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LADIES' CONFESSIONS SPECIAL

VOLUME 2

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Weeks after the release of the first FHM Ladies' Confessions Special last year,
we knew we'd run into comments echoing these very sentiments.

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by some of the youngest, most promising,
and multi-awarded authors, journalists, musicians, photographers,
and poets, and scriptwriters in the country.
That's all that needs to be said really. Enough of the suspense then...

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CLASS
OF 2010



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Condoms

SUCKER

By MARGUERITE ALCAZAREN DE LEON
Photography by JAY TABLANTE

I give great head.

It isn't some skill that just developed through the years, nothing that I had to warm up to or did a little clumsily at first because the mechanics seemed too daunting in the beginning. None of that first-time hesitation crap that could cloud a girl's curiosity, however strong. In fact, I wasn't even that curious then. Although I had never done it before that night, before Miel Hernandez yanked me into the locker room of the St. Paul of Tarsus gym in the middle of an insufferable inter-high school soiree, I knew what I was in for. I knew what to do. I knelt down and took his cock in my mouth like it was all I had ever done all those years.

Like wetting my hair before applying shampoo. Or taking the fork with my left hand and the spoon with my right. It just made sense. Making him buck with that viciousness, making his firm grip on my temples falter, making him cry out in that pitch so high I was embarrassed for the boy. It all made sense.

"You're good," Miel said after, running his hands dazedly through his hair the way people who had just gone through something they couldn't fucking believe do. I knew he hadn't said that out of some sense of post-blowjob etiquette. He hadn't done so just to encourage me, to ensure an indefinite number of decent or so-so cocksucking from me in the future.

Firstly, I wasn't, nor will I ever be, average. Secondly, the last thing I needed was encouragement. I knew I'd be good at it. And that moment when I zipped his fly down, when I heard that soft, quick crackle of metal teeth pulling apart, I knew I wanted to be in the same state of affairs as often as I possibly could.

If anything, I'd gotten better since then. Think of me as a cock connoisseur, if you will. I was 16 when I blew Miel. I'm 24 now.

In the span of eight years, I had performed oral sex on a few hundred guys. I used to keep track—I had a special

journal and everything, on which I'd put down the guy's name and age (RJ: 22; Henry: 51), the length and girth of his cock when erect (rough estimates, anyway, like length: unused, sharpened #2 pencil; girth: microphone handle, or length: salt shaker; girth: see previous), the unique features and behavior of each cock (one giant, pulsing vein or emits strangely sweet semen, like corn syrup), the guy's commentary (Miel's original complement had remained a consistent remark from others), etc. But I had stopped taking notes years ago. I did treat each blowjob as a singular experience; one was never exactly like the other. It was just that I had started feeling like one of those girls who wrote down every single thing they ate in an attempt to lose weight, which I had always found a little bit sad.

Food is both a strict necessity and a source of enjoyment for human beings in general, just as the penis is for me in particular. Even though I saw myself as a specialist, I realized I didn't want to be so clinical about it. You don't intellectualize what makes you feel good. You just do it and sop up all the glory it provides.

There's just something so fascinating about a blowjob. I think it has a lot to do with being able to feel the cock and every single, strange thing it goes through with such accuracy. To have it so near to my face, to have it inside of my face, allows me to sense it with a special intimacy, one that I won't ever be able to get through my hands or cunt.

The proximity between the penis and my sensory organs is at its closest. Everything is magnified and amplified. The thick, tangy tangle of pubic hair. The testicles, wrapped in minute ripples, bearing two tender, shifting weights within. The shaft that, when erect, has a sturdiness that never ceases to surprise. The smooth, practically pristine protrusion that is the head. And then, of course, there's the cock in its entirety, this thing that seems to exist on its own, rife with the kinks and gems of a real personality. A fascinating, communicative creature. Especially up close.



The act itself is an exchange beyond that of spunk and spit. Unless stimulated beforehand, the cock introduces itself as an endearing, tentative little thing—soft, shy, small. Drooped and hunched as any stranger would be upon hearing that his new acquaintance has the key to true happiness. Then my tongue begins to reassure it, lightly licking its head with a certain friendliness, followed by the careful embrace of my mouth around its body. That's when it realizes that things will be okay. That's when it knows it can be honest with me, can be brazen—all-out violent, even—about its needs. So it toughens up. It is bolstered by the sinew of its demands. And then, as if it had never been bashful to begin with, the roles are quickly, happily reversed: It becomes more articulate, and I dependent on its messages. Each throb is a call for greater degrees of everything. Faster. Tighter. Harder. Deeper. Each quick quiver is a cry of approval. Then, there comes the point when it can no longer manage to command, too taut and tense, stock still in a stretched-out scream.

My cue to pump. Just pump.

Just bob up and down its shaft, just nod a swift succession of yeses over and over and over and over until it gets that final jolt of strength and bursts into the fiercest, maddest, wettest fit it never thought it could make. And then, finally, like in most flare-ups, there is that short bout of shame. All empty etiquette, really. The twitching, the trembling.

Playing up how humbled it is by the favor I'd just granted. Hoping that the more it recedes to its old self, the less annoyed I'd be that I'd lost my say in the conversation. But I'm never annoyed. On the contrary, giving head is all I ever look forward to.

* * *

I used to be a thumbsucker. Hardcore, fanatical, practically a professional. Kept at it until I was thirteen, which got me tagged as strange among the girls I had sleepovers with back then. Even though I behaved the same way they did in most other respects. I ate oven toaster pizzas like they did, minding the crumbs because Classmate X's mother loved the carpet—and the commissioned Orlina sculptures, and the smuggled elephant tusks—more than she did her offspring. I squirmed before fold-out posters of Jonathan Taylor Thomas like they did, verbalizing (with many a sigh and squeal) my extreme curiosity as regards first-kiss mechanics.

I was just as spooked by stories of dewunds leaving dewy footprints in Classmate Y's backyard, just as thrilled at the sight of the small bottle of gin Classmate Z had stowed away in her overnight bag. But once the nail polish came out, once it was time for us girls to paint our digits over further debate on JTT's dimples, I was not as cooperative.

My thumb had to stay exactly as it was, I explained to them one time. I could only suck it properly in its purest state. The skin had to feel a little bit rubbery. The nail had to feel naturally smooth, not vinyl-slick. That slightly salty flavor had to fade out after two to three sucks. These requirements did not bode well with my friends, who were already put off by my little nightly habit to begin with. That was the first and last time I decided to be open to them about anything.

To be honest, I never thought I deserved to be friends with these girls. I had grown up with them because I had also attended St. Paul of Tarsus, all the way from kindergarten to

high school. But that was only because my mother was the Grade 4 HELEA teacher there since '79 and got huge tuition discounts. These kids were more rich, more beautiful. That old song. And smarter, eventually, since I could never find the nerve to assert myself among them.

Tarsus was one of the more famed exclusive girls schools in Manila in that no rumors whatsoever about its students' unladylike behavior got around. Yes, it had its share of lesbian couples (experimental ones, mostly, especially those in Grades Six and Seven) making out behind the grottos, and its smattering of teen pregnancies, and all those other hidden highlights in every madonna-whore learning complex. But in Tarsus, everyone knew how to put on a very pretty poker face thanks to a very special, very expensive secret contract parents had to sign upon enrollment.

Thus, my classmates had developed poise and charisma so seemingly immaculate it was hard not to feel like a troll amongst them. They made themselves worthy of worship, like androids that fashioned themselves out of some pricey, impenetrable metal. My mother had to pay for my contract through another one, which forced her to teach at Tarsus until 2025. Suffice it to say that my lack of a pedigree didn't do much for my self-esteem while I was there. But at least there was one thing about me that I liked. I did have that succulent nub of flesh at the end of my hand. Anything to help me sleep at night.

Things changed in college. Things always change in college. I had switched from thumbs to pacifiers in high school (I had chosen looking eccentric over looking pathetic, plus my new commute route was longer and dirtier) and carried the habit over once I entered one of the lesser universities in Manila.

My new friends didn't mind. My new friends were male, every single one of them. I was done with female interaction. I was probably as rabid for male attention as any fresh Tarsus grad would be, but I'd like to think my relationships with these boys were far more sincere, being that I didn't come off as any other Tarsian ice queen over whom they'd lust fearfully. Not that I didn't get any action. In truth, I had slept with most of my barkada, was that belching, dirty joke-wielding, drinking buddy they could just happen to do something more enjoyable with at the end of the night.

They saw my pacifier as a come-on. It wasn't intentional, but it did make a world of sense. Once I had slept with my first friend, news of my cocksucking abilities got around fast, and I had suddenly gained a following. The Girl Who Gives Great Head. Behold the Pacifier of Legend, that which keeps her fantastic, famished mouth at bay.

It got to the point where guys only came for the head. This may seem horribly demeaning to other girls, but it only got to that point because I'd let it. I wasn't a fan of penetration or cunnilingus. To have all movement concentrated below my waist, to have this secondary hollow filled while the primary was left to dead air or the occasional, distracted tongue, made me feel restless. I couldn't get anything out of it.

No matter how long or large the cock, no matter how hard he pounded, no matter how clever he was with my clit,

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nothing. Thus, once I went down on a guy, I'd refuse to come back up until a sticky, lovely warmth was caught in my throat and he was too spent to care about anything else.

That look of happy languor on his face was all that I needed. (In bouts of boredom, I would touch myself on my own free time, but even then, I could only come with the thought of some needy cock nudged against my lips.) The guys actually preferred my one-act limit. They believed I wouldn't get "emotionally involved" or start thinking that we've made some sort of "spiritual connection." They were right. What I got instead was that sense of assurance my thumb or a rubber nipple was usually for, made even more fun by all that cock interface. Plus the thought of having earned the guys' awe and gratitude. It did wonders for my morale.

Blowjobs helped me get through life after college. I had barely managed to squeeze out a degree in Interdisciplinary Studies—four years of "dabbling" in the basics of communication, psychology, and business; the bird course for people who didn't know what to do with themselves—and ended up "dabbling" in jobs for people who didn't know what to do with themselves. Web content. Freelance copywriting. More web content.

Tarsus had lodged a decent command of English grammar into me; at least that place made sure even the dregs of their alumnae had some sort of income. Yet I couldn't feel truly thankful for that considering how dull work was. I had to string the same words together for who knows how many times. Verdant. Lush. Premier. Picturesque. Ambience. Convenience. Utmost. Savor. Indulge. My last job was at this rinky-dink publishing house in Magallanes, writing basic English manuals for Koreans. A house, literally, or more like one room in a house, crammed with cheap desk sets and PCs that could only run on Windows 98. The tasks were just as numbing. Mostly dialogue for everyday survival, if you call "survival" being able to quiz the friendly neighborhood baker on bread quality (Mr. LAST NAME OF BAKER, how fresh are your baguettes?), or to introduce the friend you're with to another friend you just happened to bump into at a train platform (FRIEND 1'S NAME and I are getting off at YOUR LOCATION station. Where shall you be getting off, FRIEND 2'S NAME?).

Blowjobs saved me, really. After a hard day's work putting drivel into other people's mouths, at least I could have something more worthwhile jammed into my own. But something happened while I was working at Golden Tower Publishing House that I never would have expected.

It started when Bret Almonte asked me out on a date.

There were eight writers employed there at the time—five guys and three girls. As usual, I had made it a point to befriend and blow as many of my male officemates as I could. All of us would go out drinking almost every night after work. All of us ended up knowing a lot about each other, and it's pretty obvious what these people knew best about me. I had sucked off all the guys but Bret. And he knew this.

I knew the other guys had told him how unbelievable I was at it, how he had better take his turn before my personal five month-long job tolerance was up. And I knew that he knew that I knew. The air of expectation was too tasty.

What made things even more delectable was that Bret enjoyed his own infamy. Bret had a beautiful cock. He was hung. Like a horse that had been exposed to gamma rays. It was thick

and long and very smoothly-shaped, so perfect it looked synthetic. He was promiscuous in his own right, and I was also the one remaining female officemate he had yet to grace with his glorious goods. The other girls, even though I rarely acknowledged their existence, still loved gushing about it to me. They loved priming me for the incredible inevitable just because they could. They swore that Bret would be any girl's greatest achievement, more so mine. And I knew that he knew that I knew.

* * *

Both of us knew the drill so well that the wining and dining part was tedious. We gobbled down our moussaka and falafel wraps like soldiers on a 20-minute mess hall break. The way I licked the thick, white béchamel sauce off from my fingers, or the way Bret commended me for biting down on the whole girth of my wrap with such ease, seemed so compulsory, unnecessary.

Even though we only had a glass of table wine each, there was no hemming and hawing whatsoever over where to go after. We flagged down that cab to Bret's apartment like someone, or something, was after us.

Once we got to his bedroom, we started kissing instantaneously, scrapping the suggestive banter and showing off of household knick-knacks, almost like two morons in love. I didn't remember us speaking at all. We were two people who had never seen the importance of words, typing scores of them down in the same configurations over and over just to fill our daily quota, knowing specific parts of our bodies had always said things best for us. Bret grabbed my wrist and yanked me to his futon. We both reached for his belt buckle, the two pairs of hands scrambling at the loop and straps with haste and fury, like siblings fighting over a toy they were told to share.

The cock looked colossal even beneath Bret's black briefs. It was far beyond a bulge, and I half expected it to snarl as I freed it from all that tight fabric. And it really was a beautiful cock.

For all my wide vocabulary, I couldn't—shouldn't—find a better description for it. If I'd still kept my old journal, its entry would've been as follows:

Guy's name and age: Bret; 25

Length of cock: Gatorade bottle

Girth of cock: corn-on-the-cob/ fold-out umbrella

Unique features and/ or behavior of cock: achieved perfection

Nevertheless, I made sure not to give my astonishment away. Forcing myself to look up at Bret, I gave him only a small, smug smile. Like he had to earn my approval. He stared back at me with similar composure, his own tiny grin belying the massive pride he must carry along with that package. Like I had to earn his approval as well.

We were at war. That fact was all too apparent to us gifted individuals, our reputations hanging over our heads like filthy little halos. What wasn't obvious, however, was that I was going to win. Bret eased himself down on the futon, resting his head decadently on a pillow. His cock stayed on edge with happy defiance. I crawled up to his groin. One big blast from his artillery and I could call this simple, stupid skirmish over.

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Giving it my all each and every time is standard for me; it's something automatic, unprompted. I couldn't help but monitor myself at this particular occasion. I did everything I usually do and without warning, memories from so many, many past encounters skidded into my vision, a slide show to accompany—arbitrate—every teensy move I made.

As I licked the head very, very slowly, I ended up recalling all those other glossy, pale pink knobs I've nuzzled, all those other moments when I saw them beaded with pre-cum like dewy mushrooms. The countless other times my indomitable gag reflex was employed while I took the whole length down my throat. Pressing my lips against the balls with a gentle, practiced pressure, others' balls, others' grateful grunts, wrestled themselves out from the back of my memory. All past swirling of tongues, tensing up of thighs, feeling of hands stroking and gripping my hair at various intervals, all of that came back to me, taking it upon themselves to guide me through this precious patch of time.

Yet it was guidance I didn't ask for. The visions nagged at me; they tried to make sure I was aching something I'd never been less than spectacular at. I felt so tired all of a sudden. Not a crick in the neck or ache in the jaw or anything like that. That was for amateurs. Mine was a lethargy that churned all the way down to the tips of my toes, something that made me too aware of every part of me. But I was a trooper. Keeping my mouth agape at the required angle, I kept pumping.

Technically, the next slide in that strenuous show would reveal all the previous ejaculations I've been responsible for. The sundry flavors (sickly sweet, soapy, metallic, tart) and textures (glutinous, watery, sinisterly chunky) that have spurted onto my tongue, breast, eyelid, wherever else the guy pleased. The countless ways a male face winces in bliss, octaves a male voice can swoop down or soar up to. But Bret suddenly pushed me away. His hands held their grip on my shoulders with tight, frightening resolve, and I finally switched my gaze to his face.

He wanted to fuck. I knew that gleam in the eye well. And I had always managed to prove this whim unnecessary. A lick and nibble here and there was all it usually took for me to pick up from where I'd left off, and the guy would very gladly forget his lapse in judgment. But Bret wouldn't let me bend down an inch. He was too proud of his cock for that. Before I knew it, he had flipped me onto my back and pinned me down on the sheets like we were a self-defense demo. Even his smirk was instructor-like. This, people, is the proper way to save yourself.

I could have refused. I could have fought back if it came to that; I've had enough pushy guys before and had learnt to knee them in the groin if need be. Yet I couldn't stand the thought of revisiting that move as I had done with all the other little steps in that night's blowjob routine. I was sick of going through the motions. Because it had finally sunk in that I was going through them in the first place. So I gave in. Even if it meant that Bret had become of use.



As a consolation, I reminded myself that I had just gone down on the world's most beautiful cock. I had made this distinguished specimen happy to a point. No one could take that fact away from me, although as I thought this, the lethargy I was feeling seemed to have tripled, this tremendous, unseen weight helping to fasten me down to that futon. I was kidding myself and I knew it.

And then Bret pushed my thighs apart and eased himself in.

It had been a while since my last actual fuck. About a year and a half ago, and only because the guy had managed to get it up again just as I was about to fall asleep. I had lain there half-conscious and could barely recall the act the morning after. This time around, I was wide awake. This time around, I could feel everything. It was absolutely nothing like I'd imagined it would be.

I screamed. A real scream. It was the most noise I'd ever made in bed, having only made muffled moans of encouragement in the past. The tightness of my cunt and the enormity of his cock brought a vicious sound out of my lips.

It seemed to trigger something in Bret. He followed his entry with a round of pumping so ferocious that I couldn't do anything else. He kept grinding me into the mattress, yanking my arms and legs over his shoulders, gritting his teeth in some brutal grin. He wanted to do all the work. He wanted to steer all sensation towards that one point below my hips, wanted to stoke my cavity with a potent, piercing energy that would render everything else worthless. As my scream sputtered to total silence, my throat choked with dead air, he grunted in triumph and pumped even harder.

Bret was able to numb me from the waist up. That, in all our fiercely quaking glory, couldn't be denied. But what he couldn't tell was that what I couldn't feel was just as incredible. My mouth was open the entire time. Empty. Dry. Static. Before I would've found it unbearable, I now found the strangest thrill in this barrenness. It was such a different kind of comfort.

The thought of all that space, of how my lips didn't have to curl over anything, of how my teeth no longer posed the threat of scraping on tender flesh in the heat of the moment. My mouth was on vacation. A decadent little break after so much hard work and dedication. The fact that I deserved this blazed over every part of me, a heat far more intense than the one in between my legs.

I had spent enough time and energy proving myself all those years. Almost too much, in fact, since I had nearly forgotten that deeming myself worthy was only the first step towards being okay. I still wasn't sure then of what had to come after, but at least I had gotten past certain things and was aware of it. I had that. It was something.

Bret pulled out just in time, his semen splattering safely onto my breasts. He didn't have to warn me that he was about to come; I had given him the trust that experts of any kind give to their equals. That, and my newfound state of ecstasy blinded me from this very high-risk situation. I wanted to keep my mouth empty

for as long as I could. I wanted to leave Bret to his own distractions while I relished my lusciously hollow head for those last few seconds. I wanted to savor. Indulge.

It was a new pleasure I was enjoying and getting used to. Nobody could blame me for wanting to live a little. Could you?

Now, it should be pretty clear to you that Bret is not your father. As I write this, I still have no idea who he could be, actually. You are not inside me just yet. You have yet to exist. But I wanted to make sure this information is ready for you. I'm thinking when you hit 10 or 11 should be a good enough time for this; if all goes well, your exceptional reading level should have been developed by then. I want to make sure you become an intelligent, well-rounded individual. That is what every good mother wants for her daughter, I think. (Yes, if a brother should come before you, he will not get a chance to read this; I will love him just as much, definitely, but I doubt he'll get anything out of this.)

I am in between jobs now. I quit from Golden Tower Publishing a few days ago since I've gone through all the guys. Bret and I were done with each other the morning after, which is how it should be. I'm bound to land another intolerable job and give great head to another lucky batch of bastards. I know it's gotten a bit boring, but I can't help it. I tried smoking yesterday but I don't think that's going to work out. You'll understand this need for habit sooner or later.

Rest assured, though, that I will try actual sex a little more often from this point forward. I will. While the ability to suck guys off with much proficiency was instantaneous for me, other things will have to take longer. I'm actually taking this lull to sit still and think, which is something I haven't done but I would now like to believe is important.

I want to make plans. I haven't the slightest idea when they'll push through, but it would be nice to have them.

I would like to be impregnated by someone smart and driven. More than I am, anyway, so once I get a new job, I may restrict myself to managers and supervisors. If the father wants in on taking care of you, then well and good. If not, then that's alright, too. You'll be fine.

I will fill my apartment with books once you are born. And plenty of magazines, too, because you will also be pretty. (Am I hitting the mark here? I hope that by the time you read this, it will make perfect sense to you why you've become who you are.) I will get you into a good school. I will make you see the place as somewhere where you can be your best, a place where people will commend you for everything you do.

Because everything you set your mind to will work out spectacularly. There, everyone will hate you and want to be your friend very, very badly. There, everyone will be in awe of how you succeed at any and every thing that they are shit-scared to do. And it shall be co-ed. I promise. **FHM**

I WOULD
LIKE TO BE
IMPREGNATED
BY SOMEONE
SMART AND
DRIVEN

Maya

TRANING

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PHOTOGRAPHY: JAY TABLANTE; INTERVIEW: B.A. BORLEO
STYLING: TON LAO; MAKE UP: DIANA DE CASTRO

Do you have a favored routine when it comes to romping?

Actually, it's a turn-on for me kapag ako yung gumagawang first move. In a way kasi I like na dino-dominate ko yung guy, something like that. And if I like the guy, I'm willing to romance him hanggang gusto niya at kaya ko. **Even for 24 solid hours?**

Yeah. Ayos lang! Again it comes down to how much I like him.

Well, how long does it exactly take for you to like a guy?

Siyempre I have to get to know him muna, we have to know each other first. After that...yun na ha ha! Pero

yung haba it depends. I believe in love at first sight kasi I've experienced it!

What's the most erotic thing you've done for a guy?

For my last boyfriend, one night I started dancing for him to seduce him. Nagprepare talaga ako nagtanit ako hang sexy, played music, and I danced for him. Effort talaga. I bought clothes and everything—I had on this beautiful lingerie. After dancing for him, when I felt that sobrang naiinitan na siya, game na! Ha ha!

Any restrictions when it comes to sex?



Ayoko ng super wild. Mas gusto ko yung ako yung gumagalaw. And I always want to be on top. I'm also the same with relationships.

Have you done any pictorials of this kind before?

No. Actually I feel conscious about my pictures. It's the first time I'm doing this and I didn't expect I could pull it off. When I saw the pictures parang nahihiya ako ch, ha ha! Pero I like it.

How about adding to our juicy collection of ladies' confession?

Well, this was a long time ago, I was in Bulacan with my boyfriend, we were inside one of the caves in Biak Na Bato. It was a cave that was half-submerged in water. It was nighttime and kami na lang yung tao sa cave, nagsindi kami ng maraming candles and nag-trip lang kami; it was our first year anniversary. We made love sa tubig mismo. Lumulutang kaming dalawa roon, ha ha! We were very lucky na wala namang nakakita. Yun na siguro yung pinaka-wild na nangyari, talagang wala kaming pakialam, hubot hubad kami roon. **FHM**

BUSTED!

One vital lesson ladies learn when caught in the act:
Tell it to **FHM**!

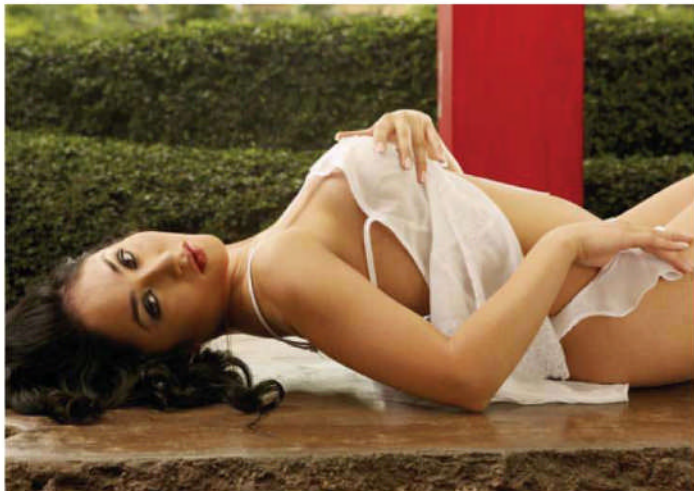
Nookie almost spoiled by bunso

It was two weeks before my finals week and I had to make pastillas for my biology class as a requirement. I wanted to be with my guy so I asked him to help me out. My older sister and my younger brother were also at home that time—my sister being the tenant at our mini store and my younger brother busy with his PC game. While working on my project I started to get so horny that I insisted on having sex. But we took it slow by doing the small, dirty things first: He massaged my boobs while I felt up his big cock—this happened while my brother, with his back to us, concentrated on his game. When things started to heat up even more I suggested that we have a quickie in the toilet. The plan was I would go in first then he'd follow after, pretending that he needed to pee. When we got in, we started the show immediately. He banged me so hard doggy style but my very *makulit* little brother kept on chatting with my guy while we were both in the middle of sex! Fed up, my boyfriend just said to him nicely—and with a wry smile—“*Mamaya mo na lang ako kausapin, hindi ako makapag-concentrate eh*.” Ha ha!

Ladylove, by email

Lady stays for coffee and sex

I was waiting for my boyfriend, a barista, to get off work one night. It was 2AM, there was a hard rain going on, and the coffee shop was about to close. To amuse myself I began to think some naughty stuff my boyfriend and I could do if we're left alone in the coffee shop that very moment. Soon everyone had left except for the guard on duty that night. My boyfriend sat beside me in the dark (the lights had been turned off except for the front parking). Moving stealthily, I grabbed his cock and stroked it teasingly. My boyfriend is quick to act on these things and so he went out and gave the security guard a hundred bucks, instructing him to buy some energy drinks.



Nursing studes do sensual first aid

My boyfriend and I are both nursing students. One time, on our way to our duty I started teasing him in the cab. I kissed his hand and kept putting his finger to my mouth. He told me to stop because he was getting horny but I ignored him. Instead, I kissed his ear while rubbing my hand very discreetly over his erect cock that was straining through his pants. I unzipped his fly and started giving him a hand job. As we arrived at the hospital, I had to stop. We were 30 minutes early and were told by a nurse to wait in the student room. While waiting, we looked at each other and started kissing. He started rubbing my boobs and pinching my nipples through my uniform. He slid his hand under my dress and into my undies and started to play with my clit while I was rubbing his hard dick. I then sat on one of the chairs and while he stood before me, I gave him a blowjob. I loved feeling his hard cock in my mouth. I was going at it for a few good minutes. When I stopped to look at him, we heard the door open. One of our group mates had arrived. Since the room had a little hallway from the door before leading into the room, my boyfriend had time to zip up. When our group mate walked in we acted as if nothing had happened. Too bad my guy didn't come but it sure was one hell of an experience knowing someone could've walked in on us. And if we have the chance again, maybe we'll go all the way!

XXX, by email

The clueless guard went. My boyfriend then took my hand and led me out back. In one fell swoop, he had me naked from the waist down, facing the wall, ass high up, and him banging me wildly from behind. At just about the moment of explosion, we heard the guard calling from

the inside. Us, we were just so into the dirty deed that we couldn't stop. Alas, the guard had the good fortune of walking to the back of the café, opening the door, and catching us stuck together in lust. It had to take P500 just to make him shut up.

Loribeth, by email

Mom walks in on about-to-come daughter

My boyfriend and I already have a daughter but we still live with my parents. One day, as we sat watching TV, my daughter in the other room with grandma, my boyfriend asked me from out of the blue if I enjoyed the *FHM* he had just bought, which had an article on 69 sex. I knew instantly what he was on at so I pulled him closer and we began kissing intensely. It felt so good when he began to lick me that we didn't hear mom calling out to us. When I was about to explode, my boyfriend suddenly stopped and rushed to put his shorts, I pulled his head and told him not to stop. Suddenly the door opened—to my shame it was my mother, fed up of knocking, holding our sleeping daughter. Shocked and with his knickers hanging down one leg, my boyfriend stood up and approached my mom to get our daughter. Me? I was stone-faced and naked, holding my daughter's piglet stuffed toy.

Farrah, by email



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LIZA, HER PRAYERS TO THE SAINT

By KARL R. DE MESA
Photography by MARLON PECJO

Death stalks the angel.

Amid this riot of pyrotechnics, masks and flowers, the end of solstice day is marked here, in Sasaya Nino, with the feast of St. Zacharius. He is night's patron: The youngest, and most celebratory saint of all. Around me revelers dance without concern for the chill and the way their costumes are being undone. Step by step, en masse, the parade moves forward.

The parade is an overwhelming synesthesia: The drums, the smell of roses and sampaguitas trampled underfoot and the confetti falling from the buildings like slow rain. The building facades are themselves decorated with religious graffiti, of scenes from the journey of San Zacharius and his arrival at Sasaya Nino.

The way the natives regard him he seems more a god than saint, more like a Baron Samedi or the ancestral Bakis of the Luzon highlands. I can't care less. The icons are here too, of course: Child Savior, Immaculate Virgin, Messiah on the Cross. Some are automatons fitted with mechanical, gesturing limbs. A few are alive. All can move.

I'm following a girl, a costumed angel in blue. Her

wings are at once moth-like and demoniac. I have seen her take the mask off, momentarily, as she wiped sweat from her forehead. To my intoxicated eyes she is, at that moment, something worth pursuing. I, meanwhile, am a costumed Death painted in black and white and gray. My ribs protrude like a stark Rorschach, my face is a frowning skull.

At the height of our intimacy we are coincidences waiting to happen. First, I touch her shoulder through the spaces of two gumamela floats, and she turns but I am not there. The second time I see her she's dancing with a juggler who's trying to keep several balls aloft while keeping in rhythm with her. I stop her grinding hips by stealing her mask and exposing her face. Then I dodge behind a knot of dancers.

The third time, she spots me before I am even close. "Hoy!" she shouts.

I try to run away but find myself trapped in a circle of Moriones. Then she catches me. She wraps her arms behind my neck, her legs lock around my waist. "I was going to give this back," I start to hand her the smiling mask.



"I suppose so." She doesn't put it on. Instead she rips off my mask. And, masks off, we celebrate the saint with our mouths.

When we have retreated to the backroom of an empty club, she explains the origin of the feast on her knees. "I know the way to the Father, Saint Zacharius the mixed," she declares.

I hold on to the back of a table, leaning on it. She unzips me. Then the masks go to the far side of the room. My mask, with the red and black plumes the maker plucked from a rooster, lay over her smiling ghost's.

"The elders here at Sasaya Nino tell the story of a boy who claimed he could speak to God. The boy said that God's voice commanded him to go in search of an island somewhere in this area," she says, her own voice heavy and whispering. But I can understand her clearly.

"He was a saint of things in halves, born with a body bisected cleanly in the vertical. He hopped on one leg and kept steady with one hand. He was also born of half-cultures. His mother was a prostitute who had borne him from a client, a black sergeant of the old US Bases.

"The story goes that he ached for the divine so much that he fervently believed God could be found out in this frontier. That the island he was promised was where he would be closest to Him. He began a land trek that took him the breadth and width of the Palawan mainland. On the way, the villagers he passed insulted him, taunted him that God would never reveal himself to an abomination such as he, an incomplete creature. They threw stones at him but always missed because they hit his absent half. When he reached the town the local police shot at him, but they too missed.

