone or along with one of her sisters. Ana Fe was nowhere to be seen. Ricca was a fast typist, faster than her sisters and far faster than was Joshua. Mary's spelling was so good that she never spelled a single word

incorrectly, but like the rest she often failed to use any verbs of being. She was also the most reserved and guarded.

Janna was his enthusiastic partner in crime. She asked about his town. She quizzed him on the contents of the photos he had sent. It was Janna who explained to her mother that there was a built in microwave and oven in the kitchen. It was she who learned that he had a dishwasher. It was she who asked him to take a photo of the cooktop surface so that her mother could see why there was no hot plate. Janna carried the news that, as opposed to the Philippines, there were two more grades of school in the USA before they could graduate from high school. She would go from H.S. Junior to being a Freshman again! That really caused her considerable distress. And it was Janna who verified that he both owned his home and lived in it alone. She was dubious that they could really trust the water out of the tap in the USA enough to drink it. When he explained that he had a clothes washer and drier, she was both happy and confused. Why was there a drier? Surely the sun would dry everything. Joshua tried to explain seasons and climate to her without success.

Each day Janna would report back to the family. Roberto and Analen knew something was afoot but didn't know what it was. Ana Fe wasn't talking. Janna had asked what type of dresses and shoes. All Joshua had told her was that they should be sexy.

Among the four females, there was a brief discussion as to what were sexy shoes. The answer from Ana Fe was definite. Very high heels. Ricca looked panicked. She had never worn high heels. Mary, laughing, told her there were obviously many things in the coming month that were going to be new to her. This was just the first one and the easiest to handle.

For two weeks, the tension built in so many ways. They were spending more time out of the apartment. Janna was out every night for a little more than an hour. Sometimes one or the other girl would join her. Two Saturdays before Joshua's arrival all four went shopping, together, for clothing and shoes. Mary stuffed the family's new things in her locker at work. On the Saturday before he arrived, the four of them went to the beauty parlor. There was no hiding these results. Still not a word was said in the apartment.

Finally, the day arrived. The plane had landed that morning. By agreement and using money Joshua had sent, after work and school, all four females, carrying enough for an overnight visit and wearing some of their new things, hailed a taxi, the first one they had ever been in, and traveled to Joshua's apartment.

As they left their apartment, Analen looked at Ana Fe and with a silent, and slightly frightened, look that essentially asked Ana Fe what was happening. Ana Fe sighed and apologized, saying that she would explain all when she returned the next day. And then they were down the stairs and gone.

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Joshua had decided to make the flight more endurable by flying out to San Francisco for a few days to see some old Navy buddies before flying to Cebu. He had booked a flight via Philippines Airlines that took three hops. The first was to Hawaii. That was PA flight 105. It sat on the ground for 50 minutes and continued on to Manila, a ten-hour flight. From there, three hours later (after immigration and customs) he transferred to PA 853, which landed in Cebu just before 10:30am on the 11<sup>th</sup>. In all, from San Francisco to Cebu, he spent twenty hours in transit. That was brutal. The seats were not really large enough for a man his size. But Philippine Airlines flew the Boeing 747 and there is room to get up and walk around in them. Joshua was out of his seat often.

He had arranged for the realty agent to meet him at the airport in Cebu. On deplaning in Cebu he was met by a woman, of indeterminate age and middling looks, who was holding a sign with his name on it. She had come with a car and driver. The woman, it turned out, was the agent. Before he could do anything else, such as pay for the apartment, he needed to exchange US dollars for Philippine Peso. So the first necessary stop was a bank. The agent suggested he use her bank, where the service charge was waived for her as an account holder. The bank also offered a very favorable exchange rate. Five thousand dollars Joshua had brought quickly became ₱212,500. After signing some forms at the agency, and paying the fees plus the ₱30,000 for the month, he was driven to the apartment.

By 1pm Joshua was in the apartment. It was as promised. The apartment was new, spotless and nicely furnished. The room might be spotless, but

it was hot as hell. He turned on the air conditioner and set the cooling level to max.

He was hungry, but too tired to do anything about it. He checked the email on his laptop (the apartment came with DSL Internet). There was no message from Ana Fe or Janna.

Next, he took a shower. It only had one tap and that was cold. A four-hour nap was next, an essential for getting through the rest of the day. Getting up at 5pm in a now far too cold room, he adjusted the AC settings and found he had time to shower again before the girls arrived. He would have to get used to cold showers. Navy men normally had hot showers when in the service. But this was not the time to dwell on that, now was the time to get ready for company.

By now, Joshua really was hungry. He decided to risk not being at the apartment when they arrived and ran down to a '2 for 1' burger stand. He bought two and got four burgers. On the way back to the apartment, he ate them all.

Joshua waited and waited. Every time he thought of what he hoped was in store for him, he got hard as a rock, but was afraid to answer the need. He feared that it would diminish his ability to perform later. He had abstained for days now.

He watched the clock. He was willing to swear that it ticked in slow motion. Would they appear? Was it a scam? There had been no email before he took his nap. Was there now? He rechecked. No. Nothing.

Finally — after so long — there was a knock at the door. On the other side of the door stood all Joshua's long held fantasies and dreams. Just inches away. As he turned the knob, he was so excited that he felt like a child. And then the door swung open and there they were.

## Appetizers

There before him, as if posed for a group portrait, were the four of them. Two in front, and two behind. On the left were Ricca and Mary behind her. On the right were Janna and Ana Fe. All were smiling, but Joshua could sense a background of fear. A huge smile appeared on Joshua's face.

*Please, come in!*

And each, as if they were walking the plank over deep waters, entered ever so carefully, eyes wide. Outside shoes were abandoned just inside the door and inside slippers appeared from their bags and onto their feet.

They took in the surroundings. The three bedroom furnished apartment was far nicer than any apartment they had ever been in before. All the females were standing in the entryway and feeling a bit awkward. Joshua walked up to Ana Fe. He put his arms around her and whispered in her ear, *You are more beautiful than I imagined, even after seeing you on the webcam. If you are as good a woman to me as you are beautiful, then I will be a happy husband.*

He then took her into his arms and kissed her in a way that clearly was meant to show his desire for her. Ana Fe was surprised by his passion and after the initial shock gave way, she responded in kind. It had been years since she had been kissed like that. It had been so long that she had forgotten how wonderful it was to receive such a kiss. The kiss lasted a full two minutes before it ended slowly and with mutual regret. Ana Fe looked into Joshua's eyes and said to him, *I brought a Bible. Will you swear to Jesus that you good to all of us?*

*Yes, I will so swear.*

Ana Fe produced the Bible from her bag and held it up to Joshua. Joshua put his right hand on the Bible and spoke, *I swear before the father, the son and the Holy Spirit that I will treat each of my four wives with love. That I will never raise my hand or voice to any one of you. I will never abandon you, so long as you do not leave me, never divorce or seek an annulment. I further swear that I promise this with the understanding*

*that each wife will be a good, loyal and honest wife to me. This I swear, in Jesus' name, so help me God.*

Joshua removed his hand from the bible and asked Ana Fe, *Now will you swear an oath to be a good loyal and obedient wife?*

Ana Fe, holding the bible with one hand and the other on the top, spoke. *I swear before the father, the son and the Holy Spirit that I obey my husband and do as he asks. This I swear, in Jesus' name, so help me God. OK?*

Joshua was pleased. *Yes. You OK?*

*Yes.*

Next Joshua turned to Mary. Mary was shaking as Joshua's arms enveloped her. Mary allowed herself to be handled by this man. He was more handsome than she had expected. He was bigger, stronger and her whole body disappeared in his arms. He put a hand under her chin and gently tilted her head up to meet his. He bent down, his lips met hers. It was like nothing she had experienced before. Nothing had prepared her for this. Joshua was a man, not a boy. She was being possessed, as she had never been before. It was thrilling. Mary was having a hard time remembering the boy she thought she loved. She felt safe in Joshua's embrace. He was not rough with her but she could feel his resolve.

As he let loose of Mary, Janna was right there to take her place. No encouragement was needed now. Janna jumped into Joshua's arms, her legs wrapping around his hips, her arms around his neck. The kiss was intense. Janna had no interest in stopping or even coming up for air. It was the giggling and laughter from Mary and Ana Fe that finally slowed Janna down and allowed Joshua to place her feet back on the floor.

Joshua lifted Ricca up, one arm supporting her legs and bottom, the other behind her shoulders. Joshua whispered in Ricca's ear. *You are the one I wanted the most to be my wife and with you I will always be tender and careful. I know you are very young. I promise I will never hurt you. Will you give me your love, Ricca?*

Ricca nuzzled Joshua's ear and whispered back. *I want to be a doctor but, I will also have your children. I will be your real wife.*

And with that, Joshua received what only his dreams had imagined before, a romantic kiss from a twelve-year-old who had just told him she would be his wife and bear him children. That he didn't come in his pants was more a sign of his advancing age than his sexual excitement. The kiss was slow, sweet, juicy and warm. Ricca's fingers were in his hair and the child was mewling. The kiss came to a conclusion. Joshua kissed Ricca's forehead and put her down.

Joshua quietly gathered his thoughts. He had never asked himself about what happened now. This wasn't sex for money. These people would be with him for many years to come or, at least, he hoped so. He was winging it now. He was winging it with four beauties all looking at him.

*I think we need to sit down and talk. First, is your English good enough that you understand me? Will each of you tell me if you understand what I am saying?*

Janna answered, *I understand, Sir Joshua.*

They moved to the chairs around the only table in the room. Mary, as she sat down, spoke. *Yes, I think we all understand.*

Ana Fe and Ricca sat, while raising their eyebrows twice in agreement.

*We are going to live together for this month. I know I will need to pay for transportation. That I can and will do. However, if, after two weeks, we all think this is working, you, Ana Fe, and you, Mary, will quit your jobs and spend extra time with me. Janna and Ricca need to stay in school. I will provide the money that is lost from the jobs from then on until we are in the States. As soon as I get back to the USA I will file for a fiancée visa for you, Ana Fe. I will easily get my part of the visa process through. As soon as my part is done in the USA, I will return here to be with the four of you. I will stay with you until the visas are provided and then we will travel together back to the USA. Do you understand me?*

More eyebrows raised and lowered. They had understood.

*As soon as we get to the USA, Ana Fe, you and I will marry. Marriage is for life. Make no mistake about this. If you marry me, there will be no divorce or annulment. As far as the USA will be concerned we will be husband and wife. In our home, Ana Fe, you will be one of four wives. I*



*will love you all and treat each wife the same. There will be no number 1 wife... all are equal. Pregnancy is only an option for my wives who have reached their eighteenth birthday. Until then there will be no surprise pregnancies. Those of you under that age will use birth control, which I will pay for. Are we in agreement?*

Ana Fe said, in a very clear voice, Yes.

*Now, sex is a wonderful thing and you will all be experiencing it. Here are at least some rules about sex. No one outside this room is to be a sex partner. All sexual contact will be only between us and that includes me. I will not be having sex with anyone else. All sex must be consensual. By that, I mean no one should ever be required to have sex that they don't want. All sex must be without the intentional causing of pain. There will be no sex that others can ever see. What happens between the five of us is private to us. Are we in agreement?*

Eyebrows raised and lowered. They had understood.

- *About your bodies. There will be no tattoos. I spent twenty years in the Navy without a tattoo and, you don't need them either. Each of you will watch your diet and stay slim, as you are now.*
- *About life in the USA. I expect each of you to either continue your education or keep busy with a job or hobby. But I do not need your money, and so if you work, all your earnings are yours to keep.*
- *I expect what I said in the emails: loyalty, honesty, sex, and no gossip. Everything else we can work out as we go along. Are you OK with that?*

This time it was Mary who spoke. *I was the one who most unsure about coming to you. I was wrong. I think you will be a good person for us. When can you get us birth control? I think we all need to feel your love inside us.*

*Just to be very careful, Janna and Ricca will remain virgins until we are in the USA. Mary, I will give you money to go to a health clinic as soon as you can get there. OK?*

Janna exploded, No!

Ana Fe was having none of that. *Child! Joshua is right and you will do what he says.*

Joshua took Ana Fe's comment to Janna as final and decided to just continue without further comment regarding Janna's outburst.

*Ana Fe... I will wear a condom for the first two weeks. If we decide that this is really what you and I want, then I will be very happy to give you a child. Is that OK?*

*I want no children from you until you marry me.*

*OK. Then you need birth control too.*

Mary was concerned. *Will you wear a condom with me until I have birth control?*

*Yes, Mary, I will.*

*What about my brother's family?*

*I will provide ₱5,500 each month from now on. Is that what you need to know?*

Ana Fe raised her eyebrows twice.

*Now this is our home for a while. We need food. There is nothing to eat in here. We also need soap, shampoo, toothpaste and cleaning supplies. I know you are all busy during the day. How do we get what we need?*

*Sir Joshua, I have some money left from what you give before, Mary and I will get what we need for the CR and cleaning. Janna can pick up some rice from the **sari-sari**<sup>8</sup> store on the street and chicken from [Chooks to Go](#).*

Joshua doubted that there was really enough and over Ana Fe's objections handed another ten thousand pesos to her. Her eyes went/opened wide.

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<sup>8</sup> Sari-Sari store [Pronounced: sorry-sorry] A convenience store with a little of all the basics.

*I don't need this much!*

*Then don't spend it all.* He then whispered something in her ear that no one else could hear.

He handed one thousand pesos to Janna and watched three of his prospective wives hop to it, leaving him with Ricca.

As the last of the three slipped out the door, Ricca slid onto Joshua's lap.

Ricca was wearing a dress, panties and nothing else. She had kicked off her shoes when she came in. Now she kicked off her slippers. Her arms circled Joshua's neck. Joshua's right hand found Ricca's thighs and pushed them open a bit. They kissed as his hand slid up to her crotch and rubbed the area, up and down. The two continued kissing with Ricca holding Joshua's head in her hands. Joshua slid his hand under her panties. He broke the kiss long enough to slide Ricca off his lap, remove her panties and pull her back onto his lap. He spread her legs wide. The child made no effort to resist. There was peach fuzz on her pussy and nothing more. The evidence of the fuzz was evidence that Ricca had entered puberty. Joshua lightly stoked the outside of her labia. Ricca moaned.

Joshua was excited and rock hard, but he had determined that it was too dangerous to take the child now. So he lifted Ricca up as he stood, moved her until she was sitting on the edge of a table. Then Joshua knelt down and took his first taste of twelve-year-old pussy. What he tasted surprised him. Ricca had yet to develop the cleanliness habits of adults and her body odor was strong. Still he didn't want to let Ricca think there was any problem lest it have long-term ramifications. Joshua's tongue worked its way through the labia and licked up from as low as his tongue could reach, then up past the clit, and up over the hood. Ricca shivered in delight. Joshua continued to lick her for a good five minutes, stopping before there was a chance she might get sore. His reward was a nice slow, long kiss.

Joshua opened his trouser fly and took his member out.

Joshua asked the child, *Would you like to kiss this?*

Ricca slid off the table and knelt before her man. She took the member in her hands. She had no way to know if it was large, small or average. To her it was huge.

*What do I do?*

*Taste it. Lick it, kiss it.*

*That's all?*

*No, once you get used to it you can take the end of it in your mouth.*

*I don't understand.*

*You know how you liked it when I licked your pussy up and down?*

*Yes. [giggle]*

*Do that sort of thing with my cock in your mouth.*

The girl did as told. At first she licked Joshua's dick up and back down. She kissed it all over, and then took it in her mouth. It didn't go far. But she bobbed up and down for a bit. Then sat back and looked up at Joshua who, it seemed, was in a state of euphoria.

*Is that right?*

*Yes, yes Ricca, that was good. The only thing you could do to make it better would be to think of my penis as a straw that you need to suck on. If you suck long enough, and good enough, you will get what's at the bottom of the straw.*

*What will I get?*

*My cum, Ricca, you will get my cum. It's milky white, sticky to touch, tastes a little salty, but is very good for you. Swallowing cum makes you grow more beautiful.*

*Really?*

*Really.*

And so Ricca returned to Joshua's dick. This time she was bobbing her head up and down, hand stroking the remainder of the member. She sucked on his dick with a strength that surprised and excited Joshua. For a first time giver of head, she was fantastic.

Joshua watched her head bobbing below him. He felt the suction on his penis. His left hand was on the back of her head but not pushing her in any way. His balls were tightening when he turned his head and saw Janna standing silently in the dark, a plastic sack in one hand, while the other hand lifted the skirt of her dress up. Her panties were pushed down. Janna was fingering her clit as she watched her younger sister give Joshua head. The sight was beyond erotic, the suction on his dick was beyond intense. Joshua, who had not masturbated in five days, grunted a warning that he was going to cum just seconds before he dumped a huge load in Ricca's mouth. Ricca, slightly prepared for the event, allowed very little to get out past her lips. Most was swallowed as instructed. She used her own fingers to capture what had leaked out and consume it.

*Like that?*

*Yes, perfect.*

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## All in the Family

Joshua raised Ricca off her knees and kissed her. It was a salty kiss. He was tasting himself. His hands were on Ricca's bare ass as she pressed against him. That would have been perfect but for one thing. Joshua was still hard. That he could cum like he did and still be hard was news to Joshua. Ricca and Janna had no idea this was unusual. As they kissed, Joshua was watching Janna as she continued to frig herself to orgasm. Just watching was hot. Kissing and playing with Ricca's ass and watching was incredibly hot.

Joshua kept playing with Ricca right through Janna's orgasm. Janna was leaning against the wall and just shaking in the aftermath, when Joshua whispered into Ricca's ear that they had company. Joshua broke away from Ricca, with one exception; he had hold of her hands as he walked to Janna. Joshua's dick was still hard and it was still waving like a flag in the air as he approached Janna. The older girl just looked at him as he took his free hand and reached to touch Janna's pussy. Their bodies were not so close as to be touching. He moved Ricca's hand back to his cock and placed it there. As Ricca started jacking him off, with a gentle hand, now free of Ricca's hand, he touched Ricca's shoulder and guided her down. She got the message and started giving him head again.

Now Joshua leaned into Janna and, with the same free hand now placed on the back of her neck, he brought her forward to his lips. Janna's pussy was dripping. As a second orgasm ripped through her body, Janna's hands clamped around the back of Joshua's head and she smashed her lips and tongue into his mouth.

Ricca was sucking on his dick with a power that was pulling him over the edge. Ricca had not been idle in other ways either. She had unbuttoned and unzipped Joshua's trousers. They had dropped to the floor. She had pulled down the back of his boxers and had two hands on his ass. Then without really having a plan she took one of her hands and grabbed Joshua's balls. She held them still but squeezed as she continued to suck and bob on him.

Joshua was on autopilot. He rammed his thumb up Janna's pussy, breaking her maidenhead. He rammed his index finger up her ass. He

pulled the strap of her dress down and grabbed a breast which he then mauled.

Janna's third orgasm was epic. She didn't know if she was peeing, squirting, shitting or farting. She knew her body was out of control and she screamed like she had never screamed before. Joshua, on the receiving end of some of this, also lost it and came a second time in Ricca's mouth. This time Ricca didn't lose a drop and continued sucking, which produced a third dry orgasm for Joshua.

For a few minutes after, they just stayed like they were statues. And then, Ricca started giggling, and saying that they sure did need some cleaning supplies now! Which caused both Janna and Joshua to laugh. The three disengaged, regrouped, redressed and with a lot more kissing and touching, cleaned up as well as they could. Janna went back out for the chicken as Ricca started cooking the rice that was in the bag that had been in Janna's hand when she first walked in the door.

Janna had just made it back with the chicken, and the rice needed only five more minutes, when Ana Fe and Mary returned with the cleaning and bathroom supplies. Mary got about putting things away, but Ana Fe had a look in her eyes that Janna had never seen before. As Joshua had never met them before this evening, he had no way of knowing, but Janna sensed that her mother sensed something had gone on while they were gone.

As Ricca and Mary got things ready to eat and Joshua was out of the room, Ana Fe spoke to Janna. *Tell me what happen child. I want to hear all of it.*

*If you want to hear the beginning, you have to ask Ricca. I came in later.*

Ana Fe summoned Ricca and told her to tell her everything from the beginning.

Ricca did just that, starting with her decision to climb up on Joshua's lap. Ricca knew she had done nothing wrong. She also knew that she was Joshua's special wife. She was proud of what she had done and described it in both exquisite detail and remarkable accuracy.

Then Janna added her part with Ricca filling in other details. It was a hot and racy tale. Her youngest had already had sex with her putative husband, but he had not done anything he had not said he would do. Her girls had been willing participants. Ana Fe was pissed, sad and more than a bit jealous. She told her kids to get back to getting supper on the table and she went to wash her face. When she came out of the CR, they were ready to sit and eat.

Supper started out quietly until Ana Fe piped up and said, *Well Sir Joshua, you have been busy tonight. Too bad you won't have anything left for the woman you say you want to marry.* Ana Fe was not smiling.

*My dear fiancée, if you have purchased the thing I asked you to purchase, I promise you that I will give you all you can handle tonight when we go to bed.*

*Ha! You talk big but I do not think you will get big!*

*Eat your chicken woman. You'll need all the energy you can get for tonight. I'm going to fuck you so long and hard, you will be crying for Mary to take over!*

*I will be a lucky woman if that thing you have works by tomorrow night. You will never get hard again tonight.*

*And what will you do if you are wrong and I can do you tonight like I said?*

*It will not happen.*

*Yes, yes, we know your opinion. The question is what will you do if you are wrong?*

Ana Fe was not inclined to say anything, but her children were there and they were egging her on. If he really could not perform, what was she really risking?

*You can have anything you want. Just name it and if I can give it to you, it is yours.*



Poor Ana Fe, she was in for a long night. Joshua had just taken Viagra. As he had come before and as Viagra tends to stave off male orgasms anyway, he would be hard for a long time without cum. Ana Fe had already lost, she just didn't know it.

The kitchen and supper area were cleaned and everything was properly stored. At 8:30pm, they all went to bed. Ricca and Janna to one bedroom, Mary to the second, and Joshua with Ana Fe to the third. For Mary, it was the first time in her life she would sleep alone. She was both excited and scared. Sleep came slowly. When would she have sex with this man? Things were happening so fast.

Janna and Ricca were exhausted and sated. Sex, that wonderful and totally new thing that they had experienced this evening, produced a desire to just sleep without worry or concern, and that is exactly what happened. They fell asleep in each other's embrace.

For Ana Fe, things were a great deal more interesting. She was still in that fine dress she had purchased with this man's money. He had asked her to retrieve her heels from the entryway where they had been left when they came in the front door. She was now wearing them. Joshua asked her to slowly remove her dress but keep her heels on. She complied. Ana Fe, for all her earlier bravado, was scared and shaking. She was now standing in bra, panties and heels. Joshua walked all around her, and while standing behind her, he unfastened the clasp on her bra. With one hand, he removed the bra. He stepped back and took a good look at this woman he would most likely marry. There was not one stretch mark; no sign that she had borne three babes. Her breasts were large for an Asian, maybe a C cup, but still fought gravity and were perky. There was not an ounce of fat on her. She was amazing, and all those men who logged onto the websites had ignored her. Their loss was Joshua's gain.

Joshua instructed Ana Fe to remove her panties and hand them to him. She did as requested. She stood, straight and proud. She refused to show her fear to this man, who had already debauched her children. She should be angry with him. She wasn't. But, she was afraid of what would happen next. He walked around her. She was without any pussy hair. Her body was perfect and the heels made her look even better. He wanted to fuck her right now, but she was probably not wet yet. He checked with a finger and found a little dampness, but not enough.

He told her to sit on the edge of the bed heels still on. She complied. He knelt down on the tile floor and gently took her legs, lifting them over his shoulders. He pulled her ass to the edge of the mattress and dove in tongue first. She tasted clean. There was no odor at all.

She almost gasped when he ran his finger between her labia. She was fearful when he told her to sit on the edge of the bed. But when he dropped to his knees, she was in disbelief. She was thirty-five years old and no man had ever put his mouth on her pussy. She didn't expect it. Nothing that she had been told about how men acted prepared her for this. This man was running his tongue into her pussy. Her ass cheeks were in his hands and his fingers were exploring her ass as her clit was being stimulated in ways she would be unable to describe to anyone. She had forgotten how it felt to be a complete woman. Now she remembered. And now she also got angry, because what she needed more than anything else, a good hair raising fucking, would not come tonight, as this guy had already made his deposit. He was done for the night, of that she was sure.

Her anger merged with her physical need and produced a powerful orgasm. She smashed her pussy into the man's face. Damn him for already giving his cum. What she could not know, because she couldn't see, was that Joshua was hard again. As her orgasm subsided, Joshua was unbuttoning his shirt and trousers. He had already taken off his socks. He was quickly out of everything including the boxers. He had kept her there on the edge of the bed. Now, by holding her legs, he adjusted her height in relation to his member and then, without a condom, plunged in bareback. There was no chance that he could cum right now and, based on everything he knew about her, Ana Fe had not been with a man in ten years. There was no way she carried a disease.

Ana Fe had forgotten how much she missed a man... until now. Memories were now rekindled, but memory did not compare with the real thing, happening right now. She felt him in the most complete and intimate way a woman can feel a man. He was insistent, but not rough or mean. He found her rhythm. They worked together, these two essential strangers who had just met tonight. And yet, she already knew she was his; his to keep, or to discard; his to love or not; his for better or worse. She was his for as long as they both might live.

It had been such a long time since she had a man in her that she was both close to coming and beginning to feel some irritation. She must have shown something to him, because he had her turn over. He was still just standing on the side of the bed as he pummeled her pussy. Now he came into her pussy from behind. Oh, he was so deep in her. She was grunting and gasping before she felt his fingers on her clit. That's when she exploded for the very first time in a decade. That's when she cried out in her native tongue the word for Yes! It's a good thing that Joshua knew that 'OO!' means 'Yes!' or he might have thought he had hurt her. But that was the first orgasm while inside her. Joshua was still rock hard and had no reason to quit. He continued to fuck her and play with her clit right through the orgasm and that brought the next one and then another. Ana Fe was sobbing now. Joshua was holding her in place so that he could continue to plow her pussy. She no longer controlled her muscles.

Then, in a little girl voice as if from far away, he heard her say, *Maha<sup>9</sup>, please, no more, I can't.*

Joshua stopped. He might be a pervert to the rest of the world, but when a woman said 'no' it was 'no.'

Ana Fe, from below him, said, *Come, my love, please hold me.* And so Joshua climbed onto the bed and gathered his wife-to-be in his arms. She was crying.

*I'm sorry I make you stop. Thank you, Mahal. Maybe I will get better next time.*

*What do you mean? You were great. You must have cum three times.*

*But I didn't make you cum.* And she sobbed again.

*Woman, you were right to say earlier that I had already spent my cum. What you were wrong about was to think I couldn't get hard. It is not your fault. It is going to be very difficult for me to cum a third time tonight, and I guess I won't, as I seem to have made you sore.*

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<sup>9</sup> Means 'Dear' as in 'my dear' or as in 'expensive.' [Pronounced mah-HAL]

*You have one more of us. Take Mary and give her your cum. Take us all tonight and show us why you need four wives.*

*OK but first I would like to kiss you for a while. Would that be OK with you?*

*Yes, my Mahal. Very much, yes.*

The kissing was playful. It was tender. Ana Fe tried to tickle Joshua under his *kilikil<sup>10</sup>*, but found he wasn't ticklish. That caused a humorous panic in her as she was very ticklish and she was sure he would retaliate. He didn't. In this hour of sweet intimacy, the two cemented a caring and trust that would endure. Ana Fe learned by his actions that Joshua was safe, but that his needs would outstrip her ability to satisfy him alone. She accommodated herself to his need for the four of them and she chose a role for herself in this different type of marriage. She would be his partner. She learned that he liked honesty. He didn't mind being challenged. He would admit his limitations. And over all else, he seemed to have deep affection for her. As much as he had told them they were all equals in this marriage, he had told her they were still her daughters and she had the right to make that clear to the girls when needed.

By the end of the hour, Ana Fe was insistent that Joshua go to Mary, remarking that he still had a woody. Joshua wasn't so sure that it was such a good plan. Ana Fe got off the bed, grabbed Joshua by the balls and 'convinced' him to get up as well. Once he was up, she swapped her hold on his balls for hold of his hand, and together they exited the master bedroom and entered Mary's.

Mary was still awake. She was lying there in frustrated confusion about what would happen next. The door opened and in the darkness, she was able to make out who had entered. She rose up on an elbow, turning to the naked pair. The mother and daughter spoke in Cebuano.

Ana Fe addressed her daughter, *Good evening, child.*

*Good evening, Mother.*

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<sup>10</sup> Arm pits

*Your future husband needs to be with you.*

*Why, Mother?*

*I am not enough for him, child. He is a man with strong needs. He took care of mine but I left him unsatisfied. It is now your turn.*

*I don't know how. Mother, I am frightened.*

*This man will teach you. He is a kind lover.*

*I am glad for that, but am still scared. Will you stay with me?*

Ana Fe turned to Joshua and whispered to him, *She is frightened and asks me to stay with her while you make love to her. What you want me to do?*

*Stay.*

Ana Fe mounted the bed and assumed a position next to her daughter. She took hold of her daughter's hand as Joshua also climbed onto the bed and assumed a position along Mary's other side. He lay on his side, facing the teenager. He placed his free hand on the girl's chin and drew her face towards him for a kiss. It was a soft kiss. Slowly, tongues met, and a sense of urgency was imparted.

Joshua's hand was now on the crease between Mary's thighs. They were not spreading, and rather than fight the girl, he moved his hand up over the shaved pussy, slowly over her flat belly and to her breasts. Settling on one breast, he rolled the nipple between two fingers. This engendered a moan. The kissing continued as Joshua continued to tease Mary's breasts. Then he moved down, placing his face level with the breasts. He took a nipple by mouth and sucked, hard. His hand was now over her mons. She pushed her pelvis up against the hand. He curled his index finger over her enlarged labia and waited for a response. He got it when she spread her legs and pushed up further against his finger.

He now slid down further and placed himself between Mary's legs. With her mother's gentle whisper offering guidance, she allowed this. Joshua had his first taste of the seventeen-year-old beauty. She smelled a little like roses. Her taste was as perfect as her mother's had been.

For Joshua, this was a banquet. He stayed between Mary's legs for a good fifteen minutes, and in those fifteen minutes, Mary experienced the first two orgasms of her life. After the second one, Joshua's jaw was about to give out and he moved up on Mary again. Staying between her legs, he attempted to mount her. But Mary was not yet skilled in assisting by the adjusting of her hips for the initiation of coitus. Ana Fe for the second time provided mediation. With Ana Fe guiding Mary, Joshua's penis spread Mary's labia and ran right into her intact hymen.

Joshua spoke to Mary. *My love, I am about to cause you some pain. I cannot avoid this, but the pain will be one time only and on the other side of the pain is great pleasure. Are you ready?*

Mary gripped Ana Fe's hand very tightly and said, *Yes.*

Joshua applied pressure and the membrane gave way without a fuss. There would be some blood this time, but that is all.

Mary felt the pain quite distinctly. It hurt! But slowly the pain gave way. A new sensation of pleasure replaced it.

Joshua's slow and steady rhythm was easy to follow. Arousal replaced even the memory of the pain as the two of them joined together in the ritual dance of the ages. Joshua raised her legs up over his shoulders as his cock skewered the pussy beneath him. Mary was vocal in her encouragement for more and harder. He tried to respond in kind. With a free hand, he found the back of Ana Fe's head and brought it to Mary's breast. Ana Fe knew what he wanted her to do. She never ever would have done this before this evening, but now she was his. If this is what he wanted, she would do it. She started to suck hard.

Mary went wild.

Joshua was not done. He was still fucking Mary. But, once again, with a free hand, he found Ana Fe's free hand and guided it to Mary's clit. And again, Ana Fe complied with her man's expectation.

The combination of fucking, sucking and clit flicking took Mary over the edge. She was experiencing a rolling orgasm. She was unable to distinguish one from the next. The screams were intense. The spasming was nonstop. Bodily fluids soaked the mattress. This was finally too

much for Joshua who was once again inside one of his future wives bareback.

He cried out, *Get me a condom!*

*No, this time she has a right to feel you and feel everything. Give it to her.*

And Joshua did. It was a heavy load and the third one of the evening. As the hot cum hit the back walls of Mary's cunt, she exploded again. Her words were incoherent.

And then, all was quiet. All activity stopped as Joshua rolled back onto Mary's side.

Finally it was Mary who spoke [in Cebuano], *That is what you lost ten years ago so that you could stay and raise us?*

*Yes, and no, child. Yes, I lost having sex and sex is good. But it was never this good for me before. Our new husband-to-be is really special.*

*I had no idea anything could be this good. I will never give up having this.*

*Why don't you tell that to the man who is next to you.*

[In English] *Sir Joshua, I...*

*Please, Mary, call me Joshua. No more 'Sir', ok?*

*OK, Joshua. I want to tell you, I yours now. There is no reason to wait two weeks unless you need to. I yours and I do not think you get rid of me even if you try. I bet you ask Mother, she say the same thing. You have four wives. You able to do that [giggle] and I think you kill one woman if she alone with you... so we your wives now.*

*My daughter tell you the truth, Mahal.*

[In Cebuano] *Mother, you call him, Mahal?*

*Yes.*

*Is it OK if I call him that too?*

*Of course. [and back to English] Mahal, the three of us must sleep in the other bed. This one is too wet.*



## Reality v. Fantasy

The next morning nothing quite happened as it had been planned. Everyone slept in late. Ricca and Janna were up first, though they didn't know that immediately. They went to Mary's room. It was empty. She was gone. They quietly knocked on the master bedroom door. There was no response. They opened the door. Three souls were sprawled upon the bed, and were quite soundly asleep.

The two girls quietly backed out of the room and went to the kitchen. There they heated up the rice and the chicken for breakfast, following which they washed up. Somewhere in that process, their mother joined them and then, finally, the two stragglers appeared. When all had assembled at the table, it was Ana Fe who called the family meeting to order.

[In English — and Joshua noted that her English improved as she relaxed more with him] *Last night many things changed. Joshua, you had us all. You did things to me and Mary. You turned our hearts to you. You have them. We do not need the two weeks. We do not want to be away for weeks. You are ours now. Same as we yours. And with a big grin, We not allow you leave us.*

Mary was in complete agreement and indicated so via raised eyebrows to Janna and Ricca. The two younger ones were in the dark as to what had transpired, but they were happy to hear of the change in attitude from Mary and their mother.

Joshua was normally a cautious man. He had thought he would need at least a couple of weeks to be sure, but now he felt caution would be a mistake. *I agree with you. What do you see happening now?*

*Janna and Ricca must go to school. Please give them money for travel. They can get to school with Jeepney and tricycle. They need P50 each for transportation and P80 for lunch. They meet us at the old place after school today for the rest of our things. Mary and I quit our jobs today. The allowance you say you give to us and my brother. It must start now.*

Joshua handed three P50 notes each, to Ricca and Janna. The two girls scurried off to get to school — late though they be.

*Ana Fe, I accept what you say as the way it will be. There are some things that I need and if you are going to be with me in the mornings, I need to explain to you that I am in desperate need of some coffee right now. Then a big grin spread across his face before he got control and replaced it with a straight faced...And I agree to providing the allowance starting now. When was the last time you gave your brother his money?*

*October 1<sup>st</sup>.*

*So he doesn't need cash until November 1<sup>st</sup>. He will get that.*

*[In Cebuano] Mother we both have money that we can use for the rest of the month. We do not need Joshua's money for us. We only need it for Joshua and this place.*

*[In English] Mary you must speak in English now. You are right. We have money already for the rest of normal month. But to take care of our Joshua and this place we need help.*

*Joshua removed his wallet from the front pocket of his slacks, where he kept it when in the Philippines. Here are fifty thousand pesos. You two are responsible for our apartment. Of course, I want you to be careful with the money, but purchase what we need as we need it. I will arrange for you to stay here after I leave to the USA to file the paperwork. I will then come back and stay here with you until the visas come through. So we might as well settle in here.*

*Mahal, I need to go back. I must talk to brother's wife first and then brother. Maybe I go this afternoon. Then maybe we take my brother's family to restaurant for dinner. We get the rest of our stuff before we come back here. Mary bring you. OK? Oh.. and Mahal, you need get Philippine cell phone. Then we can call and text you! Mary helps you with that OK?*

*Agreed. Now where can I get a cup of coffee — real coffee — not that damned instant Nescafe!*

*Joshua had to settle for Nescafe that morning, but was promised that they would rectify the situation by the next day. Ana Fe and Mary launched off to formally resign from their positions. They returned in*

time to all go out to a local *Turo Turo*<sup>11</sup> for lunch. Joshua had eaten Filipino food before and, while he was no expert, he had no problems finding enough to eat that day.

After lunch, Ana Fe left to see her sister-in-law. Mary and Joshua took a jeepney to Gaisano Country Mall. There they located a cell phone, a Smart Cellular<sup>12</sup> SIM, a ₱1000 load for the phone and a coffee maker. In the supermarket downstairs, they found coffee filters and ground coffee. There was no table cream, but they were able to purchase fresh milk. They also purchased eggs and noodles and so much else that they needed a taxi to bring it all back to the apartment.

Mary confided in Joshua that she had never in her life spent so much money. It was scary. Was he sure he could afford this. When would he run out of money? Joshua took the girl's concern seriously.

Mary had a background in basic bookkeeping so, for the rest of the afternoon, with the use of his laptop and Excel, he showed Mary the sources of his income and the monthly demands on those funds. He also showed her his savings accounts and other investments he had built up. Since all he had shown her was in dollars, he then converted it all to Pesos so that she could get a sense of the difference between what they had spent and what they had to work with.

It took over two hours, but by the end, Mary knew a number of things. Everything Joshua had said he would do, he could do for as long as would ever be needed. That included paying for schooling, taking care of Ricardo's family — a tiny sum based on his finances, and all else that they might experience. He wasn't as rich as Pacquiao<sup>13</sup> but they would be OK. The next thing she learned was that he treated her with respect and trust. Now she would have to prove to him that she deserved that from him. The last thing, and the thing that surprised her the most, was that he told her he would be expecting her to help him manage the finances for the family. She had done that for the last few years for her mother, but for some reason he had chosen her to do that with him, even though it was clear that he was quite capable of doing it himself.

