SEX AND ADVENTURE IN SOUTH EAST ASIA



THE SINGLE GUY'S PLAYGROUND





The Single Guy's Playground: Sex and Adventure in South East Asia By 20Nation

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Table of Contents

	Table
A Special Thanks	
The Single Guy's Playground	
<u>Chapter 1: Desire</u>	
The Mormon Girl	
Not Your Average Mormon Missionary	
<u>Turning Dreams into Realities</u>	
Part I - The Philippines	
An Unknown Future Awaits	
My First Adventure	
Oh How I love Dimples	
The Opportunity of a Lifetime	
Could Cebu City Be Better than Manila?	
Little Brown Jungle Princesses	
You Got Jokes	
My Kung Fu Date	
The Smile I Could Not Forget	
The Island Where Tourists Are Too Scared to Go	
The Island Filled with Virgins	
My South East Asia Online Dating Strategy	
Sweet and Innocent Pinays	
Attacked by a Gang of High School Girls	
A Friendly Face from My Side of the World	
My Worst Nightmare	
Journey to the Front Lines	
Wilds Nights with Wild Girls	
<u>Island Paradise</u>	
How to Say Goodbye?	
Conservative Doesn't Mean Conservative	
The Party I Wish All Parties Could Be	
The Philippines Summary	
Part II - Thailand	
A New Day, a New Country, a New Adventure	
Crouching Thai Cougar	
The Thai Big 3: Round 1	
Back to Normal Girls	
The Innocent Thai	
That Fateful Night When the Course of My Life Ch	ianged
The Crown Jewel of the Thai Big 3	
The First Epic Night of Many with THC	

You have to pay for hookers... right?

Taking Viagra Like it's Candy
Thailand Summary
Part III - Cambodia
Goodbye Thailand, Hello Cambodia
Another Country, Another Adventure
Magical Cambodian smiles
Girls and Second Chances
Some Connections Go Beyond Words
What can \$20 buy you in Cambodia?
A New Level of Crazy
Women who serve alcoholic beverages
Cambodian motorcycle rides
<u>Cambodia Summary</u>
Part IV - Vietnam
Time to see the hottest women in South East Asia?
5 Feet of Vietnamese Awesomeness
One Country One Girl, and Proud of It
<u>Vietnam Summary</u>
Part V: Thailand Round 2
<u>Thailand round 2: Nam Nam Nam</u>
Giving a Peek at Her Wild Side
Second Chances with Beautiful Girls
THC's back in town
A Crew in the Making?
A New Years in Thailand: Say Goodbye to Crazy
Freedom at last! Exploring more of Pattaya
Saying Hello Goodbye to Crazy
Thailand Round 2 Summary
<u>Part VI - The Philippines Round 2</u>
Venturing Where Few Foreign Men Have Ventured Before
Playing Ball Again and Not Vs. No Scrubs
A Weekend in Mindanao, Philippines
Into Money Saving Mode and Girls, Girls, Girls
Going further off the beaten path and getting rock star treatment
My brother from another continent joins the adventure
The Epic Stare
A Jungle Adventure
The Night Cafe
<u>Triple Digits</u>
The Quest for 60
Invasion of Cebu City
Girls You Only Meet a Few Times in a Lifetime

The Quest for 60 continues
How Many Girls Is Too Many Girls in One Day
Hey THC, It's My Turn to Unlock Some Achievements
Our Unstoppable Duo Becomes an Unstoppable Trio
Them Half White Babies
The 3 Amigos and Unpleasant Surprises
Getting Scotian Laid
Our Last Night in Cebu and Quality Time
Putting South East Asia into Perspective
Bittersweet Manila
Making Amends
24 Hours Left Until My Flight and 4 Lays Away from 60
An Experience Beyond My Wildest Dreams
3 Down, 1 to Go
One Last Afternoon and One Last Chance for 60
<u>Bittersweet Goodbyes</u>
The Philippines Round 2 Summary
Part VII - Back in America
<u>Depression Then Hope</u>
Read More

A Special Thanks

First I would like to thank my readers at <u>Swoop The World</u> who convinced me to write this book and have supported me along the way.

I would also like to thank the guys who helped me improve the book with their thoughts and suggestions: AJUIVU, Paul and many others who gave feedback and let me know about any typos.

Finally, a special thanks to all my friends I met along the way, especially my boys THC and Scotian.

The Single Guy's Playground

Chapter 1: Desire

Is there a place in the world where you can feel what it's like to be irresistible to nearly every girl you see? To experience what rock stars did as they toured the world? To look into a girl's fawning eyes and see that, to her, you are the most handsome man she has ever laid eyes on?