"On the coast a fisherman lent him a boat, doubtful of his quest but seeing the strength of the boy's faith. The sharks that leapt from the waters snapped only at empty air, at his missing half. He paddled long and hard but a squall overturned his boat and, exhausted, he let the current take him. When he awoke he had already made landfall. He walked into the forest and it was there that Zacharius, lost in the wilderness, found God."

How she talks with her mouth full I can't fathom. "What did God do?"

"Only one thing," she answers as I writhe under her touch. "God made Zacharius whole. But he couldn't duplicate his other half, which was born of despair and anguish. So God made him complete but made his other half as white as an angel's feather. A deep and noble mestizo color. The perfect mix of dark and white. And so Saint Zacharius was made whole, one half a deep brown, the other a smooth mestizo, which led to his other miraculous adventures. As a consequence of his alteration though, Zacharius was also made sexless, or perhaps of both."

"Oh," I say. Was all I could actually say.

"Zacharius did perform a lot of miracles afterwards, when word of his finding the island spread. This is how Sasaya Nino has been reclaimed from the sea, over the centuries, as the devotees became immigrants and the immigrants became settlers. Though we still keep in contact with the Palawan mainland through Balabac."

"But was Zacharius really a saint?" I say between gritted teeth. There is a phone ringing on the desk behind me. It is distant, but intrusive.

"Yes. He was canonized two years after his death. But then they say there was something unusual, even preternatural, about the way Sasaya Nino attracted settlers,

and how the sea readily gave itself up to be made into land. Move your leg, please."

So I do, watching her as she falls to her silent ministrations. Her dress is a tattered camison of a metallic, glitter blue cloth that reaches her ankles. Her delicate oval face is the sum of a pouting mouth and lacquer moist eyes. It resembles the rest of her: A flower stem spine, tapering fingers, a swan's neck.

Her skin is light sienna, scattered with decorative gold flecks shaped in moons and stars. Her wings are attached through some invisible wiring tied under each of her armpits. They disappear under the straps. The curved backs of the wings are decorated with whorls and circles of ochre, magenta, and a burnished grey. Their shape, however, is completely demon-like. Protrusions, so cleverly off-white they look like bone, hold the upper ends while on each underside of leathery lining there are black hooks. They look very sharp. Then again so do her nails, both on fingers and feet, filed to resemble claws.

I must ask her about her wings. "Are you really a devotee?" I grip the back of her head. She looks up.

"I haven't lived here long, but yes. Do you know? They say on his feast night San Zacharius grants his favored devotees their prayers."

"You must be one of his favorites," I say, then realize how insipid that must sound. I reach over to the phone behind me to unhook it, pressing down the receiver button and then letting it go, hanging up on whoever was on the line. Seconds later it bleeps a busy tone.

"If I must," she wipes her mouth.

"Thanks be to San Zacharius," I nod.

"Amen," she says before she lowers her head.

* * *

Later, drinking a vicious mix of tequila, gin and coconut juice, something the bartender called "Halo," we watch a local band send the crowd into frenzy. I consider the scene: End of May in the ninety-mile long island of near-fabled Sasaya Nino, most of it reclaimed land. Liza tells me it's like this every year.

A long buffet table is set a distance from the stage. Beyond that, lighted candles, sampaguita necklaces and offerings of each dish from the buffet surround an altar to San Zacharius. In the middle, a two-foot high statue of the Saint stands smiling and resplendent in red and gold robes. His left hand holds an ebony globe with a cross on top of it matching his brown skin, in his right a silver dagger points upwards shining with his white half.

"This looks more like a rock show than a religious celebration," I say.

"The Feast of the Black Nazarene is a lot like this."

"Hmm, you're right. But this one is more controlled, more amiable. For tourists, I mean."

"Exactly," she says.

"But to celebrate what?"

She looks at me incredulously, "The coming of day."

I mouth an "Ah."

HER DELICATE
OVAL FACE IS
THE SUM OF
A POUTING
MOUTH AND
LACQUER
MOIST EYES. IT
RESEMBLES THE
REST OF HER: A
FLOWER STEM
SPINE, TAPERING
FINGERS, A
SWAN'S NECK



She smiles sweetly. So much that I sweep her into a kiss. She has to stand on tiptoe for this and I feel the pressure of her weight on my shoes as she steps on them, then shifts her weight from left to right and back. She sneers at me when we separate and nicks my shoulder with one of her long nails.

"What was that for?" She has drawn blood. I try to catch her arm but she's already running into the crowd of dancers. I follow her and I am at once lost in the crowd.

In the multitude a girl stops me. Young, no more than sixteen, I think. Her face exudes a peaceful urgency, like news of a divine nature that cannot wait to be shared, that I just have to stare at her silken face laden with baby fat, illuminated by a crown of Christmas lights coiled on her head. Her eyes blink yellow, blue, green. She shows me her hands. First the back, crisscrossed with veins, then she slowly turns them over with the suspense of a strip tease. There are two red dots in the middle of each palm. From them drips a red liquid. I look at her face illuminated in yellow, then blue, then green. I look again at her hands and back to her face. I put my hands up to my own face and wipe them down my closed lids.

I push Ms. Stigmata gently away and run past.

I find Liza, finally, nearly underneath the stage with an absorbed expression. I drag her out of the mosh pit and she runs again. Her hand in mine, we go down one street where a mini-shadow theater re-enacts the life and ascension of San Zacherius.

Her wings trail in the breeze behind her as we sprint. On another street, pavement artists are laying down their art in praise of the Saint. We run on.

* * *

Suddenly, she stops. I run for a few more meters before I realize I am not holding her hand anymore. I look back and start walking to her, but she spots something to her left, inside an alleyway and she goes in. When I reach it, she is gone.

Calling her name, I peek into open doors and empty, candlelit houses. It was also tradition during the yearly Feast to open all portals, shut down all the lights and leave candles burning at doorsteps and windowsills. They say such a ritual will entice San Zacherius to visit their house and leave gifts, bless them, bring good fortune. I enter one of these houses, knocking and calling for anybody inside. Finding no response I sit down on a plush couch to catch my breath.

Then I hear her laughter. She is upstairs. I try to follow the sound, but the candles in the house are sparse. Even if I wanted to I couldn't turn on the lights. The island's power grid is turned off on all the residential areas, focused only at the main tourist spots, the beaches. This greatly reduced the chances of electrical fire while proportionally increasing the chances of one of the candles tipping over and burning the whole residential area to crisp. I had told Liza this and she just said only three fires have ever occurred in the Feast's history. Only at midnight, when most of the official activity ends, is the electricity turned back on. Presumably so the island's drunken populace can find their way back to their beds.

Yes, I do think she's on the second floor. Stumbling,

I find the stairs and follow the sound of her giggling. I slip once and fall heavily to the landing.

"Goddamnit, Liza, this isn't funny!" I massage my bruised ankle. I run up angrily to the top floor and push a door open. It's a child's room. I was mistaken. She's not here, but all the windows are open.

Outside, something dark and massive is obscuring the sky. Covering the moon is an apparition of a winged, angelic army. The light reflects off the curved backs of their wings, glistening with the decoration of whorls and circles. Their passage is marked with terrible splendor in sigils of burnished pastels and heady neon. I stumble back onto the bed, my hand gripping the sheets to reassure myself. But I've climbed up the stairs to an otherland, an elsewhere.

The army in the sky is coming closer, or the moon is becoming smaller. I can't tell. What I can see is that one of the army's number has separated from the pack and is heading for me.

Taking another step back was a mistake. I trip on the bed and, tripping, dazed with alcohol, I can only raise my head and watch as the winged creature comes closer by the second until it obliterates, with its enormous wings, even the sight of its fellows.

It passes through the window screaming a shrill war cry. I manage to find a pillow. A feeble weapon but I am ready to throw it, to do anything to stop it. Then the lights come on.

I blink back at the sudden brightness and the creature veering away, confusion on its heels, back to the general direction of the window. Under the harsh illumination I see its real nature: It is the size of a fist, black and coarse mammalian fur covering it. Then I understand the high-pitched scream.

The bat comes crashing onto a wall with a comic splatter. Its shock is a thud on the linoleum floor.

Only a fruit bat. I try to laugh, find I can't and just bury my face in the pillow, smelling a child's scent and powder on the cloth. I swear never to drink the local alcohol again. For a few minutes I just breathe. Emboldened by the light, I pluck up the courage to pick up the fruit bat, huge and with blood wet on its snout, lying in the middle of the floor.

Disoriented, with one wing broken from the impact, it tries to sink its fangs into my fingers. I hold it by its good wing and throw it outside. It would have more chance in the streets than when the occupants of the house came back. In the sky, the flock of fruit bats have passed the moon and are heading for their cave, unconcerned that one of theirs has strayed and fallen.

I turn back to the room and am confronted by a big clock, so uncharacteristic in a child's room. The time is a quarter to 11. Then the lights turn back on. Well, it isn't midnight yet. Maybe some intoxicated comptroller had hit the ON switch in the heat of a tryst?

From downstairs I hear Liza faintly calling my name. I start to descend the stairs, stop, then go back and close the windows.

OUTSIDE,
SOMETHING
DARK AND
MASSIVE IS
OBSCURING THE
SKY. COVERING
THE MOON IS
AN APPARITION
OF A WINGED,
ANGELIC ARMY



* * *

Liza is throwing up in the toilet bowl. Her wings are drooping and tensing with her. When she's done she flushes and puts down the seat cover. She pats the seat and smiles at me. I lock the door to the bathroom then I sit down and give her a glass of water, pushing away a wing to give her the glass. She spits into the sink then rests her head on my lap. The last of her lipstick sticks to my palm as I wipe her lips clean of food and saliva. Her tongue is warm, the alcohol on it sharp and harsh.

"I'm sorry about that." She is coming out of her fugue. She sits astride me. Her legs gleam in the window's faint light beams.

"Your wings," I say.

"My wings?" she looks up at the dead light bulb on the ceiling.

"They're shaking."

She smiles and lifts her eyes so that the whites show, "So they are."

We kiss for a few minutes before she pulls back and looks at her watch. "Look at the time."

"Are you hungry? Seriously. We just ate." I run my lips down her neck to her left shoulder. The strap there comes down easily, the right one following suit. I try to undo the cords on her wings but can't find them. She is naked enough for me.

I feel her nails scratching the back of my neck. There's a ripping sound and she inhales hard. I look down at my fist. I've torn off her panties but barely notice. Her wings seem to be flapping on their own. I can't see her face in the half-light streaming through the window but she is arcing her back and a slow, incandescent flame is beginning to spread on my lap.

I toss the flimsy, white cloth to the sink. I slow her down, trying to catch up. Shouts and music are coming up the street. The last leg of the parade has begun and they are headed our way. Her face and closed eyes are content in the light of a passing torch, despite the fact that she is grinding her pubic bone on mine as if it didn't pain her. She chokes back whimpers but continues grinding.

The toilet cover is pummeled under both our weights. With her eyes closed, she bends her head to my shoulder. Then I feel her teeth dig into my neck.

On instinct my hand comes up and slaps her. She cries out. "I'm sorry," she says. "Please. Please. Hold still."

She draws her legs farther out for leverage. Stiffening, relaxing, then quivering in seizures, she passes her heat to me. Though she is far from tired my hands are numb so I give her free reign. She uses the balls of her feet to pivot on the tiled floor.

Sweat glistens on her legs and she looks down at me. She is trying to tell me something. I shake my head. I could barely hear her above the noise. She takes my face with both her hands and whispers. There is a ridiculously serious tone in her voice. I wanted to laugh but she puts a finger, its nail like a knife, on my lips to silence me.

"What are you saying?"

She shushes me. "I'm praying."

In answer I grip her waist to speed us up then close my eyes. I can feel gusts of wind and a faint tolling like muffled bells. There is an acute pain in my back and I knew she had raked her nails there. Her legs are now at right angles with the crook of my arms and she is sobbing openly, her cries a pitch higher.

Climax approaches like a riot, an angelic army, a flock of bats, and falling confetti. Christ, give my thanks to the Saint and his island's women for coming here. Well, so am I. She is kissing me very fast, spreading her tongue and spit on my face from ear to mouth to ear. Sweat falls from her chin to my chest and plunges down the furrow there.

I run my hands down to her bottom, using them to change our angle. I thrust deeper. The intensity of her cries doesn't increase in volume but goes faster and faster.

When I am able to unstuck my lids all I can see are blue and black stars. "What were you praying for?" I ask.

"Look at me," she says, teasing.

Then I know her prayer. There is Liza before me still doing gasping labor. Her wings flapping, or rather whooshing in the small expanse of the bathroom. So long are they that they touch the opposite ends of the wall, trailing after-images of ochre and magenta in my blurred sight.

Where are the wires? What is wrong with the scene? Her glitter blue dress lies in a heap around her waist and though the light is scarce I can see her hands on my shoulders, her wings flapping in the recently heated air without support, wires or straps. She is touching my face.

The wounds on my back are pulsing and my throat unlocks. I am aware of her powerful grip on my shoulder, her nails have made new wounds there even as she licks the blood off her other hand. I groan at the pain. I try to slap her hand away but my arms are too tired, too heavy. The red dribble on her chin falls to her lap, spots of red on the golden skin of her thighs. Their meaning I can't possibly fathom.

Her wings are five-foot long each, flapping like muffled bells, touching the darkened spaces of the bathroom. "This is the Feast and the prayer," she says. Her delicate face is frowning in mock seriousness, looking as if she's having some argument about what to wear. She looks up to the ceiling. "I give thanks, my Lord."

They flap mightily, her wings carrying us to the ceiling until I can't feel the seat cover anymore. The blue dress slinks down her legs then drops to the floor. She wraps her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck. The parade drowns me out. My arms are pinned to the side. I look up just in time to see the light bulb shatter with the mighty force of her wing. The shards of glass fall in a rain of bright shrapnel.

There is a prayer in the air, hundreds of voices mouthing a chant and its counterpoint. Thick as heat, close as a lover's breath, it moves without hesitation. I arch my back trying to catch its meaning, to discern its message above the clamor in this, the height of our intimacy. **FHM**

CHRIST, GIVE
MY THANKS TO
THE SAINT AND
HIS ISLAND'S
WOMEN FOR
COMING HERE

Tania ANNETE

'Rolling in the muck is not the best way to get clean'

PHOTOGRAPHY: DR. MARLON PECJO; INTERVIEW: CHARMAINE Z. CHANCO
STYLING: TANIA MENZIES; MAKE UP: DIANA DE CASTRO; HAIR: ALLAN BACINA; CLOTHES: MOSSIMO

First off. Tell us something we should know about you.

It changes with each day—spontaneous, loyal, introverted, extroverted, and the list goes on. I'm what they talk about in books you haven't read. Does that make sense? Ha ha ha.

What's keeping you busy?

All sorts of stuff, changing passions, planning escapes, and missing lovers.

What's your idea of a fun night?

Any night out in Manila with my closest girlfriends, a Pale Pilsen in my left hand, an Amaretto Sour in my right hand, and dance-worthy music.

And for some down time...

Maybe some shy singing, memorable revelry, much travel, impulsive shopping, fine dining, writing, and reading.

Where can we find you usually?

I'm all over the place. When I'm in Ayala Alabang, probably I'll be in bed or in the pool. In Makati, I hang out in Cuisine, 32nd Street, Fiamma, or Ascend. If I'm not here I could be in Singapore or Los Angeles.

We're guessing you're a night owl. On average, how much can you drink in one night?

Quite a few I would imagine. Naturally, I lose count of beverages consumed after a certain point. Ha ha ha!

Ever got drunk and ended up making out with a stranger?

Haven't we all? As for the second part, I don't see the sense in regretting past things. Rolling in the muck is not the best way to get clean. Ha ha!

So what type of guy deserves your attention?

Someone with a good fashion sense. Usually, I check out what he's wearing first. So it's his sense of style that I notice first.

...and if he doesn't seem to notice you?

Then I'll make the first move. I can't stand waiting.

Why not try flirting first?

Yes, that's what I do. I make eye contact. Then approach them and just make genuine conversation.

You seem like someone who knows what she wants. What gets you in the mood?

Intellect is a must. The ability to make me laugh. Creativity also, namely in art and music. What I can't take are ignorance and dullness.

You looked incredibly hot in the shoot. How did you do it?

I actually drank a couple of rum cokes before the shoot just to boost my confidence. Ha ha. Otherwise I'd have been extremely nervous.

Was there a moment when you actually felt really sensual?

Sure. Doing a shoot like that, how could you not?! Ha ha.

Can you tell us the most exciting make-out session you've experienced?

One with my hot, intelligent, artistic, gay male friend during his despedida last year.

What gets you in the mood for a lusty one?

Deprive me so I'm hungry for it. Ha ha ha!

Say you're already into it. Can you tell us which part of your body gets you really fired up?

First would probably a kiss on the lips, then on the neck and my ass. I think those are the erogenous points in my body.

How do you get someone in the mood?

Intense, passionate kissing. The rest is a mystery.

Have you ever tried making out with a girl?

Plenty. They're some of my favorite intimate moments—definitely unforgettable. FHM



THE GREAT OUTDOORS!

At a training camp! At a fast-food joint! By the bus stop!
On a ship! It's a wild world indeed!



Heads up, soldier!

This happened when I was a freshman at a university in Baguio. My then boyfriend was a fourth-year cadet at the famous soldiers' school. We agreed to meet at the grounds of his school and go to a more secluded spot so that we could talk privately. I guess he was kind of disappointed because I only wanted to "talk" but I sensed what he was up to so I let him lead the way. He took me to an empty restroom and we began kissing. As I was undoing his uniform he was sucking real nice on my nips through my shirt. I sat him on one of the crappers, mounted him, sliding his cock into me very smoothly. Me pumping real hard on his dick was exciting enough, but it was made even more so with the noise going on outside—the restroom wasn't locked or anything, and we could hear cadets milling outside, anytime they could come in and catch us. We finished, went out undetected, and pretended nothing had happened. We could have gotten away clean had it not been for the lipstick mark I had left on his cheek, which some of his batch mates saw and got an idea from.

Ann, by email

Fast food love

One time, my boyfriend and I were just about the only people on the second floor of our favorite fast food outlet (not even the service crew was going up) that the thought of doing a quickie made me wet with anticipation. I gave him a wink and we started kissing and fondling each other's body. He unhooked my bra from underneath my blouse with one hand, while I guided the other down to my really wet pussy coaxing his fingers in. I had my first orgasm and all but still not a soul seemed to be going up the second floor so I upped our daring

level. I unzipped his pants, pulled his erect, hard cock out, and gave him a hand job. Seeing he enjoyed it, I bent down and sucked on his dick. In and out, in and out I played with his dick, flicking my tongue, lapping him up. Suddenly, I sensed someone going up the stairs but instead of stopping I sucked as hard as I could to make him come before it was too late. He burst, I swallowed it all, cleaned him up. By the time the customers were settling down at their table, I'd just had my fill of my boyfriend's love juice.

Major sexyfox, by email

By the bus stop!

One weeknight, my boyfriend had to go home to their town. I went with him to the terminal, he got his ticket while I bought something to drink while waiting for the bus. On my way back I noticed a girl flirting with my guy. At first I was fuming but then I noticed that my boyfriend was enjoying her, feeding her the melted chocolates and she in turn licking his fingers clean. I went to them, passed the drink to my boyfriend and smiled at the girl. She smiled back. I guess my boyfriend already primed her. I left them alone. After about two minutes they stood up, the girl leading my man to the back of the terminal. I snuck up on them and though it was quite dark, my boyfriend knew I was watching. There was no mistaking that she was sucking him, I could hear sucking sounds and could barely see her head bobbing. I was getting wet and was getting ready to join when we heard footsteps. The girl was quite alert and stood up and left before anybody found out. My boyfriend went to me and told me to follow the girl. I did. She went in the girls' restroom. I went in and locked the door behind me. She was caught off-guard

that she was actually speechless. We kissed, sucked, and fingered. After a few minutes, she was gushing wet, then we heard a knock on the door. It was my boyfriend telling me to hurry. I kissed the girl one last time and went out. My boyfriend then led me to the men's restroom. He told me that he actually knew the "restroom keeper" and got to lure him away for a few minutes. He kissed me torridly and asked me how it went. I told him that I wasn't able to come. He smiled and pulled me into one of the cubicles and fucked me in three different positions until I came. When we finished, the keeper was there and was about to ask what happened. I smiled at him and told him, "Nasusuka eh." He just nodded, smiled, and told us that the bus had arrived.

Astarke, by email

King of the world!

I once had a boyfriend who was a naval officer assigned South of Manila. On one occasion, he was able to convince me to go visit him in his assignment—besides, I really missed him then—so I went. When I got there, he gave me a tour of the naval ship because it was my first time to see a real one. When we got to the ship deck, we started mimicking Jack and Rose in that famous *Titanic* scene, making a fool out of ourselves. Then he started to hug me from behind and started kissing my nape. He then played with my breasts with one hand while the other lifted my skirt, his fingers finding its way inside my undies. That made me really wet and horny so I begged him to do me right then and there. He unzipped his uniform while I slid my undies down to my knees. He entered me from behind and started doing me like crazy. However, before we came, we suddenly heard someone calling for him so we stopped and fixed ourselves hurriedly and went back inside the ship. I was so pissed that I got so *bitch*. Done making small talk with a crewmate, he led me inside his cabin and we continued where we left off.

Foreign visa, by email



We'd like to think you consider yourself a member of FHM Nation and that is why we invite you to join our Year-End Revelry. How did you find 2010? Which events gripped you? What movies did you like best? Which bands rocked your world? Which FHM babe did you fall in love with?

Head over to FHM.com.ph/surveys/fhmclassof2010, answer the FHM year-end survey, and help us make the FHM year-ender the biggest, the happiest, and the most relevant *EVARRRR!* Why, it's your year-ender, too, ladies and gents of FHM.

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CLASS
OF 2010



Premiere
Condoms

LOVE AND NOIR IN THE TIME OF THE CALL CENTER

By JOSEPH NACINO
Photography by JAY TABLANTE

We begin by coveting what we see everyday,
Hannibal Lecter, Silence of the Lambs

One hand fondled a small knife, its blade reflecting the faint light of the dashboard. Part of a collection he had acquired through the years, the knife was small, light and handy. He usually kept it tied around his neck.

Its blade was sharp black steel and it had cost him a month's salary when he bought it.

Dawn was just a first tint of purple hue in the sky. Jack Estranghero waited inside his car, a nondescript beige Honda Civic with its engine running to keep the air conditioning on and the car stereo playing Massive Attack.

He eyed the looming Citibank building in the distance. He felt his hunger like teeth against the wrist.

Two women entered the open parking lot, both on their own and on their way home after their shift. He studied one then the other, but shook his head. Neither felt right. But he wasn't worried.

He gently laid down the knife and drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. He saw his smile in the rearview mirror, with its perfect white teeth. He didn't like smiling so much. It felt like he wasn't taking himself seriously.

Subconsciously, his hand took up the knife and started fondling it again. He saw a third woman walk into the parking lot, her presence snapping his attention like a



rubber band. He couldn't have looked away even if he wanted to.

He sheathed the knife, slipping its tie cord around his neck. He opened the door of his car. Immediately, the night's summer heat steeped him in his own sweat. He stepped out, reached out for a paper bag from the back. From the corner of his eye, he watched her come closer.

When the girl passed by the front of his car—she was texting on her cell phone, a hand covering her black leather bag protectively—he straightened and, bag in hand, nonchalantly approached her.

She didn't even look up.

Then a rattle of wings swept from the night air, seemingly coming from nowhere. Startled, the woman turned to look up. "What the fuck?"

He was gone by that time, back to the safety of the shadows of the parking lot.

He hated being distracted, hated it when he was diverted from his goal. But that was all right. He had the patience of a chopping block.

Jack loved the call center industry, its insular world full of cubicles manned by bobbing, murmuring heads.

He loved the nocturnal generation that was slowly growing up under the baleful glare of the fluorescent lamps and the wan light of the moon. He enjoyed how they drank themselves dry from the wee hours of the morning day until noon, sleeping through the afternoon crawl of the sun across the sky, only to rise again at evening's call like the undead.

After all, they came out at night when he did what he did best. . .

His office ID read Jonathan Santillan but that wasn't his real name. He preferred the name Jack Estranghero. It was the only name he knew.

"Hi, Jon," said Ivy with a shy smile. Ivy was under him, part of the team handling the corporate account of Emerson Executive and based on the 17th floor. She was a genius in marketing strategy. Unfortunately, she wasn't much to look at, mousy to the point of squeakiness.

He knew she had a terrible crush on him. He thought it was cute, her fixation on him. He had managed to wrap her around his finger by fucking her on a group outing to Boracay and then never talking about it again.

"Evening, Ivy," he said. "Is everyone here already?"

"Um, except for Mike," she said. "He reported in sick today."

"That's his third absence already. I can't keep covering for him, you know," he said, putting a hint of exasperation in his voice.

"Oh, I told him that," Ivy said quickly, "but he said he had a cold."

He shrugged and gave her a quirk of a smile, as if it was the only one he could spare. Ivy's return smile was enthusiastic and almost painful to see.

"Tell him again, okay?"

"I will," she said. Almost a caress, he flicked away a lone strand of hair from her cheek and heard her hiss her breath. He remembered that night in Boracay, standing naked with an erection before her in his room.

He remembered taking off her shorts but leaving on her oversized shirt, to carry her in his arms and bend her over on the balcony railing. He remembered entering her from behind, her mouth making only mewling sounds as she tried not to attract the attention of the people passing below them.

Afterwards, he remembered holding her in his arms, his mind detached from what he was doing as she cried. He was wondering idly at the time if he would have to kill her afterwards. But he didn't.

He looked into her eyes and he knew she was also remembering that night.

He turned abruptly and headed towards the bank of elevators without a word or backward glance. He pressed the up button.

"Jon!"

He turned around to see the two managers Des and Ramon, holding hands as they approached. He nodded to them.

"We're going down for a bite to eat at Jack's Loft," Des said with a sly grin. Ramon petulantly ignored him as he pushed the down button. "Want to join us?"

He tried hard not to let the two men see his grimace. Des avoided work without being obvious about it while Ramon kept petty grudges. He knew both had a nasty streak that had forced most of their teams to quit the company.

The two defended their management style as driven. He would have loved to have them for one night, but not the way they expected.

"I'll pass," he said.

"Suit yourself," Des said. Ramon leaned to him and they both laughed.

Fucking ~~fagots~~, he thought. He knew the whispers about him: handsome, clean-looking, but passionate as cold marble. He knew a number of the women—as well as the homosexuals like Des and Ramon—at the office wanted him badly.

Talk was unavoidable in the call center world.

He knew all about it, who was fucking who, which employee was sleeping with which manager. Sometimes he watched the cameras when the guards were away from the security room, studying the couples who thought they had found privacy in some out-of-the-way room.

He had also gotten a copy of the electronic key that gave him access to absolutely anywhere in the whole building. He knew where all the couples' hiding places were. Sometimes he watched without the lovers knowing he was there.

The doors slid open and he stepped inside the wall-to-wall mirrored elevator to find someone else already on the ascent.

She was pretty but not beautiful, not someone men would go crazy for. Dressed in conservative corporate attire that he thought subtly revealed her figure no matter what she did, she was carrying a number of files that threatened to overwhelm her.

"Hello," he said. She gave him a glance, nodded and went back to looking at the elevator doors. He did the same, studying her reflection with a frank appraisal.

Then the inevitable happened: the files dropped from her white-knuckled grip.

TALK WAS
UNAVOIDABLE
IN THE CALL
CENTER WORLD



"Putá!" she said as she knelt sideways to stem the avalanche of white paper and yellowing folders.

Quickly, he knelt to help her gather up the papers, inadvertently brushing her hand several times. He couldn't help noticing her firm round butt stretch her skirt and her blouse dipping to reveal a lace bra.

"Let me help you," he said, his voice loud in the closeness of the elevator.

"No! I... I mean, I'm fine. Don't worry about it," she said.

Both of them stood up, each with an untidy pile of receipt forms and current account sheets. He stepped forward, trapping her against the elevator wall as he shifted his pile on top of hers.

Her breath smelled of mint leaves, her hair of citrus, and her neck a faint wisp of Tommy Hilfiger. He leaned even closer, rubbing the files against her that he thought he could feel her breasts against the sheaves of papers and cardboard.

"Here you are. I hope you don't mind," he said as he looked straight into her eyes. She looked back at him with a strange light in her eyes.

The doors opened at the 21st floor—his stop, the floor where his office was, he had to remind himself. He turned away and stepped outside.

As he walked away, he rubbed his tongue against the back of his teeth, as if he could still taste the air of her presence.

There is a beat between the jump and the fall, where one is neither one nor the other.

Jack felt that way when he was hunting. Before the fall, he felt small—insignificant even. But when he started the hunt, when he leaned over the ledge and stepped into that abyss...

It was then he felt like a god. One with bloody hands.

Jack found out that her name was Delilah Jesamyn Guevarra and she was part of a select team on the 23rd floor, an account that was top-rated and high-end but so small that its members were a tight-knit, close group.

Looking back at it, he was surprised to have caught her by her lonesome in the elevator as members of that group traveled in a pack or in pairs. But somehow, it never happened again no matter how long he prowled the 23rd floor.

It didn't help that what he thought was the alpha male of their group, a slight young man named Jared, a pretty boy with dark eyes and a permanent sneer on his lips, kept a watchful guard over her.

But he would also feel Delilah's dark eyes on him whenever he would find a reason—any reason—to be on the 23rd floor and he would catch her walking in the corridor. Which was why he kept going despite the unsettling feeling he got whenever he went there.

Strangely enough, the corridors on the 23rd floor were somehow less well lit and its shadows longer than usual for an office that never slept.

"Hoy! Ikaw! What are you doing here? You're not supposed to be here."

He looked up and saw a mean-looking face. He did not recognize this guard; he did not think he was a guard at all except for the fact that he was dressed like one, in a Barong Tagalog and an earphone wire dangling from the side of his head.

"You don't have an ID for this floor," said the man.

He only looked at the guard and thought idly how it would feel to have his teeth on his neck.

The man hesitated, said, "I'm afraid you can't stay here."

When he still didn't say anything, the man appended brokenly, "Sir."

He walked away, taking the elevator down to his own floor. He was patient; he could wait.

When he finished his shift and went down to go home, he saw Delilah leaving with her friends. While the group was chattering and laughing, she was quiet and watchful. Watching him.

Interesting he thought.

Her glance stayed long in his mind that he didn't go back to his lonely apartment yet. Instead, he went out and took his sweet time stalking a young woman on her way home, whose body would never be found under the Marikina Bridge.

Interesting indeed, he thought as his fingers found the knife around his neck.

If people were to judge Jack's life before he started his real one, before he even realized his real name, they would find nothing of value that would say: This was evil.

He had a normal childhood, loving parents, and a protected innocence. People would say that he was a beautiful child, a mestizo-checked cherubim clothed in flesh. But behind the façade was nothingness: He. Could. Not. Feel. Anything.

Growing up, this difference set him apart from the rest of the world. This was brought solidly home when he started dating—and having sex—with women who were enamored with his cold beauty.

He started killing the women; first with his hands, and then with knives. And he started eating them. It was then he realized that with this—at least—he felt a tinge of regret.

It was when he discovered the secret access door to a hidden observation deck between the 22nd and 23rd floors that things started getting exciting for Jack.

At the time, he had noticed the mean-looking security guard walking corridors of the 21st floor. This was the first time he had seen the man on this level.

He studied the man. The guard was taking his time wandering the corridors as if he was looking for someone. Then the man stopped before a group of women; he saw Delilah was part of the group.

The guard addressed the young woman. Delilah looked irked then nodded. She said something to her companions before she went off with the guard.

His curiosity piqued, he followed. The guard led her to the stairway, opened it and motioned for Delilah to follow. She wavered for a moment before following. The door closed behind them.