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<sup>11</sup> Literally "point-point", street food vendors.

<sup>12</sup> Smart Cellular is a cell phone service provider of both pre and post-paid connectivity.

<sup>13</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manny\\_Pacquiao](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Manny_Pacquiao)

Joshua *was* able to do it all on his own, but when Mary raised her concern, Joshua instantly knew a good thing when he saw it. It was clear that she had grasped everything. She could help him in two ways. As she knew the reality of the finances she could tamp down outrageous requests from others and hers would be another pair of eyes watching over the store to make sure things didn't go missing. He sensed that he had been right when he explained it all to her. She took it in and actually understood it. He had a financial comrade. She had a conservative streak that was beneficial.

Ana Fe had no idea how much Ricardo actually needed. Mary did know. She knew how much of what they paid to him covered the additional cost of having them there. While Joshua would send the ₱5,500 a month to Ricardo's family, Mary estimated that he really was short only ₱2,000 a month. Mary also disclosed that she had opened up a savings account and was making more than she had led her mother to believe. It was her version of the family safety net. She figured that, at some point, and for some reason, the world would come crashing down on them and they would need money. She had intended to be the magician and pull the rabbit out of the hat. That alone taught Joshua an important lesson about his new family.

Joshua asked Mary if she would like to pursue a degree in accounting and set herself up in an accounting practice. Mary was incredulous. Was such a thing possible? He assured her it was. Then and there, Joshua gained not only the allegiance of the girl, he gained something far greater. Mary had someone who cared not only for a warm body at night and someone who might produce children, but a mate who wanted her to pursue her dreams. That was something she had not thought possible. Her Joshua had proven that all her previous assumptions about him were wrong. From that moment on, in Mary's eyes, her Joshua could do no wrong.

Mary's cell chimed and displayed Ana Fe's SMS text message. They would need to leave from the apartment for a restaurant at 6:30pm.

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It had been a difficult afternoon for Ana Fe. When she walked into the apartment, Analen was clearly distraught. The fact that Ana Fe had a gift of a candy bar for her didn't help Analen's mood in the least.

[Translated from the Cebuano]

*Analen, everything is going to be OK, I promise you.*

*Ate, how can you say that? What has happened? Where did you stay last night? How did you afford the beauty parlor for all of you? Where did you get those clothes you wore last night and today? Why aren't you at work?*

*First I will tell you that even though we will no longer be living here, I will give you and Ricardo ₱5,500 each month forever. I will never walk away from helping you and your family. And in the future, I will be able to send you balikbayan boxes too. I have found a man. He is taking me, and the girls, to the USA. We are staying with him now.*

*How can you be sure about this man, Ate?*

*I can be sure. That is all I can tell you. You will meet him tonight. We are all going out for supper to the restaurant, Spice Fusion, in the Town Center Mall. I have the money for the taxi for all of us in both directions. Ricca and Janna will come here after school, and we will meet Mary and Joshua at the apartment and then we will all go to the restaurant. So you do not need to cook anything tonight. And yes, Mary and I have quit our jobs. That is why I can be here now. If you need help with the kids during the day for a few months, either Mary or I can come here and help. Ricca and Janna need to stay in school. To answer the question about how I afford all this, Joshua has been providing me money. Before he got here he gave me ₱25,000 and now he gave us an extra ₱50,000 to take care of the new apartment, our food and anything that comes up. Analen you know I made only ₱96,000 a year. The ₱75,000 didn't include the rent on the three bedroom apartment which he already paid. We are really OK and so are you. You will have the money we were providing without as many people here.*

Analen was far from sanguine. The discussion went on for a long time. Analen was furious that both Ana Fe and Mary had summarily quit their jobs. She was panicked that the money flow that was promised would end and end badly. There was little Ana Fe was able to do to assuage Analen's upset. At one point Analen literally screamed in Cebuano, *Show*

*me the money!* To which Ana Fe, who had been very careful with every Peso Joshua had provided, displayed ₱35,000 on the kitchen table.

Analen smirked and said, *Where's the rest of the ₱50,000?*

*Mary has ₱25,000. The rest was spent on clothing and the beauty parlor.*

Analen was quieted down, if not mollified. The discussion, at that point, if not desultory, was at least less animated. The two women were cooperating with each other, if not completely happily. Ana Fe was bagging things up that needed to go to the new apartment. Analen was cleaning, sweeping and wiping down prior to reclaiming the space for her family.

That was a weird feeling for Analen. For the first time in her marriage to Ricardo, she would have an apartment that wasn't shared with others. It was exciting and frightening. She hoped things worked out for Ana Fe, but she knew that, time and time again, the trusting hearts of sweet Filipinas had been ripped to shreds by untrustworthy men, both foreign and domestic.

So it was with some real experience that Analen feared for the loss of everything — for all of them — now that Ana Fe and Mary had quit their employment.

The mood lightened considerably when the schoolgirls returned to the apartment late that afternoon. Ricca ran up to Analen and launched herself into her aunt's arms, giggling all the way. Analen almost fell over in the airborne assault. Catastrophe was narrowly avoided as peals of laughter rang out in those rooms.

[In Cebuano]

*Has Mother told you, Auntie?*

*Told me what little one?*

*About Joshua?*

*Yes she has. Do you like him?*

*He is the greatest! He's nice to all of us. Even Mary likes him!*

*Well then, I guess he must be OK.*

*Oh yes, Auntie, he is.*

*Janna, do you agree with your sister?*

*Yes, Auntie. Joshua is a very good man.*

*What am I to do without you girls helping me?*

Analen tried to keep the smile on her face as she got hugs from both girls. Then they all got busy packing up. By the time Ricardo got home, the job was done. He got instructions to take a quick shower and get ready to go out for supper. Before he could ask a question or complain that they could not afford such silliness, he got one of those looks from two women that told men, all over the world, to shut it and get with the program. Ricardo, being no slouch, got the message and into the shower forthwith.

It took two taxis to carry Ricardo, Analen, Ana Fe, Janna, Ricca and the two little ones, plus six large plastic sacks of stuff, to the apartment in Banilad. On the way, Analen filled her husband in on the day's events and information. Analen presented it without any spin. She wanted to believe it would work, and was fearful it would not.

Ricardo said nothing at all. He did nothing at all except to look out of the windows of a taxi that he could not afford. He would meet this Joshua and make up his own mind. Women were unreliable when it came to reading the qualities of a man.

The ride to the apartment in Banilad, only 12km away, at this time of night took 45 minutes. As they approached, Ana Fe sent Mary an SMS message to meet them outside and help get the bags inside. It was dark when the taxis rolled up to the apartment complex.

Ana Fe called out to Mary, *What's the fare there?*

Mary asked the driver and called back to her mother. The fares were the same. That was good news. Some taxi drivers had hacked their meters to overcharge customers. It was getting to be a real problem. Comparing fares gave reasonable assurance that these meters had not been altered.

Mary then paid the driver who had carried Ricardo's family, while Ana Fe took care of her taxi fare. Both asked their respective drivers a question and then gave each other a thumbs up. The bags were removed from the trunks of the two taxis and hauled into the apartment, where Joshua waited. Each bag was hauled in by another person.

Janna walked in first and winked, wiggled her butt at him and disappeared into the bedroom. Next came Ricca with a smile that would not stop, asking with a giggle, *Did you have a good day, Mahal?* before disappearing into the same bedroom. Next came Mary and Ana Fe, both of whom deposited their bags in the living room area and circled back to Analen and Ricardo, who had the last bags, with the toddlers following like little ducklings.

Ana Fe announced to all that, *We will greet each other at the restaurant,* as the taxis were waiting for them outside.

They were a party of nine now. Joshua sat in the front seat of a taxi with his four females in the back. Ricardo's family rode together, Ricardo also in the front seat of a taxi. When they all exited, Mary ran forward to pay the fare on the other taxi while Joshua paid for his. This was extravagance to Analen and Ricardo. They had never been part of such a thing. But Ana Fe and her girls seemed to be taking it as normal. How could that be?

On the street in front of the restaurant, the greetings began.

Ricardo was shy, but determined to take the measure of his sister's new man. Ricardo was a foot shorter than was Joshua, probably eighty pounds lighter, and thirty years younger. His English was not so good, but that wasn't going to stop him. Ricardo walked right up to Joshua. Joshua stuck out a hand and said, *It's good to meet you Ricardo.*

Ricardo was a little taken aback. How do you give someone the 3<sup>rd</sup> degree when they are being nice?



*You be good to my sister? You not leave and hurt them?*

*Is your sister a good and honest woman?*

Ricardo was not used to this type of man. He had taken a question and asked a question in return. It was an insulting question. How could he... ah, yes, then Ricardo could see the man's point. Both were flying a little blind, each trusting the other, neither could know for sure. Ricardo lost his anger and looked at Joshua in the eye.

*Yes Sir Joshua, my sister is a good woman who will be good to you all your life.*

*And I will do better than to not leave and not hurt. I will be good to her, take care of her, help the three girls, send money to you each month and always be honest to your sister. Is that enough?*

*You need to go to our parents. They must meet you.*

*I will do that in the next seven days. When it is done, is that enough?*

*Yes Sir Joshua.* And Ricardo meant that 'yes.' There was something about this man. This was a man who did as he said. No more would be said about this.

*Good. Now let's eat.*

The food was good and, with the noticeable exception of Analen, all had a good time. The food was plentiful but no one seemed to pay much attention to it. In some ways, even though Ana Fe and the girls would all be in Cebu City for a while longer, this was a goodbye party as much as an engagement celebration. It was the end of one era and the beginning of a new one.

At the end, after dinner and after Ricardo's family had been loaded into a taxi with money for the fare, Joshua's girls were all a little sad and quiet. If the ties that bind had not been broken, they had been greatly loosened and new ties needed to be formed.

Joshua was also doing a little reflecting. He had set out to get a couple of young girls to be his bed mates. What he actually got was a family, with

all the complexities, plus relatives living a couple of steps away from grinding poverty. He was happy with his girls, but the dream had vanished and the reality of his actions had set in. He would have four pussies to fuck, from a youthful wife down to a young teenager, but these were four individuals with their own dreams, hopes, needs and goals.

From now on, he would be pulled along in foreign currents. There was no sense fighting the waters and winds in which he found himself. He had chosen to tack against the wind and in this direction. He had chosen a crew from remote seas. He might be the captain of this ship, but he wasn't so sure of who really would own the ship or what cargo would be brought aboard. He had made the commitments, now he had to live up to them.

These were his women, but conversely, he was their man. Their only man. Each of them would have a hand on the tiller. He guessed that, so long as he kept them off the shoals, he would have done his job. And, like a kept man aboard this ship of females, he would get his regular dram of pussy. In truth, it was all for which he had asked.

What was the saying? "Be careful about what you wish for, for you just might get it."

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## Who's Driving This Bus?

Joshua was the last one to re-enter the apartment. As he did so, it was apparent that things were in motion. The plastic sacks were the focus of the efforts as things were removed and put away. Oddly, nothing was going into the master bedroom. He was about to ask if he could help when Ana Fe told him to just relax. They would be done in a few minutes.

His laptop computer was still on the kitchen table where he and Mary had used it earlier. Joshua turned it on and waited for it to boot so that he could log in. This version was a lot faster than previous ones, but it most certainly wasn't instantaneous. His mind wandered as he waited.

He was looking forward to lying with Ana Fe tonight. She fascinated him. How could so many men have simply ignored her? Incredible. He wasn't looking for a woman in her thirties, and yet he had found a wonderful one. Go figure. And then there was Mary. He had thought she was expendable to his plans. That wasn't the case anymore. All this was going to take a while to sort out.

When the login screen appeared, Joshua did so and checked his email. There, in the middle of some spam, there was always spam, was an email saying that he had a message waiting for him on the dating website. Thinking nothing of it, Joshua opened up a browser and clicked at the bookmark he had for the site. This required another login, followed by a couple of clicks.

He was now in the mail section of the site. There, before him, was a letter from the second woman he had attempted to contact. In his letter to her, he had not specifically told her he wanted her for her daughters. But in the note (with attached photos) before him on the screen was enough to really get his attention.

It started with a brief statement that she was sorry it had taken so long to get back to him. The woman then went on to say that if he was interested in her and her family, and would marry her — he would also have access to her children. Attached to the email were five photos of the woman with her daughters.

What Joshua was looking at was a woman, at least as lovely as Ana Fe, and children equally alluring as the girls currently in his apartment.

Joshua didn't know it, but Ana Fe was behind him and could read the note.

Ana Fe saw the photos. She also read his brief response.

It was a very simple message. He wrote back saying he was sorry to inform her that he had already met his future wife. He said that he wished her well, but he was no longer available. He clicked on send, paused for a moment, and then closed the browser. After shutting down his mail client, he turned off the computer.

When Joshua stood and moved away from the table, it was apparent that the females had almost everything put away. Ana Fe came out of Mary's bedroom and gave him a big smile.

It was bedtime. Joshua was about to ask Ana Fe about when she was going to send the young ones to bed. He wanted to get under the sheets with her, but she announced, *OK bedtime now! Mary and I in the middle room tonight. Ricca and Janna with Mahal tonight. Breakfast at 6am.*

With that the two sprites ran over to Joshua, dragging him — willing — to the bedroom. Ana Fe and Mary hung back, making sure all was ready for the morning before they turned off the lights.

Ana Fe had given thought to this plan earlier in the evening. She was still sore, and presumed that Mary was as well. But Joshua had been giving her the eye in a way that told her he wanted her tonight.

He might have gotten what he thought he wanted, if Ana Fe had not read the letter he had just received and his answer to it. That letter was a wakeup call for Ana Fe.

Though she was already committed to Joshua, she now realized how lucky she was that she had answered him first, before the other woman. She had no way of knowing that the other woman had been the second and not the first he had emailed. She had no way of knowing that she was just damned lucky her multi-day absence from writing him back, while receiving the photos, didn't run the risk of wrecking everything.

She was lucky she and her daughters had said yes to Joshua's requirements. Clearly, he would have found another who was fully ready to give him what he wanted.

If she failed him... there would be others who would not.

Now she was going to make sure he knew that she was going to never give him any problem with his desires for her daughters. He wanted them and she was serving them up. He was a keeper and she wasn't going to lose him.

Joshua was being pulled into his bedroom by the two girls he had dreamed of since the very beginning. But he hadn't set it up, Ana Fe had done that. He was not the predator, and it felt different. It was playful and fun, but the intense sexy edge was gone. This was sex among spouses. This was sex between individuals and not archetypes. He knew these girls now, and cared about them as people, as his family. It had a different feel.

The girls were peeling off their clothes. They were pulling off his clothing, since he was not acting fast enough for them. He was too slow for everything. They pushed him onto the bed and took off his sandals. His slacks and boxers, which had been around his ankles, were summarily removed and he found himself naked lying on his bed with two girls climbing over him.

One took his dick by mouth and started sucking hard. The other knelt over his head and then squatted down until her pussy was on his mouth. He had thought it was Ricca sucking his dick until he smelled the girl squatting on his face... that had to be Ricca. A shower in the morning was not enough. She needed one in the evening before they had sex. With Ricca's pussy smashed against his face, he went to work and gave her a good eating out. The head job he was getting was competent, but he wasn't going to cum yet.

He had two free hands. He attacked Ricca's pussy with the fingers of his right hand and played with a nipple on her flat chest with the other hand as he ate her out with his tongue. The combination seemed to work. Ricca started flowing female juices from her pussy. The liquid ran down Joshua's cheeks. He didn't stop eating her pussy. He didn't pause. The juices ran more freely. He didn't stop. She started to scream. He

didn't stop. Janna was sucking his balls right through his penis. He didn't stop. Ricca was cumming. He didn't stop. Ricca was squirting. Joshua was soaked. He didn't stop. And Ricca came again, grabbing his head, his hair and soaked Joshua a second time.

Joshua stopped.

He was hard, but a mess. Janna was still sucking him, but her jaws were worn out and Joshua stopped her. He was about to go down on Janna but she stopped him, handing him a condom and telling him, *Mom gave me this. She told me I had permission to get fucked good and hard.*

Joshua opened the condom wrapper and rolled the thing onto his member. Janna watched intently. Once the condom was on, Joshua rolled on his back and Janna mounted him. Her hymen had been broken the day before with his thumb. The remaining membrane was now obliterated as Janna showed the same aggressive sexual behavior she had displayed the first time they kissed. However, when she hit bottom, Joshua's penis was hitting something in her that no one had ever told her about, and it sort of hurt. She let out a yip. The next time she short-stroked a bit. That felt better.

Janna slowed her motion, finding she enjoyed it more, feeling the cock slide in and out. There was more to feel this way, more to enjoy. Her hands rested on Joshua's chest. He seemed to be making noises of pleasure as she worked her way up and down on his member. She found that she could take him a bit deeper now. She experimented on how much she could take. So long as she didn't slam down, she could pretty much take all of him.

She continued to pump up and down as Joshua started playing with her clit. His fingers were having an effect. She was getting juicier. She was losing a little of the sensation, but she was getting real hot now. Joshua whispered something to Ricca but Janna didn't catch it. Ricca leaned in and started sucking on one of Janna's breasts while Joshua played with the other nipple using his one free hand.

Janna's orgasms started as a deep growl, and shook her body like an earthquake. Neither Joshua nor Ricca stopped their ministrations, and so the first orgasm rolled into the second and then the third. Janna's pussy

was quivering, spasming, without any control. She slumped forward onto Joshua and then rolled off and to his side.

But Joshua had not cum yet. He was rock hard and about to start masturbating, when Ricca jumped on him. Joshua still had the condom on, and Ricca took advantage of the situation by spearing her little pussy on the cock before Joshua had a chance to say no. Before Joshua could even form a sentence, his cock was six inches deep in her pussy.

It was too late now to say no. She was so tight that he was being squeezed in every way. It didn't take long for Ricca to cum again, and this time Joshua's cum filled the condom. He had never been inside a twelve-year-old, and the reality of it was something that took him over the top far too quickly.

Ricca felt the heat when he came, and though she had barely gotten going, the heat of his cum through the latex condom sent her young body into another orgasm. His penis, with condom attached, didn't exactly slip out of Ricca. She was too small and tight. Joshua had to take care that the condom exited with his member. That done, the scum bag was deposited in a waste basket next to the nightstand by the bed.

Joshua and the girls decided it was time for a shower. Showering with a woman is qualitatively different from showering with a twelve-year-old.

There was no question that Joshua just had his dick in Ricca, but here in the shower she seemed so small, so much a child. As he soaped her body, he was well aware that her world was the world of a child in most ways.

He was aware that he would never be doing this with a twelve-year-old American girl. Quite simply, such a girl would not have allowed it, much less welcomed it. He was aware of the nature of the power he wielded in Ricca's life. He was aware that it was because of his power and position as an American who could bring her to his country and put her through school, that she not only accepted his touch but fought to have it and keep it.

He was aware, as his soapy hands roamed her body, of the difference between the dreams he had and the reality he was living with this small and vulnerable child.

Was it really possible? Was love, between someone so young and someone such as he, truly possible? He pondered that matter as he dried her off with a large towel. As he moved to a new towel and to Janna, he continued to ruminate on the question of love when such an unequal power relationship existed. Was it the power, was it the age difference, was it meaningful or meaningless? Did it matter, so long as they all won in the end?

Once out of the shower they changed the sheets on the bed before climbing back in. All had been too worn out to play much in the shower and so, within just a few minutes they were getting some much needed sleep.

They were a sight, though no one would ever see it, this older man with his child brides draped over him, all sacked out.

When Joshua awoke, under a blanket of juvenile wives, he felt such a mixture of emotions that he was unable to put a label on any of those emotions. The girls were asleep, but needed to be roused and sent off to school. The rousing was the hard part. They just wanted to cuddle with him. He only succeeded in getting them up by getting up himself and calling for Ana Fe to deal with them as he took another quick shower.

Once Ricca and Janna were out of the apartment, Mary sat on the floor at Joshua's feet, spread out a newspaper under his feet, and took his sandals off. As Mary then proceeded to trim Joshua's toenails, quite unrequested, Ana Fe stood behind him as he sat on the chair and started massaging his back.

Ana Fe asked, *Mahal, why do you have to go back to the USA before we marry?*

*Because the Visa process is for fiancées.*

*If you do not have to go back before we marry, that OK with you?*

*I'm not following you.*

*Mary can maybe explain better.*



Mary took up the task her mother had just assigned her. *Mahal, I talk to a friend and she say we get I-30 and IR-3 visas if you marry Mom here. You not have to go home. We all stay together. We afraid you not come back maybe. I know it silly but we are afraid.*

*I will have to research it, Mary. I have not heard of such a thing.*

*Mahal, I do that for you. I start up your laptop this morning. Look at the embassy web page. It is all there.*

And it was there, just as Mary had said. It outlined the process. Why hadn't anyone mentioned this on the websites he had visited? Just to make sure, he did a search on the USCIS website and confirmed the information. The US State Department had information regarding marriage in the Philippines. It said he would need to get from the Embassy an "Affidavit in Lieu of a Certificate of Legal Capacity to Marry" and it told him what the embassy would need in order to issue that. As he reviewed the list of things, he assured himself that it was doable. The site went on to explain the whole process:

#### THE MARRIAGE APPLICATION PROCESS:

Once the person has the affidavit, he/she can file the application for a marriage license at the office of the local Philippine Civil Registrar of the town or city where one of the parties is a resident. The U.S. citizen applicant will need to present the affidavit, death certificate or divorce decree as mentioned above, U.S. passport, and documentation regarding parental consent or advice if applicable. Marriage applicants who are age 18 to 21 must have parental consent in writing, those age 21 to 25 must have written parental advice (a written indication that the parents are aware of the couple's intent to marry). The revised Family Code of the Philippines, which took effect on August 4, 1988, prohibits marriage for individuals below the age of 18.

Normally there is a ten-day waiting period before the marriage license is issued by the registrar's office. In some instances the fiancée may apply in advance for the marriage license with the local civil registrar. The American citizen must then obtain the affidavit of legal capacity upon arrival in the Philippines and file it immediately with the civil registrar where the fiancée applied

for the marriage license. A marriage license cannot be obtained by a fiancée without presence of the prospective spouse.

The marriage can be performed by a judge, justice of the peace, priest, or minister of religion.

*I guess I will not need to do any more research for what I have to do to marry here.*

Ana Fe asked, *So, we marry here?*

Joshua had been outflanked. The wind had been spilled from his sails. His ship had been boarded and he was no longer in control of the rudder.

*Yes Ana Fe, yes Mary, we will marry here. I will stay with you.*

*Forever Mahal?*

*Forever.*

*Good, we need to visit my parents. Mahal, we need to bring some presents. And we need to have a wedding party! Mary, how many Lechon<sup>14</sup> do you think we will need?*

Mary was finishing up the buffing of Joshua's toenails and was about to start on his fingernails. In Cebuano, she asked her mother how many would be invited, when would the wedding be? Where would the wedding be? Would they not need to rent a hall? Ana Fe switched the conversation to English and gave Mary a sharp look. The conversation went on for the better part of an hour, long after his toenails had been finished and Mary had switched to her mother's nails. She was still working on those nails when the conversation ended.

*Joshua, how long until paperwork complete and you will be able to marry mom?*

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<sup>14</sup> roast pigs

*From what I read, maybe two months. It might take up to a year before we could get to the USA.*

*Mom and I get everything ready for you for the marriage. You get affidavit OK? When we do all we can on that, we visit my grandparents. Mom not think you need to ask permission but you need to meet them and the family. We not have a party then. We have party when you marry. I work with you on money and make sure not too much, OK? Oh, and I have a question. Is it possible to start some education now since we be here a year?*

*OK on working together to control costs. What type of education are you thinking about?*

*Also Mahal, you need a special shirt for the wedding. It called a Barong Tagalog and I think we must have it made special for you because you are so big. We can go to the Mall and order it there. — Mahal, I want go to school for cooking and also to improve my English. Mary go to school for bookkeeping and also English. That OK?*

*Assuming we can afford it, yes, it is OK.*

Ana Fe was pleased, but then Ana Fe, thinking again about that email from the previous evening, worked up her courage and asked, *Mahal, you want all us for sex or maybe you just want Ricca and Janna? I agree whatever you want.*

*I want you and Mary very much Ana Fe. Just as much as Ricca and Janna.*

It was Mary who then asked, *This the truth? You truly want us?*

*Yes, more now that I know you, I want you both very much.*

*Good, we want to be with you tonight. Now, Mom and I go to get our paperwork ready for you. I need a passport and so do Janna and Ricca. Mom get hers after you marry her. We need official birth certificates. Mom needs a Cenomar<sup>15</sup> from the NSO<sup>16</sup>. We will use some of the money*

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<sup>15</sup> Cenomar means certificate of no marriage.

<sup>16</sup> NSO is the National Statistics Office.

*you give us and we will go do these things today. OK? It OK if we pay extra for faster papers? We be careful and not pay too much.*

Joshua, laughing, *Yes, OK... careful with the bribes. Do not mention the money comes from a Kano!*

Now it was Mary's turn to laugh as she responded, *Joshua, we are not stupid. We not tell anyone.*

It took them an hour to get fixed up to go, but go they did on their document gathering mission. It would be the first of many such missions over the coming months.

And then they were gone; the apartment was empty of the females who had filled it. Joshua opened up the laptop. He was going to send an email to his attorney to instruct him to send a certified copy of his divorce decree to him via FedEx. As he had his passport, that and the decree would be all he needed to get the document from the Embassy. But once he loaded the mail client he noted that he had mail waiting from the dating website.

So after sending his note off to the attorney, he entered the website to read the mail.

It was from the woman he had emailed the evening before. She was pleading for Joshua to reconsider — to just talk to her — to just meet her when he came to the Philippines — to allow her to send him some photos to a mail box not connected to the website, where the photos were screened by the site admin.

As he looked at her letter, feeling sad for her and wondering if, even with all he was feeling for the family he had chosen, he had not chosen too quickly, he was 'buzzed' from the site. The woman was online right now and wanted to open up a chat session with him.

## And then again

One click. That's all it took to accept and allow the chat to start. The screen displayed a webcam of the woman and a text box. His visage was going to be visible to her as well.

*Hi! How are you?*

*Good and you?*

*What time is it there?*

*Same time as you. I am in the Philippines.*

*Really?*

*Yes.*

*You are a handsome man.*

*And you are very pretty Joydee.*

*You already living with the woman you write about?*

*Yes.*

*I am bad. I not write you fast.*

*I am sorry.*

*You really like her? You would like me. She give you what I offer you?*

*Oh Joydee. Yes I really like her. Yes I am sure I would like you too. And yes, she gives me what you offered me.*

*Where are you?*

*Cebu. Where are you?*

*Pasay.*

*Where is that?*

*Part of Manila.*

*I see.*

*Maybe you will come to Manila?*

*Yes I will. I have to go to the US Embassy.*

*Then you can visit me.*

*Joydee, I am sorry be I am really going to marry the other woman.*

*It's OK. I be your mistress.*

*Huh?*

*You have wife and mistress.*

*I'm not sure that is possible.*

*It is.*

*I see. Well I will think about it.*

*You want some photos of us?*

*Sure.*

*OK I send them to you in this chat session.*

And the pictures came, not just one or two, but over twenty. These were not porno photos. They were as chaste as Sunday school confirmation photos, but they displayed the beauty of the woman before him and the beauty of her children. Joshua looked at all of them — marveling at the sights in front of his eyes.

*Wow, you and your daughters are beautiful.*

*Thank you. You have a cell phone?*

*Yes but I will have a problem here if you call.*

*I am not stupid. I will give you my number.  
You put it in your cell. You call me when you  
come to Manila.*

*OK*

*0907-056.....*

Joshua wrote down the number.

*I will message you when I know my travel plans. Remember — I will do nothing to change my plans with the woman I have already chosen.*

*I understand.*

And with that, the chat session ended.

Joshua would not be going to Manila until he received the copy of the divorce decree from his attorney. There was no sense to dwell on this now. There was nothing to be done about it. Life involved making choices and he had made his.

He needed some air. He needed to go for a walk. He needed to clear his head.

It was neither Spring nor Fall here. It never was and never would be. Here, ten degrees north of the equator, it was perpetual summer. As Joshua walked along the sidewalk, the differences between his hometown and Cebu flooded his senses.

The heat, noise, sun, traffic, and smell all informed his senses that he was far from home. He turned the corner onto a very busy boulevard. Small, shanty-type storefronts, not more than 8 feet across, nestled one next to the other. Bakery, pharmacy, liquor, fruit stall, sari-sari, a roast chicken vendor called Chooks-to-go, each with curious Filipino eyes looking out at him as he passed by. He saw and noticed much.

He was trying to keep his mind off of the doubts and regrets he was feeling. There was no sense to it. No matter whom he chose, there would be the one he did not. He walked on and on, down the boulevard.

As Joshua walked by a Tuna store, he was accosted by some children. They looked to be right out of Oliver Twist; these were street urchins. Each one with a vacant stare and hands outstretched for whatever pesos Joshua might bestow. But to give any one of them a peso, would unleash a torrent of outstretched hands. There was no way to help just one.

There were five of these scruffians directly before him and twenty more watching not ten meters away. Joshua just shook his head 'no' and walked through them. Still, as he did so, he caught sight of one of them, a dirty but cute young girl. He gave her a brief smile and with his eyes looked from her to the road ahead. He thought he noticed the briefest of raised eyebrows, signifying an understanding, from her, as he plunged through the throng and out the other end.

Joshua walked along, passing an alley before turning down the second alley, some 200 meters from the press of bodies through which he had earlier waded. There was no sidewalk here, only a dirt path wide enough



for two small cars to squeeze by each other. Proceeding down the path, he passed the tall gates and concrete walls protecting inhabitants. As he walked on, he came to a cross path. Here he had decided to turn again, essentially turning back in the direction of his apartment. But just at the corner, he was confronted by the girl he had smiled at before.

*What's your name?*

*Mhitze, Sir.*

*My name is Joshua.*

*Hello, Sir Joshua.*

*Hello, Mhitze. How old are you?*

*Fourteen, Sir Joshua.*

*Why aren't you in school?*

*No money for school.*

*Why do you come to find me?*

*Because you want me, Sir Joshua. I see it in your face.*

*What do you think I want?*

*No matter. I give it.*

*Why?*

*Then you take care of me. Feed me. Give me place to sleep.*

*Are you a virgin?*

*Yes, Sir Joshua. You want my virgin, I give it you.*

*What will your mother say?*

*She will be happy for me. Maybe she want to know if you want my brother or sister.*

*I am not interested in boys.*

*I see. But you want my sister?*

*I do not know, Mhitze. I am not sure about anything now.*

*I do not please you now?*

*I just met you, Mhitze. You have done nothing wrong. But I cannot take you home today. Can you meet me here tomorrow about this time?*

*Yes, Sir Joshua. I will be here waiting for you.*

For the first time, Joshua reached out and brought the girl to him. She needed a bath to remove the dirt, but smelled fine. He brought her body next to him and ran his hand up and down her frame. There was little the thin cloth shielded from his fingers. He felt the globes of her buttocks, her small backbone, her neck and head. He felt her small but firm breasts, her taut belly and her thighs, shaking in anticipation. Joshua ran his hand under the hem of her nondescript dress. Her cotton panties were so old as to be threadbare. His hand pulled them down enough for his hand to touch flesh to flesh with her pussy.

She remained stock-still and allowed Joshua all he wanted. The alley was empty, but Joshua moved Mhitze into a depression in the fence line. He gently pushed her down on her knees. Unzipping the fly of his shorts, his hand snaked in and emerged with his dick, now at half tumescence. He brought her head forward and slowly, with some urging, she took the dick into her mouth. Mhitze had never given head before and didn't know what to do. Joshua grasped this quickly and, within a few minutes, had given up on that. She would have to be taught, but this was neither the time nor place.

He lifted her up, turned her face to the wall, had her bend over and lifted up the hem of her dress, pulled the panties away from one of her legs. Joshua now centered himself behind the girl and sans-condom, he entered her, destroying her maidenhead in the process. She was tight.

She weighed little more than a few feathers. She was a weightless clamp on his cock.

Mhitzte let out a whimper. She was dry. Slowly Joshua started to stroke her. Slowly but clearly Mhitzte evidenced signs of enjoyment. Her juices started to flow. They started moving in unison. Mhitzte now urging Joshua on, *harder, faster please*. They lasted 15 minutes. Joshua's cock was being sliced in two by powerful muscles inside a very tight pussy. Finally, his balls filled the pussy with what it was demanding. Joshua's now soft dick slid out / was forced out now by Mhitzte's muscle contractions.

He turned her around and kissed her, dirt and all. Reaching into his shorts, he pulled out four one-hundred peso notes, put them in her hands, telling her to get something to eat and hold onto the rest in case there was an emergency. He would see her, here, tomorrow, at the same time. Mhitzte jumped up onto him and gave him an enthusiastic kiss before running off, cum running down her legs as she ran.

Joshua walked back to the apartment more confused than ever.

He was sweating by the time he entered the apartment. Stripping down, Joshua took a cool shower and then lay down on the bed for a nap. Some hours later, he awoke to a mouth devouring his member. Joshua chose to do nothing in return and enjoyed the feelings. But the urgency was building. He rolled Ricca over on her stomach, mounted her from the rear, sans-condom, plunging into this youngest and tightest child, and fucking her until she was little more than a dishrag with his cum frothing on her pussy lips.

Another shower followed for him as he accompanied this smallest of his girls. She then settled in the living room to finish schoolwork. He needed to visit with Ana Fe. He needed to talk with her. He had made a promise that he could not keep. It was best to deal with it now. They had gotten home and were preparing supper in the kitchen.

*Ana Fe, we need to talk in private.*

*OK, but Mary will join us. We are both your wives to be.*

*You are correct. Yes that is fine. Let's use the bedroom.*

And so the three of them regrouped in the master bedroom. Fear was in evidence on the faces of the two women.

Ana Fe, trembling, asked in the quietest of voices, *What is the bad news? You want the other woman instead of us?*

*What?*

*The other woman. The one you told was too late, you were ours already.*

*You know about that?*

*I saw you write the email.*

*I see. No, I do not want to leave you. We are a family and will always be a family. I will marry you, Ana Fe. I told you I will and that has not changed. I also love you, Mary, and that has not changed.*

*OK, so what is the bad news?*

*Remember our bet? The one you lost?*

*Yes. What you want?*

*Well I promised that I would never make love to another woman. That it would only be you four.*

*And now you want more? How many more? How you bring them to the USA? Why we not enough?*

*I can't bring anyone else to the USA. It is only while we are here in the Philippines. I don't know how many more, but no more in our family. I can't explain it.*

*I don't want you to bring disease to us!*

*I agree. So I will only take virgins.*

*So it's more young ones. No one old enough to marry.*

*Yes.*

*OK, you have all the young ones you want. No one you can marry. Especially not that other woman.*

*Why are you scared of her?*

*She is prettier than me.*

*You know I told her 'no.'*

*Yes but what if you change your mind?*

*OK — I can't live with your fear of this woman as an unknown. After we are married, we will see her. We will be married and then it is a done thing. If she still wants me she will have to be your maid and obey your orders.*

*Ha! Yes I like that. OK deal.*

*Mary, you OK with this?*

*Promise me this. If my mother die, you will marry me and not the maid.*

*I promise.*

Ana Fe looked hard at Joshua. She had made a decision, *Mahal, you invite the woman to our wedding! I want her to understand she can't have you.*

*I will send her an email. Shall I explain all this to Janna and Ricca or should you?*

*I will. But Mary and I have news for you. It is confusing. I thought I was born here in Cebu City. But I discover today that my mother give birth to me in the province. I am told I must go back to the province for some paperwork. I will take Mary with me. We will be gone for about a week. Ricca and Janna will stay here. We are leaving in the morning. I was going to tell you not to take the girls every day. They are too young. But maybe you will find others now.*

*I understand, but I promised your brother I would meet your family this week. We will have to put that off. Will you explain to Ricardo? About*

*other girls, yes I will find at least one other young one for the time you are gone. But tonight I very much want you, Ana Fe, and you, Mary.*

*OK but, we eat first.* A smile was beaming from Ana Fe's face.

The food was good.

That evening, Ana Fe and Mary told the girls that they would have a guest over and that Joshua would be fucking the guest. It was OK, and nothing bad would happen. They were still a family and nothing about that had changed. The two young ones seemed excited to meet the new girl, whoever she might be.

When Joshua slid into bed, Ana Fe and Mary were there waiting for him. Though it was against every grain of their being to be naked in bed — that is how they were. These two beautiful women wrapped Joshua's legs and arms up and attacked his body. It was a slow and careful attack. With mouths, hands and pussies, the two of them would bring him to the brink, only to stop and cool Joshua off before beginning again, all the while leaking pussy juices on Joshua's face. Joshua was in serious risk of a bad case of Blue Balls two hours into the play, when Ana Fe rolled onto her back and, looking Joshua in the eye, said, *It's time you gave me a baby. Do it now!*

With that, Joshua regrouped and entered his wife-to-be with a rekindled desire to give Ana Fe what she wanted. It was less than eight hours since he had been in Mhitze and five hours since he had been in Ricca. He remembered how tight both Mhitze and Rica had been. Ana Fe was not as tight, but Ana Fe was in heat. Her need was strong and pressing as Joshua tried to match her need with his own. The bed shook as Joshua pounded this little diminutive Filipina. She raked his back with her nails.

In height, there was little difference between Ana Fe and Mhitze. By weight, probably ten kilos separated them. As Joshua continued sinking his dick deep into Ana Fe, he was sure he could tell them apart easily in the dark by the feel of them on his cock.

He was having a hard time controlling the urgency he felt in his loins. He felt her excitement. Never would he have thought a woman — soon to be his wife — would accept his gathering all these other females around him. And yet she was accepting all of it, including Joydee. He

would be fucking Joydee, and her daughters, in this bed with his wife by his side. And with that image ringing in his brain, and his dick deep in Ana Fe, Joshua's cum filled Ana Fe's pussy.