Is there a country where you can date countless attractive girls at the prime of their lives, even if they happen to be more than half your age? Where just by arriving, your wallet suddenly becomes thicker and your stature taller?

Does a corner of the world exist where girls will giggle and squeal just at the sight of you? A corner where women snap photos of you while you aren't looking, like paparazzi? Or throw themselves at you, just for the small chance that you will choose *them* to have your baby?

I know what you are thinking, for an average guy, there is no such place; this is all just a fairytale, a fantasy. But from what I had heard, a place like this *does* exist; a place where an ordinary guy with not much money, could experience all of this and more.

This is the true story of how I embarked on a journey to the other side of the world to find out for myself if these things I had heard were *true* or if they were too good to be *true*.

This is the account of how I stopped listening to what other people told me I was supposed to do and started doing what, deep down, I really wanted to do.

This book is not about morality, it's about shutting out all that chatter and letting carnal nature take over. These instincts exist for a reason; you exist because of these instincts. This is how nature has designed us, and fighting that has only led me to unhappiness.

The sights, sounds and feelings we experience in our lives are absolutely incredible. The satisfaction of water after a long workout, the rhythm and beat of your favorite song, or the feeling of finally getting something you have worked towards for so long; these moments are what life is really about.

With all these amazing feelings, the most intense and most satisfying are tied to sexuality. Being in love, the most talked about feeling there is, is tied to sexuality. Children are tied to it as well, as they are the result of sexuality.

"We are all born sexual creatures, thank God, but it's a pity so many people despise and crush this natural gift." –Marilyn Monroe.

Marilyn Monroe understood how amazing sexuality was. It wasn't something that was, or is, completely accepted, but this didn't stop her from experiencing it to the fullest.

If you believe in evolution, then you can make the argument that we exist to do two simple things: survive and reproduce. So, our reward circuitry is designed to give us the biggest rewards for surviving (of course) and reproducing (sex).

I want adventure. I want to experience new sights, sounds, tastes, and feelings. I don't want every day to be the same, with the monotonous daily tasks that make you wonder where the last year, or ten, has gone.

I won't waste another second of my life because I don't know if I have another life to live. I want to feel the deepest and most powerful things the world has to offer and I want to feel them now.

This is what pushed a normal guy with \$50 to his name to cross the world in search of all the pleasures of an unknown paradise.

This book is a true story. I want to protect the privacy of all the people I met on this adventure, so the names have been changed, even my own. I will refer to myself as 20 or 20Nation.

The Mormon Girl

I sat in the hallway of my university watching students walk past. I checked out the women as they strolled past, barely noticing the guys. All I saw was attractive girl after attractive girl.

Even though the weather was still quite hot with summer about to end, the women were still covered up. Where could I be that American girls weren't wearing highly revealing clothing? A place so sexually conservative it hasn't changed since the 1940's. I was trapped deep in the heart of Mormon country.

The beautiful girls who passed by wore shirts that didn't go lower than their collar bones. It was a warning to all horny men that cracking this code could take months, years or, the shortcut most Mormon men make, a wedding.

A girl came down the hallway towards me. She had reddish brown hair and a pleasantly curvy but slim figure. She wore a low cut t-shirt that framed a pair of plump breasts.

- Maybe this was a rebel Mormon girl. These are the unicorns that all horny guys who live in Mormon country hope to find. The signs were there.
- My eyes followed her as she came towards me, and she took one of the seats that lined the hallway. There was only a chair between us, and I could smell her perfume. It sent tingles up my spine. I knew I should talk to her. My heart raced as I thought of what to say.
- "Excuse me," I looked at her. "Do you have the time?" Not the greatest opener of my life, but at least it got the conversation going. Simple openers like this weren't difficult for me after my Mormon mission.
- "2:35 p.m."
- "Thanks," I replied. "Are you ready for the semester to start?"
- "Yes and no," Her smile was warm. "I'm excited to make friends, but not excited to study."
- "Agreed. I'm just ready for something new," I told her honestly. As I said this I couldn't help but wonder if the monotony of college life was the answer. "What year are you?"
- "I'm a freshman. Just starting. And you?"
- "Ahh, a baby I see," my signature smirk crossing my face.
- The conversation kept going for another fifteen minutes.
- "I actually have to go. It was nice to meet you," she said.
- "It was nice to meet you too," my heart rate sped up again. I knew these were the last moments I had to ask her out.
- "Are you doing anything this weekend?" I asked.

"No. Why?"

"You want to meet up?"

"Sure," she smiled.

Saturday arrived and I pulled my car up to the front door of a big, white three story house. Moments later, the front door opened, and she walked towards my car.

Damn, she looked good. She wore tight jeans that accentuated the natural curves of her body and another low cut blouse. The sight sent a rush of dopamine to my brain.