HE STARTED
KILLING THE
WOMEN; FIRST
WITH HIS HAND,
AND THEN
WITH KNIVES



He counted for five seconds before he opened the door and stepped inside. Inside the stairwell, he pecked to see the two climbing up the stairs. He followed quietly, his leather shoes noiseless on the tiled steps.

He heard them talking: "What does Jared want with me anyway?"

"I don't know, ma'am," the guard said.

"You didn't ask him?"

"He didn't say anything ma'am."

"You don't know anything, no?"

"No ma'am."

The two reached the 22nd floor but instead of stopping, the guard led her past it to another door halfway to the 23rd floor that had a sign that read "Security Personnel Only."

The man opened it with an electronic key and went inside, together with Delilah.

He didn't know there was another door between the 22nd and 23rd floors. He had never seen the door before, and he had used this route far more times than he could count.

After waiting for twenty seconds, he used his own electronic key to open the door. Pushing the door forward, he was shocked to find the open night sky above him, the stars bright despite the yellow glow from the streets and buildings below. The humidity was almost bearable at this height though he still felt perspiration dew on his arm after the coolness of the office air-conditioning.

That was when he discovered the bloody feast before him.

Jack had always thought that he was the only one. Oh, he knew there were others like him all over the world. Especially in the US with their fascination for those dark gods who hid among mortals and took the sacrifices they knew was their right.

He had watched the movies and the television shows, listened to the songs and read the books. He knew what they were called: Crazies. Mass murderers. Psychopaths. Serial killers.

But not in this country, he thought. He had never encountered any of his kind before.

But now he knew there were monsters that deemed the night their hunting ground. Like him, they appeared to be human. But that was the only thing similar about them.

Standing in the shadows of the door, Jack did not breathe as he watched the feeding. He recognized the three before him: they were all part of Delilah's group on the 23rd floor. He also recognized the banquet lying on the concrete deck, her body masticated and eviscerated in several parts.

He thought of Ivy and how he would never find her fixation on him amusing again. This somehow made him angry.

She was mine, he thought.

Surrounding the body were three figures crouching over her, eating their fill. All of them were naked, all male. His foot nudged something and he saw a shoe. It was then he noticed clothes neatly piled to one side—they didn't want to get any blood on their clothes.

Then one of the men stood up and he recognized Jared, slim and lithe, a six-pack abdomen and muscular

arms. His grin was bloody as he waved to Delilah and the guard standing near the edge of the deck.

"Come on! The blood's still warm."

"Putangina ma, Jared. You called me for this?" Delilah shot back. The guard was standing close her, almost like holding her captive but not quite.

"What the fuck is your problem now?" Jared said sardonically, his American accent almost palpable as he crossed his arms against his naked, bloodied chest.

She looked away and didn't say anything.

"Awww," Jared said, coming closer. "Not hungry, babe?"

He reached out a hand and caressed her neck. She didn't respond. He grinned, his mouth brimming of teeth like a shark's, and opened his mouth to unroll a long, snake-like tongue to caress Delilah's leg.

When she still didn't react—except for a repressed shiver that was for Jack almost imperceptible to notice—the tongue slowly started climbing up Delilah's leg and to her skirt.

Jared laughed, despite having his tongue lolling out. He reached out and cupped one of her breasts through her white blouse.

"C'mere, you. I'm so horny, I'm going to fuck you like an animal right here, right now," Jared said. And it was true: his erection was evident, pointing at her like a magnetic compass to true north.

That was when Jack had enough. He stepped forward to one of the men feeding. Despite his quickness and silence, some instinct alerted the man so that he raised his head, a growl issuing from his mouth.

It was perfect: he leaned slightly over the crouching figure, placing both hands around its neck and with a slight twist, broke its neck.

The other man was up and baring its teeth by this time, sharp claws raised in his hand. Jared had turned to see him by then, as did the guard and Delilah.

But they were too late as the knife's T-handle was already in hand—he didn't know when he'd reached for it around his neck—and the slim steel blade sliced the other man's throat. Blood fizzled out like Coke from a shaken can as the man screamed, clutching at his slashed jugular.

Two down.

"Fucking asshole! I'm going to kill you and eat your fucking heart, shit-face!" Jared cursed.

Jack smiled, the only time he allowed himself to do so consciously. He so loved it when they tried to bluster.

Jared grinned back. He said maliciously, "I know you. You're the guy who thinks you're some kind of bad-ass. Think you're some kind of monster."

Jack let his smile slip, tilted his head in puzzlement.

"What, you think we haven't encountered your kind before? Pseudo-hunters of the night, think you own it? Bastard. We've tasted your kind before. You're not so different from those you hunt. Still all too human."

Jack smiled again. He was really going to enjoy doing this. He moved then. Jared was surprised, not expecting to be attacked with only a small knife that could fit in a palm. He moved slightly faster than Jack and that was what saved him from being gutted.

**SURROUNDING
THE BODY WERE
THREE FIGURES
CROUCHING
OVER HER,
EATING THEIR FILL**

As Jack fought for his life, trying to avoid the slashing claws and gnashing teeth, he could see the guard and Delilah watching the fight avidly. The guard was obviously undecided even as he held his gun out. Delilah was watching. . . hungrily.

This image almost got him killed then, distracted him when Jared lashed out with his tongue, its whipcord strength ripping his shirt and drawing blood from his shoulder.

"Hah!" Jared yelled.

Jack grimaced. When Jared tried to hit him again with its tongue, he grabbed it with one hand—and despite the fierce pain blossoming in his palm, like rubbing a sandpaper-like snake—and cut a part of it off with his knife.

Jared screeched and his bleeding tongue snapped back, his hands holding his mouth in pain.

It was easy enough then to stick the knife into Jared's eye to shut him up permanently. Afterwards, it was quiet and Jack turned to the guard and Delilah.

Raising his gun though his hand was shaking badly, the guard said, "Huvag kang gaglaw?"

Jack looked at him for a moment and said his first words since he stepped onto the deck: "I wonder how your eyeballs taste like."

That was enough for the guard, who raised his gun to fire. Jack threw the knife and tumbled into the air to sink home hilt-first into the man's throat. With a gurgling, the guard fell on the ground, his blood combining with Ivy's.

And there was only Delilah.

She laughed then, the sound like the pattering of children's feet on the pavement. Then she walked forward and kissed him, her tongue—a normal-length one, he thought at the back of his mind—thrusting against his as if she wanted to taste the blood lust in him.

He clutched at her, ripping off her blouse and feeling her bra-covered breasts against his chest. She moaned, said in his mouth, "I knew you were different. I knew it."

Her hands clawed the rags of his shirt and left furrows in his back that made him hiss in pain. In return, he hitched up her skirt to feel soft legs all the way to her panties. He started to roll it down and she helped him by raising one leg and then the other.

With one gesture, he threw her panties behind him.

"Jared was an idiot. He didn't know. . ." she said, her breath hitching in her throat as he left bite-sized nips on her neck. " . . . What I saw. When I looked at you."

Her hand reached down to the front of his pants and felt the stretching bulge. She said with a smile, "But I knew you were the one for me."

With that, she unzipped his fly and took his erection in her hand to guide it to her. She gasped. He started thrusting, pumping in her, slamming her against the deck's railing behind her even as he held her leg up for a better position.

She kissed him again, as if she was trying to suck everything inside him through his mouth.

That was when he heard a ripping sound and felt something brush his hand holding the back of her neck. He opened his eyes to see dark wings before him,

sprouting from her back. The hand he was using to hold her leg up switched to her waist and he felt the tear there, stretching from one side and all the way around her torso.

She laughed, embraced him with both arms and beat her wings.

They flew upward and he felt his penis slip out of her legs as they left it behind.

As they flew upward into the hot night air, he heard her say against his neck, "How do you like me now, lover-boy?"

He said, "Have you ever heard of the tale of the scorpion and the frog?"

She looked at him blankly and he memorized those eyes that had etched itself in his desire for her. Then he slammed his head against her face, making her scream and release his arms still pinned by hers. Before he could fall, he grabbed her by the neck with one hand and with the other hand, proceeded to pull out her entrails.

She screamed again, raking her nails on Jack's chest, even as her wings faltered.

He said, his calm voice a counterpoint to her pained struggles: "Don't ever trust the nature of a scorpion."

Then they both fell from the sky.

What is desire? Desire is need and want. It is Hunger. Therefore, desire is appetite. It is eating what you want.

For me, this is my nature. The voiceless, nameless violence inside me that sometimes grants mercy but most of the time wants blood to give it form.

I remember the folktale of the scorpion that wanted to cross the river, and stung the frog without regard because it was in its nature to do so. And I empathize with the scorpion: why should I need to change my nature? Because I am different from what everyone says I should be?

Why should I be . . . normal?

That is why when I took my name, I also took my place outside humanity: a stranger to the rules of society. As the song goes—pleased to meetcha, hope you guess my name.

It was quiet on the deck of the building except for the distant honking sound of cars and the revving engines of passing jeeps on the C-5 strip. And then a hand raised itself up from the edge of the deck and Jack Estranghero pulled himself forward on the floor of the deck.

Breathing heavily, he lay on the deck for a while, looking up at the stars. Then he grimaced and with a sudden alacrity, he put himself inside his pants and zipped himself up. He propped himself up and looked at the four bodies lying beside him.

Interesting he thought. He remembered what Jared said, of how there had been others of his kind who had been killed.

He smiled, not knowing he was doing so. He wondered how monsters would taste like. **FHM**

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TRUST THE
NATURE OF THE
SCORPION'

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Dominique FERRER

'Be ready for adventure if you want to get to know me'

PHOTOGRAPHY: JAY TABLANTE; INTERVIEW: CHARMINE Z. CHANCO
STYLING: TON LAO; MAKE UP: DIANNE DE CASTRO; HAIR: ALLAN BACINA; UNDERWEAR: BENCH

You gave us some steamy poses during the shoot we're almost convinced you meant it.

Ha ha! I felt sexy kasi during the shoot kaya madali lang sa akin mag-project. Nadala kasi ako roon sa concept. I think nakatulung na I'm in the mood for it kaya natural yung lumabas.

If we get to know you better, what should we expect?

Expect to meet a girl that is very open-minded and fun to be with. Be ready for adventure if you want to get to know me. Ako ang type of girl na lagng game, kasi I want to learn new things and find new experiences.

If you get to play a fantasy make-out scene over and over how will it look like?

Ha ha ha! It's not exactly something I play over and over in my head pero siaro I'll set it somewhere scenic like maybe by the beach, night. Tapos I'll be doing it with Brad Pitt.

How can a man please you?

It's not really hard to please me. Basta siaro romantic siya, I think I will appreciate that. Simple lang naman ako.

And what destroys the mood for you?

Overconfidence, turn-off sa akin iyan. When I see any sign of kayabangan in a guy nawawalan ako agad ng interest.

So guys with bloated egos are off the list. How about doing the deed with another gorgeous vixen instead?

Well, I've thought about it pero wala pa akong experience sa mga girls. Kahit kiss wala pa akong experience, except friendly kisses of course. Siaro, with the right circumstances I'm open to trying it out. Ha ha!

You think you'll like it?

I don't know pero secured naman kasi ako sa sarili ko. I know what I want—guys. Ha ha ha!

Are you really up for anything?

Let's just put it this way: I'm adventurous and I'm willing to try out new things so in most cases, I'm willing to try anything at least once in my life. **FHM**

ABOVE THE LAW

What the ladies really do behind your back

Lovebirds relive the best of high school

I got a call from a friend back in high school that I had a huge crush on, saying he was going home for a vacation and wanted to meet up with me. I have to admit he was still on my mind so I prepped myself up for him. So we met, ate out, caught up with news, and relived high school. Suddenly, he held my hand and told me how much he had missed me and how badly he wanted to make love to me. I said no, he had a girlfriend and I, a boyfriend. But for some reason I couldn't resist his advances until we found ourselves in a hotel room. He smothered me with kisses, worked his hands all over me. I wanted to shout but I couldn't—I loved what he was doing to me. For the next couple of hours we did all imaginable sexual positions possible. We climaxed with his cock in my mouth, me tasting come for the first time. It's been four years since and we still have sex on the sly.

Kyleigh, by email

Cousins sin!

I had this Japanese boyfriend who happened to be my cousin. Every time he would come here to the Philippines, we'd sleep together in one room—with other cousins, of course. On one of these nights, he just couldn't contain his lust for sex any longer that he practically carried me off the bed and propped me on the floor. I tried to stave off his advances but he would have none of it—he didn't care if the other cousins awoke and caught us. He was just so sex-starved. But when he started kissing and caressing me, I lost control of myself and let go. We did it as quietly as we could but got through four yummy rounds of indescribable hot sex. The fear of being caught made it more exciting. Fucking cousins—it's incest but that's what we are...

Reciah, 23, by email

Landlord collects rent not due!

My fiancé has a really hot landlord. One day I sent him an SMS that



Lady taste-tests son and dad

In college, I hooked up with a brod from a counterpart fraternity after breaking up with my boyfriend of five years. He became my best bud, constant companion, crying shoulder and, yes, fuck buddy. His parents and his girlfriend (yes, he had a girlfriend) knew me but were clueless to what was going on between us. I was a frequent visitor in their house, staying most of the time in his room (where most of the action happened). Then one day he told me that I should stay away from his dad because he had the hots for me. I laughed it off. But his dad sure has a way of getting what he wants. He always seemed to catch me alone in different places in their house. Finally my friend's old man mustered enough guts to talk to me. He told me how much he wanted to ask me out but he was shy to do so. I don't know what came into me but I said yes when he did ask me to go out with him. We agreed to meet on the sly. We had lunch and then he took me to a hotel. I don't know (again) what came into me because I told him that his son and I are having sex. I thought he would get at me but instead he said, "... He then asked me to compare his performance with his son when he was through. And we had sex. Delicious sex. Who's better? daddy, ha ha! He is 23 years my senior and his son is months younger than me. His son is courting me now. Of course I'm not telling him what happened between his dad and me.

Blue, by email

he's so yummy-looking and he replied that he thought the same of me. The next morning, when my fiancé was not home, he knocked on our door and said he wanted to check the shower. As soon as he stepped inside, he grabbed my boobs from behind and kissed my neck while grinding his pelvis against my ass. He raised my dress and yanked off my thongs and licked me from behind until I couldn't stand it so I pushed him and got down on my knees to suck him. We quickly made out with me bent over the couch and him humping me from behind. It was so intense because my fiancé was in his office that's only a block away and could come home anytime! Since then hot landlord would visit me whenever my fiancé was not home and we would make out in my fiancé's bed, his shower, his couch. It's so dangerous and so disrespectful that the thrill of it blows my mind!

Teacher Teacher, by email

Office-mating!

An officemate took a gamble and approached me saying he wanted to do it with me. The thought of it thrilled me to no end so I accepted his indecent proposal. So began our fuck-buddy relationship. The first tryst was so good I could no longer say no to him every time he asked me out. In one of our scheduled fuck dates, I wore my see-through bra and silk panties. It made him so horny we fucked hard like never before. He did me on the bed, the table, propped up a chair, and on the sink. I came several times. But before we parted ways, my phone rang. It was my boyfriend! He requested that we go out since it had been a month since we'd seen each other last. The superwoman I thought I was, I agreed. I instantly dozed off after one round. It was too late to realize that I forgot to erase the steamy text messages I exchanged with my fuck buddy, and my boyfriend read them all! He left. I texted him to say sorry and he forgave me. As for the other guy, we're still waiting for the right opportunity to do it again.

YM Girl, by email



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**CLASS
OF 2010**



Premiere
Condoms

DREAM GIRL

By CARLJOE JAVIER

Photography by MARION PECJO

Jonas Espinoza drove from his friend's party with a feeling of conquest in his heart. He'd done it many times before: Met a girl and snuck her into some bathroom, closet or bedroom at the end of a hallway where no one would notice.

A smile crept up to his face but was interrupted by a burp escaping his guts and making its way up through his chest, snagging against his throat, and leaving his lips. Though the burp was gone, in its trail was left the hiccup.

Jonas hated the hiccup. It was hard enough trying to drive straight with so much alcohol in him.

His buzz had died down a bit since he'd gone that round with the cute, petite girl with green contact lens. God, he hated girls who wore contacts to change their eye color. Did nothing for them. It was the natural prettiness of the girl that had attracted him to her that night. That, and her drunken and wanton ways, which telegraphed her willingness to sneak upstairs for a quickie. Jonas could look past certain things when opportunities arose.

<Hiccup>

He'd be the first to admit it, at times he could be picky. But give him enough to drink, have him in a girl drought, and well...wasn't it enough that he had sex with that cross-eyed girl a few years back and only noticed that she was cross-eyed the morning after? And there have been too many times that he'd been so drunk he couldn't remember the girl's name the morning after. This led to quite a few interesting breakfasts where he had to rely on his deductive skills honed by reading Sherlock Holmes and Encyclopedia Brown as a child to come up with the girl's name. Other times his skills didn't work so well and he found all manner of breakfast food spilled in his pants or on his head.

<Hiccup>

Whoa, Jonas thought as he caught himself swerving. Damn hiccups. Get the windows down, get that air in here. It's just a lack of oxygen, isn't it? Something to do with the breathing? Or was it too much drinking?

<Hiccup>

STYLING: JEROME TORICO; MAKEUP: NOEL FLORES;
HAIR: DWIGLES; SWIMSUITS BY BENI; SHOES BY FERRARI



He felt his heart dip like it does on a rollercoaster as he hit a pothole and his car seemed to leave the ground for two seconds. He swerved a little and, though not intending to, put the car into a short drift before stabilizing it.

He felt the adrenaline rush to his head, clarity winning over the buzz as his driving skills took over. It was only after a few seconds that Jonas noticed he'd been holding his breath.

He took a deep breath then exhaled. He realized they were gone. The hiccups were gone. He smiled again and laughed. With the windows rolled down, he stuck his head out and let out a "Woot!" He relaxed, held the wheel with one hand while he smoothed his hair back with his left hand.

<Hiccup>

He had relaxed, and when Jonas' body tensed with that last hiccup, his arm jerked to a side and the car drove into a deep pothole. From there the car seemed to jump. Instead of hitting the brakes, his foot went down on the gas and all Jonas could feel was a tumbling sensation before he blacked out.

Jonas knew where he was but, at the same time, he didn't. Moments earlier he was speeding away from a party, but he had no idea what he was driving to.

He couldn't recall crawling from the wreck, but he found himself on a curbside. There were no paramedics. He did not find this unusual. In fact, though he had been in a terrible car accident, he felt no urgency or fear. There was a calmness he could not explain.

Jonas tried to lift his head. That was when he felt it. It was like a raging ocean in his head, vicious waves wracking his mind. It was as if it had somehow become unglued. He imagined someone standing above him, shaking his skull, the brain sloshing around. He fell over again.

He could not say it was an out-of-body experience. It was something Jonas was not equipped to describe. He could think of appliances in his home that might emulate what his mind had been through. The blender came to mind the quickest, but the juicer might be more apt. There was something there, something picking through his brain, sifting, separating, extracting. He definitely felt a separation. Then it was a vacuum, a sudden rush, and all these things that were separated found themselves together again.

Jonas lay on the street. He rolled onto his belly, attempting to crawl. He thought of checking himself for blood, wounds, broken bones, but the impulse to crawl to the curb superseded everything.

She was at the curb. He became aware of her when he got a hold of her flowing dress. His fingers brushed against the hem, and he looked up and saw her. He'd always loved the look of well-kept feet. With the wreck behind him and his body and mind that could be similarly described, her feet were the first sign that there was still beauty in his world.

His eyes crept from her pretty toes in flip-flops up to her smooth long legs that met just enough to keep her summer dress closed. Though she was sitting, he could make out the curves that defined her body. It was no time

to be checking out a girl, but with a sample like this he couldn't help himself.

When he finally saw her face it was as if he had forgotten the accident, the pain, everything. It was as if there was this sudden rush, this euphoria that came over him. He could not describe her. In fact, he stumbled to find words to describe her beauty. It left him dumbstruck.

She smiled down at him as if she had just noticed him lying there on the curb. She smoothed out some creases on her dress, and in a moment, in a quick flash, he caught a glimpse of her panties. They were innocent white cotton panties. They reminded Jonas of his first girlfriend, the one he first had sex with. She was wearing panties like his first girlfriend did when they did it for the first time.

He crawled towards her. He felt no more pain and instead found this impetus to be near her, as if her presence would heal him of all he had been through. The girl held her arms out to him, drew him to her, and put his head in her lap. She stroked his hair.

Jonas looked into her face. He felt that he could lie there staring up at her face forever. The feeling of being submerged in something comfortable and soothing overtook him and he almost moaned in pleasure as she stroked his hair just the way he liked it.

That was a deal breaker; how many women had he left because they hadn't figured out how to stroke his hair that way?

As this feeling of pleasure washed over him, he had the odd sensation that he was home, or at least at home in her arms. The curb, the sidewalk, the car crash, all of it seemed to blur and dissolve as he stared up into her face. He knew he had never met her before, and yet he felt he had known her forever. He couldn't put a name to the face, but he knew they had shared something.

He tried to think back, to classmates, to old friends, to people he'd met at parties. The question then came to him, and though it was one that he had never asked another person before, it seemed the one that she would answer: "Have we ever made love before?"

"Yes, Jonas, many times. I've always been yours. You can have me whenever you want."

"Like now?"

She lay down and beckoned him. When he approached her he found that he could move normally, move as if there'd been no accident. He approached and began kissing her.

Her tongue snaked into his mouth. She exuded an innocence that contrasted with a trained technique. Her body moved just as he wanted, as if it were wholly malleable to his every whim. He felt her legs wrapping around his back. She held his nape as she pushed him into her.

Jonas felt that every inch of his body was being pleased by the act. He thrust into her and she moaned and scratched his back. She screamed his name and he thrust harder, wanting her to scream louder. He wanted her to beg for more and just as he thought it she began begging.

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THE PAIN,
EVERYTHING



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TO WITH HIM



Suddenly she locked her legs around him and with them threw him to the ground. No woman had ever done this to him, but he'd imagined one doing it to him many times.

"Mmm, I like it when girls get a little rough."

"I know," she said as she plunged him into her with one strong thrust. As she pumped, Jonas felt overwhelmed, as if he could no longer control his body. It was as if she had taken over and she was doing everything she wanted to with him. He would willingly give up to her for this kind of pleasure. Her rhythm was perfect, building him towards climax. She screamed and grabbed him and stared into his eyes.

"You see, Jonas? I give it to you like you want it. I'm all yours and I'll do anything for you. Anything. All I want is to be yours and yours alone."

"Where have you been all my life? Where did you come from?"

"I've always been with you. I was your first. I never left you. Not like all the others?"

Though she was still pumping and pleasuring him, the answer gave Jonas pause. "First? But that was Tin—"

"Yes, Jonas," and when he looked up he saw that her face had changed to Tin's. Jonas felt himself going limp even as the woman pumped away. Her face morphed, changed in front of him as if he was watching an old Michael Jackson video; the faces changed and he recognized each and every face, each and every conquest. "I was your first, I was every girl you were with. That's why I wonder, why did you have to look elsewhere?"

A tone of malice took hold of her voice. All the comfort and pleasure of a moment ago were replaced by a dark sense of foreboding. As the tone of their lovemaking darkened, Jonas noticed that their surroundings followed suit.

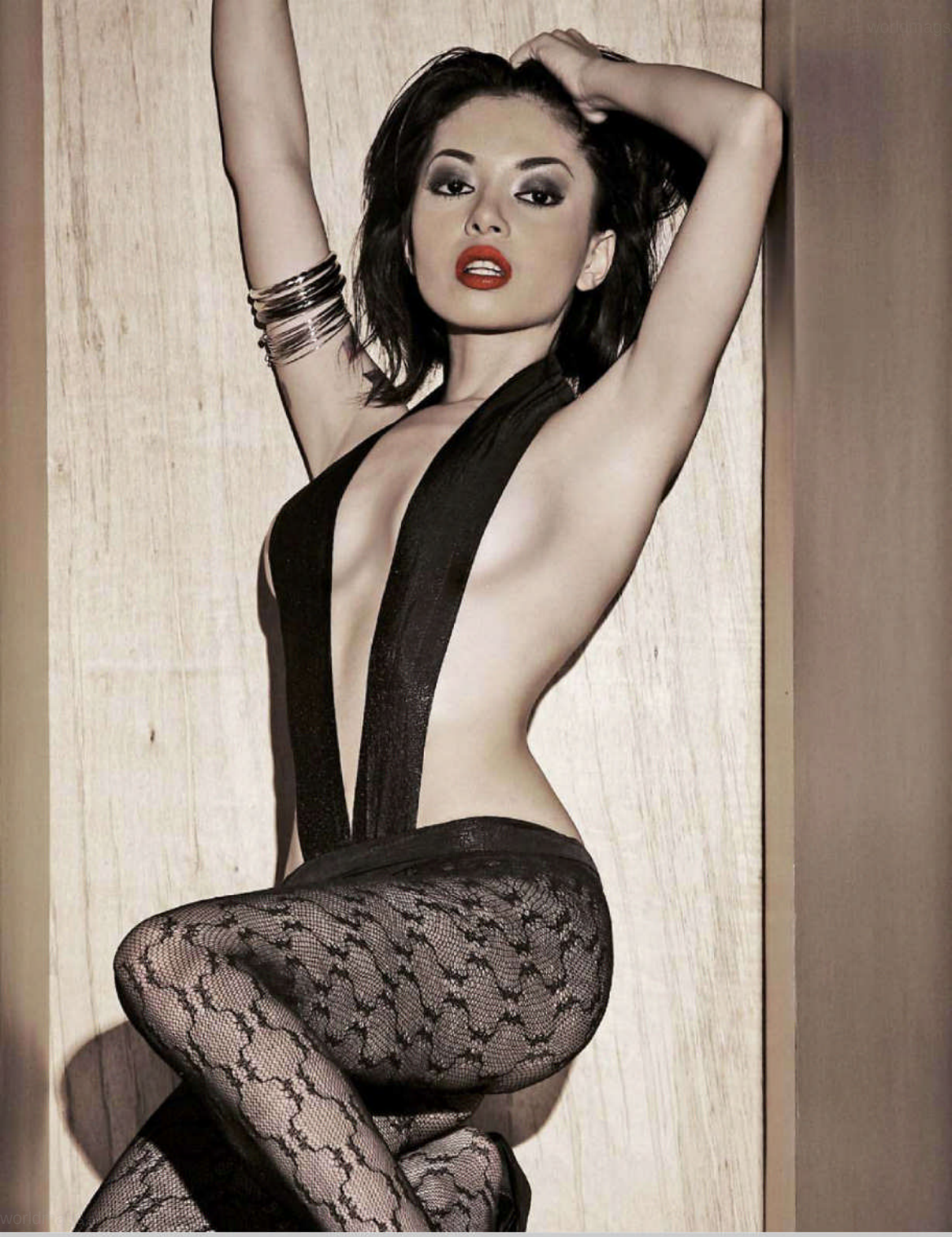
The street, the buildings, everything had disappeared and in their stead he saw a background that belonged in contemporary art, a display of abstract desolation. The colors were dark and dreary browns and grays with horrific splashes of orange and red. Everything seemed suspended in motion, frozen in the air waiting for some consummation that never came.

She pounded down on his penis that had gone limp. She held him down and kept pumping on him. "You, you always have your other women. Why do you have to leave me for them? I give you everything you want. Why?"

She kept pumping and she twisted her pelvis. Though he was already limp that twist caused Jonas to writhe. When he lifted himself up she pushed him back down and drove her nails into his shoulders.

Her eyes were wild now, the whites almost gone from them. They were obsidian orbs that were fierce in their blackness, as if that blackness threatened to engulf him.

"You pretend that you don't know me, Jonas. You've always had me. You bastard!" Her nails pierced his flesh. When she felt that Jonas had stopped moving, stopped fighting, she said, "Don't you understand? I'm yours and you're mine."



The violence in her thrusts was gone after she said this. Her rhythm became soothing. Jonas, who was still limp, let her have her way. She seemed happy, at least for the moment. Then she took another pendulum swing and her eyes darkened again. "You thought you could get away with it? You thought you could just hurt me like that?"

Jonas screamed and hoped to die. He closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to look into hers. When he opened them he saw the fluorescent lights on the hospital ceiling sliding above him as he was being rolled through the hallway. He had an oxygen mask but he was still screaming and gasping.

His best friend, Tony, held him down on the stretcher. "Stop trying to get up. You're going to be okay. You'll be okay, bro, lie down. You're going to be okay."

Jonas could not understand what had happened. He laid his head back and breathed in, feeling pain coursing through his body. He did not want to go back to sleep. But just as he lost consciousness he heard her voice again. "Hush love, don't worry. I won't leave you. I'll never leave you..."

When he woke Jonas found that his penis was terribly chafed. His left hand was tied to the bedside. A male nurse saw him rousing and helped him sit up. He brought Jonas water and then left him to call in the doctor.

"Mr. Espinoza, you're a very lucky man. You suffered some serious trauma to the brain. We had to operate, but it looks like you're fine now. Aside from some, erm, movements that your left hand has been making, you will be making a full recovery and you'll be discharged soon."

"Movements?"

"Well, like I said, there's been some serious trauma to your brain. It hasn't affected how you'll normally be, nothing behavioral, I think. There have been cases like yours though, when the left hand does things on its own."

"Things?"

"Oh, holding things, touching things, grabbing, without you really noticing. I wouldn't worry too much. There haven't been any cases documented in our country that describe anything more than that. Your hand might wander on its own once in a while. Nothing to worry about. I'll be discharging you. You can leave in the morning. If you have any problems you can call me."

"What about, um, well, it's weird, I was in a car accident but, um, my, you know," he said, his eyes pointing the doctor to his lower body.

"Oh, those wounds were sustained after the accident. More of a side-effect of the head trauma. Your left hand has been compulsively stroking your penis. Also, there was an incident previously. Though you were unconscious your left hand attacked a female nurse. We've found that it does not respond to the male nurses."

"What are we going to do about this?"

"You can call me if there are any major problems. Otherwise, I believe that the activity should subside, or should become things that you can live with."

"Shouldn't you keep me under observation or something?"

"Your insurance company called and said that your policy has covered all the procedures we've done. Anything more won't be covered. It's best, under these arrangements, that we discharge you."

Tony tried to make small talk while he drove Jonas home. "I took over your accounts, farmed them out to people in your team to make presentations while you were out. So, when you get back, you'll just be checking and approving things. It's only been a few weeks so it's just like you were on a long vacation. Your team did a good job of holding down the fort, so you got nothing to worry about. We're still on schedule to meet this quarter's targets."

"That's great, man."

"Uh, dude," Tony said, then raised his eyebrows.

"What?"

"I know we've been best friends since college, we own a company together, and I know that accident left you a bit screwy, but that doesn't make that cool at all, bro."

"What are you talking about?" Just as he said it he looked down and saw his left hand holding his penis. "Holy shit! I'm sorry, dude, I didn't know."

"Just put that thing away, man! We're driving through the middle of fucking EDSA here."

Jonas pulled his boxers over his penis in one quick motion with his right hand, but as he tried to button his fly his left hand kept swatting at his right hand. It looked absurd and would have passed for a comic scene from a silent film: Jonas' right hand would pull the zipper closed, when his thumb and forefinger would move to the button the left hand would swat it away and pull the zipper open again. After at least five attempts Tony took notice.

Tony pulled the car over and tied the left hand down with the seatbelt. It kept moving even though Jonas sat petrified looking at it.

"Man, that kind of thing was funny in *Idle Hands* and *Evil Dead*," Tony said, "But here it just ain't right."

* * *

She came to him when he slept. Jonas, why don't you stay here with me? We could be happy. I'll do everything you want.

"I don't understand. Who are you, what are you doing in my head?"

How can you say that? Of course you know who I am. You made me. You love me. You've always loved me, from the moment you learned what love is. And from that moment when you made me, I've always loved you.

"Please, leave me alone."