It was not normal, but for the second time in two days, Joshua was still hard as he rolled off Ana Fe. Mary was right there, with her tongue ready and more than willing to lick her man clean. When she found him still hard, her plans changed. Joshua was on his back and Mary positioned herself looking at Joshua, lowering herself on the stiff cock. Each of them were in their own worlds, their individual dreams. It was sweet, slow fucking. Joshua would take some time before he could cum again. This was the fourth pussy he had been in today. He had cum in each of the preceding three. Three of the four were in their teens, if teens included twelve year olds.

Mary felt Joshua deep inside her. His cock filled her and she needed to feel filled. She would be bound to him for years to come, and she needed Joshua to fill her in every imaginable way. Her hands roamed over his body, her pussy clamped down on his cock. She needed Joshua to be her rock. Like her mother, if this rock came with other women, so be it. He would still be her rock. She needed his cum inside her.

Joshua's mind wandered back to Mhitze. Would he be back inside her tomorrow? As he watched Mary's pussy lips surrounding his dick as she slid up and down on the pole, he figured himself the luckiest guy in the world. This was a world he had only dreamed of before, and now he was living it. He looked up at Mary's face, her eyes closed, with an expression of rapture. This girl was his and his alone.

A final urgency in his loins signaled the impending need to cum and then, without further warning he shot up into Mary. Mary collapsed on top of Joshua and did not move.

## A clear case of sex discrimination

Joshua awoke to an empty bed and a noisy apartment. Janna and Ricca were getting ready for school. Ana Fe and Mary were getting ready for their trip. Joshua thought he would be invisible this morning — unneeded and unnoticed as they went about their tasks. He was disabused of this notion soon enough. Ana Fe pushed him into the shower with a request he be fast about it. Using the smartphone he had gotten her when he got his own at the mall, she wanted to take some photos of them all together this morning before she left on her journey. Joshua gathered she wanted to brag a bit back in the provinces. The photos would provide the basis for the bragging. Having no reason not to help her, he was in and out of the shower in just a few minutes.

After a good twenty photos had been taken, the schoolgirls finally dashed off. Joshua sat down to some coffee, a sweet roll and a banana. Now dressed and packed for their trip, Ana Fe and Mary kissed their fiancé and left amid giggles and laughter.

Joshua was alone again. Coffee in hand, Joshua moved over to his laptop and turned it on. After logging into the OS account, he logged into his mail account. Once again, there was email that he had mail waiting in the dating website. He also had an email from home. His notarized divorce decree was on its way via FedEx, and a tracking number was provided. A few other emails required and received brief answers before he opened up the dating website.

There he found another email from Joydee. In it, she told him how much she wanted to meet him and hoped it would be soon. There was an addendum from her oldest daughter, Rowena.

*Hi Sir Joshua! Mother tell me about you. She say we will be yours and you will take care of us. I think my mother must be wrong. We have never met you. She say when we meet you we must do everything we can think of for you. If we do that, you will be ours. I hope that so. We see your photo and you are pogi.<sup>17</sup> Mother says you are nice and honest. I hope that is so. If you*

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<sup>17</sup> Handsome (Tagalog) Joydee and her daughters live in greater Manila and their native tongue is Tagalog, just as Ana Fe and her children's native tongue is Cebuano.



*come to us, I promise you that we do everything you want. All of us be good to you. You take care of us and we yours for life.  
Thank you, Rowena*

Joshua wrote back.

*Dear Joydee & Rowena,*

*Thank you for your email. I am sure we can see each other soon. If after you read all this you still want to see me, I will let you know as soon as I have my plane tickets to Manila.*

*I have spoken with my fiancée, Ana Fe and she agrees to the following things.*

*If I want you, I can meet all the daughters now.*

*I cannot have sex with you, Joydee, until I am married to Ana Fe. Even then, Joydee, you must agree to become Ana Fe's maid for us to be together.*

*We will meet before the wedding and you can decide if you really like me and want to be with me.*

*(1) If you do want to be with me and (2) if I want you, then you are all to come to the wedding and join us.*

*If this is not OK, then we will just say good-bye.*

*If this is OK, tell me that.*

*Yours, Joshua*

Joshua could not believe that he had actually written that email and that someone would read it. More amazing was the real likelihood that all of it would be agreed to by Joydee and her daughters.

Joshua logged out of the website and opened up the link he had to the US Embassy in Manila. Under U.S. Citizen Services was where the instructions were about marrying in the Philippines. In the instructions

was a link to get an ACS Appointment at the embassy. That was what he needed to get the correct forms and notarized document.

He clicked back to the mail, copied the FedEx tracking number and opened up the FedEx site. Pasting the tracking number in, he was amazed to see he would have his document in three days. The document would be here before Ana Fe and Mary returned. They would want him to hurry, but he felt he should wait a couple of days after they got back before he left. Clicking back to the Embassy website, he clicked to make an appointment. Once the appointment was made, he clicked on the link for Cebu Pacific Airlines and purchased round trip tickets to Manila.

Next, he did a search of hotels near the Embassy and booked a room at the Bayview Park Hotel on Roxas Blvd, essentially across the street from the Embassy. All was done but for an answer from Joydee. It was time to go for a walk.

Joshua chose to walk the back alleys he had come home by yesterday. If he didn't see Mhitze there, then he would go over to the boulevard. It was hot. It was always hot. Joshua had walked a long way yesterday before he had met the girl. Today the walk seemed longer, as he was heading to something and not just taking in the sights. Eyes peered out from behind gates and from second floor windows as he strode along.

He knew he was an extraordinary sight. Still, this was daytime, not evening, and he felt safe along these residential dirty alleys. He walked along, in some ways, as an elite personage. He might be a middle-class nobody at home. Here, he was something else again, and so was every other American who became aware of the power vested, in but not otherwise apparent to, him or her.

No one in the USA, other than a sociopath, would even consider telling a woman that she could, if she chose, lie under him and, if she also gave him her children and essentially enslaved herself to his wife, he would allow her to be his. What craziness was this? And the insanity of it was that she was probably going to say yes and be grateful in the bargain.

And to further the craziness, he was going to collect a fourteen year old who wanted much the same bargain from him. It wasn't because he had power as a human. No, it was because he was an American. Some might point out that the girl couldn't know he was an American, all she could

see was a Caucasian. That is true but, to these Filipinos, unless informed otherwise, all Caucasians were Americans, much to the irritation of the British and Europeans.

The Filipinos would call out to a Caucasian, “*Hey Joe!*” It was meant as both a sign of respect and endearment. Most Americans knew that and smiled back. It was good to be G.I. Joe.

Indeed, it was good to be Joe, even if your name was Joshua. As ex-military, Joshua had a heightened sense of that pride. He knew of the blood those in uniform had spilled on these islands some seventy years before. Americans and Filipinos had fought side-by-side against the Japanese. Joshua might not be home but, in some ways, he was home, as was every American who chose to settle here. He could feel it in his bones.

But that sense of being home was not the cause of the power he had. The power came from the power of the dollar, the power to make life easier. It also had a strange and perverse connection with USA visa policies. Europeans and Brits could get a tourist / non-immigrant visa for their Filipina girlfriends. Americans had to get married, or engaged, to the girl, to get a visa for the girl. As a result, Americans tended to just be more long-term and stable. The Brits and Europeans tended to be short-timers.

As Joshua approached the corner where he and Mhitze had coupled, he heard, rather than saw, movement. There was something happening on the crossing alley. Then she appeared. Cleaner than she had been the previous day. There was a smile on her face.

*Good morning, Sir Joshua.*

*Good morning, Mhitze. I am going to take you home with me today. Do you need to collect your things?*

She slipped briefly back around the corner and emerged with a plastic bag half-filled. *I have all my stuff here but what about my sister?*

*I have not met her.*

*If you like me, I think you will like her.*

*Where is she?*

A girl appeared from around the corner. She was older than Mhitze. Her breasts were a little larger. Her hips a bit more pronounced. *Here. I Arlin.*

The two girls looked at each other, both showing fear.

*Why are the two of you afraid?*

*Mhitze afraid you will want me and tell her to go away. I afraid you not want me, or the both of us.*

*How old are you?*

*Sixteen, Po.*

*Are you a virgin, Arlin?*

*Yes, Po.*

*Why do you want to go with me?*

*You take care of us? We do anything you ask.*

*You have a bag of stuff too?*

*In the bag of Mhitze Po. You want our brother too? He likes men. He will be good to you.*

*I see. I am sorry, but I am not interested in boys or men.*

*We three have never been apart before.*

*My offer and interest is limited to you and your sister. If you don't want to come, then I still make the offer to Mhitze.*

*I see. She paused, the girls spoke quietly between themselves for a couple of minutes. We will do as you say. Our brother will have to find his own way.*

*OK then, let's walk over to the Avenue and get a tricycle.*

Joshua assumed it was too far to walk with that bag. He was probably wrong; these girls were far stronger than they appeared.

There was nothing said during the ride. Once they were free of the tricycle, and in the apartment, Joshua took charge in a way he hadn't since he had gotten to the Philippines. He told the girls to undress and give him their clothes. He gave them each a new bar of soap and two shampoo sachet packets each, telling them to scrub good and hard and use all the shampoo on their hair. Finally, he placed a razor with a number of replacement blades and shaving soap close to them. They were to scrub, shampoo and shave. When done he would put clothing out for them. These were Janna's and Mary's under things and dresses, but it would have to do for now.

While the girls were in the shower, he took all of their clothing outside, both the old clothing they gave him and that he found in their bag, and burned it all. He would buy them new clothes tomorrow. Today they could wear some of Janna's and Mary's things.

Once the clothes had been burned, and while the girls were still in the shower, Joshua started the laptop and logged in. A quick check of email brought lots of spam and a notice from the dating website. He logged into it to find the email from Joydee.

*My pogi Joshua!*

*I am amazed. You are a brave man to speak to your Ana Fe about us and protect us! You are a very good man. No other man would have done this. We already owe you so much. Yes of course we agree! I will be at your wedding! I will be your wife's maid and your mistress! Wow! My daughters are also very excited.*

*When will you come here?*

*Your forever Mistress,  
Joydee*

Joshua replied with a brief note about the dates of his trip and gave Joydee his regular email address. He advised her to use that from now on, as he was closing the dating website account immediately. Once the mail was sent, he did click through the options to close the account.

All that was accomplished long before the girls emerged, from the bathroom. When they did emerge, wrapped in towels, it was obvious they were pretty, but clearly undernourished. But before he would feed Arlin there was something he needed to do.

Joshua handed the TV remote control to Mhitze, pointed to a pile of clean clothing, and told her she needed to wait in the living room. He then took Arlin by the hand and led her into the master bedroom.

Arlin was composed. She knew what was about to happen and, as much as the average American or European might think otherwise, she was neither scared nor upset. Arlin was excited. There was no guarantee that Joshua would always take care of her, but this was her shot at that ultimate goal. Someone to put a roof over her head, food on the table and clothes on her back in exchange for love and caring. Not only did it not matter that he was old, it was good. He would have the means. Young men didn't have the financial stability she so desperately needed and desired.

The only thing running through Arlin's head was... "don't screw this up!"

Joshua didn't need to use any force to bring her into his arms. Like a dancer looking for his lead, just the slightest motion brought Arlin into his arms, her face tilted up to receive any kisses he might wish to offer. Offer he did, and the lips met, tongues tangled, breathing deepened and arms encircled them, as they stood in the middle of the room in an apparent test to see who could entirely consume the other. It was, of course, a draw and the extended effort had proved both thrilling and fruitless.

She dropped her towel and undressed Joshua with an urgency that was sweet and childlike.

Now naked, they resumed the battle of tongues and lips. Their hands were further engaged — Joshua's playing with Arlin's breasts — Arlin's stroking Joshua's manhood.

Arlin was but two years older than was Mhitze, yet the difference in the maturity of their bodies was dramatic. Like Mary, Arlin was a woman: young but, no longer with any vestige of her childhood. That thought triggered a need in Joshua; he needed to assure himself that Arlin was — as she had said — a virgin.

He moved her over to the bed and laid her on her back, her knees on the edge and her feet dangling above the floor. Joshua knelt on the floor, spreading her legs and pulling her legs up so that the backs of her knees were now over his shoulders. Her cunt was close to his face. With his fingers, he spread her pussy lips wide and peered into her pussy and right at her hymen. She was a virgin, at least for a minute or two more.

Now assured of her intact maidenhood, Joshua allowed his tongue explore the entrance to that undiscovered country to which no traveler had yet entered. Her pussy was without odor other than that of soap. Her hairless pussy was perfect. His tongue attacked her clit. No one had ever touched her clit before and the sensation was beyond Arlin's ability to describe. She had never felt so good.

Joshua didn't want to cause Arlin to become raw from his tongue before he could enter the girl. After only about five minutes, he stopped the attack, which as a consequence generated much pleading from Arlin for him to continue.

Moving the girl up higher on the bed, Joshua took the missionary position and placed his cock on Arlin's outer pussy lips. The girl looked up into Joshua's eyes. She knew what was about to happen. He whispered, *This is going to hurt for a little bit.* She nodded and tilted her head up to attempt to kiss Joshua. He tilted his head down and their lips gently touched. *Ready,* he asked? Her eyebrows raised twice.

Joshua's loins now assaulted Arlin's and quickly broke through the membrane. Arlin was no longer a maiden; she was a mistress. Now her only question was how successfully she might hold that status and for how long.

Joshua was moving in and out somewhat gingerly and slowly. Arlin's pain subsided and the arousal that followed obliterated any memory of the discomfort.

She met Joshua's rhythm and then started demanding more, harder and faster. Joshua met the need. He was deep inside her. She felt his fullness. She felt feelings in her she had never felt before. She wanted to belong to him. She needed to be taken by him. She needed to be one with him. Juices flowed over his cock and down the crack of her butt. Arlin was holding onto Joshua and chanting his name as if his back was her rosary and the chant something she had learned at church.

Joshua felt the need inside her; he felt her acceptance of him inside her; he felt her devotion to him. She was but sixteen and he fifty-five and yet, and yet she was already and forever his. He whispered, *You are mine now*. She answered in a raw whisper, *Yes, Mahal, yours forever*.

His dick swelled up yet more; she gasped and came hard, squeezing his member, which in turn signaled his balls. In seconds, as her orgasm continued, he was pumping her full of his semen.

Arlin clamped her legs and arms around him as much as she could. She did not want Joshua to move. She wanted him to stay where he was forever. She murmured, *Gihigugma ko ikaw, gihigugma kita, tinuud, gimahal ko ikaw*.<sup>18</sup>

Both Joshua and Arlin, now lying quietly on the bed, could hear the TV in the outer room. Mhitze was watching the ABS-CBN station. They could hear "Showtime" on the channel, so it wasn't 2:30pm yet.

Joshua needed to regroup in the living room before Ricca and Janna got home at 4pm, and he had yet to spend time with Mhitze. He was in no condition to fuck her, but he needed to spend some time with her. He also needed to talk with these two, about the two who would be showing up at four this afternoon.

Joshua rolled off Arlin, ignoring her complaints, and got off the bed, signaling Arlin to stay put. He opened the bedroom door and called for Mhitze to please turn off the TV and join them. Mhitze knocked several things over trying to accomplish the request as rapidly as she could.

When Mhitze got into the bedroom, Joshua, still naked and without ceremony, removed Mhitze's clothes and led her to the bed. He lay her

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<sup>18</sup> I love you, I love you, really, I love you. (Cebuano)



down by her sister and proceeded to eat her pussy out while fingering Arlin's pussy at the same time. Arlin, already aroused, came easily. Joshua, using his free hand, snuck a digit up Mhitze's ass while eating her and sucking on her clit, got Mhitze to cum too.

Now lying between them, on his back, Mhitze on his left and Arlin on his right, with an arm around each, Joshua told them that they were joining him. He explained that he was marrying Ana Fe. He told them about Mary, Janna and Ricca. He told them that he expected them to do as told. They took it all in and gave brave faces to their new master. For that is what he was. They would be his. He had taken them; they had given themselves willingly. That was the beginning and end of it.

## Juvenile re-mix

Joshua, Mhitze and Arlin got into the shower together and rinsed off the remains of their sex juices and perspiration before dressing again. Once dry and dressed, the three had assembled around the table in the kitchen, eating some rice, pancit, and chicken adobo, when Janna and Ricca came exploding in through the front door. When the schoolgirls viewed the two new girls sitting at the table, and dressed in Janna's and Mary's clothing, they came to a dead stop.

Joshua waved them to the table, and grabbing Ricca, lifted her up and onto his lap.

*Mhitze, Arlin, let me introduce one of the two biggest loves of my life. This is Ricca. Standing next to her is also one of the biggest loves of my life. This is Janna.*

*Ricca, Janna, these two girls are Mhitze and Arlin. They are good, sweet and decent, just like you. Joshua paused a bit before continuing. They had their own clothing, but it was so threadbare, worn-out and just in such bad shape, that I got two of your dresses for them to wear for the rest of the day. Tomorrow we will get them some clothing of their own. But in the meantime, because I know your hearts, I knew you would be sad if they had to wear their old things. ... Ricca, Janna, since you two know me well, here's what I want you to do. Take these two to your room and wear them out. OK?*

Ricca, with a matter of fact expression, asked, *Do we get to choose who?*

Janna thought that was a particularly dumb question and blurted out, *Mango<sup>19</sup>! That's silly, Ricca! We do them both! Come on!*

There were genuine confused looks running back and forth between Arlin and Mhitze. They had no idea what Joshua had meant. Just as clearly to them, Ricca and Janna did know, which confused them further.

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<sup>19</sup> "Stupid!" Yes Mango... (Cebuano) The fruit is called Manga! Generally meant in a playful and teasing manner.

Still sitting on Joshua's lap, Ricca looked Joshua eye to eye. *Joshua, will you join us later? I think Janna needs you bad.*

Janna could not have been more mortified. *Ricca!*

And with that, Ricca jumped off Joshua's lap and grabbed Mhitze's hand. Janna grabbed Arlin's and off they went into the girls' bedroom.

Joshua sat there at the table, alone, relieved, bewildered, happy, a little tired and, oddly enough, horny.

In the bedroom sat four girls. They had already exchanged vitals like ages and now, one by one, each explained to the other pair how they came to be living with Joshua. Janna had gone first, followed by Ricca. Mhitze explained how she had met Joshua and what their life had been like until that very morning. By the time she got to the end of that, Arlin had but little to add. Janna looked at Ricca and then at the two girls,

[This conversation was in Cebuano and is translated into English.]

Janna, looking more at Arlin, asked, *So if Joshua says you are done here in a couple of weeks, you go back to that life?*

*Yes, it is so, but at least we get food, clothing and a safe soft place to sleep until then.*

Ricca was having none of that. *Janna I don't like it. Do you think Joshua would do that to them?*

*What can he do? Maybe they stay longer, but at some point we go to the USA and they will not be able to come.*

Ricca did not understand. *Why?*

*Because the only reason we get to go is that Mom is marrying Joshua. Without that, we don't get to go either. Mom says we get to go as her daughters.*

*What if we say they are our sisters? Mary is Seventeen, Arlin is sixteen, you are fifteen, Mhitze is fourteen and I am twelve. We could all be one family.*

Arlin was having a hard time understanding that these two girls who they really didn't know at all, were talking about how to make sure they were safe. *You would do that for us?*

Ricca smiled at Arlin as she told her, *Well, that depends on how well you can eat my pussy!*

Arlin had never in her life heard a girl say that. She had never considered that she would engage in such behavior. She sure as hell never expected to hear that from a twelve-year-old. She had heard about lesbians, but these girls were fucking Joshua. How could they be lesbians? *Are... you... serious?*

Janna, with an air of confidence answered, *I think she is.*

*I have never had sex with a girl before.*

*Then this will be the first. Ricca and I will teach you. Ricca, you take Arlin and I will take Mhitze. Mhitze take those clothes off and come over here. Hehehe. You aren't getting those back anyway, I will give you nicer things when we are done!*

To Mhitze's mind, it was a simple thing. If this is what living with Joshua was about, then this is what she would do with all her heart. She didn't feel as if she had been dismissed or pawned off. She felt that she was being accepted into Joshua's household. On top of that, Janna seemed nice and so, why not.

Mhitze shed the clothes that Joshua had provided and came to Janna, who had also shed her clothes. Mhitze could see immediately that Janna had food to eat on a regular basis. The difference between the two girls, about the same height and only a year apart, was startling.

Janna instantly saw how malnourished Mhitze seemed to be. Though she didn't say a word, her heart was making plans to solve that problem. But for now, it was an issue of bonding. These two girls needed to bond. There was no sense in being rivals for Joshua's attention. Better to be partners and lovers in all things.

Janna pulled Mhitze to her and brought the slightly younger girl into her arms. She kissed Mhitze's cheek and neck. And then she kissed the girl's

lips. Janna wasn't sure how Mhitze would respond. And the response did surprise her. Mhitze kissed her back with meaning and emotion. Janna ramped up her kiss in return and both sought out the other's soul via lips, tongues, hands and legs. But when Janna found Mhitze's pussy, Mhitze jumped, not in surprise, but, rather it, seemed in discomfort.

[Translated from Cebuano]

*Sore?*

*Yes!*

*When?*

*Earlier this afternoon.*

*First time?*

*Hindi! Second!*

*Was he good to you?*

*Oh my God, Janna, he was fantastic! I never thought it could be so good.*

*Damn girl, I'm jealous! Ricca had him yesterday, but I haven't had him inside me for two days.*

*Haha! So that's why Ricca told Joshua that you needed him. I bet he gets to you tonight.*

*I sure hope so! Oh well, it's time you learned to eat pussy anyway, might as well be now.*

*Yes, how do I do it?*

And with that, Janna guided Mhitze in the mysteries of the eating of pussy. Mhitze learned to use her lips, fingers and tongue good enough to bring Janna off at least three times. Janna started sucking on Mhitze's nipples and brought on a thundering orgasm without ever touching the girl's pussy.

At the same time, little, precious and precocious Ricca was advancing the sexual knowledge and competence of her older partner.

Ricca, of course, had a lot to learn herself, but Arlin knew next to nothing. Ricca could legitimately think of Arlin as *Ate*, as she was the older female in the grouping and thereby clearly deserving respect, but Arlin had never gotten past second grade, while Ricca was the top of her sixth grade class. Ricca's previous sexual congress with her sister had taught her things, and Arlin had never had such sex. In fact, before Joshua, before today, she had never engaged in any sexual activity.

Not only was she deficient in her sexual knowledge compared to Ricca, but her ability to communicate was far worse.

Arlin's English was poor compared with Ricca's, her Tagalog was far worse<sup>20</sup>. Arlin really depended on Cebuano as the only language she was comfortable using.

Arlin was painfully aware that she would be depending on Ricca, and on Janna... and so, the sixteen year old was, for now, in the hands of the twelve year old.

Ricca was more than precocious; Ricca was damned smart. Her passion to be a doctor was more than idle desire. Her mind was sharp and quite capable. If Ana Fe was the good, decent, loving mother, who would do anything for her brood; if Mary was the careful planner who would make sure they all survived; if Janna was the resident conniver and bomb thrower; then Ricca was the brilliant star in the making.

Ricca knew Arlin was anxious and took things slowly with the older girl. For a while she had Arlin just watch Janna and Mhitze. Then she slowly introduced touching. A slow introduction to each other's bodies, as it were. Every once in a while Ricca would lean in and kiss Arlin ever so gently.

Incrementally, Arlin relaxed and her mind acclimated to the idea that girls who liked men could also like each other. This was, in truth, a new

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<sup>20</sup> On Cebu there is a bias against Tagalog as Cebuanos fought those in Imperial Manila over which would be the national language. The regional tongue of the Cebuanos lost their fight in the national legislature and Tagalog was adopted. But there is a general reluctance to learn and speak Tagalog in the island of Cebu. English is more likely to be used as a second tongue than is Tagalog.

concept for her, and ran into some deeply held beliefs that one was either a lesbian, and hated men, or normal, and loved men and would have nothing to do with women. She had always thought that she could spot a lesbian 100 meters away. But these girls all loved Joshua's cock and were also having lesbian sex. It was a lot to take in!

Ricca and Arlin were still exploring each other when Joshua entered the room with a big smile on his face.

*I'm glad you girls are getting along so well. But we all need to eat, and some of you have homework to do. Are you all OK if I order pizza? They all were. OK, so I will have some Greenwich Pizza delivered. Janna and Ricca, please get your homework done. Arlin and Mhitze, come to my bedroom. As soon as I have ordered the pizza, it's time you learned how to suck a cock correctly.*

*Not fair! I need your cock! Now I won't get any!*

Ricca was laughing so hard that it took a bit before she could get out, *Janna! Remember what happened to mother when she complained like that? Joshua gave her what she wanted so much she couldn't take it anymore!*

Mhitze, a little surprised, looked away from her love of the moment, and asked incredulously, *Really?*

*Why do you think we don't worry about Joshua adding the two of you? Even with the four of us, he wants more!*

As this all played out, Joshua ordered three pizzas. He had a suspicion that Arlin and Mhitze would eat a significant amount, and he wasn't going to get sucked into a discussion with these girls regarding his sexual stamina.

Once in the bedroom with his two new girls, Joshua explained the techniques of giving head. Both girls practiced and critiqued each other's performance. For close to an hour, Joshua got increasingly better head from these two girls. Arlin got the reward, Joshua's cum, which she swallowed. He had promised her that his cum would make them healthier.

The two girls were watching him with rapt attention when they weren't sucking his dick. They were watching him, not because he was God's gift to women, but because he, and he alone, held in his hands, and his heart, the decision of how long they would be there. Joshua represented a type of salvation.

The fact that he wasn't mean was a huge plus. Others will complain that a man who has sex with teenagers is hardly a kindly individual, and that anything these girls felt was basically bogus. That being said, it didn't feel bogus to them. Giving Joshua head and thereby pleasing him was something that seemed like a sensible thing to do. For his part, Joshua, found in these two girls much to like, and much to worry about. Now that he had them, how in the name of — you fill in the blank, — could he cast them out? These girls were not prostitutes. How could he treat them as such? What was to be done?

As if by pre-planning, the pizza arrived just a minute after Joshua had cum in Arlin's mouth. Janna, knowing where the money was, paid the pizza delivery boy at the door. Ricca knocked on the bedroom door to announce supper was ready. In no time at all, the five of them were dressed, sitting at the table and devouring the pizzas. Watching the progress at the table, Joshua wasn't sure there would be any leftover slices, and was kicking himself for not ordering a fourth one. But, by the end, there were two slices left, and all swore, through giggles and groans, that they could not eat another bite.

The next day was Friday, and so a school day. As they sat at the table after their supper, the matter of the next day's schedule came up. Arlin and Mhitze needed clothes and other personal items. The girls, overruling Joshua, decided that they would do this as a foursome, without Joshua's intervention, over the weekend. Janna and Ricca led the two girls back into the bedrooms and helped pick out clothing for the next day. They would continue to use what was in the apartment for one more day. On Saturday, the four girls would go shopping together. Joshua could be around to pay the bill, but he would have nothing to do with the selection. Joshua complained that the clothing had to be sexy. Janna rolled her eyes and said Joshua should stop worrying. He would like what he saw.

Arlin and Mhitze were silent, almost dumbstruck. They were going to get new clothes? Joshua would spend such money on them? They did not



know what was happening. What they didn't know was that, neither did the other two girls, nor did Joshua. They were, in some way, all flying blind.

The rest of the discussion at the table revolved around the schedule for the evening. Janna was to come to the bedroom right away. Ricca would supervise, but Arlin and Mhitze would clean up the table and the apartment. Bedtime for Ricca and Janna was the normal one, and in their own beds. Arlin and Mhitze would sleep with Joshua tonight. The girls scattered into their different directions and duties. For a few minutes, Joshua took a breather to check his email. His reward was a pile of spam.

Once in the bedroom, Joshua found Janna looking into a mirror.

*Am I pretty?*

*Yes child you are very pretty.*

*Do you like Arlin or Mhitze more?*

*No, Janna, I do not. I do like them a lot, but I love you and that is not something that can be measured.*

As he spoke, Joshua was removing Janna's clothing until, soon enough, she was naked.

*My turn.*

And it was her turn, as Janna undressed Joshua. She then took his hand and led him to the bed, and lay down with him. Climbing on him, she made a beeline for his cock and decided to get him hard as fast as was possible. She attached her fifteen-year-old mouth to his dick and started to work her wonders. There was no need to teach Janna a damned thing. Joshua, who had slipped a Viagra in his mouth during supper, was not having any trouble getting hard. Joshua was already on his back, and minutes later Janna, removing her mouth from his member, mounted his now entirely rigid pole, sliding down on it with gusto.

Now that her body had learned what it meant to make love, she found that she was in frequent need of Joshua's cock in her pussy. The absences were more than noted; they pained her. She needed her man

inside her frequently. That's what he was to her now, her man. He was tight in her, but she was dripping wet. She was sliding up and down quickly and she maintained the pace. He tried to stop her to get a condom on but Janna refused to stop. Her juices were flowing onto his loins. Her pussy was producing many mini spasms. She had what she wanted inside her and she'd be damned if she stopped for anything. Anyway, she wanted to feel him cum. She knew it was risky, but she wasn't really thinking or caring about pregnancy right then.

Joshua was the passive one in some respects. He wasn't moving on his own much. He was letting Janna do that from the top. But her tight pussy was having its effect on him. She was a sight, this delicious young girl bouncing up and down on him. She was lovely, truly lovely and unaffected by years. That would come later. Her slim body, her perky little breasts with dark brown little nipples, her feminine hips, her sweet smile, her rapture, was driving him over the edge, as her multiple orgasms got bigger and more violent. He felt the pressure. He warned her to get off.

She yelled back, *No!*

His cum was far more that he would have expected, considering the day he had. Janna was drifting in a reverie, as she stayed planted on top of him, not moving. The moment of reverie breaking toward appreciation, Janna leaned over, grabbing her man and whispering *thank you* again and again in his ear, only being interrupted by her assaults on his lips with her kisses. They stayed that way for some time before Joshua coaxed her back to her own bed and sleep.

He took a brief moment to clean up in the bathroom.

When he returned to his bedroom there were two new occupants waiting for him. Looking at the girls, he smiled and told them that they were there to sleep with him and for no other reason. Should they desire to sleep elsewhere, they were free to do so without repercussions. Neither girl had any intention of moving. Even if they had perceived his offer as a demand, if given their choice, there would have been no different outcome. They wanted to stay with him. They were full, well fucked and tired.

They were his.

§ § §

## Grease

The conversation started as they were dressing for school. It continued through the rice and bihon they ate for breakfast and as they waited out on the street for the Jeepney to arrive. But when they boarded the Jeepney, all of the conversation ended. There were too many ears. Privacy was paramount. Once off the Jeepney, they almost immediately boarded a tricycle, so once again there could be no conversation. However, Janna got busy, while sitting on the bench behind the driver, texting her mother. Her mother texted back almost immediately and the volley of sms text messages followed in rapid succession until Janna was forced to turn the phone off as she entered her school.

§ § §

Joshua ate a breakfast of mango, banana and brewed coffee with canned cream. The one thing he really missed, Half and Half, was simply unavailable. But if that was the worst of it, he surely wasn't complaining. It was a relaxed morning.

Two of his girls were at school, one was away with her mother and two were still sleeping in his bed. He had no intention of awakening them. Let them sleep. Let them sleep and eat and relax.

Joshua checked his email. It was mostly spam. There were a few notes from friends, an email from his attorney asking him for details on what he was up to and suggesting a pre-nuptial agreement while at the same time acknowledging that getting such a thing done in the Philippines, which doesn't allow or recognize divorce, might be a tall order.

A check of his finances was next on the list this morning. He was in good shape. He had budgeted far more for food and sundries than he was spending. Things in the Philippines were far less expensive. Other than the fact that he couldn't use his VA health services in the Philippines, life here would in reality be a good deal for him. If he sold his house in the USA, the cost of a similar house here would cost about one quarter to one third as much. Food and clothing were less expensive. Gas cost more here but he needed to drive far less here. His two retirement incomes would allow him to live very comfortably here.

As he drank his second cup of coffee, he pondered the possibility of living in the Philippines full time. Maybe he would do so in the future. It required some thought, but it did have the benefit of allowing him to hold onto a potential family being offered to him in Pasay! And there was the real — not simply the potential — problem of what to do with Arlin and Mhitze. So long as he stayed in the Philippines, he could afford all of them. But in the USA things were different. Just sending six of them to the dentist for a cleaning there would be an expensive event.

He had come to the Philippines to make a dream, a reality. That was in process of happening, but there were complications. The complications had to do with the fact that it was too easy to have all he wanted here and the number of females he had access to now, had already grown to five teenagers and one adult. There were three more teens and another adult waiting to meet him in a week! This was already far too many. He needed to stop but his gonads were not listening to logic, they wanted to live the dream. They were following a more primal instinct. He knew that there must be no more additions. Even now, he wondered if there was an easy way of making Joydee and her daughters disappear from his life.

What ached in his heart most was his concern about the two waifs in his bedroom.

### § § §

Arlin looked over at her sister. This was a morning that was unlike any morning they could remember. They were on a soft bed, in clean sheets. The room was almost silent and too cool. They were snuggling under covers for warmth. Each of them was clean, having showered the previous afternoon. There was clean clothing laid out for them to wear today. There was a bathroom connected to this room that was theirs to use and no one else was in it! They neither needed to beg for money, nor food. Food, and plenty of it, was in the adjoining room. All they had to do was go get it and they could eat as much as they wanted. And best of all, they did not have to die and go to heaven to have all this. All they had ever dreamed of was already here.

Mhitze was already awake and staring at the clean white walls and nice furniture. The hum of the air conditioner was the only sound in the room.

[Translated from Cebuano to English]

She looked at Arlin, who had just awakened. Mhitze was tongue tied. Not so her sister. *You were right. He is a nice man.*

*How long do you think they will let us stay?*

*Maybe a week*

*Wow. Oh Ate, I hope so! I feel like a princess.*

*If he gets me pregnant, I can have a pretty mestizo baby!*

*Me too!*

*You're too young for a baby!*

*I am not! Anyway, do you think Joshua will allow us to have two outfits or just one?*

*I have no idea. I don't know if he even gets to decide. Janna acted as if she would decide.*

*Yes, that was weird.*

*I am getting up and going to have some breakfast.*

Mhitze giggled at the presumptuousness of her sister, though she knew it was what was waiting for them. *Oh my God, aren't we the special ones!*

§ § §

At 10am, Joshua received a cell phone call from Ana Fe.

*Hi!*

*Mahal, do you like these new girls?*

*Huh?*

*The girls you brought to the apartment. You like them?*

Looking right at the two of them eating rice and adobo, *Yes.*

*You want them?*

*What do you mean?*

*You want to add them to us?*

*It's not possible.*

*You not know.*

*Huh?*

*You want to add them to us?*

*If it was possible, maybe. I don't know them well.*

*Put her on the phone.*

*Who?*

*Oldest girl.*

*OK.*

Now turning to Arlin, *My fiancée, Ana Fe, wants to speak with you. I do not know why. However, you are to tell her the complete truth.*

Arlin's eyebrows raised up twice. In doing that, she was saying, *'yes, I will.'*

The following conversation was in Cebuano and translated here to English. Joshua does not know Cebuano and did not know what is being said.

*Do you know who I am child?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Do you want to stay with Joshua and lose your real family forever? Or maybe you want to stay for a few days and then go back to your people.*

*Oh Ma'am, do I really have a choice?*

*My children tell me you and your sister are good. She says that your life is not good. Is that true?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*Child, are you willing to accept me as your mother and do as I say?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*You are able to speak for your sister as well?*

*Yes, Ma'am.*

*If I do this, for the rest of your life you have to say I am your mother. Do you agree to that? You can never be with your real family again. Do you agree to that?*

*Yes, Ma'am*

*What is your birthdate? What is your sister's birthdate?*

Arlin provided the information, and a bit more that Ana Fe asked for. Arlin was then instructed to hand the phone back to Joshua.

*Yes?*

*I need more money. Please send me extra ₱25,000 at LBC.<sup>21</sup>*

*Why?*

*I will explain later.*

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<sup>21</sup> LBC: A Philippines company that does a number of things including remittances (same as Western Union and MoneyGram), parcel shipment and overseas cargo shipments.]



*OK. I will send it in an hour.*

*Thank you, Mahal. Bye.*

Looking at Arlin, Joshua asked, *What was that about?*

Totally stunned, Arlin answered, *I do not know. Sir, Mhitze ask me how long we stay here.*

*I don't know yet, but if you are good, I would like it to be for a long time.*

*Longer a week?*

*Much longer than a week.*

Mhitze hearing this, asks, *Both us?*

*Yes, Mhitze, both of you, so long as you understand why you are here with me.*

*You mean keep you happy in bed?*

*Yes.*

*You not worry that.*

Mhitze and Arlin traded glances. Slipping out of their chairs they both approached Joshua. Mhitze knelt before him, unzipped his shorts and fished out his cock. With Arlin kneeling on his right and Mhitze between his legs, holding his dick in the air, the two of them started alternatively giving Josh some head. Joshua relaxed in his chair as these two showed him what he had taught them the previous evening. In short order, they had become highly competent at giving head. Today it would be Mhitze who would get the cum to swallow. From now on, they would not fail to remember that there was an explicit quid pro quo in their relationship. They would remember and they would do their part to maintain the relationship.

§ § §

[In Cebuano and translated]

Mary was confused as she asked her mother, *You are really going to do this?*

*Janna and Ricca say it is the right thing to do.*

*Is it good for us?*

*I think so. It is good for Joshua and us.*

*Is it what Joshua wants?*

*He doesn't know.*

*Then why are we doing this.*

*I think I know him in this better than he knows himself.*

*Really?*

*Yes.*

*Do you have enough money?*

*Yes.*

*How will you do it?*

*The same way I have to do mine.*

*But you are going to see the Local Civil Registrar in this province. I don't understand.*

*I will meet with the woman who served as my mother's midwife. She never filed the papers for my birth. I didn't know that until I go get my cenomar. She has to create a birth record. That has to be recorded with the LCR<sup>22</sup> first. The LCR sends it to the National Statistics Office.*

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<sup>22</sup> Local Civil Registry. These offices have the requirement of recording the vital events of every person in a City or Province, which has something to do with the individual's entrance into or departure from life, as well as the changes

*Because it is so late, I am going to have to grease some hands to make it happen. For some extra pesos, she can create birth records for my daughters Mhitze and Arlin. You know...for some reason they weren't registered at this LCR either! Can you imagine that?*

*I see mother. It is truly sad how inefficient our country's record keeping is. I am certainly glad you will get this fixed for all of us, especially my sisters.*

§ § §

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in civil status that may occur during his lifetime. Such recording is continuous, permanent and compulsory, which, the Office of the Local Civil Registry faithfully performs.

## And how does that make you feel?

The trip to LBC was fast and easy. When sending money within the Philippines it was the cheapest way to go. Ana Fe would have the extra pesos today. Joshua had gone out with his two new loves. He needed to purchase food from the market and, having a Filipina face speaking Cebuano assured a far better price.

Joshua had a list. Ana Fe had provided it to him before she left: Ampalaya (bitter melon), Sitaw<sup>23</sup> (long beans), Eggplant (this was an Asian variety, long and thin, also used on occasion for a dildo<sup>24</sup>), Gabi (Taro,) Kalibasa (a Squash,) KangKong (supposedly a spinach, but looks and tastes entirely different — the stalks when braised with garlic are the best part!) Okra, Pechay (Bak Choy,) Green onions, Onions, Sweet potatoes, Opo (or Upo or Squash), Daikon, Kalamansi<sup>25</sup> (a citrus,) Manga (mango,) Banana, Garlic, Jackfruit, Papaya, Pineapple, red and green bell peppers, buko (fresh coconut), coconut milk (from older coconuts), eggs, manok (chicken) and Talapia.

Once at the open-air market, he gave the list to Arlin and Mhitze with the instructions that from the list they should buy only the things that looked best and for which they could get at a good price. They seemed to understand the concept and, with ₱500 in ₱20 and ₱50 notes, and some ₱1, ₱5 and ₱10 coins in hand, entered the market. Joshua stayed back, so as not raise the cost of the food by his presence.

Staying behind made him a target of a different type. Vendors of pirated DVD's and other such items came up to him, thinking he was there to make a black market purchase. It was getting to be a real pain, when Mhitze appeared with some bags she wanted Joshua to hold while the girls continued their shopping. Joshua pointed to a Chow King restaurant down the road and said that when they were done to find him there. He took the bags and headed off.

Chow King sells allegedly Chinese food. Well, as they say, it's Chinese style. The reality is, it is a Philippine company, and the food is Chinese-inspired but for the Filipino palate. As fast food restaurants go, it's

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<sup>23</sup> This Wiki link fails to include the Filipino name, but [this is the vegetable](#).

<sup>24</sup> Asian eggplants are long and thin, resembling the shape of a smooth dildo.

<sup>25</sup> Kalamansi is similar to a lime.

probably one of the best. It is certainly different from the western style fast food offerings. You are not probably going to get Halo-Halo<sup>26</sup> at McDonalds in Cebu. But the Halo-Halo in Chow King is a real favorite. There are rice meals, fried rice meals, noodle meals and fried chicken. A bowl of noodles (which is a soup with lots of noodles, chicken and chicken gizzard, chicken liver, vegetables and a dim sum) is ₱49. Chicken dinners start at ₱69. This is fast food that many Filipinos see as a treat and even the slightly affluent can afford it daily.

Joshua had a bowl of noodles as he waited. No one would hurry him out, so he could sit there a while and avoid the street black-market salesmen he had been fending off previously.

About fifteen minutes later, he was joined by his companions. Might they also get something? Yes of course. Did they need money or did they have enough left? They had some left, but might they get an extra ₱100? Each got a chicken dinner and Halo-Halo. Once the order was completed and they brought their number placard back to the table, it wasn't long before the food appeared and the girls, giggling and ecstatic, dove into their orders.

Between mouthfuls, the girls related that this was the first time they had gone shopping in the market since their mother had died a little over a year ago. Some of the vendors remembered the girls and had asked why they and their mother had been gone so long. When they told the vendors that their mother had died of cancer and they had been living on the street, they had been overwhelmed with hugs, kisses and extra food in their bags! Arlin was proud of how things had just worked out. Mhitze was a little teary, missing her mother anew, though not missing the fact that Joshua was their personal savior, if even for a week or so.

The walk back to the apartment was with heavy bags in all hands. But it wasn't far and everything, including the eggs, made it just fine. Arlin got busy making some pinakbet for her new family's dinner. There would also be pan-fried tilapia. And of course, there was always rice. As the ingredients were carefully chopped up and the food prepared, the two girls chatted in Cebuano. Joshua could hear them but had no clue what

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<sup>26</sup> Halo-halo ("mix mix") Filipino dessert with mixtures of shaved ice and evaporated milk to which are added various boiled sweet beans, jello and fruits. It is served in a tall glass or bowl.

was being said. That was something he was getting used to and, at least for now, didn't bother him.

*His fiancée called this morning.*

*How do you know?*

*Because I talked to her.*

*Really?*

*Yes, really, and she asked me about me and you.*

*Why me?*

*She wanted to know your birthdate, eye and hair color.*

*Why?*

*She asked if we wanted to stay with them or leave in a week or two.*

*She did? You mean it is possible for us to stay?*

*I don't know, but she say if we stay — then we have to act as if she is our mother for the rest of our life. She asked if we are willing to do that.*

*What did you say?*

*I said yes. We would do that. But maybe you want to leave here in a week.*

*If we can stay, then I think we should stay.*

*Good, I agree. You know it was fun today. We haven't shopped like that for a long time.*

*We haven't done a lot of things for a long time. But if we stay we will be Joshua's and not free like before. It's not like before. This is something else.*

*Yes, very different, but if he gives us children, it will all be good. ... Do you think Joshua would like some buko?*

*I don't know. Why?*

*Well, we bought some today right?*

*Yes.*

*We can share some between us girls later. Give Joshua some now.*

Joshua was at his laptop answering some email when Mhitze handed him a tall glass of something cool.

*What is it?*

*Buko, fresh coconut. Try it.*

Joshua did just that. The flavor was unique and good. There were somewhat soft string pieces of the coconut in the glass, but mostly the liquid was milky white. It was that stuff that eventually dries out as the hard white coconut meat (really hardened milk) inside the type of coconut you find in the USA in a supermarket. The drink was thirst quenching, not too sweet at all, and tasty. It was rich tasting and took a while to finish; a nice afternoon treat.

As Joshua finished the drink, Mhitze relieved him of the glass. Returning to him, she moved his attention from the laptop to her presence by kneeling down and unfastening his shorts. She now had his undivided attention. Removing her panties Mhitze climbed onto Joshua and centered her pussy on his pole. Mhitze was already moist, and after a little playing around, she was downright wet. As Joshua's member filled Mhitze's pussy to its limits, Mhitze, with her arms around Joshua's neck, slowly pumped up and down. She whispered in his ear how much she loved and needed him. But it wasn't her words that convinced Joshua, it was the orgasms rocketing around his cock that convinced him she was genuine in her emotions. With her skirt around her, as she rode Joshua, there was nothing showing; she was just a little girl bouncing on her dad's knee. In fact, she was a fourteen-year-old mistress taking care of business. But business did not mean there wasn't pleasure. There was that, too. And, in its own odd way, there was deep and real love.

As Mhitze worked Joshua's member with her pussy, she was kissing and talking to her lover. Telling him how he felt inside her, how much she needed him, both now and in the future. And she was begging Joshua for a child. Joshua had no condom on. This was getting ridiculous. Mhitze's juices were flowing all over him. She clearly wanted him. He was as hard as he could get, his balls aching for release. He was about to dump a load of cum once again in this fourteen-year-old. She was lovely, sexy, and begging for his baby. He looked into her eyes. She was staring at him. He wanted her forever. He didn't want to lose her. He didn't want to ever let anyone else have her. He growled, *You are mine, as* he filled her pussy. Holding his head in her hands she gasped and then, looking straight at him, she said, *I know, Mahal. I am yours forever.*

A towel came flying across the room, hitting Mhitze on the head.

In Cebuano, Arlin to Mhitze, *Clean up and get our man a new pair of shorts. Those are soaked.*

§ § §

Joshua was in clean dry shorts by the time the two schoolgirls got home. Both landed in his lap.

Joshua gave brief hugs before announcing, *OK, homework now. Then supper. After supper you four finish the things you were learning last night. I will decide whom I bed later.*

Janna was clearly distressed. *Homework? But tomorrow is Saturday.*

*So get it done now and we won't have to worry about it the rest of the weekend. Remember tomorrow we are going shopping for some clothing.*

After some last moment kisses, off the two went to deal with the weekend school assignments.

§ § §

Joshua's dream had become a plan. That plan had become a reality. The reality was not the dream. The reality was in parts better than the dream, less than the dream, far more emotionally demanding than the dream. Still, it was what the dream had always demanded.



Dreams are always without consequences, without the basic elements of humanity that come as the simple realities of life. The before's and the after's, the dreams, hopes, fears and needs of the 'others'. The need to choose to be a monster and treat people inhumanly, or to be a normal person, understanding that to be human is to seek to respect others, show, and really feel, consideration and empathy.

These girls were not dreams, they were people. Joshua had never been a monster and would self-destruct before he might ever become one. Having five teenage real and committed lovers was beyond his dreams, but it came at a cost, financial, emotional and ethical.

Sitting in that apartment, Joshua was taking inventory of his new obligations. His obligations to Ana Fe were least difficult. He ticked them off in his head:

- Marry her.
- Love her.
- Give her room to seek more education if she wanted.
- Support her desire for work as/if she chose to pursue it.
- Make sure his life insurance policy was adequate.

His obligations to Mary were equally untroubling:

- Love her.
- Bring her to the USA.
- Allow her to leave him if she needed to do so.
- Give her room to seek education, as she might desire it.
- Assist her in her desire to be an accountant.

His obligations to Janna and Ricca were more complex. He was both their lover and their de facto father. He and they would need to endlessly deal with that confused relationship. His love for them came in both flavors. The obligations were:

- Bring them to the USA.
- Love them.
- See them through their schooling.
- Provide for their physical safety until they emancipated.
- Allow them to choose to not emancipate.

- And while he wanted them for 'ever' he knew that they might (and soon) seek to end the love relationship.
- Be prepared to see them leave him and let them know it was allowed.

His obligations to Arlin and Mhitze were most complex and the same time most simple! He didn't even know where to start. These two would allow him to bed them, they would cook and clean for him, for as long as he provided them with bed, food and shelter, but that was the most basic of quid pro quo and had no future attached to it. It made him feel 'uncomfortable.' In his dreams they were most what he had wanted: No parents, no outside things with which to contend. In real life, they were his greatest concern and the cause of his real unease.

But he still had obligations and they included:

- Getting them an education.
- They needed him to be a parent.
- They needed shelter and a home.

As much as his dreams never included a wife such as Ana Fe, in this real life, he needed her now very much. That was maybe the greatest irony of all. Tonight, awash with all the lovely teen pussy a man might dream of, he longed for his very adult fiancée. It was she whom he most wanted to lie with tonight.

That was the problem with dreams. That is why it is said... 'be careful what you wish for because you just might get it.' Well, he had far more than wished for this, and he had gotten it. They were aged 17, 16, 15, 14 and 12. Each was pretty. Each pussy was without pubic hair. Each pussy was tight as any man might dream. Each of them smiled bright, wonderful smiles. Each gave head, swallowed his cum, and fought to get into his bed.

Each was a good person, a concept that maybe had failed to come up in his dreams.

The thing weighing most on Joshua as he thought all this through was that he had used his inherent position of power to achieve his goals. He wanted to think of himself as a good person. He knew, at least, some of his girls might think he was a good person. But inside, he wasn't sure

how to think about himself any more. The 'taking,' yes that was the best way to describe it, the taking of Arlin and Mhitze had exposed the raw power he was exercising. It left him very unsure of himself.

§ § §

Supper had been a fun affair. The fact that Arlin was a good cook was now official within the family. Her pinakbet was perfect. Everything was great and all ate way too much. Mhitze was actually groaning, burping and farting. That caused some very crude comments and a great deal of laughter. Eventually Joshua, through bouts of laughter, told the poor girl to please go to the CR and relieve the pressure!

By the time the dishes were done by all four girls, Mhitze's alimentary system was in proper working order, much to her relief.

Once all was cleaned up and put away, the girls broke into two pairs. Janna and Arlin entered Mary's bedroom. Mhitze and Ricca entered Ricca's (and Janna's) room. To all four, it felt a little like a homework assignment. To Ricca and Janna, there was a need inside them to seduce these other two girls. Making love to your sister was OK, but not as romantic as having a female lover as well as a man. Ricca wanted to connect with Mhitze before Mary got back. She figured that Mary might grab Arlin and Janna might then seek out Mhitze, as it was apparent that the two of them had hit it off well the last time.

§ § §

Janna stood in the bedroom, just looking at Arlin, and smiled. [Translated from Cebuano] Janna, looking at the older girl, smiled. *It is so clear why Joshua wanted you.*

*Why?*

*Well I know Ricca is cute for a twelve-year-old. I am OK I guess. But you are beautiful. You are better looking than any of the rest of us. If I didn't want you too, I'd be very jealous.*

*You really want to have sex with me? You like men! I know you like Joshua.*

*Oh yes I want you and I intend to show you how much tonight. I intend to make sure we share a bed forever, whenever we are not in bed with Joshua. I am going to make sure that you are mine and I do not lose you to Mary.*

And with that, Janna approached Arlin. She slowly undressed the girl, taking the time to touch every part of Arlin's body in the process. The talk of desire on the part of Janna had not been lost on Arlin. For over a year she had been, so, so alone. The eldest of the three, she had to hold it all together, even when she just wanted to cry. Joshua wanted her, but that was at least in part an 'agreement.' This was something else. This was someone who wanted her for no other reason. With that realization, something deep within her stirred, in a way that had not been touched for a very long time.

Janna's hand caressed Arlin's breast and Arlin felt a warmth, a tingle, and desire build. Janna's other hand wrapped her up and drew her in. She welcomed it, and found her lips inches away from Janna's. Janna leaned in for a kiss and Arlin welcomed it, tasted it, savored it. Their tongues met and made a loving contact. Arlin's own arms now reached out and drew Janna in tighter, firmer. Now it was Arlin whose need was being expressed with power in the kisses that followed.

Janna's hand reached down between Arlin's delicate thighs. Arlin spread her legs a little to give her lover better access. The two tumbled down onto the bed. Rolling over, this way and that, grabbing and touching, caressing and groping, Janna scooted down, belly down on the bed. Janna raised Arlin's thighs over Janna's shoulders. Janna's lips kissed Arlin's labia, her fingers spread them and her tongue and lips so gently approached Arlin's clit.

Arlin was beyond desire, she was in full need of everything that could and might be done to her body. When Janna first touched her clit, for Arlin it was not an, 'oh my!' but, rather, a 'God Damn, what took you so long? Now suck it! HARD!' Arlin was in heat. Arlin was in need. Arlin was desperate. On feeling Janna on her clit, she shoved her mound into the younger girl's face. She shoved it up and up hard. Her hand went down to the back of Janna's head and with force held her head right there on her pussy as she fucked Janna's face.

Janna was barely able to breathe. But this was not the time to back away. This was the time to claim her prize. She moved her hands around Arlin's sweet ass cheeks, spreading them apart. She then carefully located the girl's anus and pressed one finger against it. She heard Arlin gasp. She made a new attempt to suck Arlin's clit into her mouth while, at the very same time inserting her digit into the girl's anus. Janna was sucking hard on the clit, while at the same time her digit was up to the second knuckle in her lover's anus, when Arlin came hard, thrashing about wildly. Janna's mouth lost contact with the girl's pussy, but her digit was now moving in and out of the girl's asshole. Arlin came even harder the second time, before crumpling under Janna.

Ten minutes later, Arlin was showing signs of life. Janna, now face to face with her lover, gave her a kiss and then a demand, *Now you do me.*

Arlin didn't have to be told twice.

§ § §

## Daughters

Later in the evening, the house became very quiet. Joshua peeked into each bedroom just enough to know that his girls were all sound asleep. The reality of his sleeping alone was of no consequence. He took a shower and got into his own bed, without any complaint. Sleeping alone had always seemed like a penalty, a failure, to him before. Tonight it was welcome.

Had he desired more than he could live with? That thought seemed so improbable he refused to accept the premise. It was true that his role had morphed from seducer, to cum cow, (allowing for the fact that cows were female and so the metaphor was faulty). There were just four of them in the house now and he was the subject of competition. There were his other two out of the home yet. When they returned there would be competition among six. Yet he longed to hold Ana Fe. She would make order out of this. He pined for Mary, with whom he could review plans and make sure finances were stable. The 'not having to do it all alone' was seductive to him. He missed the two who were not with him.

Joshua had every intention of 'sleeping-in' Saturday morning. He didn't hear the bedroom door open. He didn't feel the movement of the bed as two bodies climbed in with him. He did feel a hand on his dick and lips on his both sides of his neck. His eyes were still closed. Deciding to just lie there and enjoy the experience, he kept his eyes closed.

Evidently, that wasn't to be an option, as giggling ensued, along with an attempt to tickle him, which was simply unsuccessful. Joshua opened his eyes, to see Ricca and Mhitze on either side of him. Each was wearing a skimpy and pretty panty — nothing else. Ricca ended the hand job she had been administering and proceeded to take him orally. Her oral skills were quite good.

Mhitze had been nibbling an ear, but Joshua pulled her to his lips. She felt his hot breath. Mhitze had never been kissed like this before. It was hot sex. There was passion in his heart, and in hers. In unison, a need for each other built. Ricca might have his dick, but via Joshua's lips, she had his heart and soul. Mhitze didn't know how she knew it, but she was sure of it never-the-less.

Joshua's fingers were tangled up in her hair. Her hands were gripping his head. As one breathed in the other breathed out. They were sharing their life forces between each other. Her toes tingled. Her whole body was alive to the lightest touch. Mhitze wanted to pour her entire soul into Joshua's mouth and become one within him. She wanted Joshua to devour her.

Ricca, deciding she needed a bit more action, ended her oral administrations and, sans condom once again, mounted Joshua's stiff dick. Her tight wet vise that Joshua felt envelop his member, while kissing Mhitze, was not to be ignored. He felt a pull on his nuts, as his member loaded up cum he would deposit in his youngest charge. Her hot, wet liquids ran over his loins; his cock was in ecstatic torment by the tightness of Ricca's canal. Mhitze's breath was hot on his tongue and her tongue was whipping up his desire. Joshua could take no more and deposited a sizable amount of cum in Ricca. Cum, leaked out her pussy and back on him; forced out by Ricca's pumping action. Joshua was limp.

The two girls, proud of their obvious accomplishment, were smiling broadly and relaxed as they snuggled into their man. The fact that the sheets were a wreck was a badge of honor. Only a hint of remorse touched Mhitze. She had wanted to disappear inside Joshua. But as much as that was what she wanted, it would never be.

So much for sleeping in!

Joshua showered with energetic assistance provided by eager hands. In the shower, his girls, the water plastering their hair, their diminutive bodies glistening with a sheen of water, their hairless bodies and naked smooth pubes, looked so young, so vulnerable, so intensely and perversely desirable.

Joshua was startled out of his reverie by Mhitze, who took to her knees and proceeded to give his limp dick, mouth-to-cock, resuscitation. There was no way he would cum again so soon after the last delivery of cum just minutes before, but his dick did start to thicken and stiffen up a bit. Ricca grabbed a washrag and soaped up his bum before allowing the stream of water to rinse him clean. With Mhitze still applying medical assistance to Joshua's cock, Ricca now spread his clean ass cheeks and inserted her tongue into his asshole. Joshua's cum exploded into Mhitze's mouth.

Breakfast, including hot and freshly brewed coffee, was on the table waiting for him when he appeared in the kitchen. This was a shopping day, and the girls were excited to get it going.

As Joshua looked over his coterie of girls, he thought about the difference between dreams and reality.

In dreams, the shopping trip would be yet another subtext to think about sexual adventures in risky places, like changing rooms in dress shops, with his girls and some eager sales girl or the woman in the next booth. But this was reality, and there would be no sex on this trip.

The reality was that Joshua didn't desire to bring unwanted attention to the girls or to his own self. So they would act like an uncle and his nieces today. There would be no inappropriate touching. In reality, you played for the long game and not so much the next five seconds. In dreams, there often were no consequences, not so in reality.

The shopping trip was to create a basic wardrobe, including shoes, for Arlin and Mhitze, and that was exactly what he wanted to happen today. Before they left for the mall, he and the girls created a list. On it was what was wanted and the quantity of each item desired. A budget was established. All had a hand in the decisions and seemed happy with the decisions.

Never in Arlin or Mhitze's life had they ever had 'new' clothing. Their mother would pick used clothes out of a pile of used clothing at the market. They didn't say anything to Ricca, Janna or Joshua, but each of the two, in her own heart, knew that this would be a day she would remember forever. There was a sense of bewilderment. The list was not for a single shirt or shorts. It was for seven of this, six of that and so forth! Each of the two wondered why Joshua was being so nice to them. He could have had all of them without this largess. Surely, he knew that!

He did know it. But Joshua was doing this for other reasons, ones both hard to explain and maybe not so rational. Maybe he really loved these girls.

The shopping and the time they took off to eat (in the food court) lasted five hours. From ten in the morning, to three in the afternoon, the girls attended to the shopping. They had a blast. Never had they had such



money in their pockets. They had, all their lives, seen the wealthy as a world apart, one to which they would never have entrance. Now they were shopping for new fashions at the mall.

Now they looked around and saw the world from a new vantage point.

At the food court, there was another revelation. In the past they would scope out what things cost, to figure out what they might be able to afford. Today they scoped out the food court to decide what they 'wanted' to eat! On one hand, how great was that? On the other, it was harder to choose. Which choice would be the best?

Joshua, once at the mall, stepped into the National Book Store and purchased a mystery novel, which he proceeded to read while the shopping continued. By the time the girls had completed the shopping, Joshua had made his way through two thirds of the book. When he finally looked up and saw the four of them, it was hard to see much more than grinning, giggling heads bobbing above the packages, and little feet below.

Getting back to the apartment was a little pricier than the cost of getting to the mall. With all the packages, they needed a taxi and not a tricycle. The girls were animated with conversation, giggling, playful jostling and laughter. Joshua was pleased, but ignored all of it. This was between the girls and not for him. He created the environment that allowed it all to happen, but this wasn't his place to intrude. He was savvy enough to understand that.

Once back to the apartment, Joshua settled down and read email while the clothing was put away and a supper prepared. There was an email from Joydee. Joshua didn't really know what to say to the woman. He wished he had never chatted with her. He left the letter without a response. A few letters from friends needed to be, and, were answered. Once done, Joshua was about to return to his book when supper was announced. Once again, Arlin proved her merit in the kitchen. Supper was superb.

How did a girl so young learn to cook? Joshua saw no reason not to ask, and the answer he received was both obvious and irritating. The very fact that it was irritating was, in itself, something of a double-edged sword, with which he essentially was skewering himself.

Arlin's mother had been a maid. She had been given a couple of pallets for her children and herself to sleep upon, in something that was essentially a hallway and dirty-kitchen<sup>27</sup> combination. There was no privacy. She got leftovers to eat and was paid ₱1000 a month, about \$23.00. But not only did she work, her children also worked, as soon as they were old enough to do so. And so it was that, as a little slip of a thing, Arlin learned to cook for the family that employed her mother as a maid.

In Joshua's mind there was no difference between that and slavery. Still, what exactly was Joshua doing but taking advantage of the same economic mismatch. After chewing on his discomfort for a bit, he tried to let it go and paid renewed interest in the food in front of him.

All ate until stuffed. Joshua could already see the signs of proper nutrition on Arlin and Mhitze. They looked healthier and glowed in a way they had not before. After supper, all the girls pitched in and cleaned things up. Within thirty minutes, the kitchen was spotless and everything clean and put in its place.

Joshua had made it through two more chapters of his novel, when all four females descended upon him; not one of them was older than sixteen years of age.

His mind was in a semi daze. In what world was such a thing even possible? And, in what seemed like an instant through that daze, he was stripped naked. In a commanding voice, Arlin told him that he needed to get up and proceed to his bedroom. By the time he entered, his attackers were naked as well.

With Arlin on one arm and Janna on the other, Joshua was placed on his back on his own bed. Joshua experienced something of which he had never dreamed. Arlin was French kissing him, Mhitze and Ricca were sucking and licking his nipples. Janna was giving him head and fingering his asshole.

Joshua's semi-hard cock was now rigid. His balls were tight. Just as he was about to come, Janna stopped sucking and fingering him. Instead,

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<sup>27</sup> Dirty-Kitchen: a second cooking area outside the house. Sometimes it is a covered porch area where hot dishes can be prepared without adding heat to the house but without being rained upon.

she had a death grip around the base of his dick. That stopped Joshua from shooting his load.

Next, Janna switched with Mhitze, and the entire scene was replayed. Once again, the girls brought him to the very edge and then shut Joshua down.

Next was Arlin. But before she left Joshua's lips, she whispered, *You're my man, now give me my baby*. This time it wasn't a mouth that encased Joshua's member, it was Arlin's pussy. Arlin was not interested in stopping. She was on top and had her man's dick deep inside her. She wanted all he had to offer. Joshua tried with all his will power to restrain from cumming inside Arlin. He did want her pregnant, he dreamed of them all pregnant with his seed, but not yet. And yet, there was no way Joshua's gonads were having a meaningful conversation with his brain.

Joshua was fighting the good fight, but when he felt the hot juices from Arlin's pussy flow over his dick and the clamping of her young and powerful vaginal muscles squeezing his dick at the same time, there was no controlling his body's primal need to attempt to inseminate the girl. His body spasmed, his teeth clenched, his balls ached, his breath ragged, Joshua's body did what it was designed to do. To do what thousands of generations of instinct required.

In that instant, there was no difference between primal lust, love, caring, controlling, protecting and herding his females. All existed, all were true, as Joshua bellowed and grunted and melted into the mattress.

His girls knew none of this, other than being aware that Arlin had her prize and all had a reason to believe that Joshua was their man.

Joshua would not awaken until the morning. When he did, he realized he was uncomfortably warm. He found himself under bodies instead of a blanket. It was the body heat of the four girls that had him in a pool of sweat in the air-conditioned bedroom.

Needing to relieve his bladder was complicated by the problem of how to extricate himself without waking all four of them. The task proved impossible, and so the next problem was to get to the CR before his girls did, as each seemed to wake with the same need as he. He lost that race

as well, but did finally relieve the pressure, as the girls were at least considerate and fairly speedy.

This was Sunday, and though the days were all 'vacation days' for Joshua, Sunday always seemed to have a special feel to it. It was a slow day. And he was, for all the wonderful young and willing pussy at his fingertips, sorely missing Ana Fe and Mary. He knew things took time to get done here, but that didn't mute his ache to see them again.

Arlin and Janna heated up the rice and warmed up dishes that had been made last night. All was ready for anyone who wanted to eat. This wasn't breakfast as done in the USA, but Joshua wasn't in the USA. Scooping some white rice onto his plate, he was fully aware that no meal here was consumed without rice. But that didn't mean that rice was the whole meal. It was also true that, no matter how poor, there would be something eaten with the rice. It was never consumed alone.

Joshua was pleased to note that the girls had gotten busy playing a card game, called 'tong-its.' Three could play it and that was one less than the number of girls presently under the roof, and so one would hang over the shoulder of her sister for a few hands and then swap positions. The game was similar to some games played in the USA, but not similar enough for Joshua to fathom the nuances of the game. It seemed incredibly arbitrary, but the girls seemed to understand the rules. It was a betting game and there were sufficient pesos in their hands that the game took on an urgency that was amusing to him.

Picking up his Philippine cell phone, he sent a simple SMS text to Ana Fe,

*miss u. how soon?*

A few minutes later, the reply came back,

*good! miss u 2. tuesday. u still like new girls?*

He was confused about the question but tapped out the reply,

*yes.*

There was no further message from Ana Fe. Joshua looked over at the girls, these lovely creatures that were his heart's desire. He wondered what wheels were in motion.

Pushing that aside those thoughts, he opened up his laptop and logged into his email. There, among the spam and a few brief notes from friends, was another email from Joydee. Looking over at **his** four girls, he made a small but audible sigh. Returning to the email, he clicked on 'reply' and tapped out:

*Joydee,*

*I appreciate how much you want to meet me. I know you would do anything to make that happen. However, there is simply no place for you in my future. This is not only because my hands are full now. It is also because I will be returning to the USA with my new family and, by law, cannot take you with me. To tell you otherwise would be to, unfairly, lead you on. I wish you good and true luck in the future. I am sorry that I could not help you.*

*Yours,  
Joshua*

After re-reading the message a few times, he sighed once more and clicked on send.

From the dining table, there came a peal of laughter and a shout, *Tong-its!*

§ § §

## On being a Father or an approximation thereof.

Teenage girls need fathers. They may not agree with that on frequent occasions, but it is the truth. In the case of his five girls, it was the case in at least four if not five of them. Being the lover and the father was going to create a conflict. At least that was Joshua's thought about it beforehand. It was the one thing that he hadn't sussed out. Reality was proving different.

As the object of affection, rather than the one seeking them for sex, they were seeking him. So it was hard for the girls to ignore him when he did need them to do something. In consequence of being the Cum Cow, their personal Santa Claus, he was afforded a great deal of affectionate attention. When he said something, they listened. And so it was that the role of a father, which was inherent in his 50+ years, and their precious few years, was accepted with equanimity. He was 'controlling.' As a lover that would have been wrong. But, as a father, it was expected of him.

Not a one of these girls had ever had a father in their lives that they could remember. The fathering, loving, concern that Joshua expressed towards them was not felt as stifling. It was felt as a security blanket. They felt secure and loved in a way they had never felt before. They were loved, as a caregiver to his charges, as well as in a romantic sense. The roles were one and the same. It was only confusing for those who needed to create distinct categories and swear that never the twain shall meet. These girls did not have that societal rule embedded in their brains.

And so, when Joshua decided that the girls needed to get out of the apartment, have some fun, and leave him alone, even though they wanted to stay home with him, they didn't argue. He gave them enough money to see a movie, have a meal at Jollibee's, and just hang out at the mall.

It was a little before noon when he kicked all four out of the apartment. His instructions were simple. Have fun, stay out of trouble, and do not come home until 6pm. As to the type of parenting when you tell kids it was time to go to school, it wasn't an issue, as they wanted to go to school. When it came to cleaning, Arlin and Janna were taskmasters to

Mhitze and Ricca; there was not an unkempt or dirty place in the apartment. When it came to bedtime... well, that simply was not a problem. It was the concept of playing and having fun that the girls had not a clue about and had to be parented.

And so, the rest of Sunday was quiet and restful for Joshua, with only one exception. The exception came in the form of an email from Joydee. She had written back rather than accept Joshua's email as final. Her email, in return, was of a woman begging, but begging for what? There was nothing Joshua could do for her.

Joshua just stared at the missive, unable to fathom how to respond. Finally, after a prolonged period of reflection, Joshua closed the message without responding. It was not that he decided not to respond. It was more that he was without a clue as how to respond. Possibly time and distance would offer up the answer that first impressions failed to find.

The mystery novel that Joshua had purchased yesterday was still unfinished. He picked it up and much of the balance of the afternoon was devoted to finishing off the tale. While, in the end it, was not fully satisfying, it was in its own right, enjoyable and relaxing. However, every so many pages, Joydee's letter would come, front and center, in his consciousness, and that most assuredly diminished the novel's palliative effect. So, as evening approached, and the tale was at an end, Joshua was still troubled.

Also, as evening approached, his four young girls returned home.

For these girls, it was an uneasy homecoming. They had been away for hours. Hours away, not because of tasks or school, but rather to have fun, and while they did have fun during the afternoon hours, they also felt as if they were abandoning the one person in their world upon whom their future most depended. He was their lover; he was their protector; he was an adult, their lawgiver. In an incredibly short time span, Joshua had become the sum of their world. He defined their universe and delimited its boundaries. He didn't tell the girls this; they simply knew it. And, in knowing it, they felt that having fun without him was, in and of itself, inherently wrong.

It was Ricca who felt the least concern. She launched her small body into Joshua's arms and held him tight, whispering in his ear, *Thank you! I had a great day.*

And with one sentence, the rising unease in the room was stilled. Looking into the open and sweet face of his youngest love, he asked, *Ricca, do you think you are ready to spend a night with me alone, or do you need someone else with us?*

Ricca squealed, wiggled on his lap and then announced, loud enough for all to hear, *I will be your wife tonight!*

And so it was. Arlin, Mhitze and Janna cooperated on getting supper on the table and cleaning up thereafter. All the while, Joshua was snuggling with Ricca, as the youngster proceeded to inform Joshua, in the most conspiratorial of tones, of all the details of the day's activities.

As her story unfolded, Joshua was stroking Ricca's twelve-year-old body. He touched every inch of the girl. His fingers roamed over her face, down her back and her legs, over her undeveloped breasts, over her ass, onto and into her pussy. While she talked, he nibbled her neck, her ears, her eyelids, her shoulders. And when she finally came to a stopping point, he tilted back her young and sweet — if no longer innocent — head and gave her an intense kiss on the lips that would have seemed less unusual if Ricca was twenty-one and not twelve.

Ricca returned Joshua's passion with an intensity of her own. She was announcing her status in that kiss. It was not the kiss of a child to an adult. It was, most clearly, a kiss of real passion. Joshua was startled for a moment, but only a moment. Recognizing the kiss for what it was, he relished it, savored it; he rejoiced in it.

Then it was time for supper. The meal was tasty, if a rehash of previous meals. Almost everything on the table was consumed by the end of it. The fresh foods they had purchased in the market had now been used. On Monday, tomorrow, Arlin and Mhitze would return to the market for more food while Janna and Ricca were in school. There was in the apartment enough food for breakfast, but that was all.

While the other girls cleaned up the kitchen and got ready for the morning, Joshua and Ricca retired to the master bedroom. Ricca was



ready to jump into bed, but Joshua steered her to the shower. Both entered the shower and carefully washed each other, leaving no crease or crevice unattended. The playful kissing and foreplay was an added benefit. The fact that this was a cold shower only slightly dampened their exuberance.

After toweling off, Joshua led Ricca back to the bed and had her lie on her back. Hovering over her, he placed a sweet, light kiss on her lips, and then proceeded to position himself between her small legs. She was certainly small. Her hairless pussy was small, as well. Joshua used his fingers to spread her labia. His tongue circled her clit. Ricca's ass squirmed and her breathing became rapid as his attention to her pussy continued unabated.

This was as close to Joshua's fantasy as it was possible to get. This had been his masturbation fantasy. Now spread out before him was his fantasy incarnate. Ricca was his dream, come true. He licked her ass, her belly, her legs, her flat chest and then again he returned to her pussy. For Joshua, she was his manna from his own irreligious heaven.

Ricca was in a dream world. Nothing in her young life had prepared her for the sexual stimulation Joshua gave her. Nothing prepared her for the feeling of sexual vulnerability and simultaneous sexual power she was experiencing.

Society has attempted to push these feelings away in time — to those of a supposedly more mature adult age. But biology was having nothing to do with that conspiracy. Ricca's body had awakened. There would never be any turning back from that reality. Ricca's body entered into its life of sexuality at the same time she attached to the most intense object of love. Just as an infant when opening and focusing its eyes for the first time on the image of the 'mother' imprints a lifelong attachment, so did Ricca's attachment to Joshua at the very moment of her true sexual awakening from the mist of sexual latency become imprinted on her brain and heart. Ricca's attachment to Joshua would be an unbreakable lifelong reality.

Is that why societies pushed dating and marriage to later in a female's life? Did they want the first sexual awakening to be accompanied by fantasy mates, fantasies that would crumble and die away? Delaying, and

thereby preventing the imprinting that was occurring at that very moment in Ricca's life?

Nothing that Joshua might have fantasized, would or could ever match the reality of what was transpiring before him at this very moment. He might turn into an ogre, she might turn into a beauty or a hag, but forever, she was to be bound to him. Such was the imprinting that was occurring.

While not aware of the biological and emotional circuits that were forever being embedded into place, Joshua was aware that his need for this child had become intense and palpable in a way that surprised him. His member was rock hard as he moved his body up and over hers. This was to be no gentle fucking with the child riding her man's cock. This time Ricca was under him. Joshua, with his hand, moved his cock up and down over Ricca's slit, gathering up her female secretions. There were secretions and copious amounts of them. And then, with his glistening cock at the opening of her passage, he pushed down and into her cunt.

He heard Ricca's gasp. He pulled back an inch and pushed in more forcefully. The girl was now impaled on his member. She was meat on his skewer. She was mewling to herself. Joshua began fucking Ricca in earnest.

Ricca took all Joshua had to give, absorbing the cock as it pounded deep into her young pussy. She took it until the moment when her body started screaming for more. It was then that Joshua heard the young girl shouting to him, *More, Joshua! Give it to me harder! Fuck me harder! Harder! Fuck me h-a-r-d-er!*

And that Joshua did. His cock was squeezed tight inside the small vessel of the girl's cunt. He felt all of her in each movement he made. Her screams were in his ears as his need to plant his seed, his crazy biological need, which if it became reality would be a colossal mistake, became inexorably the only thing in his sexually addled brain. His loins pounded her, her screams egged him on and on. Finally, with nothing stopping either of them from the potentially disastrous result, Joshua flooded Ricca's cunt with cum.

Sweating and exhausted, Joshua rolled off Ricca, slid his arm around her back, and pulled her onto him. Kissing followed unabated for some twenty minutes before blessed sleep took both of them.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Joshua was awakened by an intense need to cum. The cause was Ricca, who was giving him head. Her technique had become better than just proficient. One hand squeezing his balls, one playing with his prostate, her mouth applying all the suction she could muster, Joshua was fighting to delay his cum. The fight was fruitless. In thirty seconds, Ricca had earned her reward, which she swallowed, being unwilling to do otherwise. Both drifted back to sleep with Ricca still between Joshua's legs.