I can't do that Jonas. We're inseparable. I'm a part of you. You said that every time you love someone and leave them, you take a part of them with you. I'm that part Jonas. I'm all of the love that you've ever had.

"It's not love, it's sex. I had sex with those women. I didn't love them. And I don't know what you have to do with any of it."

For those moments you did love them. I know it. I know because it hurt me so much when you were with those other women. You hurt me, Jonas!

Her eyes flared obsidian, then turned warm brown again.

'MAN, THAT
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AND *EVIL DEAD*.
BUT HERE IT JUST
AIN'T RIGHT'





Even if you hurt me, I still love you. I'll never leave you. I'll always be there for you. It's me you always turned to when all those girls left you. I still remember when you were in high school and Clara chose that college boy over you on prom night. You imagined I was Clara and you fucked me with a vengeance. And when Sharlene left you, I was Sharlene for you. You made love to me with such a passion. Then there was...

"Enough, enough. I remember them all."

You remember all the times you came to me, all the times I was there for you. You've always sought me out. Even after all those whores you've been with. That bitch with the pink highlights, that girl with the lipstick smudges on her teeth, the one with the hole in her panties' garters. You selfish bastard!

Her eyes went black. Then she seemed to calm herself.

But now that we can talk, now that we can be together, you don't have to go to your other women. Now you can just be with me.

"What are you talking about?"

Just you and me Jonas. No more of these other women. I don't want you to hurt me anymore. I give you everything you want.

At that moment, just as before, he seemed transported; he was on his back and she was naked on top of him. She pushed her plump breasts into his face.

She felt him resisting, trying to move from her. She pressed down again. Her black eyes drove into his and he screamed as she said: You will love me.

Jonas woke in his room, his left hand clutching his penis. He wrenched it off with his right hand. Then his left hand slapped his face. He grabbed his left hand and wrestled it down, then pinned it under his thigh. He reached for the cordless phone and called Tony. "Need your help, bro."

"Hand again?"

The dream recurred. She kept coming to him, they kept having the same conversation; it always ended the same. Whenever he tried to get help from his doctor, the doctor would just tell him that it was nothing and that whatever it was that was happening to him would pass.

Jonas learned to cope. For a while he wore his arm in a sling tied too tight so that the left hand could not wander. This week, though, he'd taken his sling off in his office. He was relaxing and hadn't noticed that his left hand had written a note.

Tony called Jonas to his office for a chat. Tony sat behind his desk and motioned for Jonas to take a leather seat in front of him so that they were facing each other and the desk was between them. "I feel like an employee about to be given a talking to," said Jonas.

"Just a precaution. Look, dude, I've taken care of that problem with your secretary."

"Why, what happened to Tess? I know she didn't come in today. I didn't know she called in."



Tony held the note. "I've taken care of the separation pay, and I've paid her the equivalent of a settlement to avoid any problems. She's promised not to make a legal case of it. The problem, now, bro, is what do we do with you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm trying to understand your whole situation. But, dude, this can't happen again. We can afford to pay off one person this time. Next time though, and we'll go under."

"It wasn't me, it was her!"

"Yes, yes, bro. Fine, it wasn't you, it was the hand."

"It's got a life of its own. It's her. She gets loose sometimes."

"You act like it's a separate thing from you."

"It is. Why would I do anything like that to Tess?"

Tony, why would I slap myself when this thing isn't tied down?"

Just then the hand broke through the sling and went for Tony's throat. Jonas was pulled across the desk by its force. Tony held it off with his two hands while Jonas tried to pull it off. Tony held back Jonas' arm, leaned back, then kicked at Jonas' chest so that Jonas went flying from the desk down to the floor. Once on the floor Jonas struggled with the hand. He lay atop it, his chest pinning it to the floor. Tony ran over and tied the arm to Jonas' body.

Once the hand seemed subdued, both men took gasps of relief. Tony was silent. Jonas looked over at him, sure that a sorry would be far from enough. "What did you mean by what to do with me?"

"We'll miss you Jonas!" his staff screamed in unison while popping party favors. Jonas smiled and moved through the crowd. There was some sincerity in the smiles, but he could also feel pity and relief from his staff that he was finally going. After the cheery greeting a DJ turned up the music and everyone mingled or broke up into groups.

At the buffet spread Jonas found Tony. "Looks like you took some time planning this, bro."

"Least I could do."

"Thanks, I appreciate it. And thanks for, well, you know."

"Look, you deserve to be paid for your share. And the stock options, that's so that you'll be taken care of. We built this thing together. Your wacky hand and weird psycho-girl living in your head can't take that away. I just hope you can find some place that can treat that." Tony pointed at Jonas' hand, which, in response, jerked violently in its sling. Tony moved away and Jonas found himself in a corner as everyone else parted.

These things used to be so great for him. Now his own party left him feeling alienated. He sat at a cubicle swigging whiskey from a plastic cup. He'd downed three shots of whiskey when Janis, one of the copywriters, found him at her cubicle. "Hey, Jonas, you don't look like you're having enough fun." When she finished her sentence her lips smacked and she gave him an alluring look.

"Oh? Could you help me out? What kind of fun are you going to show me?"

"Now that you're not my boss anymore, there's all kinds of fun I could show you."

Jonas heard her voice in his mind. She screamed, "No, no, what are you doing?" He ignored her. With his right hand he pulled Janis to him and sat her on his lap. His left hand jerked so he tightened the sling. Then he cupped Janis's ass with his hand and slid his tongue into her mouth.

"Let's go to my place," he said. "Just one thing: You'll have to tie me down."

"Ooh, kinky. Any other requests?"

They made love with his hands tied to the bedpost. Jonas came inside her and fell asleep with his hands still tied. As he started to doze off she lay on his chest.

He woke with his right hand in her hair. He stroked it gently, felt it flow through the webs between his fingers. Then it struck him: His hands weren't tied.

His left hand was gripping his penis. It was erect as it was every morning. The hand began to slide up and down. Jonas looked over Janis, tried to wake her. Then, when he slid her head aside he saw the knife sticking out of her back.

Jonas pulled the knife out of her back. He put it on the bed. "Why, why did you do this?"

She spoke to him. I told you Jonas, I didn't want you to hurt me again. But you did. So I had to hurt her. She didn't love you, Jonas. What I did is for the best. Now no one will ever bother you. We can be alone together.

Jonas sat back and let the left hand do as it willed to his penis. It stroked up and down. You see, Jonas, she said, we can be happy this way. You don't need anyone else. You have me. I'll never leave you. I'll always love you. Just stay with me.

She had him. He was hers. Just like she wanted, no one else would ever have him. As the left hand jerked him off, his right hand crept across the bed. In one quick movement so that she wouldn't have time to stop him, his hand tightened on the knife and he plunged it into his chest.

Jonas gasped and he heard her screaming. No! No, my love! What are you doing?!

He lay back down and let himself bleed out. His left hand pulled out the knife and tried to apply pressure to the wound in a vain attempt to stop the bleeding. Jonas watched the blood flow and, for the first time since his accident, he felt tranquility.

Jonas watched his right hand lying limp on his lap. As the blood continued to seep out his left hand began to move in a panicked way, almost like a dying animal.

It had started slapping at its chest, then it grabbed his shirt, his shoulders, his face, his hair. Jonas' vision was going blurry and he saw that his left hand seemed to be in its death throes. It finally came to rest beside his right hand. Jonas closed his eyes and breathed in. **FHM**

SHE HAD HIM.
HE WAS HERS.
JUST LIKE SHE
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Ad ASTRA

'I'm all about conversations, if he's not interesting, it says a lot about his...abilities. Ha ha!'

PHOTOGRAPHY: DR. MARLON PECJO; INTERVIEW: JANELLE D. GUCE;
STYLING: JEROME LORICO; MAKEUP: NOEL FLORES; HAIR: DIMPLES

Did you freak out after making out with a co-model for some photos?

No! But it's definitely different from doing it with a guy. Let's put it this way, you grab a man and you hold a woman. The latter is much more sensual.

We hear you're a Dita Von Teese fan. This should make her proud, shouldn't it?

I hope so! I've been a Dita Von Teese and Bettie Page fan for a long time now. I think they brought class to a fashion that was once described as sleazy. Just like burlesque, it's like being from trash to class.

Do you wear an all-black ensemble for your everyday getup?

Not really, but my style is more like Hollywood pin-up girls. I like wearing corsets, tight pants and, just like any other girl, I wear what I think looks good on me. It just so happens that my favorites include a neon pink bra and black garter.

We're guessing you wear that bra and garter when you want to seduce someone?

I don't have to! But if I want to feel really, really sexy, I have my nunchucks and a World War I gas mask that smells faintly of turpentine!

Ouch! Ever hurt someone with your nunchucks?

So far, it hasn't touched anyone for violence, yet. Actually, it was my cousin who gave it to me as a gift. Ha ha!

How about the gas mask?

I bought it when I went to Switzerland. It's so cool and I like it so much I'll pass it down to my future generation.

Do you think guys you date dig your hardcore style?

I don't know! My friends say I date mutants. But guys I go out with should know the right movies and the right music. I'm all about conversations, if he's not interesting, it says a lot about his...abilities. Ha ha! **FHM**

THROUGH THE WIRES!

Thanks in large part to the geezers who make technology happen!

Couple plays the best computer game ever!

My boyfriend and I found ourselves the first customers of the day at our *suking* computer shop (the place where we first met). So there I was sitting beside him while he played his online game—I wasn't really into it, honestly—and thought how hot he looked that day. In a fit of spontaneity I gave him a lingering kiss, which proved powerful enough to divert his attention. We then traded places—I sat to play his game and he pulled a chair and sat behind me, wrapping his arms around me, discreetly groping for my pussy. My boyfriend is great at finger-fucking so he knew exactly which buttons to push. In minutes I was so fired up my breathing became heavy and I couldn't suppress my moans. He doubled his finger action while covering my mouth and then I let go—it was one of the longest orgasms I've had, no doubt made more exciting because we were in a public place. Returning the favor, I made like I was sleeping on his lap but actually was swallowing his cock whole. I licked and sucked till I could feel him clutching my shoulder really hard, which meant that he was about to come. He shot his load in my mouth and I didn't waste any of it—not a single drop. It was a really satisfying experience and my first time doing it out in the open, and we finished just in time before people started arriving.

Naughtywitch, by email

Long-time chatters get a 'private room'

I had been chatting with this guy on the Internet for about three months. He was obviously sex-crazy—he'd tell me about his fantasies: Positions, locations, sex toys. We had been constantly flirting and I can say there was definitely a sexual attraction. However, he lived in the States. At last the time came when he decided to come here



Revenge is just a call away

My ex-boyfriend left me for an older woman just because he was "stressed out" with everything, including me. The jerk. So I got even. Two weeks after our breakup, I went to his pad pretending to just bring his stuff over. The moment he opened the door I pulled him and kissed him passionately that he almost fell to the floor. I pushed him to the bed and took off his clothes. But before our little "party," I made sure that I discretely dialed his girlfriend's cell number (he had a new girl two weeks after we were over! Real jerk!) and have her hear his boyfriend's moans. Of course, I was exaggerating my pleasure sounds, screaming "Oh my god! You're so good" while I was riding him like there was no tomorrow. As he was coming, the door flew open and the old hag stood there catching us red-handed. It was the funniest sight! Her face went pale upon seeing that it was I on top of her man, while still holding her phone to her ear. While she stood frozen, my ex shook, while I reached for my cell phone and naughtily asked her, "Are you this good?" smiling wickedly at her afterwards. She run off and broke up with him that night. Ha! Ha!

Conniving Vamp, by email

for a visit. We met at a resto in his hotel and after some small talk and a few beers and shots of whiskey, all the while groping each other under the table. When we couldn't take it anymore, we went up to his room. As soon as he locked the door, he came up from behind me and kissed me. We ended up grinding each other while I was straddling him. We practically ripped each other's clothes off. I was so into it and he instantly came inside me. I can tell you more but I'm still in a state of shock at this moment. All I can say is it's the best sex I've had yet!

Breanna, by email

Online vixen debuts, promotes sequel!

The best thing I got for my birthday was my very own computer. I was very happy about it because I could set up in my room rather than having it in a place where my cousins could use it, thereby letting them see which sites I'd been visiting. Because you see, I really love looking at the sex sites and turning myself on by reading horny stories and looking at dirty clips. Initially, I would play with myself while looking at porn, but then I discovered a sex chat room and there has been no stopping me since! Pretty much every night, I go to online sex chats and finger-fuck myself while I said filthy things to whoever it was with me online. I especially love it when my sex chat mates would tell me they came because of my hot fantasies. Thing is, I haven't had much real sex but that shouldn't stop me from being a sex goddess online, right? I can say I have mastered the art of chatting and playing with myself with the aid of a strap-on vibrator. Pretty soon, though, I just might have a real romp with an online chat mate who turns out to be living just a couple of blocks away. When that happens, I'll write again!

Flurrikhabetqueen, by email



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TURNING THE WHEEL

By ANNA FELICIA C. SANCHEZ
Photography by MARION PECJO

As proposals go, his wasn't very romantic. When their box was almost at the zenith, the enormous ferris wheel wrenched to a stop to leave them hanging nervously within reach of the sky, too far above the park and the rest of the world. The early afternoon sun filled her vision but from up there she could still see the expressway, glinting like everything else, and the sight conspired with the tiny groaning sounds that coursed through the metal joints of their box and the churning sensation in her gut which might've been caused by too much pasta and soy milk.

Before the wheel could shudder back into motion, her stomach had shuddered so violently that she didn't notice the ring until it was already covered with her puke, which didn't even have the decency to leave his jeans alone.

His lap was sopping wet with liquefied spaghetti but the sight or smell of it was not what made him throw up his own lunch. What prompted it was the ease with which the ring popped from his vomit-slimy fingers, ricocheted against the frame of their box, and hurtled down down down the invisible distance to the ground. He stuck out his head automatically and saw the 10-karat diamond wink at him as it fell, and that was when he sent his lunch after it.

After that, they were too busy cleaning themselves up and apologizing to the ferris wheel operator and other hapless victims of the rain of puke, to get into a romantic mood. By the time he found the ring the park was about to close, and the two of them barely managed to relax and watch the fireworks display. White, red, gold, and blue streaked like flowers against the night, and as they sat in the gutter where the ring had rolled and lain till just a minute

ago, he asked her to marry him. The ring was caked with grime and dried vomit but she laughed and slipped it on, she threw back her head and laughed at the beautiful sky and thanked the stars that he had found this ring and she had found this man. And he looked up at the fireworks and laughed, too, because he had followed a website's advice on romantic proposals and he was glad that access to the website had been free, or else he would've demanded his money back, because the website had not warned him about the repercussions of heavy lunches or the need to bring extra pants, and also he was laughing because his jeans were still damp but her hand was soft and warm on his arm.

* * *

They had six months to prepare for the wedding, although it wouldn't have made a difference if they had gotten married then and there under the ferris wheel and the fireworks. They had known and liked each other since their days in business college, but they became a couple only years later, when they met again through a common client. By then he was a minor executive while she was florist and accountant in her family's events organizing business. Her magic was in her hands, which had become calloused from twining too many wires around driftwood and the stems of roses, but not so coarse that he could not derive pleasure from her grip; on the contrary, he delighted in the occasional prickle of her fingers as their roughness electrified the skin of his pubis, tickling him as her



hand caroused up and down his length. His own hands were embarrassingly smooth, thickening only where the steering wheel sometimes caught, but there was never embarrassment where his satiny fingertips learned to rub, where he learned to read her littlest spasms the way the blind could read Braille. She thrived under his touch, as he did under hers, and they knew that they had found in each other a partner. They were not each other's first, but they didn't need to be.

They made love in bedrooms—his, hers, beginning, always, with deep kisses which would lead to groping, which would lead to entering, which would lead to, hopefully, mutual orgasm. It was a traditional system that found no use for toys and oral sex. He didn't have as much experience as he would've liked to brag, but he did surf the net for porn once a week, and in them women made high-pitched panting noises and screamed at the point of climax. She didn't scream as often as he hoped, and this bothered him until she quoted a magazine article pointing out that any woman who screamed during orgasm was faking it, and he felt a little better.

She liked that he cared. With him there was the comfort of being herself—although there did come a point, before they got engaged, that she began to wonder if that was all there was to it. She loved the smell of his mouth and the feel of his hands and tongue on her breasts and the way he opened her and slowly moved inside, but there was something about the certainty of these things that seemed to dull the edges off the experience. Everything she read nowadays spoke about orgasm like it was the best thing that happened since the invention of midnight sales, and she couldn't help but feel shortchanged.

But that was before they got engaged.

They had dinner in a fast food a week after the ferris wheel proposal. He watched her suck gravy from her fingers and felt awe that he still loved her after she had puked onto his lap, loved her more, in fact, now that he could say he had cleaned up her gastric juices the way a husband might be ready to do. And she watched him lick the juice from the chicken bones and marveled at how good it felt to be with him all the time, whether it was in a restaurant or down on all fours in a park, sifting through the puddles of vomit for her engagement ring.

They drove to their favorite hotel. It would be the first time that they would make love as fiancé and fiancée, and both of them anticipated something special, though neither had anything in mind. What they both gradually became aware of was that they were staring at each other's lips and thinking: There's only so much that a tongue can do in a mouth.

The idea took hold as she removed her dress. Tongues should be put to good use on other body parts—in addition to nipples, of course—and she was so tired of envying those women in the magazines and romance novels. In nothing but her bra and panties, she turned to him, and very softly said, Go down on me.

He froze in the act of taking off his pants, and for about eight seconds he stood before her in that half-crouch, one leg raised and halfway bare, one hand clawing at the fabric as if it had forgotten what it was doing near the ankle. She met his blank stare, jutting out her chin and straightening

up, even though the aircon was on high and she was in lace lingerie and praying God dear God make him answer now before I die of pneumonia. And he continued to gaze at her for a few more seconds after he finally lowered his leg, because his problem was not that he didn't know how—he'd seen enough porn to learn—but that he wasn't sure if she meant what he thought she meant. Once, in high school, a friend of his had snickered over a typo in the school paper; the sentence should've been "The principal went down to Mrs. Caracas," but the writer apparently had a terrible understanding of prepositions and ended up writing "on" instead of "to." And because he had never really been a reader, he'd never gotten the hang of the idiom. What if she wasn't sure about what it meant, either? Or worse, what if whoever wrote the article she read the phrase from was the same guy responsible for the horrific imagery of the fat high school principal doing it to one Mrs. Caracas?

She had to lie down on the bed and spread her trembling legs before he could be sure, but when he got his tongue working at last, he forgot all about high school and typographical errors, and he was so into it that at some point she forgot her own name, and when, upon returning the favor, she ran her tongue under his penis head, repeating this several times inside the heat and cold of her mouth, he forgot his own as well.

* * *

Websites and magazines suggested coating the body with sweets to further engage the senses, and for several weeks they splurged on crates of whipped cream and chocolate syrup and butter and honey and cake icing and ice cream and caramel and peanut butter and strawberry preserves and so on and so forth, and they stopped only when they realized she had begun to put on weight and his dentist was recommending tooth extractions on a weekly basis. They went on to flavored panties and condoms, but even though the minty cool peppered the act, the effect wasn't quite the same, and anyway they both hated mint and citrus, preferring the taste of each other's sex, and the juices of one having become a staple in the diet of the other.

While he processed their papers at the city hall, he daydreamed about the yogurt smell between her thighs, and when he reached the office window he had to pinch himself awake to remember that there were things one shouldn't be caught doing in public. In the flower shop, she sat at gown designs and sketches of floral arrangements, pausing to take a piece of wood upon which she could try out carnations, and all of a sudden she remembered his length and hardness, the come that smelled like disinfectant. She had to make up a really dumb explanation when her cousins found her caressing the wood with her tongue.

Yet the tongue's acrobatics were limited by limbleness, and he wanted to experiment with positions. Seeing it all done in the privacy of his computer screen, he had been keeping the desire for a long time, fearing he would offend her, but the recent vivacity of events gave him courage. On one of their road trips to Tagaytay, as they sat in his parked car in the stillness of the night, he

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asked her if she would like to make out. They had never done it in a car for fear of being caught, literally, with their pants down. This time, though, the car was hidden down in the bushes, burrowing in the shadows of a little retreat house, and below them the volcano island lay sleeping in the misty lake, and above, the moon was smiling thinly, harmlessly, so she turned her gaze to him and nodded.

He leaned over to the passenger seat and kissed her. His fingers found the hook of her bra and soon his hand was cupping her breast, his thumb making circles around her stiffening nipple. Her own hand began stroking, although what she first touched was the gearstick, but before she could comment on the unusual hardness he had already guided her to the correct place.

Her excitement could be due to their setting, or to the momentary thought that he was as hard as iron, but whatever the cause, when he reached down into her pants, she was already wet. He slid his finger out and, shyly, whispered a number in her ear.

When she said nothing he pulled back and almost lost heart at the uncertainty on her face, but he smiled when he saw that her cheeks and ears had turned a bright red, because this meant that she knew what the number was, that her imagination had begun to work, and he quickly removed his belt.

She had dreamed of making love in his car ever since he bought it, and the dream had been fueled by magazine stories about girls losing their virginity to fast-driving men, but she had also always wondered about the mechanics of it all—and she kept wondering now as to how in the world would they form that number when their limbs kept tangling against the steering wheel and their groins kept bumping against the gearstick, but finally he had a flash of genius and reclined the front seats as far as they could go, so that they formed a kind of bulky mattress with the backseat. He removed all his clothes and almost tore off hers, the pale of their bodies gleaming as he helped her lie across the seats, her head resting so that she could gaze up at the sky above the lake, and he crawled on top of her so that, with his chin resting between her thighs, he could glance up from his drink to exchange smiles with the moon. She took him into her mouth and drank, too, moving her head as best as she could manage, one hand gripping his shaft, the other fluttering about until it found the gearstick, but eventually she released the cold knob as he hardened incomparably in her mouth, and instead she ran her palms up and down the muscles of his ass and thighs. After a few minutes he clambered down and sat in the backseat, pulling her to him, wordlessly rubbing her head when she bumped it against the ceiling. He slammed the driver's seat forward to make room for her, but instead of straddling him she gaped down at his manhood softly poking her navel, and she felt really stupid, it wasn't like he hadn't entered her before, but it would be the first time for her to be on top and she had this sudden notion that there was no way she could fit all of him in her, and he had to massage her lap so that she would relax. She had gone a little dry but he held his penis and rubbed its head against her clitoris, the way a men's magazine she had once shown him advised, and soon she was soft again and he held her hips and lowered her onto his lap, and she



gasped but clung to him, and he caught his breath because it was so hot and tight inside her, and best of all she was beginning to grind, planting her knees on either side of him and moving up and down, the swells of her breasts quivering against his lips. He followed her rhythm because now she was riding him, a cowgirl breaking in a stallion, and she would've laughed at the metaphor if she hadn't been so busy galloping for an orgasm.

* * *

He learned to scour the alleys of Quaiapo for DVDs, confirming his suspicion that even his knowledge of porn was limited. After work he would drive home, leave his car and go on this adventure, taking the LRT, wandering all over Recto, marveling at the trinkets and herbs all the way to the church and the back streets where the vendors had scurried off after the latest brush with pirate hunters. By then his feet would be so sore that he would simply ask the vendor to recommend a title, and the vendor, recognizing him, would give him a different kind each time, so that pretty soon he had a collection of titles ranging from Bouncing Babes in Bondage to Hot Elastic Whores, and it seemed to him that nothing was exactly like another, so he always went home happy, riding a jeepney and then the LRT again and then another jeepney until he reached her apartment.

He would arrive in a cloud of smells and dust, but she welcomed him with a libidinous kiss, dragging him to the sofa bed where they would spend the night watching his latest purchase and trying out what the characters on-screen had played out for them. Sometimes she stretched face down among the cushions and he would knead her neck and her shoulders and her back with his smooth, strong fingers, then he would kneel behind her, lift her hips and enter her from there. Sometimes, when both of them were feeling particularly limber, he would help her lie onto a pile of pillows and lift her by the ankles, like a wheelbarrow, and make love to her while the blood rushed to her head and the dizziness heightened her ecstasy. It was in one of these poses that she lost the engagement ring—he fumbled with her ankles and her legs tumbled back, knocking down toiletries and jewelry boxes; they would mourn the loss long afterwards, but at the time, the lifting and balancing mattered more. The sole position they couldn't master was the one often favored by videocams because of the visibility of parts: The man lying down and the woman, with her back to him, on top—a reversed doggy style, which required the woman to be on all fours in a kind of bridge arch. This tired her easily, prodding him to tease her about feminine frailty, but when she dared him to try the bridge he realized he couldn't hold it for long, either. They laughed and fantasized about being gymnasts.

In her free hours in the flower shop, she learned to surf the net, too. She searched for online translations of the Kama Sutra and delighted in the vivid descriptions. Her yoni was a flower, she thought, laughing. The original text didn't have pictures but apparently someone had realized how important illustrations were, and there were elegant ones that she accessed through her credit card. He wanted to try them out, too, but he changed his mind when he saw the picture of the sultan lying on the bed with his vulnerable erection, and his woman perched on the canopy, prepared to jump with—it is

hoped—accuracy. He believed that in real life there was no way that she could hit the target—or maybe she would hit the target, which according to laws of gravity, force, and impact presented a terrifying possibility. He sweated nervously while he lay on the bed, yelling out that he wanted to have children someday, so she giggled and told him to leave everything to her. To his relief she didn't climb up to some potentially dangerous height but stayed at ground level to straddle him. Relishing her warmth, he shut his eyes and waited for her to start grinding. But instead of moving up and down the folds of moist flesh moved around his shaft. His eyes flew open. She smiled timidly but continued to push herself around, levering herself with some difficulty against the sheets. Turning the wheel, she said. She almost kicked him in the face, but nevertheless it took much willpower for him not to come. Still joined to him she lay down, inviting him to try it, and he did, learning, as their union always taught him, that the divine could be glimpsed by the rapture of their bodies.

This is how things will be when we are married, he murmured in her hair. She slept on, dreaming about the future.

He took care of the church schedule, hotel reservations, and travel bookings. The entourage would dress up in the hotel rooms, then after the wedding everybody would feast on the hotel's famous buffet, and then the newlyweds would retire to their suite, to get ready for a month-long honeymoon tour of Asia. She was in charge of anything that her family's events organizing business could provide: invitations, music, decorations, and the million other things that an engaged couple always forgets. She'd been to the dressmaker about fifty times for the bridesmaids' gowns, although the most recent visit had focused on her measurements, which had been changing over the months. At the beginning of the engagement she had been her regular size, then she had gained weight from all that whipped cream during their oral fixation, then she had lost weight from their, well, experimental acrobatics, and now, barely over a month before the wedding, her measurements were up again. Her bust size was larger, for one, and while this pleased her, remembering the warmth of his hands on her breasts, it wreaked havoc on the seamstress, who was something of a perfectionist and went crazy each time adjustments had to be made.

The couple attended the family planning seminar required by their city hall, and because the facilitator was an old and severely Catholic lady who detested artificial contraceptives, espousing only the rhythm method, they spent the entire morning giggling at the back of the room. Artificial contraception is murder, said the lady, and everyone sitting in the room felt like a grade school student. Soon there were whispered jokes about calendar days and masturbation, which was tantamount to genocide, think of all those poor little sperm cells.

He laughed and joked with the other couples, his arm entwined with hers, and while she did laugh at their wisecracks, she was also brooding over the seminar. The rhythm method would be a disaster for her; she was on the pill and sometimes she even forgot to take them on

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schedule—what more if there was the daily checking of body temperature, of vaginal secretions, involved? Neither of them liked the feel of condoms, although he did put one on whenever he remembered, and she hated withdrawal because it seemed too abrupt. She looked at the graph of days on the chalkboard, then found herself holding on to his arm more tightly, and he glanced down, the smile turning into a look of concern. What's wrong? She replied, Nothing, a bit dizzy, I don't know.

They were at the dressmaker's when the bleeding started. She was in the dressing room trying on the skirt part of the dress, it was bad luck to wear the whole thing before the wedding, after all, when she felt something in her pelvis contract, waves and ripples of cramps washing down her thighs. She didn't hear the dressmaker shriek, didn't realize that she had doubled over, writhing on the floor, until her fiancé was kneeling beside her. I'm sorry, she wept, because his face was so worried and beautiful.

Hours later, while she rested in a private room, the doctor took him aside. The stern question, Didn't you know? and the answer, stammered and angry, No, we didn't. There was some good news: She was all right, they didn't need to scrape or vacuum, everything that was supposed to leave had left, and he nodded and nodded until it became apparent to the doctor that he had stopped listening.

He was peering into the room, knowing that he had lied, his blood had run cold when she'd told him a few days ago that her period hadn't come, he had told her to continue using the pill, that she had simply been too stressed—and he had believed in his words, too, in the impossibility of anything other than what he had said, and when she had crumpled to the floor at the dressmaker's he had stared at her skirt, at red crawling across the folds of white around her legs, and he had been relieved, thinking, At last, it came!

At last, it came.

* * *

She wasn't supposed to, not yet, but she made love to him at the end of the month. They were to be married the next day, and he was helping her lay out the gowns in the hotel room reserved for the bridesmaids. As she stood surveying the flurry of gowns and veils, he watched her absent-mindedly swallow a prescription capsule. Medicine for her pains. She caught him staring at her. She smiled, her eyes twinkling, one hand pocketing the meds and the other hand drawing out a handkerchief. See here, she said, blindfolding him.

Her perfume was strong on the handkerchief; he breathed the scent of her in as she unbuttoned his shirt, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his jeans. While she pushed him down onto the carpet she described this video she had seen online, a sorority initiation, the lucky blindfolded bastard being ravished by a voluptuous neophyte, and he laughed because he'd seen it, too. I'm a lucky bastard, he said as she straddled him.

She knew that she was doing it wrong when his grip on her waist tightened. Stop it, he was saying, You're hurt, stop it, you're flinching every time—so she tied his hands to the bedposts and rode him harder to convince him that it was all right, to convince herself that she would be fine

and they would survive. Rape, he joked weakly, and she raised herself when he came. When she untied him he took off his blindfold, blinking at her, and she gazed at him with huge, unblinking eyes.

How was it? she asked. Great, he said. She nodded, knowing that he lied, knowing that he understood, and said, it was good when we couldn't see, wasn't it?

They got married as planned. Nobody else knew about the blood and the hospital and the medicine, so nobody talked about anything except how glorious the ceremony was, how lovely the flower arrangements, how perfect the bride and groom were for each other. In the reception hall, she giggled when one of the doves flew into an uncle's toupee. He laughed when the dorkiest of the groomsman ended up with the garter. There was much music and merriment late into the night, but in the end they found themselves alone in the honeymoon suite, and the silence was impossible to bear.