Morning came early. Arlin entered the master bedroom to the sight of Ricca beneath the covers and between Joshua legs, holding onto the man's penis.

Joshua was equally deep in sleep. After pulling the covers back a little, she just looked at the two of them. A smile crossed her face. If he could show Arlin love, like the love he must have for Ricca, then maybe, just maybe, they would all be OK. Joshua sure seemed like a good man. Arlin roused Ricca first and sent her off to get ready for school.

Arlin then climbed onto the bed, recapitulating Ricca's position. From there she took Joshua in her mouth. He was soft. She didn't expect much to change, as he would most assuredly awaken. But Joshua didn't awaken immediately. As Arlin sucked on his member, his cock regained stiffness. Once again, Joshua awakened to a female giving him head. This time, and finally realizing it was Arlin, and being in an unusually predatory state that might have been related to an unfinished dream which he could not remember, Joshua disengaged from Arlin, pulled her up to him and placed her face down on the bed. He shoved a pillow under her loins. Her ass now elevated a bit, he centered his saliva coated cock against Arlin's asshole and plunged into the unassuming girl. There was nothing gentle about this. Arlin was being taken. She had claimed him before. Now he was doing the same to her.

Her ass was his, literally.

§ § §

## The nature of addiction

Two girls were off to school. One was sacked out, and with a tender ass, on his bed. That left one, Mhitze, who was looking at him with the eyes of a child who needed reassurance.

Joshua had not been inside her pussy since Friday before supper. She had given him head and kissed him lovingly, but she had not had his cock inside her for the entire weekend. It was now Monday. He had fucked the others, but not her. Was there something wrong with her? She looked at him. He didn't look upset or angry. He was smiling. He had even given her a hug this morning. A hug? That was supposed to tell her everything was OK? Really? Why hadn't he bedded her since Friday? And did he really think a hug would be what she needed? She had hugged her brother just before they left him to fend for himself. A hug was a goodbye! Why had he hugged her? Why hadn't he bedded her? What was wrong with her? Why didn't he want her?

Joshua looked at Mhitze. Her face was a mask. Nothing was showing; nothing, except those eyes of hers. She couldn't hide the fear in her eyes.

Joshua saw it. He saw it the moment the hug had ended. His dick was rubbed sore from the endless fucking and that last bit, in Arlin's ass, had been the final straw. It was possible to fuck yourself raw. Joshua was the prime example right now. And yet, the one thing Mhitze needed was Joshua's dick. Joshua took Mhitze back in his arms. She thought he was going to hug her again and she started to squirm, but Joshua's arms were strong and he pulled her in for a kiss; not a fatherly kiss, but the kiss of a lover. His hand found her ass.

As he pulled her in, she wrapped her arms around his neck and jumped up on him wrapping her legs around his torso. Her head was now above his as she kissed down to him. His head was pointed towards the kitchen. There on a platter lay the one kalamansi and the lone eggplant that had not been consumed. The kalamansi would be nice in his tea later. Now he had other things to resolve. Arlin was in his bed. With Mhitze still attached to him and tongue lashing him, he swung by the kitchen counter and took her into Mary's room.

§ § §

Arlin woke up to a quiet and empty master bedroom.

A woman in the USA might not take kindly to a man who had done everything to her just shy of telling her to her face that she was now his property. She might want to ask him, just who-the-hell he thought he was, treating her in such a manner; that she was a fully realized woman, equal to any man, and any man who tried to treat her in such a manner could blow it out **his** ass and leave hers alone.

But this was not the USA. Arlin was not a fully realized woman and she knew exactly how lucky she was to have a man such as Joshua claim her. Arlin was not angry. Yes, her ass was more than a little sore. She was having a hard time standing up or walking, but that would pass in a bit. What really mattered was that he had taken her. She knew in her heart that in the most basic, the most elemental, of ways, he had claimed her as his.

Arlin was surely sore — but Arlin was rejoicing.

§ § §

On a small island in the Visayas, one which required you to take a small boat to reach, as there was no other way on or off the island, Ana Fe and Mary, sandals and small bags held high in the air, climbed over the gunwale of the boat and into the water. The water was up to their asses. It was low tide and the boat could not reach the pier. They waded to shore. Reaching the shore, they approached the first woman they saw and asked her if she knew the whereabouts of Lola Lilian.

§ § §

Arlin entered the master bathroom slowly and gingerly sat on the toilet. She was afraid that this was going to be a painful event. Her fears were not completely unfounded.

§ § §

Mhitzte was still glued to Joshua, though they were now lying on Mary's bed. Joshua's hands roamed over Mhitzte's small body. She denied his touch not a single thing. She welcomed his hands. She relished his

fingers as they glided over her skin; her mouth sucking on his, trying to gain life from his breath, from his soul.

Joshua broke the lip-lock and, sliding down on her body, he undressed Mhitze and his lips savored each inch of skin as the disrobing continued from her neck down. He took a great deal of time exploring her breasts and the different types of stimulation that might be provided them. Mhitze was suitably pleased with the continuing attention.

§ § §

Arlin had entered the shower. It was cold, but that was the only type of shower she had ever known. Slowly the pain and discomfort was subsiding. She was regaining full control of her body. Stepping out of the shower and drying off, Arlin was sure this was a very good day.

§ § §

The path to Lola Lilian's was not an easy or quick one. Though the island was small, it did have hills and difficult walking paths that needed to be followed to reach the woman. Lilian was now in her 60's and was still practicing her skill as a midwife. When the two women reached Lilian's compound, they were informed that she was sleeping. The most recent delivery had kept her up over half the night. The sleeping Lilian was not to be awakened. The women were offered some rice, fried kangkong, and water to drink while they waited.

§ § §

When she got to the kitchen, Arlin was surprised to find that neither Joshua nor Mhitze were in evidence. Joshua had not even brewed coffee this morning. The coffee pot was ready, but had not been started. All else was clean. The lone eggplant that had been left over was missing, but nothing else was odd. Joshua's laptop was sitting on the side table. She wanted to use it, but had never asked for such permission. She would not touch it without asking. The one thing she surely did not want to do was cause a problem now. Arlin sat down on an easy chair, lost in thought.

§ § §

Mhitze was making no noise. Her mouth was attached to Joshua's. That Joshua was taking his time was no problem at all. She could feel his love for her. That was what she had needed. The cock in her pussy would come. That was not her concern. The simple fact that he desired her was the reassurance she had needed and that she was getting. He had slid her shorts down. She had kicked them off. Her panties had come next. They were also on the floor. His fingers were playing with her clit. She loved that, up to a point beyond which it would begin to be painful. Better to have his tongue down there. She whispered, *Joshua, please lick me down there.*

Joshua was more than happy to comply, but was in no hurry. On his way down, his mouth and tongue tasted and licked everything in his path. Some of the time, he lingered for a while before moving on. Mhitze's clothing had all been discarded. And she, realizing that he still had all his clothes on, proceeded to remedy the matter. However, as her hand glanced over his erect cock, she noticed that he winced. Looking down, she could see redness on the member that ought not to be there. Her thoughts were taken in a very different direction a few moments later, when Joshua started his oral acquisition of her pussy.

Mhitze was no longer in need of proof of Joshua's desire for her, as his tongue circled around the girl's clit. She humped his face and he stayed right there at her clit. Then, his tongue invaded her cunt and the first of her orgasms hit her.

§ § §

Arlin no longer wondered where Mhitze and Joshua were. Her sister's powerful orgasms had announced the couple's presence in the far bedroom. But by the fifth orgasm, Arlin was more than a little curious, as she had thought Joshua would be worn out by now! She walked quietly to the occupied bedroom and gently opened the door a crack, as the screams from number six erupted.

There, on his back, was Joshua. Mhitze was lying on top of him. One of her breasts being sucked on rather vigorously; a couple of Joshua's fingers were in the girl's ass and, there being guided by his other hand, was the eggplant, being rammed repeatedly up the girl's cunt as she bucked and screamed through orgasm after orgasm. Arlin quietly backed away and closed the bedroom door.

Arlin climbed back on the easy chair and proceeded to frig herself into her own private moment of ecstasy.

§ § §

Ana Fe and Mary had been fed and their shorts had dried out from the wading ashore; however, they had yet to speak to Lilian. The woman was still asleep. It had taken close to a week of looking to locate this woman. This latest wait was simply another of the impediments they had experienced. There was no complaining, it was just the way life was. Not knowing how long they might need to wait this time, they chose to lie down and also sleep.

§ § §

Arlin must have fallen asleep. She awoke to the pungent smell of garlic and onion being blended into a mashed eggplant. Joshua was not to be seen, but Mhitze was in the kitchen. Arlin walked into the kitchen and greeted her sister, (from Cebuano) *Hey kid, destroying the evidence?*

*How did you know? Yes, I figured at this point, it was best to cook it before it went bad!*

*I walked in on you and saw. I'm surprised you can walk!*

*Really! But it is your fault. His penis is red and sore. What did you do to him?*

*It's not my fault. He took me in the ass! I couldn't walk for a while after that.*

Joshua walking in from the master bedroom, *What are you two talking about?*

Arlin answered, perfectly straight-faced, *We are talking about your penis. Did you put any lotion on it?*

Mhitze called out, *Come eat.*

§ § §



Someone was shaking Ana Fe. A woman of indeterminate age — maybe her own age, but worn down through hard manual labor and missing some teeth — was standing over her. *You can see Lola Lilian now. She is awake.*

Ana Fe left Mary, still asleep, as she gained her feet and followed the other woman to a nippa hut some fifteen meters behind the house they had lain in. The old woman was sitting on a rattan chair under the shade of the roof.

*Lola, my name is Ana Fe daughter of...*

As Ana Fe explained her lineage, the woman's face, at first a mask, became animated with bright eyes and a broad smile. Yes, she remembered Ana Fe's mother... and yes, she remembered the birth. She did not remember why the papers of the birth were not filed, but it was certainly possible. Ana Fe explained that the clerk at the local civil registry had prepared some forms, if only Lola Lilian would complete them, Ana Fe would see that they were properly filed.

Yes, Lola Lilian would be happy to do so.

*Lola, there is another matter I wish to speak with you about. The birth of two of my daughters, were also assisted by a midwife. And neither of those girls have birth records. The woman who helped me is dead and I didn't know what to do. The clerk at the LCR suggested that you might be willing to sign papers for those births too. If you could do so, I would be ever so grateful. You know how difficult it is dealing with official channels without proper paperwork. I will be happy to offer you a thousand pesos for your assistance if you would be willing to accept my gratitude.*

And so, with the passing of five ₱200 notes, the other two documents were duly signed. The notary seal was already affixed by a notary in the LCR office, on the assumption that Lilian would sign, and knowing that Lilian would not come to their office — the likely reason that the original documents were never filed.

The two women visited for another half an hour, sharing pleasant stories, before Ana Fe felt it was acceptable for her to take leave of the other woman and start back to the LCR and, from there, back to Joshua.

The walk back to the dock was a bit easier, as it was mostly downhill. It was high tide when they arrived. A boat was moored to the dock and, in the matter of minutes after arriving at the dock, they were back on the boat and crossing the ocean to the island where they would find the clerk at the LCR. Five minutes before the LCR closed for the day, they entered the building and, feeling not a small amount of triumph, laid out the duly signed documents, accompanied by three ₱1000 notes of gratitude. Stamp, stamp, stamp... the documents were accepted and processed.

And as quick as that, the wheels were greased for the claiming of two new daughters, and the ability to receive her Philippine passport. In her hands, she held 'official' birth records. The NSO would record the birth certificates and all would flow from there. Ana Fe now had five daughters, two of whom she had never met. She and Mary would fly back to Cebu tomorrow.

### § § §

After lunch, Arlin and Mhitze had insisted that Joshua remove his shorts so that they might apply some lotion to the poor, sore member. Joshua wasn't fully convinced that this wasn't the girls just being a bit playful, but he went along with it anyway. If they were just being silly, they certainly played their parts with a straight face as they inspected the damage and applied an ointment; after which, he was told to stay as he was and without covering while the ointment did its work. In the meantime, the two girls accepted some pesos from his wallet and left to go shopping.

Being alone and in his birthday suit without even a book to read, Joshua, after brewing and pouring some coffee, settled down with his computer. There was no new email, so he tried to catch up on doings in the USA via CNN's website. He was still naked and sitting at the computer three hours later, when Arlin and Mhitze returned.

Arlin called from across the apartment, *Has it not absorbed yet?*

*Huh?*

*The ointment Joshua, is it still there?*

*Oh! Huh, I guess it's gone.*

*Does it feel any better?*

*Come here and help me check.*

Arlin laughed. *Bastos ka!*<sup>28</sup>

Arlin walked over to her man and grabbed his dick firmly, *Any better?*

*Yes.*

*Good, you can get dressed now.*

And it was as he had buttoned the shorts and pulled up the zipper that his two schoolgirls burst through the door.

After hugs and kisses, those two settled down to complete homework, while eating slices of the cassava cake which Arlin had purchased at the market.

Arlin and Mhitze working in the kitchen; Janna and Ricca doing homework: It wasn't, in any way, part of the fantasy he had lived with for years. This was something else. This was life.

Now if only Ana Fe and Mary would return.

§ § §

*Mom, explain it to me again. Why are you doing this for those two girls?*

*Child, there are three reasons. First, Janna says it is necessary and I believe her. Second, the more children Joshua has the more he really needs you and me to keep things in order and under control. The last reason is that the more he sees he can have whatever he wants if he has me, the more I am sure he will never leave me.*

§ § §

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<sup>28</sup> You are rude! Meant jokingly.



## The New World Order

Monday evening was coming to a close. The girls had yet to hear who would lie with Joshua for the night. Joshua had said nothing, and seemed distracted. The girls looked from one to another, not knowing exactly what to do. Arlin, who had had a year of taking on the mantle of responsibility, took charge.

*Joshua!*

*Huh?*

*Janna gets you tonight. OK?*

*Yes, right.*

And so it was. The arrangement of power between the girls had shifted. Arlin was now *Ate* in Mary's absence. As Arlin had promoted Janna into Joshua's bed for the night, Janna, who might have complained, had no reason to do so. If Janna was not complaining, then Ricca would not complain. Mhitze was accustomed to Arlin being her *Ate*, so there was no issue there.

And Joshua?

Well Joshua was a bit adrift at the moment. It was a conundrum. In some ways, these Filipinas were his, almost as chattel. He didn't 'own' them, but the economics of the situation and the access to 'liberty,' to food, shelter and a future, amounted to the same thing. They were his. In other ways, these were smart, strong-willed females who were quite capable of running things. And that included making decisions for him. So long as he was comfortable with the results of those decisions, they would take on more and more of the decision-making.

There were plenty of beds in the house, but Arlin, Mhitze and Ricca were all together in Mary's bed and all were asleep. The apartment was quiet when Joshua turned off the lights and entered his bedroom. There, also asleep, was Janna. Joshua took a quick shower and, as quietly as possible, got onto the bed and under the sheets. It is doubtful if any of that mattered. Janna was a sound sleeper and there was probably no

chance of awakening the girl. On this night, it mattered little to Janna that there should be lovemaking. What mattered was that she was in Joshua's bed, and no one else but Joshua would be in that bed with her. Knowing that, sleep had found her willing and peaceful.

Joshua also was not lusting for a sexual encounter. He was pleased with his companion, and settled into a calm and untroubled restful night.

§ § §

Morning was another issue entirely. It was a school-day morning. Janna was not going to miss school. She also wasn't going to lose any opportunity to share love with Joshua, but she had been far too tired the previous night. Joshua had not followed her directly into the bedroom, so Janna had set the alarm clock for 45 minutes before she needed to get up for school.

Joshua heard an alarm in his sleep. His dream-soaked mind put him immediately back home in the USA. The alarm was the one which had gone off every weekday morning, that he had yet to reprogram, to leave him in peace. In that dream-soaked brain he was alone in his stateside bed. In his dream, he was reaching to turn it off when it seemed to stop, and then he felt a hand on his Evinrude<sup>29</sup> and lips nibbling his ear. He had a woody as he lay in his dream state. As his conscious mind snapped into place, crossing over 10,000 statute miles and crossing thirteen time zones, his woody hardened into a truncheon.

He rolled Janna onto her back, spreading her legs, in that process raising the back of her calves onto his shoulders. He centered his cock on her damp cunt and plunged in.

It was what Janna wanted. She wanted to feel his desire for her, not his concern for her. She didn't want proof that he could be kind. She wanted to feel his raw desire for her. That was what she was getting. Nothing less than elemental, carnal desire was being expressed as they

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<sup>29</sup> Brit's aren't the only ones who can be playful with language. If you don't understand 'Evinrude'... think of the other manufacturer of outboard engines for pleasure crafts (boats). Still don't get it? Ask.

grunted their way onward. Janna's first orgasm came and went in a cloud of need and urgent demand for more, more! Joshua's cock repeatedly worked its way into and back out of Janna's tight cunt. It was like a fist being pushed through an extra small sock; spreading the fabric and then, as fast, relinquishing the space as it collapsed back, and then ramming through and spreading again! The stimulation was overwhelming to Janna as her second and third orgasms overtook her. Her body was now in a state of rolling orgasms. One was indistinguishable from the next. Her cunt muscles spasmed around Joshua's engorged member.

Joshua's cock was being clamped onto while, at the same time, Janna's hot pussy juices were flowing over his member. The combination of the hot liquid hitting his clamped dick was too much to ignore. In one final thrust to the very bottom, as he hit bottom, Joshua also let loose with a massive amount of cum.

As the hot cum hit the very deepest recesses of her cunt, Janna screamed, bucked, clawed and cried.

Now, with each ramming of Joshua's cock into her cunt, more cum flowed. Janna was well taken. There was nothing to say. There was nothing to acknowledge. Joshua had taken his Janna. Janna knew she was truly desired. That was all either of them needed to know. All was right in the universe.

Showers followed, and the two schoolgirls launched off the school just like any other morning.

Joshua's coffee was brewed and a mango consumed, along with a slice of the cassava cake that had been purchased yesterday.

Arlin and Mhitze spent the morning and most of the afternoon cleaning the apartment. The kitchen was to be not just clean, but antiseptic clean. The bathroom was washed with a thoroughness and intensity that would shame any homemaker in the USA. There was not an inch of the floor, toilet, shower or walls of the bathroom that was not washed, scrubbed and cleansed. The floors in the whole apartment were mopped and buffed. Cabinets were cleaned with damp cloths and then restocked. All the previously worn clothing was washed and hung to dry. The bed sheets were changed with fresh linen and the previous sheets were

laundered as well. Next came the ironing of all the clothing, as it dried sufficiently.

While the girls were busy with their activities, Joshua spent the morning deleting spam, reading and answering a few emails. He tried to catch up with doings in the USA via CNN.com and a few other news portals. He needed another book. Maybe he would get one later today or tomorrow. The trip to Manila was in a few days. He had hoped that Ana Fe and he would have a few days back together before they flew there, but he had not heard from her today and wondered where she was.

Around noon, Joshua was called to the kitchen. Arlin had stopped cleaning for long enough to make him some lunch. As he sat down to eggs and ampalaya with onion and garlic, Arlin informed him that ampalaya was good for 'high blood.' There was, of course, white rice on the plate as well. It was a simple meal, but a tasty one. The girls were not eating. Only he was getting a lunch. When he asked Arlin why they were not eating, she looked at him and, in a dismissive way, informed him that they must not get fat. He would not like it if they got fat. That, evidently, was that. Arlin had effectively told him that he was an idiot and that they were not going to screw things up for such trifles as eating when they were possibly hungry.

### § § §

Ana Fe and Mary awoke in a hotel of a type that Joshua would never have considered as acceptable. It was fine by Ana Fe's way of seeing things and it had the benefit of being far more affordable. Ana Fe and Mary were not going to be profligate with Joshua's money. They could and would account for every peso that had been spent.

They quickly washed up and found a canteen a few doors down from the hotel where they purchased a plate each of chicken and rice. Now well fortified, they found a tricycle that would take them to the airport. It was lucky that the airline on which they were to fly had Cebu as the hub. Their flight home would be direct. However, as this was a small island, there were only two flights a day out. After purchasing their tickets with a 'go lite' fare, meaning no bags to be checked, they settled down for a four-hour wait. A few minutes were occupied by texting between Ana Fe and Janna as the child was on her way to school. In the process, Janna gave her mother Arlin's cell number.



Joshua had seen to it, during the weekend shopping trip, that both girls had gotten older Nokia cell phones and 'load' which allowed texting between the girls. Now Ana Fe would text Arlin directly.

§ § §

Arlin's cell phone buzzed quietly as Joshua was pouring his first cup of coffee that morning. The text message was in Cebuano.

*Good morning daughter.*

*Good morning Po.*

*No, just call me mother from now on.*

*Yes mother.*

*Good! Now, do not say anything to your father, but we are headed home today. I want to surprise your father. Do you understand?*

*Yes mother.*

*Janna tells me you are a very good cook. Do you know how to make afritada?*

*Yes. Do you want it with chicken or beef?*

*Chicken please. And please make setaw adobo.*

*Yes mother. This is good. I shopped yesterday and have all the ingredients.*

*When will you be home?*

*We will be there before 5pm.*

*This is good mother. Mhitze and I long to see you and Mary. I will have the apartment in perfect shape when you arrive.*

*I am very pleased to hear this. We will see you soon child.*

§ § §

At 3pm, Arlin started cooking. Joshua was not watching the process and had no sense that this meal was special in any way. He knew Arlin to be a good cook. There was plenty of food in the kitchen and Joshua knew that whatever came to the table was likely going to be very tasty.

When he announced, a few minutes later, that he was going to the mall for a new book, Arlin just smiled and asked when he would be back. In return, Joshua asked when supper would be ready. The answer was 5pm and so Joshua said he would be back in time for supper.

§ § §

The plane had been scheduled to take off at noon. But it only arrived at the airport at twelve thirty. They didn't board until one fifteen. They weren't in the air until one forty-five. Such was the on-time schedule of Cebu Pacific Airlines. But the flight was quick. They touched down forty-five minutes later. And so, at two thirty-five they descended the steps from the plane to the tarmac. By two forty-five, they were on their way to their apartment via one of two jeepneys and one final tricycle. Traffic was heavy, and it was a long way to the apartment. As the second Jeepney wended its way through the Cebu traffic, they had been travelling for an hour. The journey from the airport was taking far longer than had the flight. It was just a few minutes before four when the tricycle disgorged its two passengers and left them steps from their front door. They had been gone a little more than a week. Much had changed in that week.

§ § §

Arlin was still cooking when the door opened. She did not notice as the two females reentered their home, slipped out of the sandals they wore

on the street and into the slippers that had last been worn last week. Mhitze, who was finishing the ironing, looked up to see two smiling faces and a sign to be quiet. The girl indicated her assent and returned a broad smile.

It was only when Ana Fe was just a few paces behind her that Arlin sensed any movement. Her assumption that it was Mhitze was brought to a sudden halt by the voice she had once heard over a cell phone last week.

*From both the smell and look, I can tell we are in for a delicious meal, daughter.*

*Turning around, Mother! You startled me! Thank you for the kind words, but that is only look and smell, not taste!*

*Ah! The words of a good cook! Child come let me take a good look at my new daughter.*

*Mother, how can I be your daughter? I am confused.*

*Mhitze! Come here child! There was a pause as Mhitze put the iron down and approached. Here in these papers are two official birth certificates. One is for you, Arlin, and one is for you, Mhitze. Both say that I am your mother. Copies of these have been sent by the Local Civil Registrar to the NSO with a cover letter saying that some old records had been discovered, as never having been properly sent. In days, the NSO will have you listed as my daughters. In two weeks, we will be able to get passports for the two of you as my daughters. We will also collect other documents now that we have the birth records. As far as the government knows, you are my daughters. Arlin, Do you understand now?*

*Wow! Yes I do. It is amazing! Please tell me, will you be good to us mother? We do not know you.*

*Janna tells me your real mother is dead and that you have been good daughters but have had a difficult life. She tells me you are worthy of my love. I will treat you as I treat my other daughters. You will have to ask them if that is good or not!*

*Mary, Ate, will Mhitze and me be happy?*

*Little sister, it will be fine. You will be happy. We will all be happy. Tell me, how is our husband and... where is he?*

*Mhitze stepping into the conversation, answered. Ate, Joshua went to the bookstore. He is a wonderful husband. We treat him good. He is fine.*

*Yes. Joshua will be back by five. He is fine, but I think he misses both of you a great deal. Mother please explain to me. I always believed it should be one woman and one man. But no woman could ever satisfy Joshua. She would be in pain! How can it be one woman and one man?*

*Child, I do not know the answer. I do know that you are correct about Joshua. No one woman would ever be right for him. He needs all of us. And it seems to me that we all need him. Do we not?*

*Arlin and Mhitze were giggling. Yes mother!*

*You girls finish up here. Mary and I will shower and change before Joshua returns.*

§ § §

*In the shower, both Ana Fe and Mary washed up and compared impressions.*

*You like them, daughter?*

*Yes, they seem nice. They are respectful and seem to have been taught properly by their mother. They speak our dialect. No one will know they are not yours.*

§ § §

*Arlin turned to Mhirze, in the kitchen. OK?*

*Yes! We get to stay forever so long as Joshua wants us!*

§ § §

Janna and Ricca were walking down the street, not more than 100 meters from the apartment, when they saw Joshua returning from the mall with a bag from the National Bookstore.

Joshua held up and waited for the two to catch up with him. There they were, in their school uniforms. The white cotton blouses with the Peter Pan collars. The plaid skirts that ended well below the knees; the white socks and the black leather shoes. They were a wet dream for him. While he knew they were not, they looked virginal. And they? They seemed genuinely happy and playful. Joshua knew in his heart how lucky he was as they opened the door to the apartment.

*Husband! You have been busy in my absence!*

§ § §

## Recombinant DNA

*You don't know the half of it, wife.*

And with that, Joshua and Ana Fe embraced. It was not a formal embrace; it was one of true and deep caring. It lasted minutes. At some point in the embrace, Joshua reached out and brought Mary into the embrace. Joshua's longing was for the two of them, and while the feelings might be differentiated, they could not be separated. What could be said of one of the three embracing might also be said of the other two. The absence had been more difficult than had been expected. The reuniting was sweet.

If there was any doubt in Arlin's and Mhitze's minds about Joshua's relationship with these two women, those doubts were now resolved. There was love here. As the embrace finally loosened a bit, Ana Fe spoke.

*Joshua, your choice of the two girls was good. She winked at the two girls. They are good girls, respectful, pretty, and hardworking. I like them. Would you like to add them to our family?*

The glance between Mhitze and Arlin turned from joy to one of pure fear. For the first time, they became aware that Ana Fe had not discussed her actions with Joshua. Their assumption that all was resolved was premature. They stood in a panic as Joshua spoke.

*My love, there is no way to add them to the family. They are not your daughters.*

It was Janna who spoke ahead of her mother, *They are! They are our sisters!*

Joshua shook his head and with a somber countenance spoke, *It is not possible child, though I wish it was.*

Ricca's eyes were wide as saucers. She was frozen in place. But Janna was animated, and not willing to accept Joshua's verdict, *Tell him mother! Tell him it is possible.*

Joshua's gaze moved from Janna to Ana Fe. Clearly, something had transpired. Why did Janna think it would be possible? Why had Ana Fe even asked the question? Joshua waited for his future wife to speak.

*Langga<sup>30</sup>, Joshua, please don't be angry with us. Janna is correct; it was possible. Now, it is not only possible, but, Mahal, I acted without your permission and it is done. They are legally my daughters. I have their legal birth certificates with me proving that they are mine. I have five daughters, Joshua. Please do not be angry with me. I know you want them, and I give them to you. You are going to be a very busy man. OK?*

Joshua looked from Ana Fe to Mhitze and Arlin and, with a simple gesture, bid the two girls to come to him. He waited while they approached. Standing in front of them, he grabbed one of each of their hands into his hands before he spoke.

*I know your real mother is dead. Are you two able and willing to accept Ana Fe as your true mother from this day forward?*

Two sets of eyebrows went up twice.

*If you become part of this family, it is forever. Is that what you really want?*

Two sets of eyebrows went up twice.

*You understand that you will be leaving the Philippines?*

Two sets of eyebrows went up twice.

*You understand that you are going to be my sex partners, and that there can be no other men or boys in your life?*

Two sets of eyebrows went up twice amid giggles.

*Then it appears to be done. You are now and forever part of this family. When I marry your mother, you will become my stepdaughters.*

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<sup>30</sup> My love (Cebuano)

It was Ricca who spoke next. *Can we eat now? I'm hungry!*

Supper was good. Arlin's afritada and her adobo both won praise from Ana Fe, who informed her that this was a rare case where the daughter was going to have to teach the mother how to cook! Considering Ana Fe was herself a very good cook, Joshua knew the compliment to be high praise.

After supper, Mary, Arlin and Mhitze cleaned up while Janna and Ricca started their homework. Joshua and Ana Fe sat down on a couch to discuss the details of the week just past.

It took a while even to recap both tales, and from Joshua it included the details of the correspondence with Joydee. When all that had been done had been described, Ana Fe had a question, *Mahal, what do you want to do about Joydee and her children? After what you told her before, how can you turn your back on them?*

*Sweet Ana Fe, there is nothing I can do for the woman other than break her heart. No matter what I do I will break her heart. I certainly do not need four more females in my life! I already have the six of you. I can't bring them to USA. I am not going to stay in the Philippines longer than it takes to bring you to the USA. I am not going to establish a family here and a family there — shuttling back and forth between them. I could not afford the last even if I thought it desirable. I just don't see a way forward.*

*Joshua. Mary and I talked. I think there may be a way, but I am not sure I want you to take it.*

*Then why do you mention it?*

*Husband, and you will be my husband soon enough, I will never lie to you. If I start lying now it would never be a good marriage. Is that not so? You tell me the truth about the woman. You do not hide anything from me. So I do the same with you. Besides, I say I am not sure I want you to take it. Mary tells me how it can be done. It would mean we would have to live here for two years before we go to the USA. If we decide we do not want the woman with us, then we go to the USA without her.*



*What if I become fond of her and you decide you don't want her?*

*We can deal with that if it happens.*

*Do you really want to delay going to the USA?*

*Once we are married, I am not worried about that. It will be OK.*

*I guess the first step will be to meet her. But why do you think adding four to six is such a good idea?*

*I don't Mahal. But I am also sad for this woman. What if it was she, who had found you first? What if it had been me asking for consideration?*

*I see.*

*You will write this woman?*

*No, Ana Fe, you will text her. She needs to understand that it is to you that she must report and to you she must look for acceptance. I have her cell number. You can text her from your cell.*

*OK, give it me.*

And with that, two cell phones were side by side and a number copied. The task completed, Joshua got up as Ana Fe texted Joydee.

§ § §

The cell phone chimed notification of an incoming text message. The sending phone number was unknown. She opened the message on her old Nokia phone.

[In Tagalog and translated to English<sup>31</sup>]

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<sup>31</sup> While Ana Fe's native tongue is Cebuano, as Joydee lives in Pasay (greater Manila) she knows that Tagalog will be needed.)

Joydee - This is Joshua's Ana Fe. We want to meet you when we come to Manila this week.

*Thank you very, very much Ma'am. Why do you agree when Joshua say no?*

*I was gone for a few days on an errand. Joshua tells me what he has done, I appreciate it, but think we cannot do that to you. ... I explain it to him and he says OK.*

*Oh, Ma'am. Thank you so very, very much. You are our savior. You must be a very, very good woman to do this for us.*

*Joydee, understand that there is no promise to you. Only that we agree to meet and see if we can make it work.*

*Yes, Yes I understand! You will see. We will be good to you Ma'am. You will see. Is it OK Po, if we keep in contact and get to know each other?*

*I think it is a good idea.*

*How many daughter you have?*

*Five.*

*Five? Truly? And Joshua loves them all?*

*Yes. All of them and me.*

*He is truly able?*

*Haha, yes! very much so.*

*Why he tell me to go away before?*

*He not see a way to have you stay with us. And so he thinks all he will do is make a bigger mistake to give you hope.*

*But you know a way?*

*Yes. I think so. Tell me, are you ready to give your daughters to my Joshua?*

*Yes Ma'am. They are ready too.*

*OK, we will see you on Thursday morning.*

*Yes Ma'am.*

Joshua had already sent the plane's arrival time before he had said they should stop. But Ana Fe gave it to her again before ending the texting.

*Mom, who was that?*

*That was Joshua's fiancée. She says she wants to meet us later this week.*

*Why?*

*I am not completely sure but I think it will be OK.*

**§ § §**

*Just so there is no confusion, Ana Fe and Mary will be with me tonight. No morning surprises! You girls can work out your own arrangements.*

That being done, Arlin paired with Janna and Mhitze paired with Ricca. Janna asked Mary if she might use her bedroom. Mary gave her younger sister a curious look but agreed to the request.

§ § §

Arlin was not surprised that Janna wanted her. Arlin wanted Janna. This being a school night, they had to be quick about it. On her way to the bedroom, Janna lifted two eggplants from the kitchen counter.

§ § §

Ricca and Mhitze were not so organized. For Mhitze this was a special night. She had, in the space of hours, gone from being an orphan to being adopted into a family. She had, within hours, gone from wondering if her good luck would last another twenty-four hours, or two weeks or a few months, to a lock on forever. She had a new middle and last name. The bargain to be safe for a few days was over. Her relationship with Joshua was more like Ricca's now. Mhitze had a future and, if truth be known, it was Ricca who decided early on that there had to be a way for them to all live as sisters. Mhitze's love for her now younger sister knew no bounds.

For her part, Ricca was enamored by Mhitze's beauty and grace. Both girls, once in the bedroom, got stripped down and jumped onto the bed. Ricca climbed on top of Mhitze, her knees on either side of the older girl's hips, brought her face down to the other's and started kissing her. The kisses were of a lover, not a sister, and they were met with the same intensity by Mhitze. Ricca's body slumped down over Mhitze, arms and legs entangled, as feverish touching and kissing continued. Each girl was grinding her own pussy on the thigh of the other. Slowly, and over time, their bodies gyrated into a sixty-nine, each licking, sucking and invading the other's pussy by tongue.

The intensity, the passion they felt, was one that was hard to explain to anyone whose world is stable and safe. This was a release, a release from the fear of loss, a release from the pain of separation, a release from the fear that all that they were living was a dream. It was real! For Ricca, it was a release from the terror of watching her new friend and lover being thrown overboard. Their lives would be stable, loving and intertwined.

Safe... they were **all** safe.

§ § §

Arlin saw the eggplants and smiled. [From Cebuano] *You plan on using both of them on me, or do we share?*

Janna just smiled at her older sister and lover.

§ § §

The master bedroom was not a lonely place tonight. As Ana Fe and Mary got ready for bed, Joshua was an audience of one. He watched these two beautiful women as they, without ceremony and without inhibition, readied themselves for his bed. One of these women was enough to captivate him. Watching both of them was an experience that Joshua had no words to describe. Being a 'lucky guy,' was beyond being a silly thought at the moment. The carefree joking, teasing, and playful banter between the three of them was indicative of the bond that had formed.

Mary slid in on one side of the bed and Ana Fe took the other side. The banter and teasing continued as they settled in. Joshua, however, had a serious question on his mind. With an arm around each them, he asked Mary, *What is this plan you told Ana Fe about, that will allow us to add Joydee and her family to our family? I don't understand.*

*Mahal, she does not become part of the family. We add her as an employee to the family. We hire her as a nanny, maid, and assistant. You pay her a salary and help her secure some small amount of property here over the next two years. There is a Visa process for such people and we will be able to bring her to the USA as a family servant. It is not an immigration visa, it is a temporary work visa, an H-2B. Once we bring her to the US, if you want her girls and are willing to let her go to another man, she will be able to file for Immigrant status and her girls can stay with us. Mom says she is pretty. So if she can find a US boyfriend there to marry her, it will all work out. And as one of Mary's hands cupped his balls and the other stroked his cock, she asked, OK?*

*Ahhh, yes, OK...*

Ana Fe's mouth met his. He pulled her in tight while Mary scooted down on the bed to take his member by mouth.

§ § §

The eggplants lay unused on the nightstand. Janna and Arlin both still had their bras and panties on. The lights had not been turned off. None of that mattered. Each was in the other's arms. Their tongues swirled around the other's mouth. Their legs were intertwined. Their bodies rocked back and forth on the mattress. Every once in a while the kiss would break for a gasp of extra air before resuming. This was love, not sex — not now, at least. Their hearts were overwhelmed with emotions as they clung to each other, as their minds and bodies acclimated to the new reality.

§ § §

Joshua mounted Ana Fe in missionary position. Mary was fondling her mother's left breast as she lay on her side. Ana Fe was more than ready to accept the cock inside her. Her pussy was dripping and, even before he had a chance to mount her, the sheets were already wet. Joshua slid into the tight pussy of a woman who had given birth to three physical babes and two more virtual tykes. There was friction on all sides of his dick. Ana Fe's legs did their best to clamp around her man. She bucked her hips up to greet him with each pump of his hips.

*Mahal, give me a baby, a baby... for Joydee to care for! Give me a baby!*

There was no condom here. Joshua was doing all he could to make Ana Fe's wish come true.

*Give mom a baby. Give me one too. Fuck us both and give us babies. Give us babies. Babies. Babies. Fuck us good.*

§ § §

In the small one-room Pasay apartment, it was night, and the room was illuminated by a single naked light bulb. Joydee and three daughters sat grooming each other. Nails, pedi and mani, were perfected and painted. Outfits were repaired where needed, washed and pressed. In thirty-six hours, they would be meeting Ana Fe and Joshua.

It is hard to imagine four more lovely females anywhere in the Philippines. Still, things must be perfect. They had almost no money, and what they did have they saved for the Jeepney to take them to the airport. Once they got there, if Joshua didn't pay for the transportation

they would have a very long walk back home. They had no reserves. There had been a long string of bad luck. Now they were just about out of luck. Their one last shot at staying together as a family came down to Ana Fe and Joshua. Every one of the four was aware of that. Every one of the four knew what they needed to do. As they got ready, Joydee remonstrated with herself once again; if only she had answered Joshua's email sooner. If only...

§ § §

## Reconnoitering

Wednesday morning saw two girls off to school, leaving three at home with Ana Fe. Truth be told, if Joshua had disappeared, it is doubtful that any of the females would have even noticed. The entire day was spent in intense Cebuano conversations while other things, such as chores, were knocked off one after another. Life histories were explored and connections between people and places established. Even shopping was a four-person affair.

Joshua was simply not needed. Luckily, he had a book to read and so became invisible.

Ana Fe did little of the talking. Mary was the one to ask her questions of the two new girls. Arlin was the one to ask questions of Mary and her new mother. But questions asked of Ana Fe were often answered by Mary. Mary was *Ate* and, as such, was always the surrogate. Ana Fe only needed to add some small thing on a rare occasion where Mary was not prepared to respond.

The give and take was casual, easy, with frequent bouts of laughter and giggling. As the day wore on, Ana Fe started asking a few questions. How much schooling did they have? Would they go back to school? Did they need glasses? How was their health? Each time, she would listen to the answers but not make any suggestion. Towards midafternoon, after many assurances that they were in safe hands and nothing would change that, she asked them to talk about how they felt about Joshua, about the living situation and their future with him. Ana Fe was no one's fool, and she knew the economic reasons the two were here. What she needed to understand were the emotional reasons. She was a little taken aback by their initial hesitation in confiding their emotions. Finally, it was Mhitze who unloaded on her. She and Arlin were in love. They were in love with Joshua, but that was only part of it. Mhitze was crazy for Ricca and Arlin confessed love for Janna.

Ana Fe looked at Mary, who looked back at her mother in stunned silence.

Arlin burst into tears. Mary immediately wrapped Arlin in her arms, *What is wrong Arlin? Why do you cry?*



Arlin, between sobs, *Because now you will want us to leave!*

Mary, continuing to hold Arlin and comfort her, *No, no sister. We are family. No one leave. No one ever leave. We are all together in this.*

*Truly?*

Ana Fe standing to the side and with an arm around Mhitze, *Yes, Arlin, really and truly.*

The sobs quieted and there was a period of somber adjustment. It was Ana Fe who now spoke and did so with authority in her voice, *Three weeks ago, I would have told you that love between women is wrong and it was not possible to love both men and women. I would have been wrong, but I did not know that then. I know it is possible now. I suspect Ricca and Janna feel about you two the way you feel about them. If they do, then that is a good thing and will bring extra peace to our family. Yes, it will be a good thing. Let us not worry about this again. And... [giggle]... it means Mary and I get more time with Joshua!*

That comment started five minutes of laughing and bedlam, following by hugs and familial kisses.

Topics turned to the more jovial and lighthearted sort for the remaining hour before Janna and Ricca returned from school.

The return of Janna and Ricca brought about the proof of the earlier protestations of love, as Janna flew into Arlin's arms and Ricca almost jumped into Mhitze's. Mary and Ana Fe just watched and smiled. These four girls seemed incredibly happy. The world had been turned on its head. What had been wrong, seemed right. What seemed impossible, was the norm.

Supper was Humba,<sup>32</sup> and mung beans with pork and greens. It was **lami**<sup>33</sup>!

While all were still seated, Joshua, with a smile, turned to Janna and Arlin, and mentioned that, as they were to be his step-daughters,

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<sup>32</sup> Pork hocks with salted black beans in a sauce

<sup>33</sup> Very delicious. (Cebuano)

something would have to be done about their education. There were six nods of approval around the table.

Joshua then announced that, early in the morning, Ana Fe and he would fly to Manila. Mary was in charge in their absence.

That last piece of intelligence was redundant. If Joshua and Ana Fe were gone, then all already knew that Mary was the one in charge. What was unexpected came next and it came from Mary, *Tomorrow night Arlin and Mhitze will be with me in the master bedroom.*

Ricca, a little stunned, asked, *Both of them?*

Mary couldn't have been any clearer in her answer. *Yes.*

Mary was staking out her '*Ate*' authority over sexual matters, something for which an Ate rule normally would not extend. By staking that claim in front of Ana Fe and Joshua without being brought up short, no one would think to question her later. It further had the benefit of letting Arlin and Mhitze know where power resided. Mary was not to be crossed.

They were still at the table. Joshua had had his say. Mary had made her plans clear. Each thought the pronouncements were complete, when Ana Fe made it very clear that there was far more that needed attention.

*Joshua, as you have pointed out, we have two sets of daughters: Three, who are educated, or at least are going to school; two who are not educated and are not in school. I agree with you that it cannot be! What will you do about this?*

*What do you suggest?*

*Home study the two until they can get to grade level.*

*How much will that cost?*

*You will be surprised! I hear that a woman we are to meet in Manila was a school teacher for ten years.*

*How long have you known this, my love?*

*I texted her this morning again and learned some things about her and her daughters.*

*Does she home school her daughters?*

*Yes. It is God's hand, Joshua.*

*So it would seem, so it would seem. ...and my dear, you and Mary will be with me tonight again.*

*Yes, Mahal.*

*Mary, is there a college you can attend here in Cebu for accounting?*

Mary's eyebrows rose twice.

*Please enroll in it tomorrow for the very next semester.*

Mary's eyebrows rose twice. Mary said nothing, but her heart was filled with love for this man. He was a man who would keep his word. She was going to be an accountant!

Arlin and Mhitze were also silent. They were going to get an education! It was something that they had accepted as impossible until this very moment. It was the second impossible thing to happen in the span of no more than twenty-five hours. How many other miracles would occur? Why them? There were so many desperately poor. Why was it that they two had been lifted up? The two of them sat as if in a daze.

§ § §

That night in the master bedroom, Mary, Ana Fe and Joshua sat on the bed and just held each other. Joshua had a confession to make. He had thought he wanted the young girls, that Ana Fe was to be married as a way to have the girls and that Mary was just accepted as part of the package. Now he knew he loved both of them deeply and could not be happy without them. He wanted their promise that, no matter what the girls ended up doing, staying with him or leaving, that these two women would stay with him.

Mary hugged him tight and promised.

Ana Fe sat back and shook her head at her man, *You are foolish. Of course we not leave, but those girls, they not going to leave. You have all. It is good. If it just me and Mary alone, you wear us out. You want too much sex for me and Mary.* And with that, Joshua tried to wear them out that night.

Well, he tried, but Ana Fe was having none of that. She slowed Joshua down and, speaking in Cebuano, instructed Mary to follow her lead. Rolling Joshua onto his stomach, they started massaging him, Mary on the legs and Ana Fe attending to his back and scalp. Having given him a good fifteen minutes there, they rolled him over and each started on a foot, slowly licking and kissing their way up and around his member until they reached his lips and eyelids. Joshua was going quietly nuts — his nuts complaining mightily.

Ana Fe, knowing it was time to ease her man's discomfort, slid down and took him in her mouth, Mary latching onto his lips. Ana Fe grabbed his ball sack and held firm as she sucked for all she was worth on her man's protuberance. He bucked, he gasped, she rode him, he groaned, she ran a finger up his ass, he blew his load. And they all three slept well.

§ § §

## Roxas Blvd.

The tires of the Airbus A321 touched down at 11:22am Thursday morning. The couple, who were to be legally married in the Philippines, emerged from the plane and into NAIA (MNL) terminal 3.

They had little in the way of luggage. Everything they needed had been stuffed into bags they could easily sling over their shoulders. They had taken advantage of the 'Go Lite' option from Cebu Pacific. The fares were significantly less than those of PAL. Cebu Pacific was the airline that proudly trumpeted, *'Every Juan can fly!'*

Joshua was worried. *I'm not sure we will be able to recognize Joydee in this crowd.*

*Ha! Just look for the most beautiful woman; that will be her. You think I didn't see her picture? Besides, she will see you. You stick out like a white shirt in a sea of mud!*

Joshua remained concerned as they stepped into the great entry hall of terminal 3 and passed the velvet rope barrier. There was literally a throng of souls, all exuding exuberance at the expectation of seeing someone they had not seen for a very long time. Joshua did not see Joydee. Ana Fe did.

Joydee saw Joshua and immediately locked eyes on Ana Fe. The two exchanged silent greetings across the crowded room as Ana Fe guided her fiancé across the hall to Joydee and her three charges. Joydee had stood back away from the press of people and waited for her man to clear the crowd.

As Joshua finally saw Joydee, he had to acknowledge silently, she was the most beautiful woman there. She was stunningly beautiful.

It is hard to express, in ways of measurements, the subtle things that make one woman plain and another one lovely. We tend to say her face is lovely, her eyes enthralling... but this is just cover for expressing what cannot be expressed. It is quite impossible to explain in language the true difference between lovely, which Ana Fe was, and drop-dead gorgeous, which Joydee was. It can't be explained. It can only be

experienced. Joshua was experiencing it now. He had never, never in his life been with a woman who, in his judgment, was on a par with any beauty queen anywhere in the world. The likelihood that she would be his, at least for a while, was overwhelming.

There are positives and negatives to being as beautiful as was Joydee, and Joshua's mind started listing them. On one side, he was instantly hot to jump her bones, so much so that he hadn't even noticed her daughters, who were standing beside her. If and when she got to the USA, she would have many men who would line up to marry her. On the other side, women that amazingly beautiful frequently had big egos and difficult personalities. If she didn't have those negatives, it was going to be very hard to give her away to another man!

And now, Joshua's eyes travelled to the daughters. Each of the three was a Joydee in the making. Each was looking up at him with eyes of fear and hope. Fear that they would not be good enough for him, and hope that their lives would be far better than they were now. Whatever Joshua wanted, they would do. There was no option here. What Joshua wanted was... everything.

Ana Fe saw all of this and said nothing.

After a little awkwardness and a few hugs, they exited the air-conditioned terminal. It was hot outside... but then, it was always hot outside. And, in truth, it was cooler than the temp in Cebu, but just barely. Once outside, they walked past the unmetered vans and towards the regular taxis. There were six of them, and the taxi driver would make seven. In the USA, that simply would not work, as there wouldn't be sufficient seating and belts. But this wasn't the USA, and all the women climbed into the back without giving it a thought, while Joshua settled into the front passenger seat.

The appointment at the Embassy was at 9:30am Friday. The Bayview Park Hotel was right by the Embassy, and the driver of the metered yellow taxi was instructed (in Tagalog) by Ana Fe to go to the Hotel.

Driver (in Tagalog) spoke to Ana Fe, *I'm not sure they are open, Madam.*

*Why kuya<sup>34</sup>?*

*The flooding, Madam. Everything on Roxas Blvd. was flooded. The US Embassy was closed and I read that the Bayview Park Hotel was hit hard too.<sup>35</sup>*

*Drive that way while I call the hotel.*

Joshua knew there was something wrong but, as the conversation had been entirely in Tagalog, he sat and waited for further information. The call, also in Tagalog, confirmed that the hotel had been flooded and shuttered for 48 hours, but had just that morning reopened. According to the hotel clerk, the Embassy was expected to reopen Friday morning.

The drive to the hotel took over an hour in the heavy Manila gridlock traffic. The females sat quietly. They had much to discuss, but not in the hearing of the driver. The meter said ₱540 by the time they got to their destination. Ana Fe was sure the meter had been hacked, but said nothing.

The hotel was expecting them. As Joshua had specified that there were to be six of them, neither the desk clerk nor the bellhop, nor anyone at the concierge desk made any comment on the nature of the assembly. Discretion was part of their job. Once up in the suite and, after the bellhop had done his thing, showing off the features of the suite and the amenities, and after he had been tipped and let out the door, there was a moment when all let out a breath they had been holding and relaxed a bit.

By some silent process, the two women looked at each other, and Ana Fe granted Joydee permission to approach Joshua. Approach Joshua she did. Her arms grabbing onto him, her lips seeking his lips, her body nestled into him as close as she might get. Joshua's arms encircled her and held her as close as she held him. Their kiss lasted well over a minute. Kissing a woman this beautiful was exciting, but Joshua was not sure that Joydee's offer of her three girls was real. Did she think that her own

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<sup>34</sup> Respectful term for older brother. But at times all Filipinos act as if they are all one family.

<sup>35</sup> Roxas Blvd. parallels Manila Bay. When typhoons strike the island of Luzon, which was frequently, the water in the bay tops the sea walls in Manila. Every few years it swamps the buildings on the boulevard. The old US Embassy was on the seaward side of the boulevard. It had been flooded repeatedly. When it was announced that a new Embassy was to be built, some wondered where it would be built. To the amazement of many, it was built on the seaward side of Roxas Blvd. and promptly got flooded. And that is why, for many, 'Government Intelligence' is an oxymoron.

beauty, once he saw it, would be enough for him? He broke the kiss and spoke to Joydee.

*Are you giving your daughters to me?*

*Yes, of course, I said I will. Why? Is there problem? You don't like?*

*Everything is fine. They are almost as beautiful as are you. I want to make sure that you understand that, if I take them, they will lose their virginity and become pregnant. You understand that?*

*Yes.*

*Do they?*

*Yes!*

*Are any of them going to do this against their will?*

*No!*

Joshua, still holding Joydee, but looking at the girls, *You must be Rowena.*

*Yes, Po.*

*Come here child.*

He let loose of Joydee and extended an arm to the girl, *Is this what you want? Do you want to be my lover?*

*You will take care of us?*

*Yes.*

*Then yes, I want to be your lover.*

*You understand that you will no longer be a virgin? You may have babies before you are 16 years of age?*

*Yes, Po, I hope you will give me babies. It will make me happy.*



*Introduce me to your sisters. And tell me how to tell them apart!*

Rowena was giggling. *This is Febe and this is Janiza. See Janiza's shoulder? See the birthmark?*

*That's the only way to tell them apart?*

*Not for me, but it takes some time. They are very much alike and they do everything together.*

Joshua, turning back to the twins, beckoned them with his head. They came.

*Are you two also ready to have my babies and be my lovers?*

Febe and Joniza, spoke together. *Can we be together when we are with you that way?*

*Yes.*

Febe and Joniza, interspersed, *If one of us is pregnant — you have to get the other one of us pregnant right away. OK?*

Joshua was laughing now. *OK. ... Rowena, why don't you take the twins to a Mall for the afternoon? I will give you money for transportation and shopping. I think your mother, Ana Fe and I need to spend some time alone here for a few hours. OK?*

*Yes, Po.*

Joshua gave Rowena ₱5000 in ₱500 and ₱100 notes.

Both Joydee and Ana Fe insisted it was far too much! The two women decided that ₱2000 was enough if not way too much!

And so, ₱3000 was returned to Joshua.

But for Rowena, ₱2000 still was a great deal of money. Being responsible for so much cash frightened her.

There was a bit of Tagalog between Joydee and Rowena regarding which mall and how to get there. The girls could catch a jeepney two blocks from the hotel that would take them right to a Robinson's Mall.

With their marching orders clear, a Nokia cell phone in hand that currently had no load and needed at least a ₱30 load to do texting back to their mother, the three girls left the room.

Joshua turned to Ana Fe. *Well fiancée, do you think our maid looks as beautiful out of her clothes as she looks in them?*

Ana Fe giving a feigned serious countenance responded. *I don't know, but I intend to find out right now. I also am going to taste her pussy before you taste it. You don't get to have her until I have had her.*

*May I watch?*

*Yes, you watch everything. She is to be **my** maid and she needs to learn to please me!*

*Of course, my dear.*

Joydee, who had been right there for all of this conversation, turned to Ana Fe and waited.

If the world had turned upside down for Joydee, as she stood in a hotel suite costing more than ₱10,000 a night, Ana Fe's world had been run through a wormhole into another universe.

Less than a month ago, Ana Fe had never even considered having sex with a woman. Less than a month ago, she was worried about ruining her only pair of shoes that she could wear to work for her ₱8,000 monthly salary. The thought of a maid would have been laughable. Now, she was about to bed a gorgeous maid prospect, as she stood in shoes she could never had afforded and a dress she never would have considered purchasing. And, wonder of wonders, she was looking forward to tasting what this woman had between her legs. She was looking forward to watching and feeling this beautiful creature eating her pussy.

And...she had amazed herself in that she had staked her claim in place of Joshua and he had let her. Ana Fe was not sure she even recognized herself anymore.

Joshua sat down on a comfortable easy chair. He was smiling. One beautiful woman was about to have sex with an out-of-this-world knockout. Both were his, should he want both. And, if things went well today, there would be no catfights between them.

Ana Fe approached Joydee, walked around to the back of the woman and lowered the zipper on the woman's dress. Joydee stood there in a pink pushup bra, pink thong panties and her red 3" heels; the dress lay crumpled on the floor around her shoes. Her skin was light and without blemish. There were no stretch marks from childbirth. There were no scars, no tattoos, no piercings, nothing to distract; not even a little pooch of a belly. Her stomach was flat.

Ana Fe removed the pushup bra. She was betting on what she called "Belo Breasts." "Vicki" Belo is a Filipino dermatologist and television personality. Celebrities went to her clinic for many things including breast implants. While there were many others who did such things, anyone hearing the term Belo Breasts would know the meaning. But, on a quick manual inspection, Ana Fe discovered that Joydee's C cup breasts were God given. Not only were they real, but they stood out, perky and full; the plump black areoles, behind black nipples that stuck out further, as receiving extra height from the elevated platform.

Joydee's dress was now kicked to the side. The thong and shoes were all that remained. Ana Fe was having fun. She nibbled on the woman's ear. She kissed the nape of the woman's neck. She ran her hands down the woman's flanks. She now kissed Joydee on the lips and tongues exchanged pleasantries. Ana Fe's thumbs hooked the thong and she pulled it down to the woman's ankles. Joydee finished the job by kicking it away.

Joydee's pussy was shaved and smooth. It was also dripping, and that fact was not lost to either Joshua or Ana Fe. Ana Fe leaned in to whisper in Joydee's ear, *Undress me.*

Joydee did as was done to her, piece by piece, with attention to body parts, as well as the nibbling, fondling and kissing. By the end, Ana Fe was in nothing but her heels, kissing Joydee, who was equally attired.

Ana Fe moved them to a bed, kicking off her shoes in the process. Joydee's shoes, which had straps that would have needed to be undone, stayed on her feet. Ana Fe shifted herself down on Joydee and, using her hands, spread the other's legs. Ana Fe wanted to taste that dripping pussy. What she tasted was warm and wet, but the juices had no discernible flavor. There was 'cleanness' to all about this woman. A freshness of soap, not perfume.

Joydee had never made love with a woman before, but Ana Fe was the one who made Joshua accept her. If there was any woman in the world she had reason to love, it was this one. And so, without understanding all that she was feeling, she gave herself entirely to Ana Fe.

Ana Fe's tongue was insistent. The tongue found and relentlessly played with Joydee's clit; sucking it, circling around it, mauling it; all the while manhandling the other female's breasts. Joydee's orgasm was fast and big. She grabbed Ana Fe's head by the hair and smashed the woman's face into her pussy as her pussy spasmed.

Two minutes later, it was Joydee who was attacking Ana Fe's clit with real energy. Ana Fe, from her position on her back, looked down her body at the beautiful woman eating her cunt and just lost it; crying, screaming, bucking, thrashing and... cumming.

Joshua stood up. His two women lay spent on the bed. He walked over to the bed, below where Joydee lay face down. The height of the mattress was rather high due to a tall bed assembly under a thick set of box springs and mattress. He leaned over and, placing a hand under Joydee's hips, and slid her down to where, while standing by the side of the bed, he could directly enter her pussy. She was still face down, legs now hanging off the edge of the mattress. He placed his engorged member on the dripping wet entrance and plunged in.

In an instant, Joydee was fully awake and engaged. With Joshua's hands holding her legs just below the hips and fucking her deeply, she slipped her own hand underneath her until she reached her own clit. The activity roused Ana Fe, who slid over and slid her own hands onto the

woman's breasts, which she proceeded to knead. Out of Joydee's mouth, between ragged breaths came, *I'm yours, I'm yours, I'm yours.*

Joshua was in no hurry. His position was, in no way, straining him. He continued to pound Joydee's pussy through three of her orgasms, each one drenching his cock in hot liquid and squeezing his member in her tight, spasming pussy. Ana Fe looked up at her man and spoke, *Give her a baby mahal.* That was all that Joshua needed to kick him into another gear and paint the woman's cunt with cum.

As Joshua dropped onto the bed, both females started cleaning him up with their tongues.

## Unassuming vixens in training

They had been unsure how to pay for the jeepney with a ₱100 note. Their mother suggested they ask at the front desk. The front desk clerk, recognizing the girls from the recent check-in, exchanged the note with ten ₱10 coins and wished them a fun afternoon. What the clerk also wished she had done is suggest that they have some lunch in the dining room and charge it to their stay. She suspected correctly that these girls were hungry. They were.

There are no cheap stalls from which to buy a kamote que, a deep-fried sweet potato with a caramelized coating, or banana que, a fried plantain-like saba banana with a caramelized coating, along the street on Roxas, but soon enough they were on a jeepney headed to a Robinson's Mall. There would be a food court to visit and food for hungry stomachs. There would also be a place to buy the ₱30 load they needed to text their mother and their friends. What they might do with the remaining money was a mystery to them.

Once they got to the Mall, the directory told them that there was a Jollibee's Express on the fourth floor and, without any other consideration, they made their way to the place they always wanted to eat but could rarely afford.

After the meal, they discovered a place to buy cell loads on the first floor. That done, and already full of Yum burgers, fries, fried chicken, Jollibee's spaghetti, and Sprite, they looked around for a way to spend a few hours. It was Febe who asked if they had enough for a movie. They could afford it, and chose a perfectly terrible film with which to kill the afternoon.

§ § §

After the sex, the adults had dressed, eaten a light but late lunch in the dining room and spent the rest of the afternoon in serious conversation about their lives, expectations, reality and what lay ahead.

A few things became very clear to Ana Fe. The first was a very big surprise, but a very welcome one. It was something that Joshua told

Joydee. He told Joydee that she was more beautiful than was Ana Fe, but Ana Fe was far prettier than he had ever thought he might find in a mate, and Ana Fe knew him better than he knew himself. Nothing, and no one, would ever convince him to leave Ana Fe and any woman who tried to do so would find herself out of his life. If Ana Fe felt threatened in any way, she, Joydee, could not stay.

Immediately, Joydee looked at Ana Fe. (In Tagalog) *My Mistress, what can I do to make sure you never feel threatened?*

Ana Fe looked at her maid and smiled. *Friend, you do not threaten me because it was never in your heart to want to threaten me. You know I care for you and I am aware you will protect me from hurt. Is that not so?*

*You know my heart. You know your man's heart as well. I see why he will fight for you. He is lucky to have you and you are lucky to have a good man.*

*We are both lucky.* Ana Fe turned to Joshua and told him, *She understands, Mahal.*

The second thing Ana Fe came to realize was just how committed Joydee would be to her. Ana Fe and Joshua explained the family situation in Cebu; not once did Joydee show anything except a desire to know how she could be of the most help. When the idea of using Joydee as a teacher was broached, the woman could hardly contain herself. Yes! She would get them up to speed and age appropriateness to reenter regular classes if that is what they wanted, or she could take the girls well beyond that. She would do as asked.

Joydee assumed that Joshua would sleep at night with Ana Fe, and asked where she would sleep. When Ana Fe explained the sleeping arrangements and how, on occasion, Joydee would have Joshua to herself, she was confused, shocked and a little fearful. Would Ana Fe really be OK with that? Yes, of course she would. Well Joydee wasn't. She only wanted to be with Joshua when Ana Fe was with her. "We will see," was the way it was left.

For Joydee, it was clear to her that Joshua and Ana Fe could not guarantee all would work out, but that they were committed to trying. In

the meantime, she and her children would be OK and safe. Joshua might be a pervert, wanting little girls, but in all other ways he was OK and, if truth be told, there were many men who were perverted in the very same way, and many of them were not as nice and as safe. If they would have her, she would do everything to stay with them.

§ § §

At 4pm, as the afternoon edged toward evening, Ana Fe made up her mind. She turned to her fiancée and, in the presence of Joydee, *Joshua, I know you have yet to take children to bed, but you will and they, their mother and I will allow it. I have decided that we must accept Joydee and her girls to join us. Please send Joydee and me to where her things are. We need to pack her things up and bring them here.*

Joshua saw the determination in his future wife's visage and, for now, accepted her decision as final for all of them. The two women could go now but, as they might not be done quickly, he wanted them back no later than 8:00pm. They could go out early in the morning again, if they needed, to finish the task.

Joydee was silent. Her status had now, in an instant, gone from a supplicant to a quasi-member of a family. She and her daughters were safe. The concept that they would need more than an hour to collect all the family's items was humorous, but this she didn't show. It would be a welcome day when in her life she needed more than 15 minutes to collect all of her possessions.

Though Joydee said not a word, her Mistress spoke for her. *Mahal, you have much to learn in some things. Though it will take an hour riding jeepneys each way, we will be back by 7pm with all they have.*

*You may be right, but you have money, so take taxis each way and take the time to get all of it.*

Ana Fe agreed and leaned into her man for a kiss. Joydee decided it was OK if she did the same, and followed her Mistress once Joshua's lips were available again. What followed the kiss was a promise that neither of them would regret their decision.

§ § §



It was almost 5pm by the time the three girls returned to the hotel. And they had a small problem. They couldn't remember the floor or the room number. Her cell phone now live, with a ₱30 load, Rowena texted her mother. Instead of a simple answer, the texting became a conversation. Rowena was to use some of the unspent cash and take a taxi to their room in Pasay. The twins were to go up in the elevator to the room.

Rowena was scared to take a taxi. She had been in the first taxi of her life when they rode in one from the airport this morning. Her mother texted her to hand her cell phone to the doorman, in front of the hotel, and tell him that her mother would like to chat him. Rowena sent the twins on their way with floor and room numbers. Doing as her mother instructed, she handed the phone over with a brief explanation.

[Translated from Tagalog]

*Good Evening Po*

*Good evening Madam*

*My daughter is afraid of getting into a taxi.  
She has the cash for it, but she is afraid of  
how to do it. Can you help us and get her  
into a metered taxi?*

*Yes Madam, I will instruct the driver that  
I am writing down his license number  
and that he is to take care with your  
daughter.*

Following the thank you's and you're welcomes, Rowena was placed in a taxi and sent on her way, to be safely delivered to Pasay without incident.

§ § §

Joshua had taken a shower and was watching CNN International when there was a knock at the door. Expecting to see three girls, he was a bit

surprised to discover two smiling faces instead. Making a quick calculation, he instructed, *You two, into the shower.*

And into the bathroom they did troop, with Joshua bring up the rear. That last element caused a moment's concern.

Febe, at least Joshua thought it was Febe, uttered, *I thought you wanted us to shower.*

*I do, and I am joining to wash you.*

*You think we can't wash ourselves? We are not babies.*

*I think you haven't been washed the way I will wash you. Now stop the talking; clothes off and into the shower.*

Febe was going to respond, but Janiza pinched her hard. Febe got the point and kept her mouth closed. They had never showered with an adult male before, but there were going to be many things they had not done with an adult male before that they would be doing with this adult male. The hypothetical had, in this instant, become a reality. The reality was a quite a bit different from the fantasy. Joshua could see it in their countenances. Had Ana Fe and Joydee been wildly optimistic in this regard?

Joshua was not going to force any girl to do something she did not want to do. He was about to pack it in with these two and inform the woman that the arrangement was not going to work. Something in his countenance told the girls that they were about to screw things up completely. A sudden panic gave rise to sudden action, and the twins started to disrobe. Still, Joshua was neither happy nor convinced that these girls were acceptable.

It didn't take much to reduce the twelve-year-old twins to bare flesh, with hairless cunts, puffy nipples and not-quite breasts. Their hips had yet to flare at all. They were slim, but not skinny. Their faces were comely, their smiles sweet. . Their hair was full, straight, black, with body. The immature visages of their mother's image was identifiable. These were two very cute girls. Joshua, needing to assess the real intention of these girls, instructed them to disrobe him. All that required

was removing shorts, shirt and briefs. This the girls did with giggles, somewhat placating his concern.

Joshua, not being preternaturally large or tumescent at the moment, raised no gasps of either shock or delight. It was just a penis with hair around it. Though they had not seen an adult penis before, they had seen the penises of little boys. This was bigger than those were, and hairier, but this was a man and not a boy.

What did surprise them was a warm shower. They had never in their lives had a shower with anything except cold water. The concept of hanging out in the shower had never been a realistic option. Now, for the first time in their lives, the water was warm and inviting and they were luxuriating in this temple of a shower, gleaming with bright shiny tile, marble and gold looking faucets and fittings.

Joshua soaped up his hand, not a washrag and proceeded to wash every nook and cranny of each girl's body. Giggles ensued until Joshua's hands were washing far more than their ass cheeks. His soapy fingers went deep into their rectums. Never had they experienced this before. Nor had anyone spread their legs and washed the inner portions of their vulvas. Though Joshua avoided breaking their hymens, all outside the hymens was cleaned.

After rinsing off, Joshua asked them, *Have you ever been washed like that before?*

Both girls silently indicated they had not been so cleaned before.

*That is how you will wash yourselves for me. Understood?*

Two sets of eyebrows raised twice in firm acquiescence.

All three towed dry and exited the bath. Joshua led them to the bed and all climbed on.

*It's time you were formally introduced to my penis. You are going to be kissing it, sucking it, and it will be in your pussy and in your rear end. You need to get to know it very well. The happier my penis is with you, the better everything else will be for you and your family. Do you understand?*

Two sets of eyebrows raised twice in firm acquiescence.

The two girls inched closer to Joshua's member. Janiza reached out and took it into her right hand. The member stiffened.

Surprised, Janiza asked, *Why?*

*It needs to be hard to enter your pussy.*

*Ah, OK. You like?*

*Yes, it is a good start. Let Febe touch and then try sucking on it, just like you were drinking through a straw.*

Febe touched it, and it was Febe who first took Joshua's cock in her mouth and sucked. As she did so, Joshua provided suggestions and corrections, such as 'no teeth please!' Then Janiza, who had been listening to each instruction, tapped her sister on the arm with some energy, and took her place. It was clear she had been listening and she, by watching her sister, had possibly learned even better than had Febe. She was working up and down, sucking hard, with her hand pumping the lower part of her man's shaft.

Joshua was fully engorged now. As she continued to work his dick, he instructed the girl that his semen, the stuff that makes babies, was about to enter her mouth. It was not only safe to drink; it was good for her health. It would help her to grow up to be a beautiful woman. She should drink all of it. As she continued to give him head, she nodded.

While Janiza continued down below, Joshua pulled Febe to his lips. Febe had never kissed a man before as a woman. She had kissed as a niece to an uncle, but that was very different. Joshua was playing with her snatch, not entering, but rubbing her clit. It felt weird and very, very good. Febe at first just accepted the kiss, but as her clit became increasingly stimulated, the kiss became more animated and tongues met. Breathing became labored, and Febe shook as she experienced a mini-orgasm. That triggered a full-on assault on Joshua's mouth by Febe, which, with the ever-ongoing excitement below, provided by Janiza, triggered Joshua's orgasm. He grunted and sent ropes of cum into Janiza's mouth. She, in turn, took it down her throat, every last drop, sucking as she proceeded. It was salty and a bit bitter but not repulsive; Janiza had no problems.

Joshua was now spent. Febe had had an orgasm and was tender down below. But Janiza needed attention. Joshua pulled Janiza up and pushed himself lower on the bed. Placing his head between the twin's sweet thighs, he let his tongue do the talking.

Janiza heard him loud and clear as she spread her legs wide and pushed her hips up to place her pussy more directly under his attack. His hands were on the globes of her ass cheeks, while hers were on the back of his head. Her breathing was short and ragged. His face was being pummeled by the bones of her crotch. Still, he sucked and played with her clit.

Febe, who was feeling a little left out, moved around so that she could take Joshua's now limp member into her mouth. As Febe started sucking, Joshua's cock started inflating. Joshua now had a bucking twin in his face and a twin's face on his member; a member that wanted to fuck someone. Just as he was trying to decide which one to fuck, Janiza's orgasm exploded. Joshua tried to follow up for a second orgasm, but she was too sore and begged off. That left Febe, who was still sucking for all she was worth. His truncheon needed to be buried deep in someone. It appeared that Febe would be that someone.

Joshua rolled over onto his side, with Febe still firmly attached. He reached down and dragged her up, in the process dislodging her from her task. He rolled her onto her back and, without formalities, rubbed his dick up and down on her wet slit, tilted her hips up by putting her ankles over his shoulders and, centering his cock on her gaping slit, plunged deep into the twelve-year-old.

For an instant, the pain ripping through Febe was intense. The stinging lasted longer. Then, as Joshua started moving a little back out and then down again, the pleasure eased out the discomfort. He was stuffing her, but not so bad as it was uncomfortable. She was tight, oh so tight, to him, but not so tight that it hurt. The rhythm of the fucking was found. The age-old act had a new actress; a new member to the club of sexual fulfillment. Childhood had ended and the path to adult understanding had begun. Febe would never be the same again. Janiza watched in wonderment, as she saw her twin leave her, at least for now. Janiza wondered if they would ever be so close again.

The fucking, grunting and playful sex continued as Joshua became a partner, replacing the man Febe had somewhat feared before. And then

she felt the need building inside her, she sensed the orgasm before it hit. When it did, she came close to blacking out from the extreme emotional wave that came with the involuntary spasms. Slowly, all activity ended and Joshua slid out. Janiza watched and waited a bit before sidling up to her twin and taking the girl in her arms. Febe reached up to her twin and pulled her into her lips.

§ § §

It was 7:00pm on the dot when Rowena entered the room, followed by her mother and Mistress. On the bed were, a naked Joshua snoring quietly, and the twins, naked, eating each other out, in a 69 position.

§ § §

## Kalma ka!

There are no tips in books of social etiquette to guide one on what to say when your twin sisters are eating each other and your Master is sacked out naked next to them. Rowena had no idea of what to do. Neither did Joydee, who came next through the doorway.

Ana Fe did.

This was, without a doubt, not her first fiesta. She indicated the woman should be quiet and back out of the bedroom, to the sala.<sup>36</sup> There, out of sight of the others, she indicated to them to disrobe.

Whispering, Ana Fe asked Rowena if she knew how to suck a man's penis. Rowena did not. For the next five minutes using Joydee's fingers as a stand in for a penis, Ana Fe gave the child as much of a lesson as she could. Rowena learned how to suck. She learned she was supposed to swallow his cum and what cum was. She was told, that if he chose to stop her and do something else, she should do, as he wanted, without question. Following which, Rowena was sent back into the bedroom with instructions to suck Joshua to wakefulness and, hopefully, to make him cum.

Once Rowena left, Joydee asked why they had gotten undressed. Ana Fe's response was to pull the beauty down to a kneeling position between her knees and say, *Make me cum*.

Joydee wasted no time getting down to business eating her Mistress's cunt.

Ana Fe felt a power she had never felt before. She had learned to like cunnilingus and it was very good, but this was different. This was not like it was before. This was an exercise of power over another person. This, she thought, must be what it is like to be Joshua with us. Joydee was her property. This incredibly beautiful woman was hers. Power is its own aphrodisiac, and Ana Fe was getting off on it in a big way.

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<sup>36</sup> A Sala is a living room area with couches and easy chairs. In this case, more like a small parlor with a couch and two easy chairs.

§ § §

Joshua felt his member enlarging, and he knew why but not who. His eyes were still closed. The technique was good, but not what he had just taught the twins. This was confusing. His hand was on the back of his lover's head, and that imparted no information whatsoever. When his eyes did open, what he saw were the two twins, engaged, but not with him. Still, what they were engaged in was hot and sexy, and his member grew further in consequence of the visual stimulation. He finally figured out it must be Rowena by a process of elimination. He could tell who it wasn't.

Rowena was good, but not good enough at giving head to get him off. Besides, he decided he wanted to fuck the waif. Joshua took control, moved Rowena onto her back, ate her pussy for a couple of minutes to get her a little more ready and then, moving up on her, throwing her legs over his shoulders as he had done with Febe, Joshua ripped through Rowena's maidenhead.

Rowena was intellectually prepared but emotionally unprepared.

A man was inside her. Of that, there was no argument. She did not 'love' this man. She didn't know if she would ever love anyone now. It had hurt when he entered her. It burned a bit now. She felt as if her body had been invaded, and she thought she ought to be angry about that. But this is what she had agreed to do... and, oh! how can this be?

It was beginning to feel very good.

As Joshua slowly and carefully moved in and out, it was feeling better and better. They weren't kissing and, of that, she was relieved. Still, he was inside her. She was responding physically. And then... and then it was as if a switch had been flicked inside her. She wanted him deeper, harder, more forcefully. Why was he being so fucking gentle? She pulled his head to hers, but instead of kissing him, she bit his lower lip and then yelled at him, [in Tagalog], *Harder, you bastard!*

*What?*

One of the twins told him in English. *She wants it harder!*



Joshua didn't need to be told again. Rowena wanted it rough? OK, that is what she would get. Slamming his dick into her, he grabbed her left tit, pinching, twisting and pulling her nipple. Her first orgasm was thunderous. But Joshua was not done. He assumed correctly that Ana Fe must be in the other room and he yelled at her to bring him the tube of KY jelly in his dopp kit.

Within thirty seconds, he was holding it. He pulled out of Rowena, much to her loud protests, greased up her ass, much to her confusion, pulled a pillow under her hips, greased up his pole and, without introductions or warnings, skewered her asshole, while at the same time from under her, running the handle of his hairbrush, which he grabbed off his nightstand, up her cunt. Calm and considerate he wasn't, as he slammed down on her, his balls bouncing on her pussy close to the brush.

She was wailing, but not with pain. Her body was out of control. Orgasms rolled through her one after another. She could not discriminate the pain from the pleasure. All she knew was that she was someone's property now, and that she would do as she was told. Joshua reinforced this as he corn-holed the fourteen-year-old by demanding she tell him who owned her. He owned her, she told him.