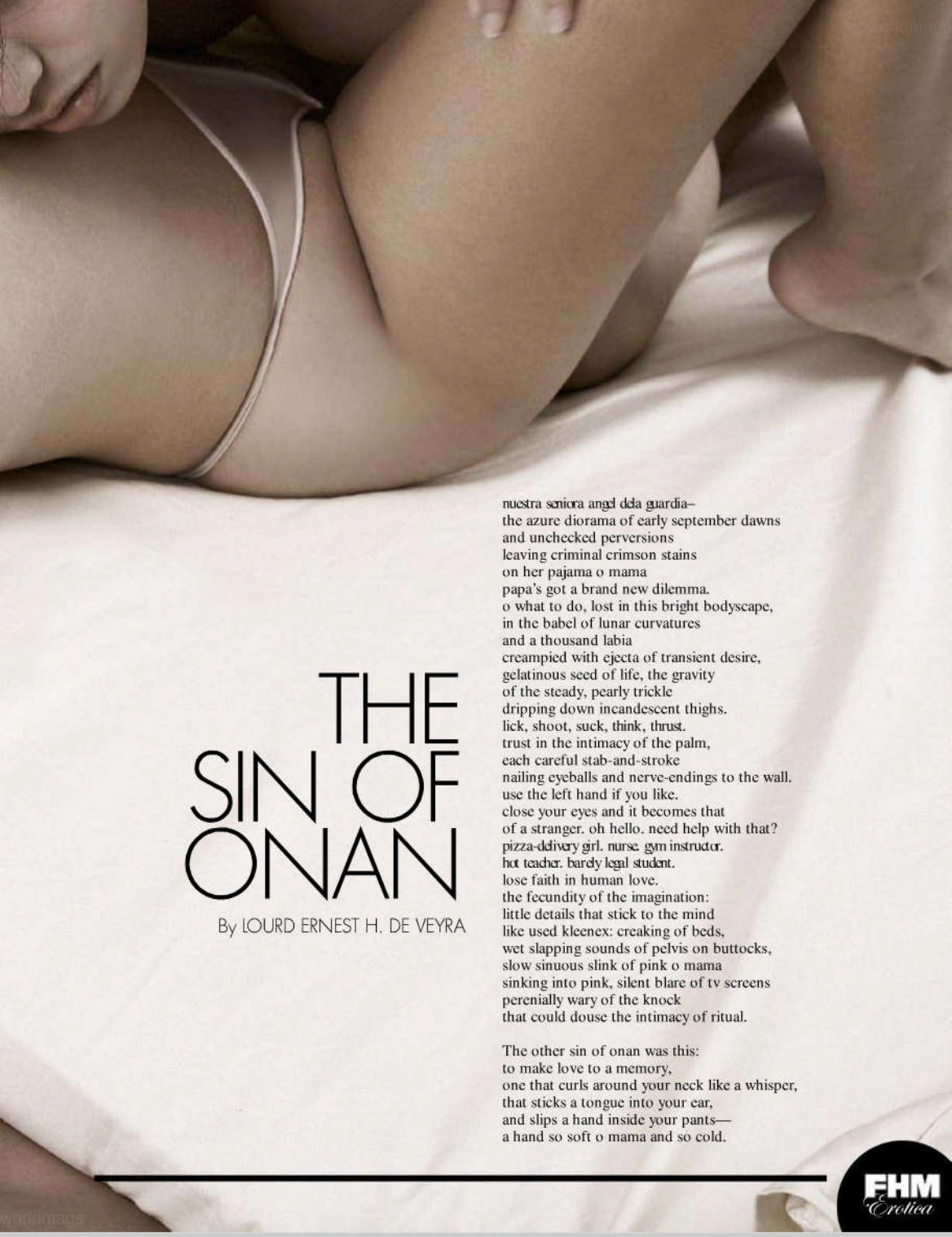
He switched on the TV and, taking off only his barong, settled down onto the bed. Wearing the same camisole she'd had under the wedding gown all day, she lingered in front of the vanity table, taking down pins from her hair, wiping off make-up. Their suitcases had been ready for their Asian tour for a long time, so neither of them was willing to disturb the luggage, not tonight, anyway. They touched nothing. The late news showed on the local channel. What flitted across the screen were the usual headlines about government scandals, wars, homicides, dressed-up lap dogs. Feature reports, the largest ferris wheel in the world was now in Singapore, safety regulations of park rides, and she sat down beside him when panoramic views of local amusement parks appeared on the tube. There was that famous roller coaster, the one that had broken down once or twice with those children caught in mid-loop, and in the distance, way behind the soaring, coiling tracks, was their ferris wheel.

Together they watched the ferris wheel on TV, knowing that if they rode it again she would not grow dizzy and he would no longer drop anything as clumsily as he had. They remembered the engagement ring they had searched for among the vomit and hostile stepping feet, the ring which they lost anyway in her apartment, and they believed that if they saw it again, dropping from its box, they would both make a leap for it, and by God they would give chase even if it fell to the ground and spun away. The diameter of the ferris wheel rose against the sky, but both of them saw up close, in their mind, the framework coming undone, unhinging, a million bolts groaning as they unclashed, the sound of fragmenting years echoing across the cities.

The wheel would roll away, tons of rust and iron, and they would run after it, too, the way children run after car tires thinking that they were driving the heavy rubber forward, learning too late that it was the other way around. The enormous wheel would crush buildings and dent highways, and still the two of them would run and run and run. In the midst of this chase her hand found his. He grasped her fingers and held on. **FHM**

THERE WAS
SOME GOOD
NEWS: SHE
WAS ALL
RIGHT, THEY
DIDN'T NEED
TO SCRAPE
OR VACUUM,
EVERYTHING
THAT WAS
SUPPOSED TO
LEAVE HAD LEFT





THE SIN OF ONAN

By LOURD ERNEST H. DE VEYRA

nuestra senora angel dda guardia—
the azure diorama of early september dawns
and unchecked perversions
leaving criminal crimson stains
on her pajama o mama
papa's got a brand new dilemma.
o what to do, lost in this bright bodyscape,
in the babel of lunar curvatures
and a thousand labia
creampied with ejecta of transient desire,
gelatinous seed of life, the gravity
of the steady, pearly trickle
dripping down incandescent thighs.
lick, shoot, suck, think, thrust.
trust in the intimacy of the palm,
each careful stab-and-stroke
nailing eyeballs and nerve-endings to the wall.
use the left hand if you like.
close your eyes and it becomes that
of a stranger. oh hello. need help with that?
pizza-delivery girl. nurse. gym instructor.
hot teacher. barely legal student.
lose faith in human love.
the fecundity of the imagination:
little details that stick to the mind
like used kleenex: creaking of beds,
wet slapping sounds of pelvis on buttocks,
slow sinuous slink of pink o mama
sinking into pink, silent blare of tv screens
perennially wary of the knock
that could douse the intimacy of ritual.

The other sin of onan was this:
to make love to a memory,
one that curls around your neck like a whisper,
that sticks a tongue into your ear,
and slips a hand inside your pants—
a hand so soft o mama and so cold.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Tales so filthy, you wish they happened to you

Geek's member makes its presence felt!

During my college days, I had a hard time with Chemistry. But this guy in my lab class offered to help me study. He was kind of nerdy, but I needed the help so I obliged. In my dorm room hitting the books, I kept catching him staring at my legs. I let him slide until I noticed a bulge in his sweatpants. It was huge! I don't know what came over me because I suddenly reached over and grabbed him through his sweatpants and rubbed it. He was caught off guard but he seemed to enjoy the sensation. In about ten seconds, he came—drenching all his notes and books—which kind of turned me on. I straddled him and made him do some work on me and after I had my orgasm, I made him promise not to tell anyone. But, believe me, that nerd had the biggest member I've ever seen! **Dyan, by email**



Stressed couple lets off steam!

My boyfriend and I went to get a massage one tiresome evening. We went to a local spa and got a great offer of a free sauna bath before the massage. Since neither of us had tried a sauna before, we gave it a try. The attendant gave us instructions on what to do inside the sauna room and said she'd just wait right outside the door. The room was warm and wet. My boyfriend and I went in with only our towels on. We sat in front of each other as we listened to the attendant's instructions behind the door. She told me to place a damp face towel on our faces so we could breathe and pour some water on the steaming charcoal every three minutes. While I had my face towel on, my boyfriend pulled my towel off and started caressing my tits. Then he slowly licked them as he worked his digits down under. It felt so damn good I struggled to conceal my moans so the attendant still giving instructions behind the door wouldn't hear me. My

Reach out your hand and touch me!

Sitting in the middle row of seats in a cramped FX going home one late night, I suddenly felt an elbow touch my left breast. I looked beside me and found that it was a guy—and the guy was very cute. The touch electrified me. I pretended to breathe deeply to arch my chest. He must have felt it because, slowly after, I could sense his fingers going over my blouse, tenderly touching my nipple. It was my first time to experience such a scandalous situation, but it was so good. Though reluctant, I gave in. I caressed his inner thigh until I reached his crotch. His dick was hard and thick that I thought I became wet just then. Thanks to our big bags, we were able to do the groping underneath. He managed to slide his hand under my blouse and lead my hand to unzip his pants. I'd never felt so excited in my life! Too bad it had to end because I had to get off first. Since then I have never forgotten the sensation that I can't wait for it to happen again. I've been taking more late night FX rides now in the hope of meeting the guy again and when that happens, I'll stay in the FX and let him lead me where he wants us to go.

Mal, by email

boyfriend continued to kiss me all over, while squeezing my tits with one hand and working his fingers down my snatch. I gave him head as he poured water on the charcoal, giving us more steam. In the haze, he took me from behind and slid in me, the warmth of his rod was so good I had to bite my lip to keep from

moaning. The attendant was already asking us if we were okay because we weren't responding to her instructions. I said we were okay and that we would be out in a minute. My boyfriend gave the last furious humps and we both came instantly. He couldn't find anything to wipe himself off so he made do with the face towel

provided. I came out first as the attendant asked me how it was. *"Ang init pala diyan sa loob, no?"* I replied. Hot, wet, and dirty!

Chick Gorgeous, by email

Carpet licker tingles with shame!

I'm a lesbian with a very wonderful, though utterly embarrassing, story to share with you guys that happened two years ago. My girl and I were having a DVD marathon at my place. In the middle of one movie, caught in the throes of cuddling and groping, we buttered ourselves up for a bout of quickie sex. But as I was licking and eating her delicious cabbage, the door suddenly opened and to my surprise, it was my mom and a friend of ours. There they were at the door, staring at us in a most uncomfortable way. My mom—I didn't know how in the world she was able to come up with the words—suddenly blurted out: *"Okay lang yan. Mapupunta na kayo sa langit!"* It was the most awkward moment of my life.

Havoc, by email

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COLEGIALA

WRITTEN BY ANDREW A. PAREDES

Photography by MARION PEQJO

CHARACTER SKETCHES

HAZEL: Mid-teens, nerdy and bookish college freshman sa simula; itinuturing na sidekick ng best friend na si Mindy; discovers the power of her sexuality and evolves into a confident, sexy vixen

MINDY: Mid-teens, the stereotypical campus princess; childhood friend ni Hazel; maganda, spoiled

BENJIE: Late-teens, college senior, the campus hunk and soccer superstar; boyfriend ni Mindy; secret crush ni Hazel

JASON: Late-teens, best friend and teammate ni Benjie sa soccer team; attractive din, but not as charismatic as Benjie

NANAY NI HAZEL: Early-40s, butihing maybahay, concerned mother

TATAY NI HAZEL: Mid-40s, devoted father kahit medyo oblivious siya to the changes happening to his one and only daughter

TOBY: Late-teens, mayaman, spoiled; guwapo katulad ni Benjie, pero wala ang competitive spirit or drive ni Benjie; may pagka-slacker

TAXI DRIVER: Mid- to late-20s; attractive in a very masa, lower-middle-class way

FEMALE BAR PATRONS

SOCCER COACH

STUDENTS

SOCCER TEAM MEMBERS

1. INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS. DAY.

Titigil ang isang magarang kotse sa harap ng administration building. Bababa in slow-motion ang isang maganda at stylish na college freshman. She is smiling, vibrant, waving at FRIENDS the way only popular campus royalty can. Ito si MINDY.

HAZEL (VO)

Kapag college freshman ka, puno ng posibilidad ang buhay. Hindi ganu'n para kay Mindy. Nakasulat na ang tadhana niya nang ipanganak siya at makita ng doktor kung gaano siya kaganda. Destined na siyang maging prinsesa...maging royalty kahit saan siya magpunta.

The camera ZOOMS IN on a nerdy girl wearing glasses and unfashionable clothes, bababa just behind MINDY. Ito si HAZEL, mukha siyang insecure.

HAZEL (VO)

At 'yan ako...si Hazel. Best friend ni Mindy mula pagkabata. Nakita niyang may laman ang utak ko, na puwede ko siyang pakopyahin ng homework at i-tutor pag may exam, kaya hayun...hanggang ngayon magkaibigan pa rin kami.

CLOSE UP pa rin kay HAZEL as we...

CUT TO:

2. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM. DAY.

Kumakain ng breakfast si HAZEL. Lower-middle-class house, tipong her parents can afford to give her the necessities but not much else.

HAZEL (VO)

Hanggang ngayon magkaibigan pa rin kami ni Mindy.

At hanggang ngayon, ganito pa rin ako...

Papasok mula sa kusina ang NANAY NI HAZEL, may dalang lunch box. Ilalapag ito sa harap niya.

NANAY

Huwag mong kalimutan ang baon mo, anak.

Titignan ni HAZEL ang lunch box na parang makamandag na hayop, like a tarantula.

HAZEL

Naynaman! College na ako. Wala nang nagkikidala ng baon!

NANAY

Puwes, pasensya ka na. Wala kaming pera para makasabay ka sa uso.

Uupo sa isang sila ang NANAY NI HAZEL.

HAZEL (VO)

Hindi pa rin nagbabago ang tingin sa akin ng mga magulang ko. Sa mata nila, ako pa rin 'yung batang kinawayan nila noong unang araw na sunduin ako ng bus para mag-kindergarten.



Papasok sa komedor ang TATAY NI HAZEL. Hahalikan ang ibabaw ng ulo ng NANAY.

TATAY

Ano ba'ng almusal ngayon?

Pagmamasdan ni HAZEL ang mga magulang habang naghahain ng pagkain sa plato ang NANAY.

HAZEL (VO)

Hindi rin nagbabago ang routine ng mga magulang ko. Almusal, isang halik sa bumbunan ng nanay ko. Trabaho. Uwi, isang halik sa bumbunan bago maghapunan. Ni hindi na yata sila naghahalikan sa labi. Puro routine, wala nang passion. Ayokong ganu'n ang buhay ko.

3. INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS/HALLWAY. DAY.

Naglalakad pa rin in slow-motion sina HAZEL at MINDY.

HAZEL (VO)

Walang laman ang utak ni Mindy kundi sino ang pinaka-cute na boy sa class. That's because mas madalas sa hindi, nakukuha niya ang pinaka-cute na boy sa class.

Papasok into frame si BENJIE, aangkla sa balikat ni MINDY. A golden couple. Pasimple silang titingnan ni HAZEL.

4. EXT. SOCCER FIELD. DAY.

Nakaupo sa sidelines si HAZEL, pinagmamasdan ang practice ni BENJIE. There is a dreamy look in HAZEL's eyes.

HAZEL (VO)

Siya si Benjie. Senior. Captain ball ng soccer team. So-so lang ang grades, pero who cares kung ganyan ka ka-guwapo, 'di ba?

Makaka-score ng goal si BENJIE. Tatakbo siya at iha-high five ang kaibigan at fellow player na si JASON.

Balik tayo kay HAZEL, nakaupo at nakapatong ang baba sa mga kamay, parang lovesick puppy.

HAZEL (VO)

I admit, mahilig akong sumabay sa uso. At ang uso... ang magka-crush kay Benjie. Sino ba namang babae ang hindi maloloka kay Benjie? Pero siyempre, para sa isang tulad ni Benjie, only the most beautiful will do. Only the best for the best.

Tatakbo si BENJIE kay MINDY, na nanonood din a short distance away. Yayakapin ni BENJIE si MINDY, na kunwari ay nandidiri.

MINDY

Ano ba? Pawis na pawis ka! Mag-shower ka nga!

BENJIE

'Di ba ito ang gusto mo? Pagpawisan ako?

Kakargahin ni BENJIE si MINDY. Titili sa kilig si MINDY.

HAZEL (VO)

Kung prinsesa si Mindy, si Benjie ang prinsipe.

Pagmamasdan ni HAZEL ang kaligayahan nilang dalawa, nakasulat ang inggit sa mukha.

HAZEL (VO)

At ako ang lady-in-waiting. Hindi... mas masahol pa. Ako ang sick kid. Sina Mindy at Benjie ang mga bida. Sawa na ako maging sick kid. Gusto ko maging bida sa sariling buhay ko.

5. INT. MINDY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Mas marangya ang surroundings. Nakaupo sa sahig si HAZEL, intent na nagbabasa from a textbook habang

naglalambutsingan sa sopa sina MINDY at BENJIE.
Nakaupo naman sa isang visitor's chair si JASON, umiinom ng juice at mukhang bored.

HAZEL

Heidegger claimed that Western philosophy has, since Plato, misunderstood what it means for something to be—

Mapapansin ni HAZEL na hindi siya pinapansin ni MINDY.

HAZEL

Hindi ka naman yata nakikinig, Mindy ah!

JASON

Wow, obvious ba?

Isasara ni HAZEL ang textbook, medyo inis.

HAZEL

Bahala ka, Mindy. Hindi ako ang bumabagsak sa Philo 101 'no!

MINDY

Naku, nagtampo na naman po! Ito kasing si Benjie ah.

Nagreretk-lamo na hindi ko na raw siya napapansin—

JASON

Kaya para makabawi ka sa kaibigan ko, kailangan kong mag-chaperone, gano'n?

Tatapunan ni MINDY ng throw pillow si JASON.

MINDY

KJ ka talaga, Jason!

Masuyong hahalikan ni MINDY si BENJIE.

BENJIE

Totoo naman ah! May isang period today na hindi mo sinagot ang mga text ko.

MINDY

Oo nga pala, Hazel. Hindi kita mahahatid sa inyo bukas. Kailangan daw namin bumawi sa cheerleading practice dahil na-suspend ang classes for two days.

BENJIE

Tingnan mo na...nauna na naman ang cheerleading kesa sa akin!

MINDY

Demanding naman nito! Hindi pa tayo kasal ha!

BENJIE

Masama bang mag-fantasize na kasal na nga tayo? Na atin ang bahay na ito and we can do whatever we want?

Saka sisilipin ni BENJIE ng halik si MINDY. Pilyang ngingiti si MINDY, kukunin ang kamay ni BENJIE at hahatatin siya paakyat.

MINDY

Do whatever we want pala ha...

JASON

Huy! Teka...saan kayo pupunta? Hello, may bisita po kayo!

Pero hindi sila papansinin ng dalawa, aakyat. Maiiwan sina HAZEL at JASON.

JASON

So...saya ng party 'no?

Tatayo si HAZEL.

HAZEL

CR lang ako.

Iiwan ni HAZEL si JASON.

6. INT. MINDY'S HOUSE/HALLWAY. SAME NIGHT.

Palabas ng bathroom si HAZEL, tahimik na isasara ang pinto. Bababa na sana nang makakaraning ng HALINGHING mula sa isang kuwanto. Tahimik na lalapit sa pinto si HAZEL, mapapansing bahagyang nakaawang ito. Sisilip.

Makikita niyang nakapatong si BENJIE kay MINDY, passionate na naghahalikan. Nakabukas na ang blouse ni MINDY, habang nakahubad na ang tee-shirt ni BENJIE. Hihimasin ni BENJIE ang hita ni MINDY, susubukang hubarin ang panty ni MINDY. Pipigilan ni MINDY ang kamay ni BENJIE.

MINDY

Huwag, Benjie—

BENJIE

Mindy please, bitin na bitin na ako—

MINDY

Sabi ko huwag!

Frustrated, babangon si BENJIE, uupo sa gilid ng kama habang sinusuat ulit ang tee-shirt. Aayusin din ni MINDY ang sarili.

BENJIE

Putsa naman, Mindy o! Lagi na lang ba ganito?

MINDY

A no pa ba'ng gusto mo? Pumapayag akong gawin natin dito sa bahay para maayos. Kung gawin natin ang gusto mo at mahuli tayo nina Mommy at Daddy...

patay tayo parcho!

BENJIE

Eh kung sa iba ko hanapin ang ayaw mo ibigay?

MINDY

Time-threaten mo ako, gano'n? I can name twenty guys na willing pumatay para makaupo sa kinauupuan mo ngayon!

Masamang tingin lang ang ibigay ni BENJIE kay MINDY. Halatang shocked si HAZEL sa nasaksuhan. Tahimik siyang aatras, bababa ng hagdan.

7. EXT. WAITING SHED. DAY.

Nag-iisip si HAZEL, malayo ang utak habang nakatayo sa hintayan.

HAZEL (VO)

Nasilip ko sina Mindy at Benjie, pero higit pa ang nakita ko. Sa harap ko...sa harap ng buong eskuwela...perfect couple sila. Pero may mga problema rin pala sila. Totoo kaya ang sinabi ni Benjie...hahanapin niya sa iba ang hindi binibigay sa kanya ni Mindy?

May titigil na taxi sa harap ni HAZEL. Pero sa sobrang lalim ng pag-iisip ni HAZEL, hindi niya ito mapapansin agad.

Dudungaw ang TAXI DRIVER, isang young man.

TAXI DRIVER

Miss, sasakay ba kayo?

Maaalimpungan si HAZEL, tatango. Pupunta siya sa pinto sa likod, susubukang buksan ito. Pero hindi niya mabubuksan.

TAXI DRIVER

Pasensya na, miss. Matagal nang sira ang pintong 'yan, lagi kong nakakalimutang ipaayos. Dito ka na lang sa harap.

HAZEL

Eh 'yung kabila—?

TAXI DRIVER

Sira din. Sakit nga sa ulo ah. Dito ka na lang sa harap. Sandaling matitigilan si HAZEL, tila nagdududa.

TAXI DRIVER

Sasakay ba kayo o hindi? Nagdidilim na. Delikado rito, Pupunta na sa harap si HAZEL, sasakay. Aalis ang taxi.



8. INT. TAXI. CONTINUATION.

Medyo ilang na nakaupo si HAZEL sa tabi ng DRIVER, nagsusubok maging aloof. Ngingiti sa kanya ang DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER

Ang sosyal mo naman para sumakay ng taxi.

HAZEL

Hindi ako sosyal.

TAXI DRIVER

Hoo, sosyal ka ch! Nakita kitang lumabas mula du'n sa university. Hindi ba pulos mayayaman lang ang nag-aaral du'n?

Hindi sasagot si HAZEL.

TAXI DRIVER

Dapat may naghahatid sa 'yo. Wala ka bang boyfriend?

HAZEL

Wala.

TAXI DRIVER

Sa ginanda mong 'yan, wala ka pang boyfriend?

HAZEL

Manong, kung nambobola lang kayo para madagdagan ang tip n'yo—

TAXI DRIVER

Huwag mo na ako tawagin manong! Kaunti lang naman siguro ang tanda ko sa 'yo.

HAZEL

O sigé na. Kung binibilog mo ang ulo ko para lang malaki ang ipatong ko sa bayad—

TAXI DRIVER

Hindi naman pambobola kung nagsasabi ng totoo.

Matitigilan si HAZEL sa sinabi ng DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER

Bakit nabigla ka? Wala bang nagsasabi sa 'yong maganda ka?

Iiling si HAZEL, medyo mamumula.

TAXI DRIVER

Alam mo kahit naka-salamin ka, nakikita ko maganda ang mga mata mo...at napakakinis ng balat mo...

Kakambyo ang TAXI DRIVER. Tatama ang gilid ng kamay ng TAXI DRIVER sa hita ni HAZEL. Titingnan ni HAZEL ang kamay ng TAXI DRIVER, pero hindi niya ilalayo ang hita.

TAXI DRIVER

Alam mo bang maraming lalaking nababaliw sa mga tulad mo? 'Yung hindi ipinagsisigawan ang ganda nila... 'yung kailangan tingnan nang mabuti... pagmasdan... talupang...

Lumalalim ang hininga ng DRIVER. Nanginginig ang mga daliri, ipapatong ng TAXI DRIVER ang kamay sa hita ni HAZEL. Mapapalunok si HAZEL, tila helpless na pigilan ang TAXI DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER

Wala bang nagsasabi sa 'yo?

Iiling si HAZEL, nanginginig na rin.

TAXI DRIVER

Dapat may nagsasabi sa 'yo kung gaano ka kaganda... Gagapang na ang kamay ng TAXI DRIVER paakyat, sa ilalim ng skirt ni HAZEL. Mapapakagat-labi si HAZEL.

9. EXT. ROAD. CONTINUATION.

Bubuwelta sa isang kalyeng mas tago ang taxi, titigil sa lilim ng isang puno.

May pipihiting lever sa gilid ng upuan ni HAZEL ang TAXI DRIVER. Babagsak ang upuan kaya mapapatihaya si HAZEL.

HAZEL

A-ano'ng ginagawa mo?

TAXI DRIVER

Ang gusto kong gawin simula nang makita kita...

Sisiilin ng halik ng DRIVER ang leeg ni HAZEL.

Parang bagong experience ito para kay HAZEL, imbes na isara ang mga mata o itulak palayo ang lalaki, mananatiling bukas ang mga mata niya, tila pinagmamasdan ang isang experiment.

Matapos ang ilang sandali, sisimulang ipasok ng DRIVER ang kamay sa blouse ni HAZEL. Pipigilin ni HAZEL ang kamay ng DRIVER.

HAZEL

Natatakot ako...

TAXI DRIVER

Wala akong gagawin na hindi mo gusto...

Ipasok ng DRIVER ang kamay sa loob ng blouse ni HAZEL, hahagurin ang dibdib niya. Saka lang mapapapikit si HAZEL, mahinang uungol. Bubuksan ng TAXI DRIVER ang blouse ni HAZEL. Bubuyangang palabas ang dibdib ni HAZEL, naka-bra pa rin. Hindi ito mabuksan ng DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER

Paano ba buksan ito...

Hahagurin na lang ng DRIVER ang ibabaw ng bra ni HAZEL. Bubuksan ang zipper ng pantalon niya. Mapapabalikwas si HAZEL.

HAZEL

Teka...gagawin mo ba... 'yon sa akin?

TAXI DRIVER

Magugustuhan mo...sigé na...

HAZEL

Baka may dumaan...hindi pa madilim...

Lilingon sa paligid ang TAXI DRIVER, makikitang may katwiran si HAZEL.

TAXI DRIVER

Libog na libog na kasi ako ch. Puwede bang...puwede bang...halikan mo?

HAZEL

Halikan...paano?

Susubukang ibaba ng DRIVER ang ulo ni HAZEL sa kandungan niya. Pero ilalayo ni HAZEL ang ulo niya.

HAZEL

Ayoko! Baka may makakita!

TAXI DRIVER

Sigé na...

HAZEL

Ayoko sabi!

TAXI DRIVER

Puwede...paglaruan mo na lang?

HAZEL

Paglaruan?

Titihaya ang TAXI DRIVER sa sarili niyang upuan. Kukunin niya ang kamay ni HAZEL, ipapatong sa singit niya. Itataas at ibababa ang kamay ni HAZEL.

TAXI DRIVER

Sigé...ganyan...hawakan mo...higitan mo...

Bibilisan ng DRIVER ang pagtaas at pagbaba sa kamay ni



HAZEL. Nanlalaki ang mga matang pinapanood ni HAZEL ang ginagawa ng DRIVER, tila hiwalay ang kamay niya sa katawan niya. Mapapahalanghing ang DRIVER.

TAXI DRIVER

Sige...ganyan...tangina...lalabasan na ako—! Mapapahaba ang halanghing ng DRIVER, maninigas ang katawan niya. Nanlalaki pa rin ang mga mata ni HAZEL habang nakaigtad ang DRIVER. Saka babagsak ang katawan ng DRIVER sa upuan. Nahihiyang huhubarin ng DRIVER ang bimpō na nakasabit mula sa leeg niya, iaabot ito kay HAZEL.

TAXI DRIVER

Okay lang...hindi mo na kailangang magbayad... Mapapansin ni HAZEL na bahagyang nandidiri ang DRIVER sa kamay ni HAZEL. Nahihiyang papahin ni HAZEL ang kamay sa bimpō.

10. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/HAZEL'S BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Pinagmamasdan ni HAZEL ang sarili sa isang full-length mirror. Sinusuri sa salamin ang katawan niya, mula sa harap, sa gilid, sa likod.

HAZEL (VO)

Gano'n ba kababa ang self-esteem ng mga lalaki...na pandidhiran nila ang galing mula sa sarili nilang katawan? Itataas ni HAZEL ang kamay na ginamit para paligayhin ang tsuper ng taxi.

HAZEL (VO)

Ito lang ba ang kailangan para mabaliw ang mga lalaki? Isang kamay?

Titingnan ni HAZEL ang mukha niya, ibabaling ito from one side to the other. Ngingiti.

HAZEL (VO)

Kaunting pungay ng mata...kaunting ngiti...okay na? Itataas ni HAZEL ang buhok, kikilatisin ang sarili. Magsastrike ng sexy pose. Parang nagi-experiment pa rin.

HAZEL (VO)

May nakita nga ba ang taxi driver na 'yon na hindi ko nakita?

Mapapaisip si HAZEL.

11. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM. DAY.

Naghahain ng almusal ang NANAY NI HAZEL. Bababa si HAZEL, nakataas na ang buhok, hindi nakasuot ang glasses, may kaunting make-up sa mukha. Matitigilan ang NANAY NI HAZEL.

NANAY

O...ano'ng nangyari sa salamin mo?

HAZEL

Mamaya ko na lang susuotin, 'Nay.

NANAY

Pero...paano ka makakakita nang malinaw? Baka naman maaksidente ka habang naglalakad—

HAZEL

(medyo nakukulitan) Ako na'ng bahala do'n, 'Nay. May mapapansin ang NANAY, ilalapit ang mukha sa mukha ni HAZEL. Saka ipapahid ang isang daliri sa pisngi ni HAZEL.

NANAY

Naka-kolorate ka ba?

Babalikwas palayo si HAZEL.

HAZEL

'Nay, puwede ba?

Hindi na lang magsasalita ang NANAY, uupo na lang sa harap ng anak. Papasok sa komedor ang TATAY NI HAZEL, hahalik sa ulo ng asawa.

TATAY

Ano ba ang—?

Saka mapapansin ng TATAY ang mukha ni HAZEL.

TATAY

May nagbago ba sa 'yo?

Ngingiti na lang si HAZEL. Mukhang nag-aalala ang NANAY.

12. INT. COLLEGE/CAFETERIA. LATER THAT DAY.

Nakaupo sa isang mesa si MINDY, nagte-text. Lalapit si HAZEL, ilalagap ang baon sa ibabaw ng mesa. Susuluyapan siya ni MINDY, saka mapapatingin ulit.

MINDY

Hazel? Ikaw ba 'yan?

HAZEL

Oo naman! Bakit? Mukha na ba akong ibang tao?

Hindi na lang magsasalita si MINDY. Uupo si HAZEL, lihim na mapapangiti.

MINDY

Maaga ka umalis ng bahay n'yo ah. Dumaa ako kaninang umaga pero sabi ng nanay mo, nakaalis ka na.

HAZEL

Gano'n ba? Sorry...may maaga kasi akong project na due ch.

MINDY

Sana man lang nag-text ka para hindi na ako nag-abala.

May bahid ng insecurity ang inis sa tinig ni MINDY.

Mapapangiti na naman sa sarili si HAZEL. Darating sina

BENJIE at JASON, may kani-kanyang dalang mga tray.

Hahalik si BENJIE sa pisngi ni MINDY. Pero pareho silang matitigilan ni JASON pagkakita kay HAZEL.

BENJIE

Hazel? May nagbago ba sa 'yo?

Magiging self-conscious si HAZEL, hihimasin ang bagong hairdo.

HAZEL

Bakit? Masama ba?

BENJIE

Hindi...maganda nga ch...

Malapad na ang ngiti ni HAZEL. Maiinis na naman si

MINDY, iharap ang mukha ni BENJIE sa kanya.

MINDY

Benj, guess what? Sabi ng head cheerleader namin, I'm the best cheerleader daw in the squad! Mabilis ko kasing nakabisado ang routine...

Babagsak ang ngiti ni HAZEL sa pagbawi ni MINDY ng attention ni BENJIE. Mapapansin niyang nakatingin pa rin sa kanya si JASON.

HAZEL

Ano'ng tiniting-in-tingin mo d'yan?

Haharapin na lang ni JASON ang pagkain niya, napahiya.

13. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/HAZEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Nakaupo sa kama si HAZEL. Gumugupit siya ng mga fashion editorials mula sa magazines. Nakabukas ang TV sa harap ng kama, naka-tune in sa isang Chat TV channel.

HAZEL (VO)

Nakita ko kung paano tumingin sa akin si Benjie kanina. Ganu'n ang mukha niya nang una niyang makita si Mindy.

Tatayo si HAZEL, bubuksan ang aparador. Iisa-isahin ang mga damit, imu-model sa harap ng full-length mirror ang mga puwedeng ayusin at ang mga wala na sa uso.

HAZEL (VO)

Kanina, inayos ko lang ang mukha ko. Paano pa kaya kung ayusin ko ang sarili ko?

Pero kailangan ko pa ng confidence...ng karanasan.

Kailangang ipakita ko kay Benjie na alam ko ang ginagawa ko...na hindi ako pakipot tulad ni Mindy...

May mapapansin si HAZEL sa TV. Lalapit siya sa screen.

CLOSE UP sa screen. May message na nakasulat sa box ng mga registered members ng Chat TV channel: CUTE COLLEGE BOY LOOKING FOR CUTE COLLEGE GIRL MEET QC AREA TEXT NASL OR CALL 09178521524 TOBY

Titingnan ni HAZEL ang digital clock sa tabi ng kama. 12:24 AM. Dadamputin ni HAZEL ang cellphone, magda-dial.

HAZEL

Hello...Toby?

14. EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Tahimik na lababas si HAZEL ng gate, mapapangiti pa dahil sa LANGIT'NGIT ng gate habang nagsasara ito. Mas maganda na ang suot niya, mas stylish. Mas maganda na rin ang pagkakaayos ng mukha niya. Tatayo sa harap si HAZEL, mag-aabang.

May titigil na kotse sa harap ni HAZEL. Isang expensive-looking SUV. Bababa ang tinted driver's window.

Dudungaw ang isang guwapong college-age boy, ngingiti kay HAZEL. Ito si TOBY.

TOBY

Hazel?

Tatango si HAZEL, medyo ninenerbyos pa rin.

TOBY

Sakay na.

Tatalima naman si HAZEL, uupo sa front passenger's seat.

TOBY

So...where do you wanna go?

15. EXT. BAR. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Nakaupo sa isang outdoor table sina HAZEL at TOBY, parehong umiinom ng beer. Nakatitig si TOBY kay HAZEL, trying to figure her out.

TOBY

Let me guess. Ito ang unang beses mo.

HAZEL

Paano mo nalaman?

TOBY

Medyo nanginginig pa ang kamay mo ch.

Ngingiti lang si HAZEL.

TOBY

Don't worry. Hindi ako masamang tao. (ngingisi) Hindi rin ako masamang mag-perform.

HAZEL

Talaga? Sino'ng witness mo?

TOBY

'Yung dose-dose nang babaeng nakatikim na sa akin.

Ibababa ni HAZEL ang beer.



HAZEL

Mukhang maykaya ka naman sa buhay. Siguradong may girlfriend kang naghihintay ng text mo. Bakit kailangan mong makipagkita sa mga babaeng hindi mo kilala?

TOBY

Dahil ang mga babaeng hindi ko kilala ang gumagawa ng mga bagay na gusto ko.

Ngingiti si HAZEL, tatayo.

HAZEL

Excuse me. Magle-ladies' room lang ako.

Papasok ng bar si HAZEL. Susundan siya ng tingin ni TOBY.

16. INT. BAR/LADIES' ROOM. CONTINUATION.

May papalabas na FEMALE CUSTOMER pagpasok ni HAZEL sa ladies' room. Titingnan ni HAZEL ang sarili sa salamin.

HAZEL

Talaga bang gagawin mo ito? Ready ka ba?

Bubukas ulit ang pinto. Pasimpleng papasok si TOBY, palingon-lingon sa paligid.

HAZEL

(magugulat) Toby! Ano'ng ginagawa mo rito?

TOBY

Mahirap na. Baka maduwag ka. Takasan mo ako.

HAZEL

Pero...bawal ka dito...

TOBY

(ngingisi) Hindi ako ang tipong magpapapigil dahil lang bawal.

Saka hahawakan ni TOBY ang mga braso ni HAZEL, itutulak siya palooob ng isang stall. Ipipinid ito. Sisimulang sisilin ng halik ang leeg ni HAZEL.

HAZEL

Toby...baka may pumasok...

TOBY

Dagdag sa thrill 'yan.

Sisimulang hapusin ni TOBY ang dibdib ni HAZEL, ang hita niya. Kasabay ng paghalik ni TOBY sa leeg niya, magsisimulang mag-init ang katawan ni HAZEL. Pipikit na ang mga mata niya, sisilin na rin ng halik ang mga labi ni TOBY. Walang kasere-seremonyang itataas ni TOBY ang skirt ni HAZEL, ibababa ang ulo sa katawan niya. Mapapaungol si HAZEL. Titingala si TOBY.

TOBY

Huwag kang maingay.

Mapipilitan pigilin ni HAZEL ang mga ungol niya. Tatayo na naman si TOBY, bubuksan ang zipper ng pantalon niya habang tinataas ang isang hita ni HAZEL.

HAZEL

Huwag—!

Pero nagawa na ni TOBY ang nais niyang gawin.

Tatakan niya ang bibig ni HAZEL habang nanlalaki ang mga mata ni HAZEL sa sakit.

TOBY

Shit! Virgin ka pa pala...

Matapos ang ilang sandaling pag-indayog, titirik na ang mga mata ni HAZEL, mapapapikiti.

TOBY

That's it...relax...

Habang umiindayog ang mga katawan nila, bubukas ang pinto ng ladies' room. May papasok na DALAWANG FEMALE CUSTOMERS.

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 1

Ano ba naman ang blinind date mo sa akin? Mukhang takong ng sapatos! Ganu'n ba ang tingin mo sa akin?

Mukhang paa?

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 2

Sobra ka naman! Mabait naman si Mike ah!

Tatayo ang DALAWANG CUSTOMERS sa harap ng salamin, inaayos ang mga sarili. They are a few feet from the stall kung saan nagninig sina HAZEL at TOBY.

Nakatakip pa rin ang kamay ni TOBY sa bibig ni HAZEL.

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 1

Nakita mo ba 'yung cute na nakaupo sa labas? 'Yung may kasamang girl?

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 2

Naman! Siya lang yata ang cute sa bar na ito 'no!

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 1

Saan kaya pumunta? Bigla na lang nawala. Pati 'yung date niya...nawala!

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 2

If I know, nagchudhukhan na ang dalawang 'yon somewhere!

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 1

Suerte naman ng girl. Buti pa siya...nagi-enjoy. Hindi katulad ko, stuck sa mukhang takong ng sapatos!

Hindi maiiwasan ni HAZEL ang mapahalinghing in orgasm.

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 1

Narinig mo 'yon? (lalapit sa stall) Miss, okay ka lang?

Sasalampak sa dingding sina HAZEL at TOBY, spent.

FEMALE CUSTOMER # 2

Huwag mo na nga pakialaman! (bubulong) Baka dini-dismenorrhea. O baka may malaking nilalabas.

Ituturo ng FEMALE CUSTOMER ang puwet niya.

Mapapahagigik ang dalawa, lababas.

Nanlalata sa loob ng stall sina HAZEL at TOBY.

17. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT.

Papasok si HAZEL sa madilim na sala, hawak ang mga sapatos, on tiptoe. Bubukas ang ilaw. Nakaupo pala sa sofa ang NANAY, naghihintay.

NANAY

Saan ka galing?

HAZEL

'Nay naman! Ginulat n'yo ako—

NANAY

Saan ka galing?

HAZEL

(matitigilan) Lumabas lang kami ni Mindy—

NANAY

Sa ganitong dis-oras ng gabi? Kahit may pasok kayo bukas? Kailan pa kayo natutong lumabas nang hindi nagpapaalam sa amin?

HAZEL

Natutulong na kasi kayo—

NANAY

Kaya lumabas pa rin kayo dahil gusto n'yo?

HAZEL

Kailangan bang sunud-sunuran kami sa rules ninyo?

Kailangan bang de-susi ang mga galaw namin? Kung masaya kayo sa pare-parehong routine araw-araw... ako hindi!



Shocked na titingnan ng NANAY si HAZEL.

NANAY

A no'ng nangayari sa 'yo, Hazel? Kung minsan tinitingnan kita...at hindi na kita kilala.

Hindi sasagot si HAZEL, aakyat ng hagdan. Susundan siya ng tingin ng NANAY, nag-aalala.

18. INT. MALL/FASHION BOUTIQUE. DAY.

Tumitingin sa racks ng damit sina HAZEL at MINDY. Ngayon ay confident and stylish na si HAZEL. Pasimple siyang sinusulyapan ni MINDY, naninibago pa rin.

MINDY

Okay, Hazel, I give up. A no'ng sekreto mo?

HAZEL

Sekreto?

MINDY

A no'ng ginawa mo? Medyo drastic kasi ang new look mo. What happened?

HAZEL

Hindi lang look ko ang nagbago, Mindy. Marami. Saka ngingiti sa sarili niya si HAZEL. Hindi satisfied sa sagot si MINDY, mukhang naintriga at nabahala at the same time. May makikitang conservative, long skirt si MINDY, dadamputin ito at iaabot kay HAZEL.

MINDY

Hazel, tingnan mo o! Ang cute! Bagay 'to sa 'yo. Pero luhukot ang ilong ni HAZEL sa skirt na inaabot ni MINDY.

HAZEL

Hindi na ako 'yan.

Dadampot ng stylishly short skirt si HAZEL.

HAZEL

Ito ang gusto ko.

Babagsak ang mukha ni MINDY.

MINDY

Pero...kanina ko pa tinitingnan ang skirt na 'yan...

HAZEL

Gano'n ba? Hindi mo kasi dinampot agad eh. Oh well...great minds think alike!

And with a flourish, papasok na sa fitting room si HAZEL, dala ang skirt na gusto ni MINDY. Maiiwan sa MINDY, mukhang napipikon.

19. INT. MALL/COFFEE SHOP. LATER THAT DAY.

Nakaupo sa isang mesa si HAZEL. Magbi-BEEP ang cellphone niya. Dadamputin ito ni HAZEL, mapapasimangot. Darating si MINDY, dala ang drinks nila.

MINDY

O, sino naman 'yan?

HAZEL

Wala. Some guy na nakilala ko no'ng isang gabi. Ang kulit. Ide-delete ni HAZEL ang message.

MINDY

So...lumabas ka nga no'ng isang gabi. Totoo nga ang sinabi sa akin ng nanay mo.

HAZEL

(matitigilan) Kinausap ka ng nanay ko?

MINDY

Tinanong niya ako kung totoong niyaya kitang lumabas.

HAZEL

Ano'ng sabi mo?

MINDY

Sabi ko...hindi.

HAZEL

Nakakainis ka naman, Mindy eh! Ilang beses kitang pinagtakpan sa Mommy at Daddy mo! Ngayon mo lang ire-turn ang favor, hindi mo pa ginawa!

MINDY

Hazel, ayokong ginawa mo akong alibi para sa kalokohan mo! Concerned lang naman kami ng nanay mo—

HAZEL

Concerned? Ang sabihin mo, gusto mong ma-bad shot ako sa bahay para ikulong nila ako! Dahil nai-insecure ka sa akin!

MINDY

(shocked) Excuse me?

HAZEL

You heard me. Nakita ko ang mukha mo nang mag-comment si Benjie sa pagbabago ko. Kaya sisingit-singit ka na ikawang best cheerleader kuno! Hindi ka makatiis na may mapansing iba maliban sa 'yo! Bakit, Mindy? Feeling mo ba malapit ka nang ma-dethrone?

MINDY

Ang kapal ng mukha mo! Kinaibigan kita all these years dahil naaawa ako sa 'yo...tapos ito ang iganti mo sa akin?

HAZEL

Oh, please! Kinaibigan mo ako dahil kailangan mo ng magpapaganda sa 'yo. Paano nga naman makakapagbida si Mindy kung wala ang faithful sidekick na si Hazel?

Tatayo si HAZEL.

HAZEL

Puwes, maghanap ka na ng ibang sidekick. Hindi ko kailangan ang awa mo! (ngingisi) Who knows...baka ikaw pa ang kaawaan ko.

Saka iwan ni HAZEL si MINDY, shocked.

20. INT. CAMPUS/CAFETERIA. DAY.

Nakaupo sa isang mesa sina MINDY, BENJIE at JASON. Titigil ang kuwentuhan nila nang sa-daraan si HAZEL, may dalang tray.

Magtitinginan nang masama sina HAZEL at MINDY, saka iirapan ni HAZEL si MINDY at pasadyang uupo sa isang mesa sa di-kalayuan.

BENJIE

Ano ba'ng nangari sa inyong dalawa?

MINDY

Wala!

Lalapit si MALE STUDENT # 1 kay HAZEL.

MALE STUDENT # 1

Hi. Can I join you?

HAZEL

(pa-sweet) Sorry ha. Malapit na kasi ang susunod na class ko. Kailangan bilisan ko ang lunch ko.

Lalayo ang MALE STUDENT # 1. Magtitinginan sina

BENJIE at JASON.

MINDY

(bubulong) Akala mo kung sinong maganda...

Lalapit naman si MALE STUDENT # 2 kay HAZEL.

MALE STUDENT # 2

Puwedeng umupo?

HAZEL

Puwede. Ang tanong...kung uupo ako kasama mo.

JASON

Mukhang hit si Hazel ah!

Titingnan ni MINDY nang masama si JASON, saka padabog na tatayo at aalis.

BENJIE

Mindy, sandali! (haharap kay JASON) Pare, kausapin mo nga si Hazel. A lami mo kung bakit sila nag-aaway ni Mindy.

Hahabulin ni BENJIE si MINDY. Lalapitan naman ni JASON si HAZEL.

HAZEL

Well, hello, Jason. Gusto mo rin bang makiupo?

JASON

Actually, pinapatanong ni Benjie kung ano ba ang problema n'yo ni Mindy. Concerned siya...actually, concerned kaming pareho.

HAZEL

Touched naman ako.

JASON

Seryoso kami, Hazel. (a beat) Miss ka na namin ni Benjie. Matitigil sandali si HAZEL, titingnan si JASON. Mag-iisip.

HAZEL

Sige, mag-usap tayo. Pero tayong dalawa muna.

JASON

Sure!

HAZEL

May soccer practice kayo mamaya, 'di ba?

JASON

Oo...

HAZEL

Sige, magkita tayo after ng soccer practice mo. Sa harap ng administration building.

JASON

Sige. Mamaya. After soccer practice.

Aalis si JASON. Maiwan si HAZEL, nakangisi.

21. INT. CAMPUS/BOYS' LOCKER ROOM. LATER THAT DAY.

Nagbibihis after practice ang SOCCER TEAM, kabilang na doon si BENJIE. Hahangos papasok mula sa showers si JASON, naka-tuwalya pa rin.

BENJIE

Kahit kelan talaga, pagong ka pa rin, Jason.

JASON

Kasalanan ko ba kung binakod n'yong lahat ang mga shower?

BENJIE

Dali-dalian mo na. Baka mabagot si Hazel sa paghintay, iwan ka.

SOCCER PLAYER

(to JASON) Makikipagkita ka kay Hazel, pare? Hingin mo naman ang number para sa akin o!

JASON

Ulol! Matagal ko nang alam ang number ni Hazel.

Bakit ko naman ibibigay sa 'yo?

BENJIE

Jason, bilisan mo na.



Isa-isang aalis ang SOCCER TEAM. Maiiwan si JASON sa harap ng locker niya, nagmamadaling maglalagay ng deodorant. Nang pasimle, palingon-lingon sa paligid, papasok si HAZEL sa locker room! Mapungay ang mga mata, dahan-dahan siyang lalapit sa nakatalikod na si JASON.

HAZEL

Hi, Jason...

Magugulat si JASON, mabilis na haharap kay HAZEL. Dahil sa bilis ng paggalaw niya, matatanggal ang pagkakabuhol ng tuwalya sa bewang niya. Magsisimulang mahulog ang tuwalya, pero sasaluhiin ito ni JASON.

JASON

(namumula) Hazel...a-ano'ng ginagawa mo rito?

HAZEL

Ang tagal mo kasi ch...naisip ko...baka nakalimutan mo na ang usapan natin.

JASON

H-hindi! Hazel...puwede ba...lumabas ka muna?

Baka...baka may makahuli sa 'yo rito...

Hahapustin ni HAZEL ang gilid ng tuwalya.

HAZEL

Natatakot ka bang may makahuli sa akin...o natatakot kang mahuli ko ang tinatago mo sa ilalim n'yan?

JASON

Hazel, baka pumasok si coach...o 'yung janitor...

bawal ka rito—

HAZEL

(ngingisi) Hindi ako ang tipong magpapigil dahil lang bawal.

At tuluyang tatanggalin ni HAZEL ang tuwalyang hawak ni JASON. Sandaling magtitinginan sina HAZEL at JASON, saka sasagpangin ni JASON si HAZEL.

Halos punitin ni JASON ang suot ni HAZEL, pero pipigilin siya ni HAZEL with a smile and a wag of her finger.

Magsi-striptease si HAZEL sa harap ni JASON, na nandidilat ang mga mata.

Matapos ang ilang sandali, hindi na makakatiis si JASON. Kukunin niya si HAZEL at ihig sa bench. Papatong at sisililil niya ng halik.

Hindi pa kuntento, kakargahin niya si HAZEL. Ipi-pin niya against the tiled wall si HAZEL, nsimulan ang pagkadyot.

Habang umuungol si JASON, ngingiti si HAZEL.

22. EXT. CAMPUS/HALLWAY. DAY.

Naglalakad in slow-motion si HAZEL, nakangiti.

Isa-isang lumilingon ang MGA MALE STUDENTS kay HAZEL, hayag ang pagnanasa sa mga mata nila.

HAZEL (VO)

Tama ang suspicions ko. Sex lang ang kailangan para maakit ang mga lalaki...kahit sinong lalaki.

Magtatama ang mga mata ni HAZEL...at ni BENJIE.

HAZEL (VO)

Pati si Benjie.

Dadaan si HAZEL sa harap ni BENJIE, lilingan at ngingitian nang malagkit. Hindi mapigilan ni BENJIE ang sundan ng tingin si HAZEL.

23. EXT. CAMPUS/FRONT OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. DAY.

Nakaupo sa isang bench si HAZEL, tila nababagot. Nakaupo sa tabi niya si JASON.

JASON

(bumubulong) Kelan tayo magkikita ulit?

HAZEL

Ang kulit mo naman, Jason ch. Hindi ko alam, okay?

Marami akong ginagawa.

JASON

Bakit ka ganyan, Hazel? 'Yung nangyari sa atin—

May makikita si HAZEL na papalapit, sisikuhin si JASON.

HAZEL

(bubulong) Tumahimik ka nga.

Darating sina BENJIE at MINDY, their arms around each other.

MINDY

Ano'ng ginagawa mo rito, Hazel? Hindi ba du'n ang hintayan ng mga triycle?

JASON

Actually, Mindy...ako ang maghahatid kay Hazel.

Sandaling magtitinginan sina BENJIE at HAZEL.

MINDY

So...may bago ka nang nauto para maging driver mo?

HAZEL

Hindi kasindami ng nauuto mo, Mindy. Pero huwag kang mag-alala. Malapit nang matapos ang panloko ko.

BENJIE

Tama na nga kayo. (to MINDY) Mindy, puwede ba kalimutan n'yo na ni Hazel ang tampuhan n'yo?

Ayokong masira ang barkada. Kung sina Jason at Hazel nagkakaighan naman—

HAZEL

Sino'ng may sabi sa 'yong nagkakaighan kami ni Jason?

BENJIE

Hindi...ang ibig kong sabihin...okay naman kayo—

JASON

Tama ka, pare. Nagkakaighan nga kami. (a beat) Kami na ni Hazel.

HAZEL

Ano?!

Naeskandalong tatayo si HAZEL, mabilis na aalis.

JASON

Hazel, sandali! Hatid na kita!

At hahabulin ni JASON si HAZEL. Shocked si MINDY, may selos at inggit naman sa mga mata ni BENJIE.

24. EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/FRONT GARDEN. LATER THAT DAY.

Inis na papasok ng gate si HAZEL. Nakasunod sa kanya si JASON.

JASON

Hazel, kausapin mo naman ako o...

Nagliliyab ang mga mata, haharapin ni HAZEL si JASON.

HAZEL

Bakit mo sinabi kay Benjie na tayo na? Walang tayo,

Jason! Kailangan ko bang ipukpok d'yan sa kukote mo na walang ibig sabihin ang nangyari sa atin?

JASON

Pero...ikaw ang lumapit...may nararamdaman ka para sa akin—

HAZEL

Right now, inis lang ang nararamdaman ko para sa 'yo!

Eksperimento ka lang, Jason. Gusto kong patunayan sa sarili ko na kaya kong akitin ang mga lalaking katulad ni Benjie. Katulad ka lang ni Benjie, Jason. Hindi ikaw si Benjie!



JASON
Lahat ng ito...para lang makuha mo si Benjie?
HAZEL
(sarcastic) Wow, obvious ba?
Guguho ang mukha ni JASON. Mapapalitan ng poot.
JASON
Hindi mo ako puwedeng gaguhin—!
Saka hahablutin ni JASON si HAZEL.
JASON
Akin ka lang, Hazd!
HAZEL
Jason! Ano ba—!
NANAY (OS)
Hazd?!
Nakatayo na pala sa front door ang NANAY. Bibitiwan ni JASON si HAZEL.
NANAY
(malamig) Umalis ka na, Jason. Ayoko nang makita ang pagnumukha mo sa bahay namin.
Titingnan ni JASON si HAZEL. Saka walang sali-salitang aalis. Haharap ang NANAY kay HAZEL.
NANAY
Ano ang ibig sabihin nito, Hazd?
HAZEL
Wala, 'Nay...nag-iilusyon lang si Jason na...na kami na...
NANAY
Magi-isang taon na kayong magkaibigan ni Jason.
Wala siyang ipinakitang interes sa 'yo...
Iiling si HAZEL, rolling her eyes, papasok ng bahay.
Susundan siya ng NANAY, nagsasalita pa rin.

25. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. CONTINUATION.

Susundan ng NANAY si HAZEL sa loob ng sala.

NANAY

...At ngayon nababaliw na siya sa 'yo? Baka naman may ipinahiwatig ka...sinabi...ginawa—

HAZEL

Ngayon ako pa ang may kasalanan na minanyak niya ako?

NANAY

Simula ngayon, hindi ka na puwedeng lumabas.

Pagkatapos ng klase, deretso ka na sa bahay—

HAZEL

Hindi n'yoko puwedeng ikulong dito!

NANAY

At lalong hindi ka puwedeng umasta na pakawalang babae! Hindi ka namin pinalaki para maging laruan ng kung sinu-sinong lalaki!

HAZEL

Heto na naman tayo! Dinidikta n'yoko sa akin ang mga gusto n'yoko! Iba ang gusto ko sa gusto ninyo, 'Nay—

NANAY

Sana kasama sa mga gusto mo ang isang lalaking respetuhin ka!

At naluluhang tiwan ng NANAY si HAZEL, nag-iisip.

26. INT. CAMPUS/LOCKER ROOM. DAY.

Nagbibihis after practice sina BENJIE at JASON, kasama ang IBANG TEAMMATES. Hindi nag-iimikan sina BENJIE at JASON.

BENJIE

Pare, ano'ng ginagawa mo ngayong Sabado? Mag-iinum kami nina Dino.

Pero hindi sasagot si JASON. Padabog na isasara ang locker at lalayo. Pero hahawakan ni BENJIE ang balikat niya.

BENJIE

Jason, ano ba'ng problema?

JASON

Ikaw! Ikaw ang problema ko!

BENJIE

(naguguluhan) Ako? Ano na naman ang ginawa ko?

JASON

Nagbibida. Nagpapatuloy. Ipinagayabang sa amin ang sexy mong girlfriend. Lagi na lang ikaw ang number one!

BENJIE

Teka...hindi kita maintindihan—

JASON

Si Hazel, Benjie! Si Hazel! Kahit ako ang kasama ni Hazel, ikaw pa rin ang nasa utak niya!

Matitigilan si BENJIE. Lumalapit na ang TEAMMATES nila, papaligiran sila.

BENJIE

May gusto sa akin si Hazel?

JASON

Nagpagamit sa akin si Hazel para tingnan kung makaka-score siya sa 'yo. Sabi niya, pinag-eksperimentuhan niya ako dahil katulad kita. Pero hindi ako ikaw, Benjie!

Sisipain ni JASON ang bench.

JASON

Tinira ko siya sa locker room na ito! Sa bench na ito!

Sisipain ni JASON ang tiled na dingding ng locker room.

Uugong ang bulungan.

JASON

Tinira ko siyang patayo sa dingding na ito!

Nagpababoy siya sa akin! Pero feeling ko, ako ang mas nababoy! Dahil habang nagpapatira siya sa akin... ikaw ang laman ng utak niya!

Hahawakan ni BENJIE ang balikat ni JASON.

BENJIE

Jason...pare—

Biglang susuntokin ni JASON si BENJIE. Dahil hindi handa, malulugmok sa sahig si BENJIE. Uundayan ni JASON ng suntok si BENJIE. Maghihiyawan in encouragement ang TEAMMATES.

Susulpot ang COACH, ipaghihiwalay sina BENJIE at JASON.

COACH

Ano ba'ng nangyari dito? Tama na!

Pero pipiglas si JASON. Kakaripas ng takbo mula sa locker room, lukot ang mukha sa pinipigil na iyak. Maiwan si BENJIE, pinapahid ang duguang labi.

27. EXT. HAZEL'S HOUSE. LATER THAT DAY.

May KUMAKATOK sa gate. Bubuksan ito ni HAZEL.

Matatambad sa labas si BENJIE, may black eye at sugat sa labi.

HAZEL

Oh my God...Benjie! Ano'ng nangyari sa 'yo?

BENJIE

Puwede ka bang makausap?

Matitigilan si HAZEL.

28. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM. CONTINUATION.

Nakaupo sa sofa si BENJIE. Nakaluhod sa harap niya si HAZEL, may hawak na cotton ball at merthiolate. Bantulot na pinipisil-pisil ni HAZEL ang cotton ball sa isang sugat sa ibabaw ng kilay ni BENJIE.

BENJIE

Nan'dito ba parents mo?

HAZEL

Nasa trabaho si Itay, may lakad si 'Nay kasama ng mga kaibigan niya.

Mapapangiwi si BENJIE sa isang pagpisil ni HAZEL sa kilay niya.

HAZEL

Inatake ka lang ni Jason nang walang dahilan?

BENJIE

May dahilan siya. Hindi ko lang maintindihan.

Matitigilan si HAZEL.

BENJIE

Sabi niya kahit may nangyari raw sa inyo...ako ang gusto mo.

HAZEL

Benjie—

Biglang hahalikan ni BENJIE si HAZEL.

29. INT. HAZEL'S HOUSE/HAZEL'S BEDROOM. CONTINUATION.

Papasok sina BENJIE at HAZEL, magkasugpong pa rin ang mga labi. Passionate. Sisimulang tanggalin ni HAZEL ang shirt ni BENJIE.

BENJIE

Baka dumating ang mga magulang mo...

HAZEL

Hindi...matagal pa sila...

Babagsak sila sa kama, naghahalikan ulit. Nagmamadali.

BENJIE

Strange lang...nan'dito tayo sa bahay ninyo...sa kuwarto mo...

HAZEL

Bakit? Hindi ba lagi n'yo 'tong ginagawa ni Mindy...sa kuwarto niya...?

BENJIE

Huwag na nating isali si Mindy dito...

Bubuksan ni BENJIE ang blouse ni HAZEL, sisibasib sa dibdib niya. Saka papatong ulit kay HAZEL. Mapapahalinghing sila kapwa sa unang pagkadyot ni BENJIE. Paulit-ulit na ang pag-indayog nila.

HAZEL

Oh, Benjie...ang tagal kong pinangarap ito...

Ungol lang si BENJIE.

HAZEL

So...kelan mo sasabihin kay Mindy?

Biglang titigil si BENJIE.

BENJIE

Ano?

HAZEL

Na may nangyari na sa atin...na iwan mo na siya...

BENJIE

Bakit ko gagawin 'yon?

Ipagpapatuloy ni BENJIE ang ginagawa niya. Pero si HAZEL naman ang matitigilan.



HAZEL

Teka...hindi mo iiwan si Mindy?

BENJIE

Hazel...matagal na kami ni Mindy. I'm serious about her. (ngingiti) Pero hindi ibig sabihin we can't have fun—

Biglang itutulak ni HAZEL si BENJIE, so hard na mahuhulog mula sa kama si BENJIE.

BENJIE

Putsa! Ano'ng—?

HAZEL

(sarcastic) Pasensya ka na, Benjie. Pero bigla kong na-realize na anak nga ako ng nanay ko.

Mukhang bewildered si BENJIE habang nagbibihis si HAZEL.

30. EXT. CAMPUS/HALLWAY. DAY.

Naglalakad si HAZEL sa pasilyo, mukhang pikon pa rin.

HAZEL (VO)

Tama si Inay. Ano ang point na makuha mo ang lalaking pangarap mo kung hindi ka naman rerespetuhin?

Mapapansin ni HAZEL na nagbubulungan ang mga STUDENTS pagdaan niya. Magse-smirk ang iba, titingnan siya nang masama ng mga GIRL STUDENTS.

HAZEL (VO)

Naranasan n'yo na ba ang ma-realize na ikaw ang pinaguusapan ng mga tao?

May dadaanan na namang isang grupo ng STUDENTS si HAZEL. Bigla na namang titigil ang bulungan nila.

HAZEL (VO)

Eh 'yung mangyari 'yon sampung beses sunud-sunod?

Magpapatuloy sa paglalakad si HAZEL, self-conscious na.

31. INT. CAMPUS/CAFETERIA. SAME DAY.

Kumakain mag-isa sa mesa si HAZEL. Tinitingnan pa rin siya ng mga taong dumadaan. Biglang ibabagsak ni MINDY ang mga gamit niya sa harap ni HAZEL, galit.

MINDY

Totoo ba ang sinasabi ni Jason?

Ibabagsak lang ni HAZEL ang kubyertos niya.

MINDY

So totoo nga. You've turned into a slut?

HAZEL

Kung slut ang tawag mo sa isang babaeng hindi takot mag-enjoy sa katawan niya, de oo. I'm a slut.

MINDY

Ang kapal ng mukha mo! Ipinagmamalaki mo pa na isa kang nympho? Na isa kang prosti? I'm ashamed na nakilala pa kita!

Tatayo si HAZEL, face-to-face kay MINDY.

HAZEL

Asamed ka na nakilala mo ako? O ashamed na magkaparcho tayo?

Susugurin ni MINDY si HAZEL, sasabunutan ito.

Catfight! Magchi-cheer ang mga miron.

Darating si BENJIE, ipaghihiwalay sila.

BENJIE

Tama na! Mahiya nga kayo!

MINDY

(to HAZEL) How dare you sabihin na magkaparcho tayo, hayup ka! Take that back!

HAZEL

Bakit? Totoo naman ah! Santa-santita ka d'yan... pero ginagamit mo rin ang katawan mo para makuha ang gusto mo! Hindi ba naglalampungan kayo ni Benjie du'n mismo sa bahay n'yo? Sa kuwarto mo? Bakit, Mindy? Masyado bang kuripot si Benjie para maghayad sa motel?

MINDY

(mamumutla) Sinungaling ka! You don't know what you're saying—

HAZEL

Alam mo kung saan pa tayo magkaparcho, Mindy?

Kay Benjie!