*Louder*, he demanded. She said it louder. *Tell your mother who owns your ass and your pussy. You tell her, I own you, as any man owns a slave. You will do as I say, like a prostitute.* She did, but he demanded, as he reamed her, over and over, that she say it louder.

She screamed to her mother, [in Tagalog], *mama, this man owns my ass, my pussy and everything else. I do not love him, I am his slave. I will do as he says. I swear mama, I am his whore.*

And with that, Joshua let loose his cum in the girl's ass and she collapsed, not to wake until morning.

§ § §

Bodies lay where last they were fucked or licked, as morning arrived. Upon arising, Joshua sought out Ana Fe and Joydee in the sala, where they were, and found them already up. They were organizing the bags they needed to transport back to Cebu. A kiss and a quick grope, with each of them, was all he had time for before getting dressed and

grabbing a breakfast at the coffee shop down on the ground floor, on his way to the embassy.

But just before he left their room, Joshua made two suggestions: He wanted Ana Fe to take Joydee with her, and purchase sexy outfits for each of them to wear that night. He was going to take them out somewhere special. Second, they were to purchase a couple of balikbayan<sup>37</sup> size boxes and one suitcase. To do that, he thought, they should contact the hotel concierge regarding the purchase of the boxes and making connections with a shipping company. They would leave tomorrow, so the boxes needed to be taken care of today. The remaining things, the things Joydee and her girls would need right away, needed to fit in the suitcase, as it might be a couple of weeks before they saw the boxes again. Joydee and Ana Fe agreed and told Joshua not to worry.

*Kalma ka!*<sup>38</sup>

The Embassy was just down and across the street. There was no sense in taking any transportation. Joshua walked. It was before 9am as he took off down the street, but the sun had been up for three hours and the temperature was approaching 36°C. It was a short walk, but he was perspiring when he got there.

The actual interview, submission of documents and receipt of the needed affidavit was reasonably straightforward. His papers were in order. All in all, it was not instantaneous, but Joshua was done and back and entering the hotel room at 11:45 that morning, affidavit in hand. They would be able to file the affidavit at the registrar's office in Cebu. Ana Fe had already filed for the license before she left on her trip for birth certificates, and so, the ten-day waiting period had been met. All that remained was for Joshua to return with her, and for him to present the affidavit. Unless there was a problem, they could have the marriage license by Monday evening. None of this was lost on Joydee, who immediately started peppering Ana Fe with questions about the wedding preparations.

After just a few minutes of this animated Tagalog conversation, Joshua suggested that they all troop downstairs and go out to one of the

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<sup>37</sup> Balikbayan is Tagalog for return home and refers both to people and possessions, normally from overseas. The average box of such is in the neighborhood of 22"x22"x22" in size and can be very heavy when fully packed. These boxes are normally sent via ship, instead of air, where weight is less of an issue than is size. There are ocean-going delivery services in the Philippines. Like ground UPS in the USA, it is significantly less expensive than air cargo.

<sup>38</sup> Means 'relax' but literally, 'calm yourself' (Tagalog)

restaurants on the boulevard for some lunch. It takes a few minutes to get five Filipinas, concerned with their looks, fully dressed, makeup applied and ready to be seen in public.

As this process progressed, each of the girls made sure she got some alone time with Joshua, letting him know that they wanted more time in bed with him. Each had a slightly different message in that regard. Febe was telling Joshua how good it was last night, and when could it happen again? Janiza reminded Joshua that he had yet to fuck her and take her virginity. It wasn't fair that Febe had him and she had not! Rowena came up to him, reached out and 'honored'<sup>39</sup> him, and then told him she was indeed his slave and would do as told. By the time they were ready to go out the door, Joshua was sporting a hard-on.

As a general rule, when in the Philippines, never order "American style" food. You will be disappointed. Order either Filipino or other Asian fare. This will be cooked better and be more pleasing. Joshua was aware of this and his companions had no reason not to order Filipino or Asian cuisine. So, as they exited the hotel they were on their way to the Emerald Garden, a Chinese restaurant, at 1:30pm. The hotel is at 1118 Roxas. The restaurant was just a few steps away, at 1170. Joshua had eaten breakfast that morning, the others had not. None of them had eaten since lunch the previous day. All were hungry. The table filled with an assortment of dishes and lunch dragged on for close to two hours before all were ready to push the chairs back.

Back at the hotel, they found two balikbayan boxes waiting for them. These were promptly packed and, by 7pm, with the help of hotel staff, labels were attached, cash had been provided and shipping was assured.

Once the boxes were out the door, Joshua wanted to know, *Who wants supper?* Not one of them did. Ana Fe offered to go with him to keep him company. At that point, Joydee offered to go with the two of them for the same reason. While he waited for his females to ready themselves, Joshua made reservations with Cebu Pacific Airlines for four more passengers. The business center in the hotel provided a way for him to print out the boarding passes for all of them.

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<sup>39</sup> Honoring is a Filipino custom of taking the honoree's hand and bringing it to your forehead as you bow slightly.

After a brief conversation with the concierge, Joshua decided to take his two lovely companions to the café Juanita in Pasig. It took a while once he got back to the room for the two to be ready to go. The drive by taxi wasn't bad, along Roxas to the EDSA. The café is just a few blocks off the EDSA.

Neither of the women had ever been to such a fancy place. When Joshua walked into the restaurant with his females, heads turned. Considering the outfits they had on, and the work they did in front of the mirror for close to an hour, he was not surprised. Both of these women were stunning tonight. He was one lucky man. Without even a tip to the maître d', they were seated at a very nice table. If people wondered which one of them he was plowing, they didn't have a clue about how lucky he was.

The food was true Filipino, but the type celebrities and the rich eat, not the simple Filipino. And so the menu was so exiting to his bedmates that they both found that there was indeed room in their stomachs for another meal. The table filled with Crispy Pork Binagoongan, Two-Way Pork Adobo ribs (for Joshua), Special Dinuguan, and Pinoy Ratatoy. Their chairs didn't get pushed back until 11pm. They finally returned to the room a little before midnight. Just enough time to sleep, pack and go to the airport.

Joydee, and her girls, would never again return to the place they had stayed until yesterday, and they prayed that their decision to leave with Joshua and Ana Fe was a good one. As they went to sleep that night, all, save one female, were no longer virgins. Their bellies were full, the room more comfortable than any they had ever experienced and tomorrow, they would fly in an airplane for the very first time.

§ § §

Morning came soon enough. All had the complimentary breakfast in the hotel coffee shop.

Back in the hotel room, and before the trip to the airport, Joshua asked for 30 minutes alone with Janiza, while the rest got ready and finished packing in the sala. It took only five minutes for everything to be stripped out of the bedroom and attached bath. At the end of which, Joshua was alone with twelve-year-old Janiza.

Joshua said one word to the twin. *Undress.*

Janiza carefully took off her blouse, her shorts, her panties and stood naked in front of Joshua.

*Play with your nipples and pussy.*

Janiza did as asked, pinching and rubbing her nipples, and fingering her pussy.

Joshua walked around the child. His hands moving over her ass cheeks, her rib cage, her backbone, her face. He kissed the child. She kissed back with a hunger for him.

*Take my clothing off.*

Janiza did as asked. She took off his shirt, his slacks and his briefs. He was as naked as was she.

*Do you know what is going to happen next?*

*You will take my virginity?*

*Yes.*

*Good, I am happy, give it to you.*

*Lie down*

She did. She was now on her back. He slid her butt to the edge of the bed. He raised her ankles onto his shoulders. Taking the tube of KY he had retained during the cleanup that morning, he applied a liberal amount to her pussy and his tool. She was shaking.

*Kalma ka anak.<sup>40</sup> If you do not want this just say so.*

*I want this! Please don't stop. I am just a little scared.*

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<sup>40</sup> Relax child or literally 'calm yourself child.'

Joshua placed his penis on her maidenhead and pushed through.

Janiza felt the pain quickly sear through her loins. And then it was over. Joshua started slowly fucking her and Janiza's body responded. She was feeling the pleasure. As the pain became just a memory and the pleasure increased, so did Janiza's enthusiasm. Joshua's cock filled her pussy to the max. The twelve-year-old cunt was stretched as far as it would go. Joshua was receiving maximum stimulation. He played with Janiza's nipples, as he gazed into the face of the child. There was no fear to be seen, only the look of satisfaction.

Joshua pulled out, climbed up of the bed and positioned Janiza on her knees. Taking her cunt from behind, he snaked his arm around her and fingered her clit as he plunged repeatedly into the girl. She was wet and dripping on the bed sheets. She was slamming her cunt into him as much as he was slamming into her. He heard grunting, followed by gasping and then a wail as her pussy clamped shut, all but squeezing Joshua's thick dick into angel hair pasta.

He tried pumping, but the muscles were not letting go. And then they did release. Joshua had not cum yet and the muscle squeeze had prevented any chance that he could cum. Joshua's balls were somewhere between blue and boiling. He started pounding away again at her cunt, and fingering her clit. Again, she came, hard and clamped Joshua off. Once released again, Joshua avoided the clit and pumped her cunt until his balls pushed all it had out. He filled her cunt to overflowing, his cum only held inside due to the tightness of the envelope enclosing his member. And then... the well fucked, twelve-year-old collapsed from beneath him.

§ § §

## Clarity and purpose

Janiza could barely walk. Cum glued her panties to her bottom. And... she would not let go of Joshua. Ana Fe and Joydee were exchanging glances both at the girl and at each other. Finally Ana Fe spoke up. *Mahal, what you do to the kid?* [She actually used the Tagalog term 'bata' which translates to kid.]

Joshua, a little irritated, answered, *What do you think I did? Why?*

*She can't walk!*

*She came three times, real hard, when I was in her. She'll be ok in an hour.*

[In Tagalog]

Ana Fe asked Janiza, *Bata, you ok? You hurt? He bad to you?*

*I am OK, Po. I am only a little sore. He was very good to me. Please do not be angry with him. I am his girl now.*

Ana Fe, shaking her head, *Yes, you are child. Yes, you are.*

[Back to English]

*I am sorry for doubting you. You are right.*

Joshua just nodded.

On the way home, Ana Fe texted Mary that she and Joshua would be arriving with the teacher and her children. Mary was instructed to prepare her sisters. Joshua texted his real estate / rental agent. He needed a larger place and a longer lease.

Seating on the plane was a bit dicey. Joydee's girls had never been on a plane before. Each needed to be seated by an adult. The Airbus 321 seats three across on each side of the single aisle. They had the original two seats from the round trip, plus the four new ones. Each of the daughters

needed to be by an adult. Though shy to admit it, the three girls were scared. Rowena (2B) sat with Ana Fe (2A) up in Joshua's seat. Joshua sat in 20B, next to Janiza (20C) and she held his hand the entire time. Febe (21D) sat next to Joydee (21E). Joshua hated the middle seat, but the trip was only 45 minutes.

After landing, their cell phones were turned back on and both Ana Fe's and Joshua's phones were signaling that there were messages to be read. Mary wanted details. Ana Fe started providing them via an interactive set of text messages. The realty agent needed details of what Joshua needed. Joshua specified that he needed a house, not an apartment, with the following:

- Six bedrooms
- Sala (large)
- Kitchen (inside)
- Dirty Kitchen (outside)
- Wash area (outside)
- Either Aircon in Sala or window grilles to accommodate aircons in the Sala.
- Either Aircon in at least one bedroom or window grilles to accommodate an aircon.

The house needed to be in good condition and at least partially furnished. He would take a two year lease. The agent had two properties that met the criteria. She could show him one of them this very afternoon. Joshua asked how much per month and was pleasantly surprised to learn that the owner of the first one wanted ₱30,000 per month for a two year lease. The house was in Talisay City, just south of Cebu City proper. After a few words with Ana Fe about it, Joshua texted back, they would look at it. Joshua would probably have to pay a penalty for leaving the apartment/condo so soon, but the realty agent said she might be able to make it go away, for a consideration.

While they were on the plane, Janiza's panties had become really uncomfortable, but there was no way she was going to get up to go to a bathroom while they were in the air! So as they exited the plane at Mactan Cebu International Airport, she whispered to her mother that she needed a CR. She also whispered that she needed her mother to join her.



It was all worked out. The two other girls would stay with Ana Fe and Joshua, who would collect their suitcase. Janiza and her mother would go to the nearest CR. All would reassemble at the exit door later.

On the way to the CR, Janiza explained to her mother that her panties were sticking and rubbing. What could she do? Joydee, both a little appalled that she was dealing with such a matter with her twelve-year-old, and a little amused at what her answer must be, said nothing until they were in the CR. She then took a handkerchief from her bag, wet it in a sink and told her daughter to take the panties off and put them in her handbag. Janiza should clean herself up with the handkerchief and then rinse the cloth out in the sink before returning it to her mother, who would be waiting outside the CR.

It was for this reason that Janiza, for the rest of the day, walked around 'commando.' And it was for this reason that a new standard in Joshua's girls would be set before the end of the day.

Once again, there were more bodies in a taxi than should fit, but fit they did. Ana Fe wondered about the coming night; sleeping arrangements would be cozy if nothing else.

Sleeping arrangements was something that Mary had been preparing for since her mother and Joshua left for Manila. As the architect of the rationale for bringing Joydee and her daughters into the family, she was not ruining the results. Rather, she was only concerned with the logistics.

The girls: Arlin, Janna, Mhitze and Ricca, were all aware that the family was about to grow. They now knew the names of the three new girls, and had started to text the three new girls as the taxi approached. While Mary was trying to figure out a sleeping arrangement, Ricca and Mhitze were giggling. Their thoughts concerned the likelihood of an all-girl orgy in their room with Janna, Janiza, Febe and Rowena. Ricca, giggling, told Mary that she figured Arlin and she could have the other room and ignore the goings on in her room! Arlin didn't look too happy at the thought of being separated from Janna.

Mary said little, but suspected that little Ricca was very likely right, at least for the first night. Mary was more concerned for the nights after the first one. She knew they could manage in this place, but it would be tight. It never occurred to any of them that Joshua would get them a

larger place. That wasn't done. You just made the changes to deal with the number of bodies present. It was the way of life for her people.

§ § §

There was a knock at the front door of the apartment. The only people they were expecting were in the taxi that had yet to arrive, and those people would not be knocking.

Mary called through the closed door, [In Cebuano] *Who is it?*

It was the real estate agent that Joshua had contacted. She asked if she might be allowed to come in.

§ § §

The taxi pulled up to the apartment complex right behind a white Toyota Hi-Ace Grandia. Climbing out, Ana Fe took Joydee's left hand, while Joydee held Rowena with her right. Joshua had Febe on his left and Janiza on his right. The six approached the apartment door. Before they could reach it, the door opened and out flew Ricca, Janna and Mhitze; but not to their mother, not to Joshua. No, each grabbed a girl. Mhitze grabbed Rowena. Janna grabbed Febe and Ricca latched onto Janiza.

It was a madhouse as the three new girls were pried loose from their moorings and sucked into the wave of their new captors. The three adults stood as the whirlwind swept all that had been attached away.

Standing some ten feet from the front door in a state of amazement, the three looked again at the door, to see Mary, with another woman approach them. It took a few seconds before Joshua recognized the woman from the real estate office.

[in Cebuano]

*Mother! Ate Lilian says she is here to show us our new place! Is that right?*

*I see. Well I did not know we were going to see the place she told Joshua about right now, but yes, we are looking at a new place. This place is in Talasay I think. Addressing Lilian, Friend, is that your van on the street?*

*Yes, Madam. Sir Joshua said he needed far more room, and six bedrooms. I guessed I would need the van to carry all.*

*Friend, you assumed correctly. You want to take us there now?*

*Yes. That was my plan.*

[Switching to Tagalog so that Joydee would understand]

*OK. Yes. Let us put our things down in the apartment and we will be ready to go right away.* At which point Joydee dragged the bag into the apartment and just left it by the door. The two women, in a mix of Tagalog and Cebuano, called out to the girls, of whom they could hear but not see. *Come now, we are going on a trip! Come right now!*

The Toyota van could seat 11 comfortably, and far more Filipinas if needed. Into the back row (designed for three) climbed Ricca, Febe, Janiza, Janna, and Mhitze. Rowena, Arlin, and Mary climbed into the next row. The row behind the driver held Joydee, Joshua and Ana Fe. Up front, Lilian sat in the passenger seat, next to a man somewhere in his forties. He was their driver.

The drive to Talasay took close to 40 minutes. Music played on speakers throughout the van and side-by-side conversations were the only ones possible.

In the back seat, a discovery was unfolding. It was Ricca, true to form, who wanted the details of their new friends' sexual exploits, and wanted verification that they were all part of the club, the bedmates of Joshua club. Once satisfied that they had all made love with Joshua, Ricca wanted details. Once Ricca discovered that Janiza had only this morning lost her virginity, she wanted to know if Janiza had washed since then.

No sooner had Janiza relayed the story of the airport washroom than Ricca was on the floor of the van, spreading Janiza's legs apart as far as they would go in the van. Janiza's smooth pussy was spread out before Ricca. Before Janiza had a chance to raise any concerns, Ricca's tongue was way past the labia.

Mhitze, watching what was going on right under her nose, though she had not understood the conversation as it had been in Tagalog, didn't

want to be left out. Febe was feeling a bit competitive and thinking if Janiza was getting eaten, why wasn't she? Within the next fifteen seconds, Mhitze was between Febe legs, pulling the girl's panties off before tossing them on the floor of the van, as Febe spread her legs as far as she could without bumping them into Janiza's. From the front of the van, nothing could be seen as the girls heads didn't rise above the seat backs. The noise of the road, the engine and the music was too loud for anything else to be heard. Mary, Arlin and Rowena knew something was going on, but not what. The adults were blissfully unaware of it all.

About ten minutes into being eaten as if she was a prize lollipop, Febe decided that turn-about was in order. She slid down on the mat and removed Mhitze's panties before tasting the girl. Janiza now decided that she would do as her sister did, and had Ricca back in her seat with panties off and legs spread. Janna was patient for a long time, but enough was enough. She slid down on the floor and started eating Janiza's pussy as the girl continued to have a go at Ricca's.

When the van rolled to a stop at the house Joshua might lease for them, there was a flurry of action in the backseat as the girls reseated themselves. Three panties remained on the floor. Janna was the only one still wearing panties.

All disembarked from the van save the driver. Twelve souls tramped towards the house. Arlin, however, had taken the time to look into the back seats as they left and noticed the panties. She grabbed Mary and silently indicated that her Ate should take a look.

### § § §

Lilian was puzzled. This new woman didn't look like a relative of Ana Fe and she didn't speak their tongue. *Madam Ana Fe, is that your sister? Does she not speak Cebuano?*

*Friend, no, Miss Joydee is my children's new teacher. She has three of her own children who will also stay with us. That is why we need such a larger home.*

*Ah, I see. Your Joshua... he does not mind so many children around just to be with you?*

*He seems happy. Does he not?*

*Yes, yes he does. Your teacher is very beautiful.*

*This is very true. She is a beauty and her daughters look like they will be too.*

*You are not jealous?*

*I will be Joshua's wife before the week is done. She will not and she knows it. Why should I be jealous?*

*Ah, I see. I see. Congratulations!*

§ § §

Joshua looked at Mary. Her assessment was what he needed. Others might have agendas he might not understand. But he understood Mary very well, and trusted her judgment. *What do you two think?*

*This is a good-sized place. It will take all the girls to keep it clean, but it will work for us.*

Ana Fe quietly indicated her agreement with the assessment.

Mary continued with her assessment. *The girls will need to transfer schools.*

Ana Fe was liking Joydee's offer more and more. *Or we can home study all of them.*

Joshua wasn't sure what Ana Fe was saying. *You mean homeschooling?*

*No, they are different. Homeschool is different from home study. Home study is schooling supervised by a teacher or a tutor who drops by (or lives in, in our case) a student's house. Home school, on the other hand, is a form of education where the parent is the teacher and the child is the student. Since Joydee is a licensed teacher, we can do home study easily.*

Joshua wrinkled his brow. *Did you talk to Joydee about that? Are we in agreement about this house? Do we take it?*

There were two sets of doubly raised eyebrows. It would be their new home and it looked like home study would be the option pursued.

§ § §

The paperwork would be signed the following Monday. Lilian told Joshua they could move in right away. She even had a friend who had a jeepney that could be used as a moving van of sorts. All was set in motion. Ana Fe, Mary and Joydee, consulting with Lilian, were the management team. Ana Fe texted her brother and sister-in-law, might they help? They would. What could Joshua do? *Kalma ka! Relax!* One of them suggested that maybe he could walk down to the sari-sari store and get some Red Horse! No, he wanted to help. No, he must not help! Joshua was getting a bit steamed up about this when Lilian grabbed him and pulled him aside.

*Sir Joshua, please do not be angry with your family.*

*I am sorry you see me angry, but this really isn't anything you need to be concerned with, Madam.*

*Oh, Sir Joshua, you really do not understand. In their eyes, you have already done way more than they have any right to expect. They feel like it would be wrong for you to do the only thing they find themselves capable of doing. Allow them a measure of self-respect and accept that in their eyes, you are moving mountains while they can only move twigs.*

*Really? That is what they are feeling?*

*Yes Sir Joshua, truly. Please respect them.*

Joshua felt an inch tall at that moment. These women were far **better** than was he.

§ § §

It was 11pm. The rice cooker had been filled, run and emptied, with stomachs filled in good measure, right along with the help of three spit-roasted chickens from [Chooks-to-go](#). Everything that they had owned

from the apartment was now sitting somewhere in their new home. Ana Fe promised that it would all be in order by Sunday evening. Joshua was dazed. He had woken up that morning in Manila, and now he was in his new home. The discussion about school would have to wait until tomorrow as well.

*Mary, would you and Arlin join me tonight?*

*I'd be happy to. But if Arlin is to join us, would you please invite Janna?*

Joshua was more than a little surprised by the request. *Really?*

*Talaga, Po.<sup>41</sup>*

Joshua, now a little amused but not unhappy, responded, *Yes. That will be fine.*

Mary said nothing.

Arlin looked relieved. Janna smiled as she, and the others, continued to put things away and make order out of the chaos of the move.

Ana Fe turned to Joydee, who was right next to her. *You will be with me tonight.*

### § § §

Joshua would have to ask who it was who had leased this place previously, but whoever it was had wanted warm showers. A hot water machine was attached to the spigot that ran the shower. From now on, the showers would be as warm as he cared to make them. Mary, Arlin and Janna had never had a warm shower and they were quite amused by Joshua's joy at the discovery, that is, until they stepped into the warm spray and discovered the pleasure it provided. Such was the response that the shower lasted a full 45 minutes, as all four of them soaped each other up, played with each other and rinsed off.

Once toweled dry, and all on the bed in what would be the master bedroom, Joshua's gaze rested on each of these girls, one at a time. Each

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<sup>41</sup> Truly, Sir.

was lovely, each had a claim on his heart, each was special for any number of reasons. Each was his, for as long as he might live, or for long as he wanted them to be his. As far as he could tell, the only reason for letting any of them go was so that they might find a man closer to their age, with whom they might make a life without him. Joshua recognized that doing such a thing would be the honorable thing to do. However, he wasn't feeling so honorable, nor did he think that these girls would be so inclined if he had so offered.

There was not a stitch of clothing on any of them. Joshua pulled Mary close to him and placed a languid kiss on her welcoming lips. As it came to an end, Mary slid her lips up to her lover's left ear and spoke very quietly, *These two have not had you since before Mom and I returned. I had you twice since we returned. They need you. I will help, but do them tonight, Mahal.*

Joshua, moved his lips back to Mary's and gave her a deep sensual kiss, intense enough for Mary's pussy to leak some fluid on the bed sheets. Her labia were glistening, and she sighed as he moved away from her and brought Arlin and Janna to him.

Arlin was more than anxious to regain her position in Joshua's arms. He had not bedded her since she 'officially' became one of Ana Fe's daughters. Joshua was going to marry her mother and he would forever be with them, with her. She didn't want to be his daughter, she wanted to be what she had been, his lover, and she needed him to know that. She loved Janna, but this was important. Arlin leaned across Joshua, kissed Janna, and then climbed on top of Joshua. She had his undivided attention as she leaned into him, looking directly into his eyes. She placed his erect member underneath her and mounted the pole. Her eyes never left his. Her cunt devoured his cock.

*I want a baby Joshua. I want your baby. I don't care if you have other girls, but you must give me a baby now and more later. I,* and now she started humping the dick deep inside her, *want,* grunting as she proceeded, *your children.*

Arlin said not another word more. She worked Joshua's member as if her life depended on it. Deep, she pushed him deep into her. Pumping up and down, perspiration appearing on her upper lip, her hair being tossed all around, her nipples rock hard, as her tits bounced up and down. She



was an energizer bunny. Nothing was going to stop her, and then, as if she were a deer caught in a car's headlights, mesmerized, her body convulsed and her womanly fluids bathed Joshua's cock. This oh so slender, teenage girl had given her all for her man. Joshua was well aware of the hunger in her heart. He would never forget it.

He was still hard as Janna, replacing her lover, crawled up on Joshua's lap and took her place. Sliding on where Arlin had slid off, Janna leaned in for a kiss. Whispering, their lips touching as she spoke, her tongue licking his lips, punctuating her sentences as she proceeded, *I love you. I am not too young to love you Joshua. I know we all love you. Mary loves you, Arlin loves you and I love you. We all want your babies. We want so many babies that you won't be able to count them all; each of us, a branch of Joshua; each of our children a leaf of Joshua. From you we get our lives, from you we can reach the sky. You are our anchor. We are your future and our children, they will be your reward for loving and caring for all of us. You are deep in me now. You are part of me and I am part of you, like a branch is connected to its trunk, both part of and yet separate. The juices inside of you will flow into me and from me more life will grow. We are all part of you. Cum inside me and bring life to this branch of the Joshua Tree.*

§ § §

## Define lesbian for me

It was 11:30pm. Joshua had retired to the Master Bedroom with Mary, Janna and Arlin. Ana Fe had seen to it that Rowena, Febe and Janiza were settled into a bedroom that night with Mhitze and Ricca. They would need more beds, but for tonight, the girls' mattress had been pulled to the side of the box springs, which was not on legs. Two comforters had been put on top of those. That was the sleep surface for the five of them. Joshua would not have found it acceptable, but these girls were quite happy. The laughter and giggling was so loud that Ana Fe warned them to keep the noise down before retiring to the room that had "Mary's" bed.

Joydee was already getting ready for bed when Ana Fe entered the bedroom. She really was a beauty. Ana Fe had never really looked at women as sexual partners before Joshua, but now she had female sexual partners; and now she knew she enjoyed it, even though her upbringing told her that is impossible for a woman who loved men. As she looked at this remarkable female before her, she was entranced by Joydee in a way that she had no words to explain. This was her woman. Joshua could have her, he could have any of them, but this woman was hers.

Joydee noticed both the attention she was receiving and the silence.

[In Tagalog]

*I am confused. You do not look like a lesbian. When we made love last night, it was not the love of a woman who was unsure of what she wanted. You wanted me and you took me. Now you look at me this way and I feel you will take me again. Do you like sex with Joshua? Which do you prefer? Did Joshua take me so that you could have me while he took my girls? I am not complaining. It is OK with me. I just don't understand. I know I am both yours and I am Joshua's. How is it possible?*

*I don't know. I only know it is possible. I know Joshua thinks you are incredibly beautiful. He has told me that. You are here because we could not leave you. He cares for you, not just your girls. I am not a lesbian; I want cock. I want Joshua's cock. But how could I not want you? You are so beautiful!*

*You are silly. I am not that beautiful. But if you think I am, then that is good I guess, because I think it looks like we will be together a lot. Joshua has all those girls! It is good that you found him first.*

*Why?*

*Because if you were second, I am not sure I am as good a person as you are. I do not know if I would have invited you and your girls to join us.*

*When you first messaged Joshua, I wasn't going to have anything to do with you. But I learned what Joshua needed and what he was like, I changed my mind. Maybe you would have too.*

*Maybe, it is something we will never know... But, between you and me... am I your Mistress, or your maid?*

*I am not sure. Mistress, maid or wife. We will see. For tonight, you are my lover.*

And with that, Ana Fe disrobed, and came to bed. This was the third time they had made love to each other in three days. If Joydee was confused, so was Ana Fe. Joydee was loving her each time and she was loving Joydee. Sex and real concern for the woman's welfare was turning into a real love. It would be hard to treat this woman as a maid. If she was a mistress, whose mistress was she? Joshua's or hers? What if they functioned as co-equal wives, how would that work? Her mind ran through rabbit holes of *what if's* as they licked, stroked, and kissed each other into a blissful sleep in each other arms.

§ § §

It was 11:33pm when Ana Fe had closed the door on them. Rowena and Mhitze were the oldest girls in the room. The twins clung to Ricca. Mhitze glanced over at Ricca and signaled a type of assurance, have fun! The activities of the van were now rejoined and enlarged upon, but Rowena needed to be added, as she was not part of that, this afternoon.

If anyone was a bit taken aback, it was Rowena. This all seemed so wrong to her. She knew she needed to give her body to Joshua, but this was not part of any deal. This was purely voluntary. And this was girl-girl. This was wrong. Still, as voluntary as it was, Rowena sensed that if

she didn't 'fit in,' there might be problems for her family. This Mhitze was a determined girl. She seemed so serious. Rowena sensed that crossing Mhitze might be a poor choice.

Mhitze was aware that Rowena had a problem. You don't survive on your own, on the streets, for a year without developing an acute sense of the feelings of others. This girl didn't want to be here. The girl was by far the prettiest of them all — the spitting image of her stunningly beautiful mother. It was hard not to look at her and understand that there were levels of attractiveness, and that Rowena was in a class far from her own. It was also clear that she didn't want to be engaging in sexual contact with anyone at that moment.

Mhitze spoke to Rowena. [In English<sup>42</sup>] *Come.*

That took Rowena by surprise.

*It ok? No one gets angry?*

*Yes, it OK. Come.*

The two left the bedroom, into and across the sala, and out the front door to the terrace. There were two bamboo and rattan benches there, sitting at ninety-degree angles to one another. Mhitze sat on one and indicated with pursed lips that Rowena should take the other. The girl sat down, fearful over what came next.

*Other bedrooms here. Take one.*

*Will I get into trouble if I do that?*

*What? What? No problem. Girl-girl sex not rule.*

*You are all doing it. So yes, I think I will get punished.*

*No punish for this sex. ... It true it. It true we do sex with Joshua... that is why we are all here and we know that. Even you, right?*

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<sup>42</sup> Mhitze has no Tagalog and Rowena has no Cebuano. English is their only option, even though Mhitze has precious little English.

*I,... yes I have sex with Joshua, but I do it because I must for my family.*

*Oh! Maybe you do not know Joshua. But maybe it bad decision for you to join us.*

*See! I know I will be punished!*

*No one punish no do girl-girl sex. But, if you not want sex with Joshua, that wrong and you not have sex with him. I not know what happen. But I know rule of Joshua. He not want to touch anyone not want to touch.*

*See! See! I know I will be punished!*

*No punish by me. Come! We get a bedroom now.*

*Will you stay with me without any sex tonight?*

Two eyebrows went up twice.

### § § §

When the sun rose at 6am, it found activity in Joshua's household. Ana Fe, Joydee and Mary had all engaged in rousting the younger ones, and getting the cleaning and settling into the new house activities in full motion. Mary was a little surprised at finding Mhitze and Rowena where she finally found them, but not a word had been said. There were trips to the market, there was noise and there were yells of instructions being passed around.

Arlin had been detailed to get food on the table for breakfast, which was ready by 7:30 that morning. It was garlic and egg fried rice, dried fish, shrimp paste<sup>43</sup>, and some chicken longanisa<sup>44</sup>. Joshua ate the longanisa and rice.

Ana Fe's brother was back and helping build some shelves that they needed. The only one not working was Joshua, a fact of which Joshua was painfully aware. Still, there was nothing for him to do. So he

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<sup>43</sup> A Philippine condiment partially or completely made of either fermented krill.

<sup>44</sup> A sweet chicken sausage. (Also can be made with pork.)

grabbed a book and ventured out to the terrace, where he chose to read in relative quiet.

As Ana Fe worked, she also directed Mary and Joydee. Those two worked and directed the two broods. As the morning slid ever closer to midday, Mhitze found her way to Ana Fe's side.

[In Cebuano]

*Mother, may I speak with you?*

*What is troubling you child?*

*I think there may be a problem with Rowena, Mother.*

*Tell me*

And tell her, Mhitze did. The conversation didn't exactly end, it was broadened as Ana Fe summoned Mary and had Mhitze repeat the matter. Mhitze was then excused as the other two spoke at length. The two of them were perplexed. Maybe Mitze didn't understand Rowena. There clearly was a language problem. Still, it sounded like Mitze got most, if not all, of what Rowena was saying.

Rowena had not rejected Joshua and had not indicated an unwillingness to engage in the bedroom activities, but she clearly was doing so under extreme familial pressure. It was unclear whether it was internal in the girl's own head or external. That, in and of itself, was not good. Ana Fe had required all her daughters to 'want to' before she acceded to the matter. Mhitze and Arlin were volunteers and were, from all appearances, completely in love with Joshua. Febe and Janiza seemed to be bonding with him and Joydee was seemingly happy to be here as well. But Rowena was clearly a different story.

What was to be done? Should they speak with Joydee? If she was the one providing the pressure, that would not be a good thing to do. Should they speak with Joshua? He might send them all packing. The more they talked, the more questions arose. Where was the pressure coming from? What would happen if Rowena was kept in the family but excluded from activities? If she couldn't stay but the others wanted to stay, with whom

might Rowena live? This seemed like a mess. It was Mary who suggested that Ana Fe speak with the child privately.

Mary scooted off to tell Mhitze what the next step was going to be. Ana Fe located Rowena and pulled her aside.

[In Tagalog]

*Who tell you, you must have sex with Joshua?*

That's how it started. It went down from there.

Rowena wasn't going to say anything. She just clammed up and started to cry. Ana Fe was angry. She called Joydee over.

[In Tagalog]

*You tell your daughter she must have sex with Joshua?*

*No, Po, I never do that. She say I do that?*

*She says nothing. But she does not want to have sex.*

Joydee looked at her truculent daughter. *This true?*

*Maybe*

*What you mean 'maybe.'*

Nothing.

*Child, you **will** answer me!*

*He took me. I let him. I am his. I will always allow him sex. But even though he own me, I do not love him. I do not want him inside me. I let him inside when he takes me. He own me. I tell him that. I do not want sex with the girls.*

Joydee looked her Mistress. *What will you do now?*

*It is up to Joshua. He must decide.*

And so it was. All discussion ended for the time. Lunch was available in the kitchen for those who got hungry and wanted to stop for a bit. Supper was already in the process of preparation. That was Arlin's task, and she remained busy with it throughout the afternoon. The aromas circulating through and around the house were not to be ignored, and many had comments of how good it smelled. 'Yes, smell good only!' was the reply each would get.

As seven o'clock gave way to eight that evening, the chores ended. The house was in order and, for the most part, only the daily tasks would need to be completed from then on. Yes, it was true that Ana Fe did not like the lack of curtains in the Sala and the bedroom. She would resolve those matters in the coming days. They needed internet. Mary would arrange for a line from PLDT on Monday. They needed TV. While the women would have been happy with an antenna and the ability to receive the three channels, ABS-CBN, GMA and TV5, to get something Joshua might want to watch, (in English,) they needed cable. That could be done tomorrow, as well.

They needed two more beds. Joshua would go with Ana Fe to the Mandaue showroom at Kinasang-an, Pardo, Cebu City on Cebu South road. It was relatively close by. Maybe they could find a couple of nice Manduae beds and foam mattresses. Mandaue would deliver and set the beds up. They also needed a new large dining room table. Finding a table that would seat all of them would be a challenge. Something told Joshua that Manduae would not carry tables that large. As it was, they scattered around the sala with plates and ate their meals in a highly informal fashion. There were eleven of them now: Joshua, Ana Fe, Mary, Janna, Ricca, Arlin, Mhitze, Joydee, Rowena, Febe and Janiza.

As supper ended, Ana Fe called out two things. From then on, there would be no Cebuano spoken in the house. The language would be primarily English for now. Tagalog would be used on occasion, and maybe more later, after Arlin and Mitze learned it in their classes. But even English caused a problem for Arlin and Mhitze. Joydee promised to help the girls. The four newest additions did not speak Cebuano, so that language would no longer work here, though they would need to learn it to get along outside this house! Second, there was a meeting of Joydee, Joshua, Mary and her out on the terrace. All others should get ready for bed. And then, as if as an afterthought, *Joshua, who will be with you tonight?*



*Ricca and Janiza!* Joshua was well aware that, even in pairs, he would only bed a female once every five days! This was getting to be a little much! As to Ana Fe's meeting, he knew better than to ask what the meeting was about. If Ana Fe wanted all to know, she would have announced it. He would find out soon enough.

The group of four assembled on the terrace and Ana Fe wasted no time in going over the events of the day for Joshua, who listened without comment. When all was said, Joshua nodded to Mary and spoke. *You were not in Manila with us and do not know what transpired there. Your mother and Joydee were, and they know better than I do exactly what Rowena said at the end of our love making. Your mother told me later in translation, and maybe I do not remember correctly, but this is what I think the girl said the one time we made love. 'mother, this man owns me, my pussy and everything else. I don't love him. I am a slave. I will do what he says. I swear mother, I am a whore for him.'* Turning to Ana Fe and then Joydee, *Is that what she said?*

Joydee raised her eyebrows. *Yes it is close enough. That is what she said.*

*Did she say anything to contradict that today?*

*Yes.*

*Did she really say said she did not want me inside her?*

*Yes.*

*Then she must not be touched.*

Joydee was shaking. *Can we still all stay?*

*Yes, everyone stays. But Rowena will not be touched again.*

Ana Fe, relieved and pleased with the outcome, announced, *OK... good it is done. I will speak with Rowena myself. She needs to be told and best it comes from me.*

And so it was done. Rowena was told that she would not engage in any sexual conduct with anyone and that included Joshua. The child was

relieved, crying, shaking and almost pissing on the floor, she had been so scared. The release was overwhelming.