MINDY

Ano'ng ibig mong sabihin—

BENJIE

Mindy, huwag kang makikinig sa kanya—

HAZEL

Kung nagi-enjoy si Benjie sa 'yo, nag-enjoy na rin siya sa akin. Sobra nga kitang idolo eh. Ginaya pa kita. Ang ginagawa ninyo sa bahay mo... ginawa rin namin sa bahay ko. Sa kama mo... sa kama ko rin.

Mapapanganga si MINDY. Saka haharap kay BENJIE, naluluha.

MINDY

Totoo ba ang sinasabi niya?

Hindi makakasagot si BENJIE, yuyuko na lang.

Pagpapaluin ni MINDY ang dibdib niya.

MINDY

Hayup ka! How could you do this?

Hindi makakasagot si BENJIE. Tatakbo paalis si MINDY.

Sandaling magtitingnan sina HAZEL at BENJIE. Saka hahabulin ni BENJIE si Mindy. Mapapansin ni HAZEL ang masasamang tingin ng MGA STUDENTS sa kanya.

HAZEL

Ano'ng tinitingnin-tingin n'yo d'yan?

Walang sasagot.

HAZEL

Sa tingin n'yo masama akong tao? Well, I have news for you. Hindi mahalaga sa akin kung ano isipin n'yo!

Dadamputin ni HAZEL ang mga gamit niya.

HAZEL

Ang mahalaga sa akin...kung ano ang iniisip ko sa sarili ko!

At taas-noong lalabas ng cafeteria si HAZEL.

32. INT. CAMPUS/HALLWAY. CONTINUATION.

Lalabas ng cafeteria si HAZEL, taas-noo pa rin. Slow-motion ang paglalakad niya, proud of herself.

HAZEL (VO)

Naaalala ko ang sinabi ni Inay. Mahalaga ang makahanap ng lalaking rerespeto sa 'yo. Pero nakalimutan niyang sabihin sa akin...bago mo mahanap ang lalaking rerespeto sa 'yo...kailangang respetuhin mo muna ang sarili mo.

And with a small smile on her lips, magpapatuloy sa paglalakad si HAZEL. **FHM**

A photograph of two young women in school uniforms. The woman on the left is wearing a red bra and a white short-sleeved shirt, with a lollipop in her mouth. The woman on the right is wearing glasses, a white short-sleeved shirt, and a grey skirt, and is holding the first woman from behind. Both are looking upwards and to the left. The background is plain white.

EARGASM FOR A SEXAVATAR

By RAMIL DIGAL GULLE

Act One:

Scantly clad for the rare faux fall's
season that hits even these tropics:

Maybe you were seven, eight or
nine—the leaves browning, gray
clouds
Transfixed by her nakedness, leaves
brown as her brown fuzzy curlies,

Fall with her footfalls,
swirl and crackle an ancient wind-chill
factor,
As the afternoon cool six hits with a
slit-sleek “lip-smack”

Softly on the pink moue between her
legs,
go, stop-rock-slow-smooth
Musicmove.

“I will be your slim vegetarian Earth-
hugger for today,”
she said, a voice
From freshly furrowed ground.

Boy that you were in the 1970s
having no idea what she meant. There
were

Whispers felt and not made out.
There were whisper-puffs, tinged

With cannabis green, whisper-puffs,
rice-puffs, t
cream-puffs, promises of

Honey, Slicked and Sweetened in the
Mound,

Black-And-Gold Banded Bees
Stubby, furry vibrato of labial-fury: oh
buzz,

What Was Wet With Fingers?

Slow down. Moist whistling in the
round.

Sweet red peppers. Rich chocolate
throb

Of peg-legged centipede tongue:
>> 99-“bump”, 99-“bump”,
99-“bump”, Ooh, Ah <<

Act Two

The drive-in oracle changed her
business, tweaking her nipples with a
bird-chirp sound.

You read your fortune on her skin.
Luminous cello.
Aureole sun. Wreckage of fate. Love,
Undone.

She looked like Helen
Reddy,
And sang,
Like her, too.

“It’s all
It’s all so peaceful here
No one bending over my shoulder
Nobody breathing
In my car”

The future, disrobed, took off
wisdom’s underclothes.
The net of shadows on her face.
Tears. A river of ruin. The
simplest rain.
Stains of music on blue lace.

Act Three

The moment’s cartomancy began with
the nanny.

The only deck in hand had pictures
of naked women and dark triangles
brushed,
Clipped, close-cropped, shaved;
or in Brazilian hairstrip cut.

And the four-oh-clock sun burned.
And the electric fan whirled.
And the neighboring pig-farmer’s sow
squealed.

Laughter stirred the wind.
And the nanny peeled off her shirt, to
change,
In front of him.
And the pink flesh-nubs gave their
wee-jiggle,
White blossoms of bosoming gravity
Taking childhood’s
Hold.

Her name was Emma.
The very first mestiza he ever met.
They played cards,
told fortunes,
all the time.

It was clairvoyance, man,
pure clairvoyance.

Act Four

They moved the hillside cemetery, but
not all the bones.
A rib, a cranium, meta-
Carpals, would sometimes stick out of
the soil,
shining in the sun,
In-between the grass blades.

Out of habit, Sister Mary Claire
Zossobravo Charles
would be his sexavior.
She didn’t like the missionary,
and was quitting, the next day.

Her nose was not as lovely as the rest
of her,
but she talked to him about God,
Anyway. He lay his head on
her belly,
her slight jelly-paunch,
Making him feel like he was floating
even higher than the hill they were on.

She said it was easy to be with
God, and told him to wait for the
wind.
And then the wind came, as promised,
and came, and came again, stillness,
Then again. She told him to
close his eyes, silence his thoughts,

And breathe. Breathe in the
sweetness,
the wind’s pure cool. It was,
She said, the very first prayer learnt
by men,
just arisen from the apes.
The very first prayer, the
very first breath.

Then the boy opened his eyes, turning
his head to its side, still on her belly,
Seeing her carrot-red pubis,
curls blowing in the wind,
Its summer-and-grass-and-something-
else-smell in his nostrils.
And beyond, beyond
down her thighs, her legs, her feet

The most beautiful skull ever seen in
his life, white, blazing, under the sun.

HOUSE OF FILTH

Inside the four walls,
down on all fours

The love shack!

I live with my boyfriend because we have a kid already. Thing is, because he cannot yet support us, we have no choice but to stay with his folks. Worse, their place is only a one-bedroom affair so we have to make do with the living room. This awkward situation doesn't stop us from having good sex, though. On one night, I felt such a strong sexual urge that the moment his folks had gone to bed, I immediately began my foreplay routine of kissing him, licking him all over, and feeling his dick stiffen ready for my mouth. Red with pleasure, he rushed to undress me, practically ripping my shorts and undies off. He slipped his dick in my already very wet orifice and banged me to the hilt. In the middle of it all, in comes walking his gay brother (damn not having a room). I rushed to the bathroom but I knew he had caught a glimpse of my naked body (not that he would care). Just the same, every time we see each other now I feel slightly embarrassed. But it won't stop me from wanting to get laid with my boyfriend.

Francine, by email

The obsession ends now!

There was this guy, Rob, who was smart, popular and didn't look bad either. His girlfriend was also my friend. She is the type of girl who hangs out with the popular crowd and she worships me a lot. According to Rob's girlfriend, I was "pretty" and "sexy" while still being able to ace my course's board exam. Rob started to share his girlfriend's admiration until her admiration turned into his obsession. When we were at a party, Rob began whispering sweet nothings in my ear. I realized he was flirting and I flirted back. Suddenly thinking of his girlfriend, I ended the conversation and walked away. The next thing I knew, I was invited in almost all parties arranged by Rob and his friends. Noticeably, his girlfriend wasn't in any of those parties! I also started liking him as I got to know



Dirty couple caught playing dirty house

New Year's Eve, two years ago, I had the most unforgettable moment with my boyfriend. We were out lighting up firecrackers with the rest of the neighborhood when he got this urge to go sexually ballistic on me (truth is, I was wet for him, too). Knowing there was no way we could get down and dirty at his house, much less ours, he came up with an idea: We would sneak up to the house still under construction three blocks away from his place and do the deed there. It was evening, the place was deserted and had no electricity. Upstairs, we quickly undressed, did some frantic foreplay, until he couldn't take it any more he just had to enter me. He thrust so vigorously I was both in ecstasy and in a bit of pain. I couldn't moan too loud for fear of getting caught—which we did! A couple of minutes passed, I wasn't quite sure, when a carpenter appeared before us pointing a flashlight. He was supposedly looking for some tools and beheld us instead. "Susmaroysep, Anung pig gigibi nindo dyan?" (Oh my God, what are you doing there?), he said, shocked. We dressed quickly, ran out of the house as fast as we could, and when the coast appeared clear, laughed like crazy. From then on, we decided not to do naughty things again—at least not in an unfinished house!

Happyfeet0625, by email

him better. In the end, I couldn't resist not letting him know my feelings, so I invited him one weekend for what started out as a harmless wine-and-cheese with my friends. He was seated close to me the whole time that when he slid his hand on my thigh, I didn't feel uncomfortable. When my friends started to leave, Rob volunteered to stay and help me clean the place. Unable to control what we felt, we started kissing passionately and he started to unbutton my blouse, unhook my

bra and grabbed my boobs. The sensation wasn't new to me, but when I started to heat up and unzip his fly, he held back and had this incredulous look on his face. Turned out he was a virgin! He asked me if I was disappointed. On the contrary, his being a virgin turned me on that I took off his shirt and started nibbling his mouth down to his dick, which smelled like soap. By the time I got to the tip of his dick, he was so hard and he couldn't resist tearing

off my clothes. Playing naughty, I stopped him and got back to kissing every part of his body. In return, he teased me back. He began fingering me with one hand, while the other squeezed my ass. I finally had to give up, pushed him flat on his back and rode on top of him. Our rhythm was in perfect sync. When I was about to come, I caught him staring at my boobs with gusto which excited me more so I pulled him and let him suck my boobs. As we were about to come, he bit my nipple hard that I had to scream! When we both reached our orgasm, he rested his head on my cleavage and I hugged him like a baby. In the next few days, Rob sent me flirtatious messages by text and started asking me out on a real date. I also learned that he broke up with his girlfriend who remains to be my friend. By the end of the week, I left for Canada as I was granted a four-year scholarship for a doctorate degree. Afraid to see the look on his face, I left without saying goodbye. Rob emailed me once, with only one word: "Why?" To which I simply replied with "Sorry. There are things that I got to do." After that, I deleted his succeeding emails, and even allowed my email account to close so as to not have contact with him again. I guess this letter will finally close my chapter with Rob.

Marjorie, by email



We'd like to think you consider yourself a member of FHM Nation and that is why we invite you to join our Year-End Revelry. How did you find 2010? Which events gripped you? What movies did you like best? Which bands rocked your world? Which FHM babe did you fall in love with?

Head over to FHM.com.ph/surveys/fhmclassof2010, answer the FHM year-end survey, and help us make the FHM year-ender the biggest, the happiest, and the most relevant *EVARRRR!* Why, it's your year-ender, too, ladies and gents of FHM.

FHM.com.ph
Where happy happens and hot girls rule

FHM.com.ph
CLASS
OF 2010



Premiere
Condoms

HAREM

Ni NORMAN WILWAYCO
Mga larawan ni MARLON PEQJO

I. LUMBAY

Beah

Pinatuloy ko siya. Umupo sa kaisa-isang upuan sa bahay, sa harap ng TV. Isinandal niya ang ulo sa malambot na sandalang kutson. Pumikit. Sa pagkakaupo niya, parang nakikita ko ang Beah dati. Yung dating Beah na sa loob ng mahigít tatlong taon, nakisalo sa lahat ng mga pangarap at bangungot ko, dito sa maliit kong paraiso sa gitna ng nagugubat na lungsod ng Quezon, tahanan ng mga baliw at drug addict, sanktuaryo ng mga nawawala.

Ganoon pa rin siya, sa kilos ng buhok, sa galaw ng mga mata, sa tikwas ng mga kamay, sa paghugot at pagbuga ng hininga, sa pag-iling ng ulo. Hindi ko siya nakikitang si Leah.

Parang di kapanipaniwala. Akala ko dati, di ko na siya makikita pa. Noong umagang iyon na parehong nangangalag ang mga tuhod namin sa dami ng shabu, ganja, orgasmo at laway na pinagsaluhan namin magdamag, mula sa kusina, papasok ng kuwarto, pahiga sa kama, patuwad, pagulong-gulong sa sahig, sa tabi ng mga maleta niyang nakaampake na.

Pinaupo ko siya noon sa maleta, saka ako lumuhod sa harapan niya, at hinimod ang basang-basang sentro ng ligaya. Dumampi sa mukha ko ang kulot, pino at mabangong buhok, kumayod sa mga pisngi ko ang mapuputing singit. Hinanap ng dila ko ang munting kuntil na siyang pinakamaselang bahagi ng puwerta niya. Sinupso ko iyon nang sinupso, habang naglalabas-masok ang tatlo kong daliri sa basang-basa niyang kaselanan. At ang isa kong kamay, nakasapo sa puwitan niyang maumbok, sinasalubong ng lamas ang mga liyad niya't giling. Hanggang sa sapitin niya ang langit-langitang orgasmo nang mahigít limampung beses. Pagkatapos sa sala, pinahiga ko siya sa dining table, umupo ako sa bangko, nakaharap sa akin nang buong-buo ang pagkababae niya, tumutulo ang katas mula sa basang-basa niyang biyak, namumuo-muo ang kumpol-kumpol na buhok. At muli, sinisid ko siya, malalim, naglabas-masok ang dila ko sa kanya. Hanggang sa sumuko siya. At bumaba siya ng mesa, nanginginig ang tuhod. Sinalya ko siyang patalikod, nakatukod sa lababo ang dalawa niyang kamay, nakasampay sa bewang ko ang dalawang hita, payakap sa balakang ko, at pinasok at pinaputukan ko siya

nang maraming beses. Paulit-ulit ang paki-usap niya, tama na, sige pa, tama na, sige pa.

At pagsilip ng araw, ang mapait na pamamaalam. Siya, palipad sa mga pangarap niya. Ako, dito pa rin sa hapag ng luma kong makinilya, pilit tinitipa ang napakailap na pangarap. Nang sumara ang pinto, may naiwang amoy ng pabango niya, tinangay-tangay ng hancing ikinakalat ng bentilador, isinabog sa buong kabahayan, at itinago sa mga sulok-sulok. Sa kabila ng daan-daang insensong sinunog ko mula nang umalis siya, di pa rin maalís ang amoy niya rito sa bahay.

Nagtuloy ako sa kusina para ipagtimpla siya ng kape. Inilapag ko ang kape sa harap niya. Nakapikit pa rin siya, di kumikilos, maliban sa mabining paggalaw ng dibdib. Umupo ako sa sahig at pinagmasdan siya.

—Magkape ka, anas ko. Bahagya siyang dumilat. Tumitig sa akin.

Tumingin siya sa mesa, naroon ang umuusok na kape, kinuha niya ang tasa at inilapit sa bibig. Maingay at malutong ang higop niya. Tapos, bahagyang napangiti.

—Masarap ka pa ring magtimpla ng kape, nakangiting sambit niya.

Di ko alam ang isasagot ko roon. Tumayo ako't lumapit sa bintana. Nakatalikod ako sa kanya pero naririnig ko ang mga higop niya ng kape. Nagsindi ako ng sigarilyo at ibinuga ang usok sa labas ng bintana.

Lumapit siya sa tabi ko. Kinapa ng palad niya ang kamay ko, hinawakan nang mahigpit. At umiyak siya. Walang hikbi, walang ingay, pero narinig ko ang pag-agos ng mga luha niya sa pisngi. Niyakap ko siya. Humiga kami sa sahig. Matapos ang mahigít anim na taon ng pangungulila, nayakap ko ulit siya, at nahalikan. Muling nagsanib ang mga katawan naming basa ng laway at pawis.

Jen-jen

Sinubukan kong umiba ng ruta sa pag-uwi. Para hindi ko siya maalala. Para di ko makita ang mga lugar na dati naming pinupuntahan. Nadaan ako sa isang karinderya. Doon ko nakilala si Jen-jen. Katulong siya sa maruming karinderyang iyon.

Maraming kumakain sa karinderya nila kapag gabi. Eh kasi naman, sando at short ang laging suot ni Jen-jen. Kahit



NASAMID AKO SA PAGTAWAG NIYA SA AKIN NG KUYA.



dalagita pa lang siya noon, maganda na ang mga umbok ng katawan. Pinagtitiripan siya ng mga lalaking kostumer. Isa na ako roon. Mula noon, gabi-gabi, roon na ako kumakain. Hanggang sa maging magkalapit kami. Biniro-biro ko siya, sinakyan ang mga trip niya sa buhay, pinatawa siya sa mga corny kong jokes. Nakawiwili siya, nakagigigil, masarap kausap, masarap tingnan. Kaya nga roon ako kumakain. May pagkain na sa tiyan, may pagkain pa sa mata.

—May girlfriend ka na ba? tanong niya minsan sa akin, sabay umupo sa harap ko.

Ayokong sumagot. Itinuloy ko ang pagkain, parang di ko siya narinig. Naghihintay siya ng sagot, nababasa ko sa mga mata niya. Buti na lang may mga kostumer na dumating. Tumayo siya't pinagsilbihan ang mga bagong dating. Nagmadali akong kumain dahil pakiramdam ko, babalik siya sa mesa ko. Pero mas mabilis siya, tipong alam niyang umiiwas akong sumagot. Umupo siyang muli sa harap ko nang umiinom na ako ng tubig.

—Birthday ko bukas, sambit niya.

—Happy birthday, sagot ko.

—I-date mo naman ako.

Di ako makasagot. Noon ko naisip na sobrang nakahihiya. Ang laki ng agwat namin. Mahigit sampung taon. Bente-otso ako at siya'y disi-syete. Labing-isang taon ng mapapait at masasayang karanasan ang pumanday sa akin bago pa siya isilang, bago pa siya mag-umpisang umangkat ng ala-ala, mula sa unang uha hanggang ngayon.

—Sige na. Di naman ako masclan, eh. Kahit saan mo ako dalhin, kahit sa Jollibee, okey lang.

Nakatingin sa akin si Aling Gelang, ang may-ari ng karinderya. Ano ang isasagot ko kay Jen-jen?

—Sige na, kuya.

Nasamid ako sa pagtawag niya sa akin ng kuya. Lalong tumingkad ang agwat ng edad namin.

—May lakad ako bukas, eh, sabi ko. Sabay tumayo na ako at umalis. Hanggang bahay, habang tumatae, nagbabate, naliligo, nagbibihis, nagdaramo, nagpapaantok, di siya maalis sa isip ko. At ang mahabang gabi, di pinatahimik ng mga himutok, gigil, pangunguhila, libog, lungkot, saya at galit. Halu-halong pakiramdam na sinulsi at binigkis ng pagsapit ng mapaklang umaga. Umagang nagsasabing nag-iisa pa rin ako, rito sa lungga kong pinamamahayan ng mga bangungot at halimuyak ng mga dating minahal.

Tinignan ko nang matagal ang picture ni Bea na nakapatong sa bedside table. Siya ang laman ng isip ko bago ko ipaghele ng masalimuot na tulog.

Noong sumunod na gabi, pumunta ako sa karinderya nina Aling Gelang. Ang balak ko, kumain at huwag patulan si Jen-jen. Bihiis na bihiis siya nang dumating ako. Nakasuot siya ng pantalong hapit na hapit, bakat hanggang biyak sa pagitan ng mga hita, at sleeveless na blusa na manipis at maikli. Sa tuwing titingkayad siya, bahagyang sumusungaw ang pusod niya mula sa laylayan ng maikling blusa. Humawak siya sa braso ko at nagpaalam kay Aling Gelang. Wala akong nagawa. Lumabas kami ng karinderya at naglakad papuntang sakayan. Sa taxi, bahagya niyang ipinatong ang palad niya sa hita ko. At marahang nagsalita.

—Di ba magagalit sa akin ang asawa mo, pag nakita tayo?

Nagulat ako. Napaka-unpredictable ng mga tanong niya. Di ko alam kung saan huhugot ng sagot.



—Kahapon, tinatanong mo kung may syota ako.
 Ngayon tinatanong mo kung di ba magagalit ang asawa ko.
 —Di mo naman ako sinagot kahapon, eh, katwiran niya.
 —At dahil doon, iniisip mong may asawa na ako?
 —Oo.
 —Paano mo naman naisip iyon?
 —Simple lang. Di ka makasagot, eh. Siguro tali ka na.
 Tama ba?

Sa buong buhay ko, noon lang ako nakapagkuwento ng mga kabadturan sa pakikipagrelasyon. Habang walang tigil ang pangungulangot ng driver at nakabad kami sa trapik, kinuwento ko sa kanya ang tungkol kay Beah, kinuwento ko kung paano kami naghiwalay, kinuwento ko sa kanya kung paano ako umigpaw sa mga kabadturan, paano ako kumawala sa hawla ng pangungulila, paano ako unti-unting lumikha ng pader sa paligid ko. At kinuwento ko rin kung paano ako naiinggit sa mga kaibigan kong di masyadong komplikado ang mga buhay. Habang nagsasalita, naawa ako sa sarili ko. Parang sinisigaw ng utak ko na: “Tang ina mo, Norman! Wala ka nang pag-asa, GAGO!” Di ko napigilan ang pagtulo ng luha ko. Di ako umiayak pero tumutulo ang luha ko habang binabaybay namin ang daan.

—Ma, biglang sabi niya sa drayber, —dalhin mo na lang kami sa Balintawak.

Napatingin ako sa kanya, nagtataka.

—Saan tayo? tanong ko.

—Sa motel. Mag-che-check-in tayo.

Kinabahan ako. Puta, naisip ko, delikado ang lagay ko. Menor de edad siya. Baka lumabas na pinilit ko siya. Parang nabasa niya ang iniisip ko.

—Huwag kang mag-alala. 18 years old na ako. Birthday ko nga ngayon, di ba?

—Bakit? litung-lito ako.

—Kailangan mo ito. Ibibigay ko sa iyo ang kailangan mo.

Di ako makasagot. Nagpadala na lang ako. Nag-check-in kami sa Anito. Pagpasok namin sa kuwarto, naghubad kaagad siya ng damit. Wala siyang itinira. Napako ang mga mata ko sa tayung-tayong dibdib niya, at unti-unting gumapang ang titig ko pababa sa nagugubat niyang kaselanan, pababa pa sa makikinis at mapuputing binti, payuko sa mga paang malinis na tila kaysarap dilan.

At dinilan ko nga. Ikinambyo ko sa reverse ang pagmamaneho ko at hinalikan siya mula paa, pataas. Sinubok kong isa-isa ang mga makikinis niyang daliri sa paa, pinaglandas ang dila ko pasunod sa direksyon ng mga naaninag na ugat. Humahalinghing siya sa sarap. Pinaglakbay ko ang dila ko sa makikinis at bilugan niyang mga hita. At sabay dumaosdos ako pasubos sa sentro ng ligaya niya, basang-basa siya roon. Isinalikop niya payakap sa ulo ko ang mga binti niya, habang nakasabunot nang mahigpit sa buhok ko ang mga kamay, iningudngod ang mukha ko sa sentro ng kanyang pagkababac. Nang di na ‘ko makapagpigil, pinasok ko na siya, matagal, hanggang tatlong putok. Saka ako sumalampag ng higa padagan sa kanya. Sa mga sandaling iyon, napapagtanto kong masarap ding mabuhay sa mundong ibabaw, kahit paminsan-minsan.

Maya

Di ko maintindihan ang ambilis na pagkabog ng dibdib ko habang hinihintay ang pagdating ng eroplanong sinasakyan

niya. Sa isang kamay ko, hawak ko ang litratong padala niya. Baka daw kasi hindi ko siya makilala. OA, sabi ko. Sino’ng Pinoy ang hindi makakikilala sa kanya?

Kung hindi siya naging artista, baka nga hindi ko siya makilala. Noong magkahiwalay kami, dose anyos lang siya. Ako, kinse. Pero bago pa noon, bago pa siya sumama sa Kano, magkasama na kami nang matagal sa lansangan.

Palabay kami noong araw sa Cubao. Syete anyos lang siya, ako sampu. Pahingi-hingi kami sa mga taong naglalakad. Magkasalo kaming kumakain. Magkatabi kaming natutulog. Uso sa kulturang kalye ang ganito, semi-magsyota. Nagising na lang ako isang umaga na may sumisiksik sa tabi ko, isang gusgusing batang babae. Tinanong ko kung sino siya. Siya raw si Mayang. Mula noon, di na humiwalay sa akin. Assistant ko sa araw, syota ko sa gabi. Sabi niya, ginagahasa raw siya sa kanila. Tatay niya, kuya niya, at titi niya. Masakit na masakit na raw ang pekpek niya, ayaw na niya. Kaya siya naglayas. At naglakad ng ilang araw, hanggang sa mapadpad sa hinihingan kong karton na nakalatag sa bangketa.

Di rin siya nakaligtas sa akin. Unang gabi namin, tinikman ko siya. Pinag-rugby ko muna siya para mas suwabe. Nang sabog na kami parcho, naghalikan kami at pinahiga ko siya sa semento. Nang mahiga siya, ipinasok ko ang kamay ko sa marumi nyang salawal. Pinaglakbay ko ang mga daliri ko sa pekpek niyang basang-basa. Napapangulog siya sa tuwing kakanti-kantiin at lalapiut-lairutin ko ng mga daliri ang munting kuntal na siyang pinaka-nakakikiliting bahagi ng pagkababac niya. Inulan ko ng halik ang labi niya, leeg at ang maliliit niyang mga utong. Umungol siya sa sarap. Maya-maya’y ipinasok niya rin ang kamay niya sa shorts ko at kinapa at hinawakan nang mahigpit ang naghuhumindig kong pagkalalake. Di na ako nakapalag nang isubo niya ito nang buong-buo, puno hanggang lalamunan niya. Tumirik ang mga mata ko sa sarap. Matapos ang napakahabang foreplay, pinasok ko siya, pasandal sa pader.

Iyon ang simula ng mahaba naming pagasama. Parang gulong, may mga talo at panalo. Dinaraan sa rugby ang gutom, dinaraan sa sex ang lungkot, dinaraan sa suntukan ang mga panghihinayang.

Tapos nanubis siya. Di namin alam ang gagawin. Tapos, makalipas ang dalawang buwan, nakunan siya nang maligo kami sa breakwater. Tandang-tanda ko noon, puro dugo ang salawal niya nang umahon siya sa tubig. Iyak siya nang iyak. Wala na raw ang baby namin. Tapos, nilagat siya ng ilang araw, mataas na lagat, minsan’y nagdedeliryo. Kung saan-saan ako dumiskarte ng pera, kung saan-saang pawnshop nagbenta ng mga bracelet, relo at kuwintas na inagaw ko mula sa mga kapus-palad na mamamayan ng kalakhang Maynila. Ilang beses naming pinalangon humingi ng tulug sa gobyerno pero baka paghiwalayin lang kami at ipaampon sa kung kani-kanino. Ayaw naming magkahiwalay.

Isang araw, sumama siya roon sa Kano. At di ko na nakita.

Pagkatapos, bigla na lang, heto siya’t isang artista. Di na siya ang aking gusgusing si Mayang. Siya na ngayon si Maya Gonzales. Pinapantasya ng mga Pilipinong malilibog. Gonzales pala ang apelyido niya? O screen name niya lang? Noong nagsasama pa kami, di ko man lang nalaman ang buo niyang pangalan.

ISINALIKOP NIYA
 PAYAKAP SA ULO
 KO ANG MGA
 BINTI NIYA

Alam kong siya iyon. Isang gabi noon, dilat na dilat ako, sabog na sabog sa magkakasalubong na tama ng gin, shabu at marijuana, nakatanghod sa computer ang mukha, nakapuwesto't di gumagalaw ang mga daliri kong magaan na nakadampi sa keyboard, nag-iisip ng magandang kuwentong maaring sulatin. May ininterbyung artista sa TV.

Narinig ko ang boses. Napaligang ako sa TV. Walang duda, siya si Mayang. Wala na ang neneng timpla at timbre ng boses, pero ang pagdinig naman ng boses ng isang matagal ring minahal, wala sa mismong tunog kundi sa sayaw ng hangin kapag nagsasalita siya. Itong galaw na ito ng hangin ang humugot sa akin mula sa pang-apat na dimensyon ng pre-overdose at i-focus ang mata ko sa TV, at titigan ang magandang chick na nagsasalita. Hanggang ngayon, wala kang ideya kung ano ang mga pinagsasabi niya noon, kasi hindi ang mga tenga ko ang nakinig kundi ang dugo. Lumukso at umikot nang mas mabilis kaysa sa normal ang pagdaloy ng dugo sa mga ugat ko, paikot sa buong katawan, papasok sa ulo na noo'y ilang araw nang manhid sa dami ng kemikal na nilalanghap, pakurot sa malambot na parte ng utak na nagdidikta ng mga damdamin. Nang tingnan ko ang mukha ng artistang nagsasalita, tumulo ang malabnaw na uhog

mula sa ilong ko papunta sa keyboard.

Tuluy-tuluy ang pagluha ko hanggang sa jeep, sa mall, at sa sinchan. Masaya ako para sa kanya, sa mga magagandang nangyari sa buhay niya.

Nasundan nang nasundan ang mga pelikula niya. Click na click siya sa takilya bilang soft-porn actress. Malala na rin kasi ang problema sa kalibugan ng bansang Pilipinas. Umabot na sa puntong ang ginagawang pamantayan para sa magandang pelikula, ang dami ng mga eksenang may hubaran at yarian. Kaya sikat si Maya at ang iba pa niyang kasamahan sa Viva Hot Babes. Sila ngayon ang nangunguna sa paksikahan. Ako, lahat ng pelikula niya, pinanood ko.

Di ako nakatiti. Sumulat ako sa kanya, nangumusta lang. Ibalita ko ang mga nangyari sa akin, paano ako sinuwerteng makatape ng matronang nagpaaral sa akin, na patay na ngayon, sumalangit nawa, kung bakit nagsusulat ako ngayon at hindi nagnanakaw o naghuhukay ng kanal. Ikinuwento ko rin sa kanya ang isa kong raket. Sabi ko, na web designer ako, na gumagawa ako ng mga website ng mga banda, artista, kumpanya, kung sinu-sino. At ang totoo, mas ito ang bumubuhay sa akin kesa ang pagsusulat kong wala namang pinupuntahan. Kinuwento ko sa kanyang nanalo ako sa Palanca, na may direktor na lumapit sa akin at binili ang rights ng nobela para mai-adapt sa pelikula, etc, kung ano-ano pa.

Ipinadala ko sa address ng studio. Pagkatapos ng isang buwan, sumagot. Pupunta raw siya ng States at pagbalik niya, magkita kami. Gusto niya raw ako na ang sumundo sa kanya sa airport. Marami raw kaming pag-uusapan. Ibinigay niya ang cellphone number niya. I-text ko raw ang number ko sa kanya. Bumili pa ako ng load sa tindahan sa tapat para lang makapag-text sa kanya. Di naman siya nag-reply. Nag-text ulit ako, di siya sumagot. Nag-text ako sa kanya nang isang linggo, di siya sumagot. Tinatawagan ko rin ang

number niya pero di niya sinasagot. Ngayon lang. Ngayon parating na siya galing sa Amerika. Ang walanghiya, pinaghintay ako ng isang buwan.

Patagal nang patagal, palakas nang palakas ang ninig ng sigarilyong nakaipit sa mga daliri kong ngawit. Natatakot ako, at kinakabahan, di ko maintindihan. Di ko pansin ang ingay ng mga tao sa paligid. Panay ang tingin ko sa litratong hawak ko, kahit kabisadung-kabisado ko na iyon. Ipiikit ko man ang mga mata ko, parang nakikita ko siya, naaalala ko ang mukha niya noong umalis siya, noong sabihin niyang sasama siya sandali sa Kano, para kami magkapera.

At naaalala ko ang mukha niya, makalipas ang mahigit sampung taon nang makita ko siya sa kauna-unahang pagkakataon sa dambuhalang lona ng sinchan. Nang maghubad siya at kinapaglapapan sa lalaking artista, di ko maiwasang gunitain ang nakaraan namin. Di ko maiwasang magselos.

Kaya umiiyak pa rin ako hangang makauwi ng bahay.

II. REAL TIME

from yahoo! chat server <http://chat.yahoo.com> posted by: vectormutation@hotmail.com october 19, 2003. subject: free porn! xxx!

free! free! free! live sex show! xxx! mga repakals. astig to, free porn check this out: <http://www.geocities.com/wilwayco>

Birthday niya kasi kaya siya bumili ng webcam. Treat niya sa sarili. Galing siya sa isang kliyente niya. Mahirap maging freelance web designer. Magtiyaga ka, Norman. Isa ka sa mga sawimpalad na sinagasaan ng dotcom crash. Ang kumpanyang pinapasukan mo, isang sinserong start-up na nagsusumikap, pinataob sa kakulangan ng pag-uawa ng sangkatauhanang Pinoy sa Internet, kusing tumiklop nang maubusan ng pondo, at iniwan kang palaboy-laboy, paraket-raket, hanggang sa maibenta mo ang kotse mo, at maubos na ang napagbilhan nang hindi mo namamalayan.

from guerrilla information network <http://www.gin.ph> posted by: noli_pogi63@edsaemail.com.ph october 20, 2003. subject: free streaming live porn

seen on <http://www.geocities.com/wilwayco>: four unidentified people are having group sex, three females, one male, a webcam attached to a pc captured the event which started yesterday and is still going on as of 10:00 am today, eastern standard time, ip address of the said orgy broadcast has been pinpointed in the philippines, the four participants are also believed to be filipinos.

at 2:00 pm yesterday (october 19, 2003), a sudden massive shift in internet traffic was detected, this after a still unidentified webmaster posted a link in a prime-time chatroom, the link leads to a website hosted by geocities (<http://www.geocities.com>), registered under norman wilwayco, who, upon investigation, turns out to be a manila-based web designer.

the broadcast shows four people having wild, lurid, acrobatic and non-stop sex with each other, also alternating sex with smoking pot and crack (known in manila street jargon as "shabu"), whether they are aware of their webcam filming, their intercourse is nevertheless still being broadcasted in the cyberspace, through wilwayco's website. ([more to follow... click here to return to home](http://www.geocities.com/wilwayco))

Pero kahit ano'ng mangyari, kahit sa tingin mo, napaka-hopeless na ng sitwasyon mo, basta lagi mong isipin na ang Internet ang babago sa buong konsepto ng kapitalismo. At sa pagdating ng panahon na iyon, ituturing na mga diyos ang mga web designer na tulad mo. Ang kapangyarihan hahawakan ng

A RESPECTED
REVIEWER OF
PORN SITES
AND OTHER
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ABSURD,
HARDCORE AND
INVENTIVE"

mga taong nakaalam sa Internet at E-commerce, at sa kung paano nito araw-araw binabago ang pananaw natin sa sarili at sa kanya, sa buhay at sa mundo. The Internet is the future!

from guerrilla information network (<http://www.gin.ph>) posted by: noli_mq@edsa.com.ph october 21, 2003. subject: wilwayco and harem exposed!

wilwayco and harem exposed. the philippines' national bureau of investigation (<http://www.nbi.gov.ph>) confirmed today that the man in the video that has been circulating widely among internet surfers for the past week is norman wilwayco. wilwayco is a web designer who lives in quezon city. the philippine's three women with whom he is having sex with are actually popular philippine movie actresses: they are: leah de leon, Maya Gonzales and Jenny Bernudez. wilwayco's identity was traced through his membership photograph in the database of alumni.net (<http://www.alumni.net>). said photo was a police mugshot of his arrest in 1992. ([click here for details of his arrest](#))

major studios where the actresses currently work are scandalized over their talents' "shameless and immoral" behavior on the internet. in a press conference this morning at katkalan, via del rosario and lily monteverde of viva and regal films (respectively), where Maya Gonzales and leah de leon are currently signed, as talents doing various hold flocks, issued a joint statement condemning the behavior of Maya and leah. the statement also confirms that any and all contracts between leah and Maya with their studios are now "null and void". also cited, a major philippine network studio where Jenny Bernudez is a mainstay, also issued a statement this morning severing all ties with Jenny Bernudez. the statement also said that Bernudez will be shot "if that dirty motherfucking whore brings her ass here."

Tarantado! Sabihin mo yan sa mga magsasaka, manggagawa at kalakhang bilang ng mamamayang hikahon, na sa tanang buhay nila, di pa nakakagamit ng computer. Internet pa kaya? Kelan pa iyong future na iyon? Kailangan ko ng regular na pinagkakakitaan. Kailangan ko ng perang pang-sustain sa katawan, kailangan ko ng pangyosi, pangtoma, pang-droga at panggastos sa iba pang bisyo. Ngayon ko kailangan. Ngayong nagsara na ang Szazam Tech. (<http://www.szazam.com>), ang tanging pinagkukunan ko ng panustos para mabuhay. Kailangan kong mag-freelance. Di madali ang buhay para sa isang freelance web designer sa Ikatlong Daigdig, kung saan, ang kalakhan ng bilang ng mga mamamayang gutom ay di interesado sa kung anuman ang gig mo sa buhay. Pagkain at hindi bandwidth ang isyu sa kanila.

from absurd news chat server <http://chat.yahoo.com> posted by: shin06@yahoo.com october 21, 2003 subject: day 3

it is day 3 of wilwayco's infamous harem orgy. the foursome are still going at it. thru international (<http://www.thru.com>), a popular online resource center for rich and dirty old men, dubbed their video as "the greatest fuck movie of all time". ([more to follow... click here to return to home](#))

Kung magsulat na lang kaya ako? Seryosohin ko na ang pagsusulat ng mga obrang magpapasikat at magpapayaman sa akin? Malabo. Lalo lang akong magugutom. Hindi yumayaman ang mga writer sa Pilipinas, dahil hindi naman uso ang pagbabasa rito.

from yahoo! chat server <http://chat.yahoo.com> posted by: noshadow@yahoo.com october 21, 2003 subject: c norman ba to?

tangina meyn, si norman nga yung nasa video. tangina di siguro alam ni kupal na naka-on ang webcam niya. tangina, jackpot si norman, pare, sine leah, Maya at Jenny. super hot babes! paano nadele ni norman yung mga chicks na iyon?

Eh noong nakaraang taon, nanalo na nga ako ng Palanca, Nobela, Tanging Gantimpala, nagkaroon ng isang pahinang feature article sa Inquirer. Nakababaliw, ang Inquirer, pinakamatinong pahayagan, naglaan ng ilang minuto para mag-abalang tanung-tanungin ako kung bakit at paano ko isinulat ang nobela. Kuwento-kuwento, tanong-sagot. Bakit puro sick ang characters mo? Kasi sick ang mundo. Bakit mo nasabing sick ang mundo? The mere fact that you're here conducting an interview with an unknown writer, that you considered me worthy of national attention—as if anyone gives a shit —is one bloody sick fuck.

from guerrilla information network (<http://www.gin.ph>) posted by: noli_mq@edsa.com.ph october 22, 2003. subject: harem updates

harem offline. millions of harem site visitors were disappointed today as harem went offline. geocities (<http://www.geocities.com>), the company that hosts wilwayco's website cut off wilwayco's hosting pending further investigation. geocities issued a statement this morning informing millions of disappointed members that <http://www.geocities.com/wilwayco> is no more, as they took it off the cyberspace. "we found that the website contains pornographic materials and that kind of immorality is against the policy of geocities for free hosting" said geocities CEO Paul Lambert. geocities was forced to temporarily shut down their system this morning when their bandwidth was eaten by more than 40 million site visitors all in the short span of three days since wilwayco aired his live sex broadcast from their server.

janesguide.com (<http://www.janesguide.com>) a respected online reviewer of porn sites and other perversities, gave the wilwayco harem an "a" rating for being "free, unique, absurd, hardcore and inventive". in their site's news section, jane herself said "for the first time in internet history, we can actually watch a porn movie, happening in real-time, free of charge, and not just a porn movie. an excellent porn movie. all the performers were great, especially that brown turd norman wilwayco who has a nine-inch cock and whose sexual appetite is mindbogglingly intense. Boy, he sure is generously endowed, that and his kinky sex performance is enough to make every male pornstar insecure. the three girls are great too. I think the philippines is the new breeding ground for hot, exotic chicks" thousands of people in janesguide mailing list logged in to harem during its three-day airing.

philippine president gloria macapagal arroyo invites all the major studio heads for luncheon meet. palace sources said that viva films owner via del rosario got a serious ass-kicking by the president herself over Maya Gonzales's "scandalous behavior" on the internet. Later on, he said, the president apologized and after a few drinks and winks, everything was forgiven.

Leah de leon, Maya Gonzales, and Jenny Bernudez are all unavailable for comment. the three sluts cannot be found anywhere. none of the three have made contact with their managers since saturday, october 16, 2003. leah's estranged husband mario cannot be reached for comment. he was last seen in a private resort in the caribbean in the company of beautiful women.

norman wilwayco, a sick pervert, is also missing since the scandalous three-day sex tournament, now infamously known in the world as harem. ([more to follow... click here to return to home](#))

Ang putang inang nobela, hanggang ngayon di pa napublish. Walang publisher na nagkaka-interes sa kabila ng pagkapanalo nito sa Palanca. Mismong ang Carlos Palanca Foundation, di tumatawag, wala silang interes na ilathala ang nobela ko. Badtrip. Mahigit sampung taon na akong nagsusulat, mula pa noong nangangapa ako sa makinilya, hanggang sa magkaroon ako ng sariling computer nang i-uwi ko ang PC na gamit ko sa Szazam bago ito magsarado.



from www.bulatlat.com posted by: hisliganon@edsaonline.com october 23, 2003
subject: harem updates

philippine senator Tito Sotto, with presidential backing, demanded a senate-wide inquiry on wilwayco's three day free sex show. sotto blamed wilwayco and his harem for corrupting the minds of children, he said wilwayco and his sluts are all sick perverts. sotto suggested that a public hanging of the four is just what he needs to point out that "this country is pure catholic and won't fucking tolerate immorality." Later, senate approved sotto's proposal.

At mula nang magkaroon ako ng computer, lalong dumami ang mga nasusulat kong kuwento, pasingit-singit kapag may libreng oras, kung hindi ako busy, o kung hindi lasing, o sabog, o nagmumukmok at sinisis ang sarili sa mga masasamang nangyayari sa mundo.

from www.vebey.com posted by: delvert_the_nervert@com.com october 24, 2003 subject: harem updates

the catholic church informed its members today to stay away from the evils of internet and free porn . in his homily this morning, cardinal sin said "wilwayco is the anti-christ, that person is no use to the society. He is a menace, the government should execute him," later, sin denied having said those things.

Sarap magsulat sa computer. Kaso, andami nang nasusulat, bihira namang napa-publish. Di pa ako nakakapaglabas ng sarili kong libro. Yung una kong libro dapat, yung nobelang nanalo sa Palanca, di ko na alam kung ano ang plano ng UP Press sa manuscript na binigay ko sa kanila. At di ko na rin alam kung ano ang plano ni Khavn [<http://www.khavn.com>], yung direktor na bumili ng rights ng nobela para i-adapt sa pelikula. Iisa lang ang ibig sabihin, isa akong manunulat na walang binatbat. Walang may interes na magbasa ng mga sinusulat ko.

from guerrilla information network (<http://www.gin.ph>) posted by: pdl_pops@edsaonline.com.ph october 25, 2003. subject: harem updates

several groups formed a coalition condemning geocities' interruption of the harem broadcast. thousands of geocities members demanded the return of the site.

Mabuti na lang, noong writer pa ako sa Batibot, na-dig ko nang todo ang mga PC nila. Natutunan kong mag-Photoshop [<http://www.adobe.com>] at Dreamweaver, Flash, at Fireworks [<http://www.macromedia.com>], at konting javascript, mga elemento sa paggawa ng cool na website. Konting tiyaga lang, konting sipag lang, isa na ako kayang web designer, alternative job sa mga panahong di ako kayang buhayin ng mga ilusyon ko sa pagiging manunulat.

from www.amaturpages.com posted by: sickboy@peverian.com october 26, 2003 subject: harem awards

the board of judges for the webby porn awards is considering giving the body's highest honor to norman wilwayco for his unbelievable, absurd, hardcore, non-stop and almost magical performance in harem. one judge exclaimed "wilwayco is the greatest fuck hero of this century."

At ang latest investment, heto ngayo't nakabili ako ng Logitech na webcam [<http://www.logitech.com>] at nakapagpakabit ng DSL connection sa PLDT [<http://www.pldt.com.ph>]. Regalo ko ang mga ito sa sarili ko dahil birthday ko ngayon.

from www.pldt.com.ph posted by: gina@khanonline.com october 26, 2003
subject: wilwayco no longer a writing fellow

the university of the philippines creative writing institute is severing all ties with norman wilwayco, a writing fellow for the 34th up national writers' workshop that was held in baguio in 1999. chairperson cristina pantoja hidalgo said "wilwayco is a bad ass and evil man. we don't want to associate our organization with him. We are hereby striking all record of his having participated in the national writers' workshop. As of today he is no longer a fellow and his rights and privileges are summarily revoked."

from www.warrior.com (the ultimate sanity in anarchy) posted by: revolting_devil@warrior.com october 27, 2003 subject: upheld online freedom!

several groups are lobbying in the washington building for the reinstatement of wilwayco and his harem. more than 15,000 people of all ages, picketed in front of the reactionary building carrying placards that honor the masters of sex and other perversities where wilwayco's name was banished along with those of other known masters including cassanova, jack the ripper, rio alma and superman.

from www.philmusic.com posted by: kurd@radioactivesapi.com october 27, 2003 subject: mabuhay si norman!

mga tol, visit my niaman website namin. <http://www.radioactivesapi.com>. ito ang pinakahuling website na ginawa ni norman bago siya na-missing.

Puwede na kong makipag Video Chat. At dahil online ako 24/7, makakapag-chat na ako sa mga kaibigan, para na ulit kaming magkakasama nina Nathan, Mon, at Lonlon tulad noong dating magkakasama kami sa Szazam [<http://www.szazam.com>], at iba pang katoto sa maliit ngunit solidong sirkulo ng mga hardcore designers, mga taong uhaw sa mga bagong software upgrades, mga nilalang na nabubuhay sa tradisyon ng Juxt Interactive [<http://www.juxtinteractive.com>] at 2Advanced Studios [<http://www.2advanced.com>], mga talamak na users ng mga pirated na software, sumasamba sa bawat pautot ni Hillman Curtis [<http://www.hillmancurtis.com>], at nangangarap na maka-jackpot ng malalaking projects.

from www.ling7.net posted by: jaquinta@vexia.com october 28, 2003 subject: harem prayer vigil

thousands of fans gathered today for a three-day prayer vigil for the safety of norman wilwayco and actresses Leah De Leon, Maya Gonzales, and Jenny Bermudez. the prayer-vigil is being held in front of wilwayco's residence.

police squads stationed nearby were scandalized by the presence of hundreds of scantily dressed women carrying placards that said "fuck me, norman!", "come home to mama", "give it to me, baby!" and "i'm your fuck slave."

since the abrupt end of the harem site broadcast, the four harem performers are nowhere to be found. meanwhile, police continue their search. wilwayco's flat was searched and turned upside-down. the joint forces of the nbi and NPD

IISA LANG ANG
IBIG SABIHIN,
ISA AKONG
MANUNULAT
NA WALANG
BINATBAT.
WALANG
MAY INTERES
MAGBASA
NG MGA
SINUSULAT KO





retrieved several issues of *Ilwayway* magazine, playboy, high times and transworld skateboarding from his residence, police also seized several whips, chains, leather straps, love dolls, cock rings, vibrators and all manner of sex toys, the nbi is also baffled by the absence of drugs or any illegal substance that would give them justification to shoot *ilwayway* in the head, his computer is missing, a note in the refrigerator says "happy b-day to me".

Paano na ang pagsusulat ko? Kalimutan na lang, muna, sa ngayon. Di naman ako kumikita sa pagsusulat eh. Kailangang mag-concentrate sa graphic design. Internet ang future ng lahat. Kailangan ko ring ikabit itong bago kong biling webcam. Trip. Trip. Trip.

from www.cnn.com posted by: tudy_a@cnn.com october 29, 2003
subject: harem online!

millions of harem fans rejoiced as harem goes online once again, at 6:00 am, eastern standard time, norman wilwayce went online and posted the url of the new harem website: <http://www.harem.tv>.

the four harem performers faced the camera, apologized for their misbehavior and told the philippine government to go fuck itself, the four are now currently staying in amsterdam, partying and having a good time, the dutch government has reportedly given them amnesty in exchange for the continuation of their activities as on the previous harem site, except that this time, there will be ad banners and pop-up advertisements and, of course, a membership fee, millions of people have already signed-up for the very fair price of us\$100, the imf-worldbank and microsoft are reportedly providing the online payment facilities: [more to follow... click here to return to home](#)

III. HAREM

Beah

—Ba't ka me pasa, tanong ko.

Di siya sumagot.

—Putang ina, sino'ng gumawa sa iyo niyan? pangungulit ko.

—Asawa ko.

Oo nga pala, nag-asawa na siya. Nabasa ko iyon sa diyaryo.

—Dapat, pupunta `ko rito noong weekend, sambit niya.

Kaso, tumatawag ako sa telepono, walang sumasagot.

Nasan ka noong Sabado?

—Nasa airport. May susunduin sana ko.

Tumayo ako't humakbang palapit sa bookshelf. Kinuha ko ang pencil case na nakapatong sa mga libro.

—Batak tayo, aya ko sa kanya. Di ko na hinintay ang sagot niya. Umupo ako sa tabi niya at binulatlat ang mga laman ng pencil case.

Habang nilalanghap namin ang nasusunog na kristal, parang pakiramdam ko, heto kami sa kung saan kami naghiwalay ng landas. Deja vu ng eksena noong umalis siya. Hardcore sex at crystal methane.

—Ano nangyari sa sinundo mo? tanong niya.

Akala ko, nakalimutan na niya. Ayoko sanang pag-usapan.

—Wala eh, nasundo na.

Tahimik. Batak. Tingin sa sahig. Tingin sa kisame. Salit-salit. Palitan ng hitit.

—Sino ba sinundo mo?

Ayokong sagutin pero sasagutin ko. Bumatak muna ko nang malalim bago ko sinagot ang tanong niya.

—Si Maya Gonzales? Friends kayo? parang takang-taka siya. Nakapagtataka naman talagang magkaroon ako ng ganoong level ng kaibigan, tulad ni Maya. Di naman ako superstar.

Kinuwento ko sa kanya ang ilang anekdota sa buhay namin ng aking si Mayang. Pero di ko sinabi lahat. Basta sabi ko na lang, magkasama kami noong nagtitinda sa sidewalk.

—Shit! bulalas niya. —Tang ina, si Maya, sidewalk vendor? Eh ang brucha, akala mo kung sino kung umasta. Akala mo kung sinong anak-mayaman. Eh batang kalye lang pala. Medyo na-offend ako roon. Di ko pinahalata.

—Tang ina abnormal pa yung korte ng suso. Akala mo sasabog na bulkan.

Halatang-halatang pinainiksyunan ng silicone para talagang lumaki. Ang sagwa!

Tiningnan ko siya nang pamatay kong titig, yung titig na kilala niya. At saka ako nagsalita.

—Come on, Beah. Are you sure you don't want to fuck her?

Di siya sumagot. Mahaba ang pinagsaluhan naming katahimikan. Tapos nangiti siya.

—What do you have in mind?

Ako naman ang ngumiti, di ko siya sinagot.

—O, tapos, ano'ng nangyari? tanong nya.

—Saan?

—Di ba sabi mo, sinundo mo siya sa airport, ano'ng nangyari?

—Daming press, eh. Di ako nakalapit. Nagtuluy-tuloy din siya palabas, may mga kasama siya, sumakay sila ng Expedition.

Tumunog ang doorbell.

—Si Maya yan, sambit niya.

Tumayo siya't pinulot ang mga damit niya, at nagtuloy sa banyo. Dagli akong nagbihis. Binuksan ko ang pinto.

Jenny

Kaya ko siya kilala, kasi isa ako sa milyun-milyong gagong Pilipino na nababalih sa noontime shows, na para bang di kumpleto ang miserableng araw kapag di napanood ang mga seksing kendeng nang kendeng sa TV. At wala akong maisip na dahilan kung bakit siya narito.

—Jenny Bermudez? paniniguro ko.

—Hi, kuya!

Nang magsalita lang siya, saka ko nai-connect na siya si Jen-jen. Nabasa ko agad ang landi ng boses at gaslaw ng katawan. Iba na ang hitsura niya. Araw-araw ko siyang napapanood sa TV, at di miminsang naging subject matter na rin ng paghabate, pero di ko alam na si Jen-jen pala siya. Mas lalong gumanda, pumuti at nagkakurba ang katawan. Tang ina, tatlong taon ko siyang di nakita, heto't lalo siyang gumanda, at ako naman lalong tumanda. Nakahihiya. Kitang-kita ang layo ng naging agwat namin. Siya na dating katulong sa maruming karinderya, isa na ngayong sikat na sexy star. Ako na dating wala lang, isa na ngayong wala pa rin.

—Jen-jen?

—Ako nga, kuya. Sus, di mo na ko kilala? Happy birthday nga pala. Akala mo, nakalimutan ko na 'no'?

Yumakap siya sa akin at bumundol sa katawan ko ang umbok ng dibdib niya. Mahigpit ang yakap niya, nakadikit sa akin mula dibdib hanggang sa may ibaba ng puson. Naramdaman kong nakarikit nang padaklot ang mahahaba niyang kuko sa likod ko. Tapos, hinalikan niya ako sa lips. Akala ko, sandali lang, pero sinipsip niya nang mariin

ang dila ko, sinipsip na parang uhaw na uhaw ang lahat ng laway sa loob ng bibig ko. Nang bitawan niya ako, pakiramdam ko, wala na akong labi, nakain na niya.

—Ba't napasugod ka? tanong ko. Di niya pinansin.

Tuluy-tuloy siyang pumasok sa loob ng bahay, umupo sa sofa, dinampot at sinindihan ang kalahating joint na nasa tabi ng ash tray sa mesa. Humitit siya nang malalim, sunud-sunod, pinaglagos sa mga butas ng ilong ang usok ng damo, bago nagsalita.

—Di pa rin nagbabago itong haybols mo. Mula noong huli akong mapunta, ganito na ito. Nandito pa rin itong upuang ito. Dito tayo sumirku-sirko noon di ba? Aba, may nagbago. May computer ka na pala. Nasaan na yung makinilya mong classic?

Litung-lito pa rin ako. Ang dami kong tanong. Tulad halimbawa ng: Bakit si Jen-jen ay si Jenny Bermudez na ngayon? Ano na ang nangyari sa karinderya ni Aling Gelang? Di ko alam kung paano sisimulan ang pagtatanong. Sabay kaming napalingon sa direksyon ng banyo nang tumunog ang flush ng indoro. Pumaling ang tingin niya mula banyo, patitig sa mata ko, nakataas ang mga kilay, nagtatanong.

Lumabas ng banyo si Beah, hubo't hubad, at nagkatinginan sila ni Jen-jen. Halos mabasag ang tenga ko sa ingay ng tilang naganap. Tapos, nagyakapan ang dalawa, tuwang-tuwa, at naghalikan sa lips nang matagal. Di ko maintindihan. Nagsindi ako ng joint at sumali sa halikan nilang dalawa.

Mayang

Di ko alam kung ano ang gagawin ko kapag nagkita kami. Di ko akalain pupunta siya rito. Ngayon pa, ngayong may mainit na eksena sa bahay.

Hindi ko nga inaakalang magkikita pa kami. Noong may usapan kaming susunduin ko siya sa airport, at sabay nabulilyaso ang usapang iyon nang magdatingan ang sangkaterbang press, at halos kaladkarin siya ng mga kasamahan niya pasakay sa naghihintay na sasakyan, sinabi ko sa sarili kong imposible pang maging magkaugnay ang mga buhay namin. Di na angkop dahil sa layo ng naging agwat namin.

Pero kanina, habang nakasubob ako sa kandungan ni Jen-jen, samantalang nakasubo nang buong-buo ang ari ko sa maluwang na bibig ni Beah, biglang tumunog ang cellphone ko. Nag-text siya, malapit na raw siya. Sunduin ko raw siya sa Macdo sa may kanto. Dagli akong nagbihis at lumabas ng bahay, di na ko nagpaalam sa dalawa, na noong iwan ko, abala pa rin sa "kainan", plastadung-plastadong naka-69 sa sahig.

Sa pagitan ng mga higop ng kape, pinagmasdan ko ang pagdating niya, pagbaba sa taxi, pagpasok sa loob ng Macdo. Tumayo ako't sinalubong siya. Hawak ko siya sa braso palabas ng restoran, pinaro ko ang papaalis na taxi at sumakay kami. Nagtungo kami sa isang di-kilalang motel sa Cubao. Nagbaka-sakali lang ako kung naroon pa iyon. At naroon pa nga. Doon muna kami nagpalipas ng oras.

—Ok lang ba sa yo ang makipag-threesome? tanong ko sa kanya habang naninigarilyo.

—Two girls one boy? tanong niya.

—Oo, sagot ko.

—Sure.

—Eh foursome? Three girls, one boy.

—The more, the merrier.

—Tara sa bahay.

Nag check-out kami sa motel at nagtuloy sa bahay. **FHM**

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Melody WOLFFIS

'Love everyone but don't steal boys away from other girls'

PHOTOGRAPHY: DR. MARLON PECJO; INTERVIEW: JANELLE D. GUCE
STYLING: MIKE & GEORGE; MAKE UP: DIANA DE CASTRO; HAIR: ALLAN BACINA

You were quite pleased with the shoot. A veteran at the job, we presume...

This is actually my first time. I never thought I could do it but it was a blast. I loved putting on the different outfits. Before this, my friends in the States and I would just play dress-up and have bunch of makeup on.

So that's what happens during sleepovers. Looking back, did you regret everything you've said about the dorks?

Ha ha! High school was just really typical and you were still immature and did crazy stuff. But when I went to college, everything changed because you start thinking about yourself mostly.

Does that mean Asians can be popular in school, too, in that part of the world? We've heard a lot of stories of discrimination.

Yes. I lived in a white neighborhood in the States but I was treated like a normal lady. I feel great that I have lots of friends and that I am friends with everyone.

As cheerleader, did you ever get to be on top of the pyramid?

Yes! And it was always a blast to do that. It's like you are on top of the world and you rule the whole school. But I didn't want to be out there for anybody. It was all about fun and I didn't really mind what people would say.

Aside from the pyramid, what was your favorite stunt?

The flyer. It was amazing then, but I'm afraid of heights now. Maybe I'm just out of practice but I feel so lame!

Describe the guy you went out with in high school.

You know, the fit and healthy hotties that girls can't get their hands off. Ha ha! But now, a guy who can keep a conversation is important to me. I want him to be outspoken. That's so sexy!

What's the key to belonging to the "populars"?

It's mostly about being friendly. Personality is the key. And above all else, love everyone but don't steal boys away from other girls.

How's it like living in Arizona?

The weather is a killer during the summer. It's super hot that you can cook an egg on the cement, ha ha! But spring is probably the best weather ever because it's just right. During winter it gets so cold that you will feel numb.

Are bikinis allowed during summer?

Of course! My friends and I would walk around in our bikinis and tan by the pool. Talking about it, I miss those good old times...

Do you also wear those bikinis during nights out?

Ha ha! It depends on the party. Our nightlife is usually house parties with lots of beer and beer bong. My girls and I would usually dance the night away till sunrise. But I'm still conservative. The wildest thing I've done was go on top of the table with friends and dance.

How do you rate our social scene?

It's so much fun here! I never enter the clubs sober. Who even does that? When I get to the clubs, I drink some more but I learned my lesson of knowing your limit. Knowing it helps so you don't get sick, ha ha!

So you have become bonkers drinking too much booze?

Not yet. But I usually fall! I was really drunk and my friends and I were dancing on the table. I stepped on a cable and fell off.

What other things have you learned here aside from knowing your limit?

I learned how to cook rice! I couldn't cook at all so I usually go out with my friends to eat. **FHM**



FIRST TIMERS

Record-breaking feats as told by our high achievers

Dirrrty!

I'm a bit picky, that's why I don't go out that much with my suitors. But one day, while I was walking along the streets of my native Baguio, everything suddenly changed. A guy who introduced himself as a med rep approached me out of the blue, asking for my number. Now I don't know what got into me but I willingly obliged. That same night we became textmates and he immediately asked me out on a date, to which I once again shockingly agreed. We met at the local mall and had some coffee before he invited me over to his car. Inside, he began kissing me and feeling my boobs. The next thing I knew we were both naked in a nearby hotel. We went on to have sex the whole day. He even made a sex video of our escapade. I guess him being a great lover has made it easier for me to swallow it all! And, for your information, we've stayed as fuck buddies up to now, even if I'd already found a boyfriend of my own.

Angelslu, by email

A sucker is born

It was my first time to go to my boyfriend's place. But since his family was home, we decided to hang out somewhere else. We found ourselves in a secluded part of their village. In no time we started kissing passionately, his hands all over my body. When he started to suck at my nipples I got so horny I went down and gave him a blowjob. He was enjoying it so I sucked harder and licked him over and over. When he was about to come, he told me that he wanted to come in my mouth. When he finally came, I swallowed all of his juice! After this, cock sucking became my hobby and I'm practically doing it to him everywhere we go!

Rachel, by email

Alone and loving it

One night I was waiting for my "sex on the phone" pal to call me. But after hours of waiting I finally decided to just play with myself. To tell you the truth I'd missed masturbating so I was very eager to touch myself. It was cold that



Couple likes it hidden

About a year ago, I had the biggest crush on this guy who lives in our neighborhood. Although I never really got around to telling him, it turned out that he already knew and that our mutual friends had already planned for us to "share" whatever feelings we had for each other. So one day after a heavy drinking session at a barkada's house, we decided to talk. Heading into a dark alley right across our house, I asked him if he had anything he wanted to say to me. He replied by kissing me, while gently massaging my boobs. Even if I really wanted to resist—I was still a virgin at that time—I couldn't help but give in to him. After the long round of petting he tried to undress me. I declined and told him that there was no way we were doing it in a dark alley. Instead, I got down on my knees and gave my very first blowjob! But while I was doing my deed, I could hear a couple of voices that were getting louder and louder, as if approaching us from all sides. I motioned to him but all he did was cover my head with his shirt, assuring me that everything was fine. But it didn't really matter to me if we were an inch close to a scandal and even if I felt like I was performing a live show, what mattered was that I enjoyed my time with him.

Nueve, by email

night so I wrapped my naked body in a thick blanket. I started by rubbing my clit and touching my thigh. It didn't take me that long to climax. I was that excited to feel the satisfaction of *sariling sikap!* I didn't even think of any man, not even my ex who was

a total nerd but had this bendy, big dick. I continued rubbing my clit but the best part was when I licked my fingers and tasted my juice. It smelled so good and tasted so sweet that I had to dip it in again and taste it again. After coming a third time I let out the

loudest moan, I didn't really care if anyone could hear me. The feeling was great! My botched SOP pal sent me a text message around three in the morning but I was too tired to entertain him. Too bad he missed all the fun!

Whirlwind, by email



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