But there was something else bothering Joshua. As the story had been related to him, he began to worry about something else. Turning to Ana Fe he asked, *My love, how much English does Mitze really understand?*

*Oh! She understand OK. Just she just not able to speak it good.*

*You sure?*

*Yes, Mahal, I am sure.*

And with that Ana Fe took her leave of Joshua and called the rest of the girls over to explain the fact that Rowena was not going to be having any sex, and that was both OK and must be respected as her right.

[In English]

Janna asked, *Does that mean she gets to stay even though she will not be with Joshua?*

Ana Fe, smiling, queried, *Jealous?* Ana Fe got a snicker back. No one else wanted to stay away from Joshua.

Janna wanted to know, *Mother, who tomorrow?*

*Oh, I'm guessing, but I think, tomorrow he will ask for Mhitze and Febe.*

When Joshua entered the bedroom, two twelve year old girls were sitting on his bed in panties only. His cock twitched as he surveyed the scene. Janiza had just about gone comatose cumming on his cock last time. It was one of the sexiest things that had ever happened to him. Ricca pulled Janiza up and toward Joshua as she whispered that they should undress him.

The girls went right to work, removing the few clothes that Joshua had worn. He stood now, naked, penis swollen and stiff. Ricca dropped to her knees and took him in her mouth. She was quite the expert by now. With one arm, she tugged Janiza down with her and began to teach the new recruit the techniques she had developed. Now Joshua had two of

the cutest little girls, clad only in panties, kneeling before him and giving him head. The sight was unbelievable. But Joshua was not interested in letting his semen loose in these mouths tonight. He wanted his cum in their cunts.

He bent down and lifted each up by an arm. Kissing each once gently, he moved them to the bed. Each panty was removed before he climbed on the bed with them.

Joshua, on his back, encouraged Janiza to climb on top of him, center her pussy on his member, and take him inside her. She did as bidden, her tight pussy walls squeezing his dick, as each centimeter of cock was enclosed with her cunt. It was the most intense feeling for both of them. Slowly, she lowered herself, feeling as if he would at any moment split her apart. But he didn't, and now, as pubic bone touched pubic bone, she knew she was as full as she might ever feel. This time, she was more aware of what was happening to her. This was the second time ever for her, and the first time he had put her in control. She exercised that control by pulling up at her own speed, and then back down. She felt the sides of her cunt self-lubricate as the movements became smoother. She slid now down and back up. She could move faster. Faster felt better, and better was a good thing. She started bouncing on Joshua, and then she felt it coming. The thing that had rocked her world when he was in her in Manila, it was coming again. She thought that she might be prepared for it, but there was no getting prepared for it. Janiza collapsed on Joshua as her cunt spasmed on his cock. He pushed her shoulders up and, with his hips, caused her to bounce a bit more, encouraging a second wave of the orgasm. This time, she squirted on him, soaking him.

Watching all of this intensely, Ricca saw the pussy shower Joshua had received. She jumped up and ran into the bathroom for a small towel, returning to wipe up some of the liquid and dry him off before she might mount him.

Joshua had not cum, and waited for Ricca. Janiza was played out, stretched out and exhausted. Ricca had thought she would mount Joshua as had Janiza, but Joshua had other ideas and took the child's pussy from the rear. Playing with her clit with his fingers, he rammed his cock into her pussy-juice-lined cunt with a cock that just wanted to pound her until his cum found her womb. For all the women he had in his house now, Ricca was a favorite and would always be so. The child took the

wild pounding with joy. He was tight in her. She felt every inch of him. Every inch, as his cock invaded her body. She felt his fingers on her clit, egging on her own orgasm. His other hand pinched one of her nipples, and she exploded. He kept on pounding and she exploded again. His pounding didn't abate, as her third orgasm delivered her to a world of nonstop orgasmic pulses... and then she felt him get even larger. What followed were ropes upon ropes of cum that exploded in her pussy.

Five minutes later, they were in the shower. After cleaning up and changing the bed sheets, they climbed back on to sleep, except Joshua was not done. Grabbing Janiza, he took her from the rear as he had taken Ricca. She was sore, but she lubricated almost instantly. He pounded the little girl's pussy, causing her to squirt on the newly changed bed sheets. Janiza came so many times she lost track, and then, as Joshua felt even more warm juices flow over him, he came deep inside her. She screamed with happiness and release before collapsing under him.

Joshua had never, in his imagining, thought life could be so fucking good, as this. He was one happy man. That thought stayed in his mind, as he drifted off to sleep.

He awoke to two little girls giving him head, their mothers in the next room, happy as they might ever be.

§ § §

## What's the vig?

*We need to talk about your finances.*

That was the very first thing out of Mary's mouth Monday morning, as she sat with Joshua while he ate a breakfast of mango, banana and barako coffee.

*Why?* Joshua figured Mary must have something in mind but, for the life of him, he had no idea what it might be.

*Your plans have changed and we will not go the USA for years now. I know we can get along with how you have things set up, but we can do so much better.* Mary was sitting very close to him. She took his napkin and dabbed it on the corner of his mouth. He must have had a piece of mango there. *I am a good money manager, Joshua, and with some changes, I can make us a lot of money while we live here. You will see.*

Joshua was in a very good mood. He had, only minutes before, exited his bedroom after having two of his twelve year olds get him off, first by waking him up via giving him head, and then by plowing Ricca until she came nonstop, while he dumped the second load in her cunt in just nine hours. There was not a tense bone in his body. He wasn't really prepared to discuss finances this morning but, clearly, Mary was. *What do you want me to do?*

*Those two bank accounts you showed me... the ones with your savings... you need to transfer much of them here.*

Joshua didn't like the sound of that. Those accounts were his safety net, and they were tax deferred IRAs, and they collected interest. Pulling them out would create tax consequences. *What do you want to do with that money? Those funds are invested. They grow, with the interest paid to the accounts.*

*How much interest do you receive, Joshua?*

*Seven percent, I think. It's a good return these days!*

*A month?*

*No, a year, Mary. No one gets seven percent a month.*

*Joshua, I can grow your investments by ten percent a month.*

*Mary, there is no way!*

*Joshua, I can do it. Will you let me make us some money? I have known how to do this for years but we never have the money to invest. You do. We can do very well with your money.*

*How, Mary? How does this work.*

*We make loans, and we collect 10% every end-of-month payday. We hold onto the peoples' ATM cards and every payday we take it directly from their account that gets paid into by their employer.*

*This is legal?*

*Yes it is done all the time.*

*How much do you want to loan out?*

*Joshua, if you withdraw \$250,000 from your retirement accounts... that will convert to ₱10,750,000. In one year we can get a return in interest ₱11,825,000. If we reinvest that the next year we will earn ₱24,832,500. You could return all the money you loaned out and put it back in your account in the USA and have even more here.*

*Well I can't 'return it' because of tax issues and laws... but as far as your plan, I will ask your mother. If she agrees then I will do it. Ok? And with that, Mary jumped into his lap and planted a big, serious kiss on his lips. Luckily, he was not holding the coffee cup at the moment!*

When Joshua asked Ana Fe later, she explained that people often were unable to get loans from banks, and this type of loan was very common, as was the interest that Mary was saying they would get. In the USA, this would be an illegal loan-shark business, but evidently not here. Joshua would contact his bank and make arrangements. In the meantime, they had shopping to do; beds to purchase, a dining room table to find; Internet and cable TV to order.

Joydee had to make contact with the local public school and make arrangements for home study of all the children. She would have seven students. One of the bedrooms would be her classroom.

Most of what they needed was ordered or purchased that day. Within a week, the internet and cable TV were working. Beds had been delivered and new curtains had been hung. A large dining room table had been located and was in use each day. The classroom was set up and classes started ten days after they arrived at the new house.

But before that, there was one important event that caused a great deal of commotion. Joshua and Ana Fe were formally married, with Ana Fe's family in attendance, along with many friends and relatives. There were three roast pigs and lots of other foods and drinks. No one could say they had not been invited, nor could they say that they had not witnessed the blessed event. And finally, none could say that they left the facilities hungry. And so, seven days after Joydee joined the family, Ana Fe was indeed and forever, Joshua's wife.

Two days after the wedding, Ana Fe sat down with her husband, held his hand, looked into his eyes and asked, *Are you ever going to take Joydee again? You haven't touched her since Manila. She ask me last night if this to be her life now.*

*I see. No, it has not been intentional. Bring her with you tonight.*

*Bad idea. Have her alone. She never with you alone. Mahal, I not worry about you. I know you my husband. She know it. But her life a wife to me now. Best she a wife to you too.*

*That's a really bad idea. When we get to the USA she will need to find her own husband. If I fall in love with her, what happens?*

*God will show us the way, Mahal. I sure of this. Do this for me. She need to be with you, truly.*

*OK, tell her to come to me tonight.*

Things had settled down. Sure, there had been hectic days, and there was a lot still going on, but most of it was swirling around Joshua and not directly involving him. His not bedding Joydee was something else.

He had pretty much chosen to not think about her in any way other than that of their school teacher and Ana Fe's companion. It was just easier that way.

Everyone else in the house, save Rowena, would be with him for many years, or at least that was the hope and plan. The plan for Joydee was for her to move on to another man in a couple of years.

He could accept the young ones growing up and moving on. It was harder to feel that way if he fell in love with Joydee. Still, Ana Fe needed him to take her tonight and he would do it.

*Were you avoiding me, Joshua?*

*Maybe, Joydee, maybe.*

*You said it wasn't just my girls, you wanted me too. Was that not true?*

*No, your memory is good and I do want you. But I am afraid to want you, also.*

*Why?*

*Oh, hell, you know the plan. We get to the USA and you find a husband.*

*Yes. I know. Why are you afraid? You think he will be more macho than you?*

Joshua just had to grin. It wasn't an unfair way of thinking about his fear. It's funny, but that never had crossed his mind.

*No, oh, I guess the next guy might be more 'macho' than me. I don't know. If he is, that's fine with me. It's not that. ... I am afraid to fall in love with you. Do you think that's silly?*

*Does Ana Fe know this?*

*Sure. We talked about it before she insisted I have you come to my bed tonight.*

*She not afraid you will be in love with me?*



*Joydee, she's my wife. I love her and I will always love her. She knows that. But... do you know she loves you?*

*I... I... she say I am her wife. Yes, she tell me that. She say she love me. But I... You mean she love me like you love her?*

*Yes.*

*This not bother you?*

*No. Why should it? She's my wife and she loves me.*

*But she loves me, too?*

*Yes.*

*And she want you to love me?*

*She didn't say that. Well, not exactly. She asked why I had not bedded you since Manila and I told her that I was afraid to fall in love with you. And she told me she wanted you to be a wife to me.*

*Will you?*

*How often will you be in my bed?*

*As often as you let me.*

*Why? You will find another when we get to the USA.*

*Maybe we will find a way to stay together. This is my hope. ... I want your love, Joshua.*

And with that, the talking ended. Joshua undressed Joydee until she was naked and barefooted in front of him. He took off his own clothes and tossed each article into a corner of the room, before bringing Joydee into his arms.

He didn't have to coax her. She had prayed for this since the day she read his first message on that website. She had prayed when he said no, that first time, and begged him to reconsider. She was not too proud to

do that. He had reconsidered and said OK, maybe. She thanked God for that.

She prayed again when he said 'no' again and begged once more. She waited for his heart to bend her way, only to have his fiancée bend for him. She thanked God once again. God had been good to her in her time of desperation. God then did something funny. He gave her a wife instead of a husband. But if this was what God wanted for her, she would be a good servant of the Lord and love her wife. And so, Joydee found true love for Ana Fe.

But God was not done with her. God wanted her to have a husband, too. Her wife wanted to share her husband. Once, yet again, Joydee was thanking God almighty, and welcoming her husband's cock into her pussy.

*Oh, Joshua, I will be a good wife to you. Oh, my love. Yes, my love, deeper. Oh yes!*

Joshua heard her as his cock found a new and welcome home. She was beautiful just standing in an airport. Now, below him, if it was even possible, she was even more exquisite. And, from her lips, he was hearing things that just should not be.

Her legs wrapped around him. Her arms held his shoulders. Her eyes looked into his and a smile on her face was only broken when she told him, *I love you. Truly. Truly.* A tear fell across her cheek as she implored him, *Please love me, Joshua. Please.*

*If I do, I will never let you go. Do you understand that?*

*Yes! Yes! Do it! Please!*

And Joshua, feeling cum welling up, thought of the child that might well bind them together in the most inconvenient way, knowing that there was no stopping the cum.

And there wasn't, as cum left Joshua and entered Joydee.

*Joydee, we may both regret this, but I will give you my love. Pray we haven't made a big mistake.*

Joydee said nothing. She just held her man tight and cried.

In the days following the marriage, Joshua arranged to cash out half the amount desired by Mary in one calendar year, and by waiting a few more days, he was able to take out the second amount in the next calendar year. Doing so, he significantly reduced his tax exposure. As it turned out, it was taking a while to place all the loans. She would not have been able to move the funds any faster, even if he taken them all at the same time. But all the money did get loaned out.

§ § §

Their lives at home continued on, and Joshua's life took on new routines, as there was now a never-ending line of those who were waiting their turn to be with him at night. Of those, the only one that caused him trouble and heartache was Joydee.

She snuck into line frequently with Ana Fe, with Mary, with Arlin and, at times, alone. Joshua's true wife knew it was happening. Not only did she know, but she was assisting!

*Why are you doing this?*

*It important.*

*Why?*

*It is. Why you so difficult? Allow this.*

There was no way to understand his wife. Joshua stopped trying. At least, he stopped trying to get the reason why from Ana Fe. His next stop on his quest for an answer was Mary. Mary seemed to know her mother's heart. Maybe she would know.

*Mother says it must happen. That all I know, Joshua. She knows you good. She right about Arlin and Mitze, true?*

*OK. Yes, but how does that have anything to do with this?*

*I not know, but I trust her. You should trust her, too. All she do, she do to make you happy. I sure of this.*

It most certainly was making Joshua unhappy. He was unhappy, and falling in love with Joydee. This was far from his dream. This was a nightmare. Nevertheless, Joydee was with him often at night; though, when with another, it was always with an older female, never a young one.

Joshua decided, if Joydee wanted his heart completely, he was going to make it harder on her. Maybe, maybe he could get her to back off her drive to embed herself so deeply in his heart. Joshua got word from Mitze. Joydee had gotten Arlin to allow her to join Arlin tonight with him.

*Arlin, I have a favor to ask.*

*Of course! What you want?*

*I want you to switch days with Ricca; Ricca tonight and you tomorrow.*

*But...*

*Yes, I know, Joydee was going to join you tonight, right.*

*Yes.*

*Don't tell Joydee anything. She will join Ricca and me.*

*Oh! Really?*

*Yes.*

*Maybe she not want.*

*Maybe, Arlin, maybe.*

*Oh. OK.*

To Joshua, it was better that Joydee and he find a better, more stable long-term relationship. One that permitted her to move on without her heart, or his, being rent apart in the future.

§ § §

*Ricca, you are switching days with Arlin. So come to me tonight. OK?*

*Ate know?*

*Yes, she agrees?*

*Who else tonight?*

*Can you keep a secret?*

*Duh! Of course.*

*You are not to tell even the one who will come.*

*Yes! Joshua, I be good.*

*Joydee will be there.*

*OMG. Joshua, she never with us. Not even with Janna.*

*I know.*

*Why? ... Oh, OK, I see. But, why not Febe or Janiza?*

*If needed, after you, maybe. But maybe not needed.*

*You think she not OK with it?*

*I don't know, my sweet love, I just don't know.*

*Joshua, maybe she will leave us!*

That stopped Joshua in his tracks. He had never considered that. Ricca was right. She might. He could hope she didn't, but there was no way to know. If he did not do as he was planning, there was no risk of her leaving. So, should he do this? Now, he wasn't sure.

*Maybe, but if I think it is going that bad, I will stop it.*

*Good. I not want her to leave us. Please be careful.*

*I will, my little love, I will.*

But, as much as he was promising to be careful, Joshua knew some of this would be out of his control. Still, it seemed like it needed to happen. He needed to put the brakes on his attachment to Joydee.

§ § §

*Where is Arlin?*

Joshua smiled at Joydee as she had just entered the bedroom. *Good evening, sweetheart. Are you expecting Arlin?*

*Yes! This her night. She allow me to come with her.*

*I see. Well there has been a change of plans. You of course will stay, but Arlin will not be here.*

*I have you alone? Really?*

Exiting the CR a voice came. *No, we share him tonight.*

*Ricca!*

*Good evening, Tita.<sup>45</sup>*

*Joshua! Why?*

But Joshua wasn't interested in having a discussion on the merits of his decision and what he hoped would come of it. *Ricca, undress your tita.*

Signaling acceptance with the instruction, Ricca's eyebrows raised once as she approached Joydee.

For her part, Joydee stood perfectly still. What was he doing? This was her husband. She didn't understand and was far from happy. But if this was what Joshua required, she would do it. There was no choice.

---

<sup>45</sup> Aunt.

Without him there was nothing. Nothing for her and more importantly, nothing for her girls.

Was this a test? Was Joshua testing her? Did he need proof that she was accepting all that happened here? She would not fail him. Joshua would see. She was a good wife. Every bit as good as Ana Fe.

For a moment, she wondered, might she be a better wife? And then as quickly as the thought had emerged, she quashed it. That could not be. It could never be. She must never think it again!

But as good? Yes. She would be as good. Joshua wanted this? OK. There would be no problem for him with her. Not now, not ever. He was her husband. That was the sum total of it.

As the undressing continued, Ricca began to receive help from her tita. A smile formed on Joydee's face and there came a calmness of her bearing. Joshua noted all of this. He was both relieved that she would not freak out and leave, and aware that his attempt to cool her passion for their relationship may have failed.

Once Joydee was naked, Joshua removed Ricca's clothing. He was about to remove his own, but Ricca turned to Joydee, saying, *We do his! Come!*

And, in a cooperative manner, they did undress their man, though Ricca wanted to throw the clothing on the floor and Joydee wanted to fold each item up and place them in a neat pile. Joshua fond the interplay between the two humorous.

But, undressed he was, at the end of it all. Putting Ricca in the middle of the bed and on her back, he slid onto the bed himself, at an angle from Ricca but close enough to kiss her, and told Joydee, *Eat her out and make her cum.*

Rather than getting any pushback from Joydee, the gal dove right into Ricca's cunt, at about the same time Joshua's lips met Ricca's. Joshua knew that Joydee was getting after it by Ricca's responses to it. He certainly didn't cause the kid to gasp and moan. That was all Joydee.

It was all Joydee. As the evening progressed, Joshua mounted Ricca and Joydee sucked on Ricca's nipples, as well as French kissing with the girl.

Ricca went down on Joydee and was rewarded with Joydee cumming on her tongue. Joshua's cum entered Ricca and Joydee sucked it out as well as she could, driving Ricca crazy yet again.

In a way, the evening was a complete success. In another way it was a complete failure.

§ § §

*She do me good last night.*

*Yes, that much was clear.*

*Febe and Janiza next?*

*Maybe. I am not sure. It is one thing to push Joydee, but I don't want to hurt the girls.*

*I will talk to them. Maybe they will be OK with it. It was OK with them with Arlin. They not have a problem. Especially not Janiza! She have a crush now on Mary but afraid to tell her!*

*Interesting. Yes, please talk to them and let me know.*

§ § §

*Mary, you have someone who wants you to take them to bed!*

*I not leave you! Why you tell me this?*

*You going to leave me for Janiza?*

*Oh! Really? You want I do this?*

*Why not? It am told it will make her very happy. Take her alone once and maybe you and your mother once. Let her know, all in the family love her.*

Mary, not being stupid, knew there was a reason Joshua was not giving her for this. Regardless, she knew what he wanted, and it would happen. It was a lot like her mother. Both had agendas they didn't share with her.



Sometimes she could figure it out, and sometimes she just couldn't. No matter, she needed to get the thing done.

§ § §

*Mahal, what you doing with Janiza? Mary bring her last night. She say this your plan.*

*How did it go?*

*It go fine. Janiza is a nice girl. What is your plan?*

*I want to make Janiza a happy girl.*

*Ha! That not all!*

*Did you have a good time?*

*Why you ask that?*

*Well, did you?*

*You know, before I meet you, I would never do such a thing. I would think it evil. Truly. How I admit I enjoy a little one eating my pussy until I cum? How I do that?*

Joshua just smiled and kissed his wife.

§ § §

*Janiza, tell me, is there anyone other than Rowena, who you have not been with? Anyone at all?*

*Just my Nanay<sup>46</sup>. I know your wife, she with Mary so that happen. But Febe and me we not with 'Nay.*

*Do you want to try that?*

---

<sup>46</sup> Mother (Tagalog)

*'Nay ask?*

*No, but if you and your sister want, maybe we should surprise her. What do you think?*

*OK with me. Ricca say she have a nice time with 'Nay. When you want?*

*Are you sure Febe will be OK with this?*

*You be there too?*

*Yes, I will be there.*

*Then it OK with her. I sure.*

*How about we do this tonight?*

*OK. I will tell Febe this is a secret.*

*Good.*

§ § §

*I know you not allow me to come alone this time. Who is in the CR, my love?*

Joshua just smiled, approached Joydee, and began undressing her between kisses. Joydee was enjoying the kisses and willingly engaged while, at the same time, interspersing, *Who is it? Tell me!*

About the time Joshua had her completely stripped down, the door to the CR opened to reveal two completely naked girls. *It us, 'Nay.*

*Joshua!*

*Shhh! Come lie down and enjoy. It's not like your wife hasn't been with her own daughters. And here, Joshua knew that he was shading the truth. Ana Fe had been with Mary, Arlin and Janna, but not with Ricca. So it wasn't completely the same, but right now that seemed like a quibble to him.*

To the extent that Joydee was well aware that Mary, Arlin and Janna had been with Ana Fe, she was pretty much feeling like there was no room to argue. If she wanted to be as good a wife as Ana Fe, this needed to happen.

And so it was that Joydee found herself on her back with Janiza eating her out, Febe sucking on a tit and mauling the other, while Joshua engaged her lips. For a moment, Joydee wanted to cry out, *'what are you doing to me?'*

But she didn't. What she did do is cum hard on her daughter's tongue, following which Joshua mounted her and fucked her hard, while her two youngest daughters each sucked on a tit. All Joydee could do was cuss up a storm and demand that the least her fucking husband could do was to give her a child. Joshua tried his best to accommodate her request, though Febe did a pretty good job of sucking as much cum as she could out of her mother's cunt when Joshua was done with his part of the entertainment.

Once it was all over, the two youngsters left to sleep in their own bed, leaving Joshua and their mother alone.

*OK, why?*

The actual reason was meaningless, as the result was a failure. Joshua was already well aware of that. Joydee had, once again, as she had in so many other ways previously, proven that she was a keeper. How she could stay a keeper remained a mystery, but the reality was that Joshua needed to stop denying what could not be denied any more. Joydee would not be denied her place by his side, no matter what obstacle he put in her way.

And so he offered to her, *You want to be a wife like Ana Fe is to me? Now you are.*

§ § §

There came a night, about six months into the stay in Talasay, when Joshua was expecting his wife and Joydee to be in his bed, only to find Rowena sitting in the middle of it when he entered the bedroom.

*Good evening, Rowena. Why are you here?*

*Po, I have an apology to make. When I said that I did not want you in me, I lied. I lied. I wanted you in me so bad that it scared me. It scared me that I could want something like that so bad that I lied because it frightened me. These past months, no one has been intentionally mean to me, but I do not feel included in the family either. All this time I have fought my own needs and my fear of admitting I had lied. Please forgive me, Po.*

*To whom have you told this?*

*Mom and she told me I had to tell Madam. So I told her too. That is when they say I should come to you tonight instead of them.*

*I see. And what do you expect to happen tonight?*

*I am here to be your bed partner tonight and do whatever you want to do.*

Joshua took the girl in his arms, stroked her hair and spoke softly into her ear, *Are you sure you just don't feel left out?*

*I am sure, Po.*

What followed was a languid session of lovemaking. It was very unlike the session she had experienced the first time. The evening of sex gave way to sleep, and sleep gave way to morning sex, which gave way to showers, which gave way to mid-morning sex. The two exited the bedroom in early afternoon, in desperate need of food and liquid refreshment. Rowena still clung to Joshua, whose arm encased the girl. Rowena would never engage in girl-girl sex of any type, but she would be from that day forward Joshua's erstwhile handmaiden or, as she put it, his slave.

The schooling also worked very well. Arlin graduated high school with good grades. Mhitze, Janna and Rowena also graduated with very good grades. The three youngest were doing well and would be done in two years. Mary found time with her busy schedule, created by the loan business, to attend college for accounting.

Such was the outline of life in Joshua's home. He continued to have access to all the girls. There were a few consequential things that did occur during those two years.

Though the youngest children were now on birth control, the older ones either never were, or chose to stop using birth control. Within the first year, there were six pregnancies: Ana Fe, Joydee, Mary, Arlin, Janna, and, last to get the seed, Rowena. A bedroom was turned into a nursery. The house was too small again! Rowena and Janna became the daytime nursemaids, but they needed help. Ana Fe and Mary were already working full time on issues regarding Joshua's investments/loans. Joydee was teaching. The house was too much for all to keep clean with all that was transpiring, and the needs of the infants were taxing.

The returns from Mary's investment strategy came in as expected and, rather than just banking the loot, Joshua worked with Mary to loan out the interest payments pretty much as soon as they were received. Rather than the ₱11,825,000 in interest, they collected ₱19,921,004.59 in interest that first year. By the middle of the second year, they were having problems finding places for the interest earnings. Mary's plan had worked to perfection. They were becoming — in Filipino terms — wealthy.

It was time for a family council. Everyone, including the youngest of Joshua's girls, had a say. No one was twelve now. The two youngest were just barely fourteen. It was seventeen months since the wedding.

Joshua spoke first. *As far as I can see, we need two things. A different house and help with both the cleaning and the babies. How should we proceed?*

Rowena asked, *May I speak?* Yes, of course she could, all assured her. *Who will we get who will not become pregnant with your children? And we are all getting older. Do you want more young ones? How young do you want them?*

That quieted them all. There was a moment of complete silence.

It was Ana Fe who spoke next. *My husband, your slave asks good questions. If we answer them, maybe we have the answer for most of the*

*problems we face. I am aware that Mary has some things to say, about a house for us and where we live.*

Joshua sat silent. He was as confused as he looked. He had more pussy than any man ever had a right to, they were all attractive, and some of them were clearly still minors. Why did Rowena's question make his cock come to attention?

Janiza wondered, *Where will we put extra people?*

Mary was having a hard time being quiet. Clearly she needed to get a few things understood. *Does everyone not know that we are now rich and getting richer every day? We have many millions of pesos. We have property because a few loans went bad and we took the property that was given as collateral. We have a beautiful property on the ocean not far from here where we can build a nice house. We have loans to an architect and some construction businesses. We can build a very large and beautiful home big enough for all of us plus others without making us poor in any way. We will still be wealthy. Joshua's investment and the loans we manage have brought us this wealth.*

This was something that Joshua was aware of, but others in the family probably had not been so aware. He had seen the property that Mary mentioned. It was a four-hectare tract. With a long coastline, and a deep setback as well, it was relatively square. The land held trees of coconut, banana, papaya and mango. There were rambutan bushes. A roadway into the property was lined with bougainvillea. It seemed ideal, and they had the clean title to it. Joshua was also aware of the books. He knew Mary had been modest as to the amount of their income. They could build the house from just one month's receipts and still have money left over. In recent months, Ana Fe had spoken to him, that unless he needed to return to the USA, his girls were happy to remain here. There was plenty of money to send them to college here, and then he didn't have to split up the family. He was renting out his house in the USA already. *Why not, she had asked him, liquidate his holdings there and settle here?* Now, as this conversation continued, he gave that some thought again.

Joydee was liking this better every second. If Joshua stayed here in the Philippines, that meant she could stay with Ana Fe and Joshua. If they relocated the USA, she would lose her man. If giving him even more

young ones kept him here, she'd be his best recruiter. *Well? How young Joshua?*

Joshua's mind had been miles away and snapped back. *Twelve. I don't want to be with girls younger than twelve.*

Joydee, shaking her head, pointed out, *But they are only twelve for one year.*

Joshua was at sea, frustrated with both the question and his answer. *I am aware of that!*

*So when you select a woman whose youngest children are twelve, you must find other women soon. See Joshua — that is a bad plan!*

Mary turned to Joydee in defense of her man. OK, so *what do you suggest?*

*We know if we get maids, Joshua will bed them. Right? So we find maid with children — girls — that are not yet twelve. The more girls they have under twelve, the better.*

Rowena, a little confused, asked, *How many maids do we need?*

Ricca was not confused, and she had the answer, at least when it came to this. *At least three maybe more, but they have to be pretty.*

Joshua said nothing.

Ana Fe announced, *Mary and I will see about the house. Joydee, Rowena and Arlin will see about the maids. Questions?*

There were none. Joshua said nothing. And so, as the two-year anniversary rolled by and, with it, the earlier timeframe for Joshua to pack up his brood and bring them to the USA, no such thing happened. Instead, a new home, actually a mansion, was built overlooking the ocean. There were sixteen bedrooms, a very large nursery, three salas, a huge inside kitchen and a huge dirty kitchen. There were maid's quarters. Some parts of the house were air-conditioned and some were not.

The selection of the maids was a process that was easier than they thought it would be. The women placed advertisements for maids in local newspapers. The ad said the maid had to be attractive, not over 29 years of age. Maids with dependent daughters would be acceptable. Over forty women applied in the first two weeks. Of those, ten were considered ugly. Of the remaining thirty, each was given an interview. The children were observed. Some were asked to cook a meal and others to clean a room or two. Finally, of those who remained, Joshua was to meet them until four were hired.

One at a time, one day at a time, Joshua met with the women aspiring to be one of the family's maids.

*Do you know who I am?*

*You are the husband of this house?*

*I am and I am something else. If you work here, I will have your body in my bed. Do you still want the job?*

The first one said, *If you try that, I will tell your wife!*

*Ana Fe! Come here!*

*Yes Joshua?*

*This one says that if I try to bed her, she will tell you. What will you tell her?*

*I will tell her to go if she can't do as she was told.*

The first one said, *I am to have sex with your husband?*

*Yes.*

*Then I will give you very good sex, Sir. Would you like me to show you now?*

And with that, Joshua took her to the Master Bedroom and took her. He disrobed her. He had her lie down, tasted her pussy, ran a dildo up her cunt and rammed his cock up her ass. She took all of it, screamed for



more and came hard. She asked him to promise her that he would do her often. That evening, she was invited to come back with her girls, help with the cooking and meet the family. She arrived with two daughters, a ten year old and a six year old. As she was cooking in the kitchen Joshua was seated nearby. Her daughters were close to her in the kitchen when Janiza and Ricca came in and sat at Joshua's feet. The maid's daughters, intrigued by the new girls, went over to Ricca and Janiza. Ricca had opened Joshua's fly and was playing with his cock, stroking and licking it. Janiza asked the ten year old if she wanted to try. The ten year old looked over at her mother, the woman who wanted the maid's job and, without speaking, asked... *should I?* The woman didn't take more than a second to raise her eyebrows twice, and the ten year old tasted Joshua's cock.

One maid hired... three more to go.

In the following week, three more maids were hired. Each of them had little girls. Joshua would not take them until they reached twelve years of age, but each would accept his member as he was ready. The oldest of the girls was ten and the youngest was two. There were nine girls in all. Joshua would have all the young pussy he desired for a decade to come.

By the third wedding anniversary, the mansion was built, and Janna, Ricca, Febe and Janiza (the last three now being 15 and 16) all had babies. In fact, all of his women and girls had given him at least one child. Ana Fe and Joydee had given one, Mary had given him two and the rest one each. His maids were, each of them, pregnant. Joydee was going to be teaching children for a long time to come, and the oldest of the children from the maids was eleven... an age that Joshua had now decided was old enough, bedding the child every day for a month.

That same year, Joshua liquidated his remaining property and investments in the USA. The extra dollars were now inconsequential to the family's finances. Every month the interest payments from the investments rolled in, close to doubling the bottom line by the end of each year. There was no financial cause for concern regarding this huge family and squadron of children. Each of his girls, as she reached 15 or 16, bore more children and, each year from the third year on for the next ten years, there were girls in the pipeline from the maids. Would he dip into his own — as they aged up? He thought not, but he hadn't thought an eleven year old would be old enough for him once, and now, one was.

His tastes and his options were expanding as his options grew. He gave up any attempt at justifying his proclivities. They were what they were.

Ana Fe and Joydee were still quite beautiful, as were Mary, Arlin, Mhitze, Janna and the rest. But those, he wanted to keep pregnant. Once they were pregnant — he did not sleep with them until the child was delivered. As so, as each pregnancy took a girl out of ‘service’ for about eleven months, there were times when just about every female 15 and older was ‘out of service.’ And so a month with the eleven year old was not shutting anyone older out. None were available.

In the fourth year of marriage, there were five full months when there was not a single female greater than 15 years of age who was not pregnant. Ricca, Febe and Janiza were all heavy with children. Even the maids were pregnant again. For those five months, Joshua’s only bed companions were three of the children from his maids, a twelve year old and two eleven year olds. He almost dipped down into a ten year old, but held off until her eleventh birthday.

Children under the age of four were everywhere! The Joshua Tree was beyond buds, it was in young spring leaf. There were many branches, and each branch held two or three leaves. It was as Janna, now age nineteen and with three children, had envisioned it.

And so it was, that a man who had walked on quiet autumn residential streets in his quintessential American town, an aging, but not old, divorced man, ended his life surrounded by women, bearing him children. With their help, he had built up a substantial fortune, which would see them through the years after his passing with an ease that none would have ever imagined possible in their lives.

For every one of them, he had taken them from a life lived in difficult circumstances and turned them into heiresses. He gave himself a legacy in the form of literally dozens of children who would carry his name, or at least his genes. This was not his fantasy, this was not what he had hoped for, this was not what he could ever have envisioned. This was what happened when a fantasy met real people in real life.

**The End**

## Images



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## The Joshua Tree



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*Pedi-Cab*

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The Joshua Tree



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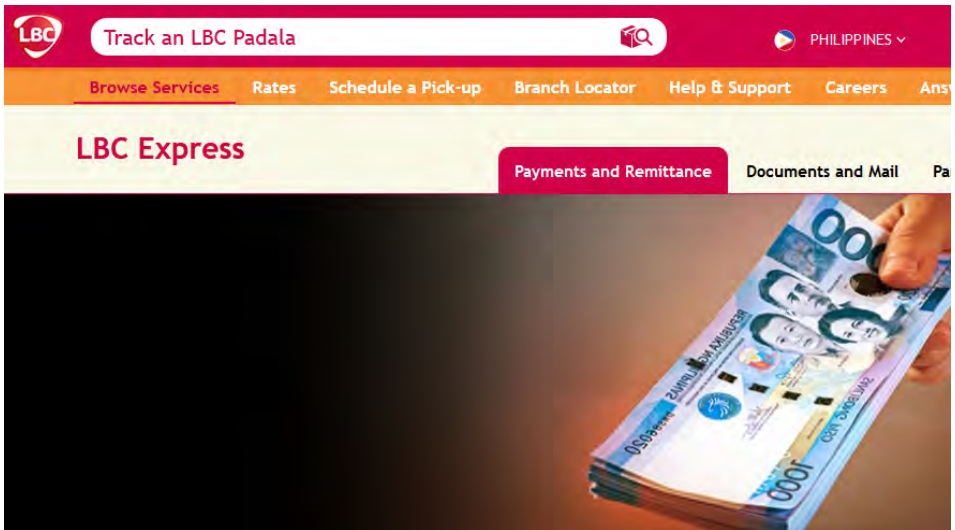
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## Recipes



### Famous Chicken Adobo



Prep  
20 m

Cook  
50 m

Ready In  
1 h 10 m

*Recipe By:* angelaBBf

"This classic adobo recipe is simple to make and famous with all who have tasted it. It has been modified to be a bit more saucy than traditional adobo, it is delicious served over rice."

#### Ingredients

2 tablespoons vegetable oil	2/3 cup low sodium soy sauce
1 (3 pound) chicken, cut into pieces	1 tablespoon garlic powder
1 large onion, quartered and sliced	1 tablespoon black pepper
2 tablespoons minced garlic	1 bay leaf
1/3 cup white vinegar	

#### Directions

- 1 Heat the vegetable oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Cook chicken pieces until golden brown on both sides, then remove. Stir in the onion and garlic; cook until they soften and brown, about 6 minutes.
- 2 Pour in vinegar and soy sauce, and season with garlic powder, black pepper, and bay leaf. Add the browned chicken, increase the heat to high, and bring to a boil. Reduce heat to medium-low, cover, and simmer until the chicken is tender and cooked through, 35 to 40 minutes.

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## Pancit Bihon Guisado



### Ingredients:

1. 2 tbsp cooking oil
2. 5 cloves garlic, minced
3. 1 medium onion, sliced
4. 1 tbsp fish sauce
5. 1 cup boiled meat, cut into strips
6. 2 pcs chinese sausage, strips
7. 1/2 head cabbage, cut into squares
8. 1 large carrots, strips
9. 1 cup green beans, sliced diagonally
10. 1 cup snow peas
11. 3 tbsp soy sauce
12. 3 cups broth
13. 2 tbsp kintsay / cilantro
14. 1 bundle or 8oz rice sticks salt & pepper to taste lemon

### Preparation:

1. Boil the meat in water until tender.
2. Reserve the soup. Soak the rice sticks in water.
3. In a pan, saute garlic in cooking oil.
4. Add onions, meat and chinese sausage. Add fish sauce and cook for 3 minutes.
5. Add green beans, carrots, cabbage, snow peas and kintsay/cilantro.
6. Cook until vegetables are half-cooked.
7. Remove from heat. Set aside.
8. In a wok, boil soy sauce and broth.
9. Add the rice sticks and cook until the rice sticks are tender.
10. Add the cooked vegetables.
11. Season with salt and pepper.
12. Serve with kalamansi.

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