This was going to be a good night.

As I sat next to her in the cinema, I hardly noticed the movie going on in front of us. I felt good just being in this beautiful girl's presence.

"I have to make a move," I thought.

My heart raced as I reached out and took her hand in mine. She looked at me and smiled, clenching her hand in mine.

As the movie went on, I touched her more and more. I knew it was time to go for the kiss. I felt fear, of course, but without fear there is no courage.

I took my right hand and turned her chin towards me, leaned in, and went for the kiss.

The feel of her lips echoed in every inch of my body. I heard her breath catch, and felt her entire body react to the kiss, and knew she felt it too.

We spent a good portion of the remaining forty five minutes with our tongues in each other's throats. It was a good sign, although even good Mormon girls loved to make out.

When they movie ended, we walked back to my car. "What time do you have to be back home?"

"Not for another couple hours," she replied.

"I know where we can go."

The two of us sat on the blanket I had laid out. We were on a mountain overlooking the lights of the city. The perfect temperature of the summer night, mixed with the view, set the mood perfectly.

With my arm around her and her head snuggled into my chest, I simply felt like a man. We started kissing again, and I felt my jeans tighten; I wanted her so much.

Before long, we were laying down kissing. My hand was around her waist, and I started slowly

moving it up her torso. My pants grew tighter as I nearly arrived at the plump breasts I had been fantasizing about.

Her hand grabbed my wrist and stopped me. "What are you doing?" she asked seriously. "I'll only let my husband touch me there."

My heart sank as I realized this was another good Mormon girl. The magic of the night disappeared, and it was back to reality. The joy from kissing her the rest of the night was drowned out by the pain of my blue balls.

Not Your Average Mormon Missionary

A couple days later, I was back at my university. I was a bit old to be a student, thanks to a gap year after high school and having served a Mormon mission.

A mission had been the course of my life ever since I was five years old. Newly divorced from my father, my mom had converted to Mormonism. This mission would shape the man I would become, but not in the way my now Mormon mother had expected.

Mormon men were expected to take two years out of their lives around the age of 19 and give it to God. During this time, these missionaries are sent somewhere in the world with the sole task of teaching others and bringing them into the church.

Before going on my mission, I had dreamed about being sent to an exotic country on the other side of the world. I was intelligent, and knew I would have no problem learning a language.

I still remember receiving my letter in the mail that would tell me where I would spend the next two years of my life. Japan? Brazil? Maybe somewhere in Europe?

Most missionaries wait to open this letter with their families, but I was too excited to wait another moment. I opened the letter and read what it said.

"You have been called to serve in the Mid West, USA Mission."

My heart sank. The Mid West?

The news caused a nice week long depression, but I eventually shrugged it off and decided it would still be an adventure. I was ready to serve the Lord, as they say, and it didn't matter where that was.

They send you to something called the "MTC" or Missionary Training Center before they ship you out. Here, you begin to learn all the things you need to teach on your mission.

Never have a I studied so much in my life. It was a dorm style life, where 12 hours were spent in some sort of study. Since I was going to a place where I would only be speaking English, I didn't need to stay long.

When I finally got to the Mid West, life wasn't much different. I would wake up very early every morning, eat, spend an hour alone studying the bible, then an hour studying with my companion. Then, we would spend the entire day out knocking on doors and teaching people about the church.

It's no wonder Mormons have such a strong work ethic. On my mission, I spent 90% of my waking hours "doing the Lord's work."

There is, however, one part of being a missionary that you don't hear about back home. This part has such a gigantic impact on missionaries that it causes the most common sin that missionaries commit, the law of chastity or... being sexually clean.

- While on your mission, you are not allowed to date, to kiss or even to hug women. You are not supposed to masturbate and it is nearly impossible to obtain access to any pornography.
- You are almost never alone. Your same gender companion is always close by. As time passes, your companion can feel more and more like a jailer with whom you are engaged in a pact of mutual destruction against the very notion of fun.
- When you do get a glimpse of an attractive girl in sexy clothing, your brain becomes clouded, and all you feel is desire. You try to push away the thoughts, but it is a constant battle.
- Imagine how you felt when you were 12 years old and you first saw a picture of a naked woman. I felt like that every time I saw a member of the opposite sex in a slutty top.
- You may have heard the term "beer goggles," but there is something even stronger, it's called "mission goggles." When you have been deprived of women for so long, every woman becomes sexy.
- As the months of my mission passed by, I slowly started realizing I didn't believe. It became harder and harder to contain my sexuality.
- One day, as my companion slept, I took the keys to the car and drove a mile or two to a strip club we would pass by every day on our way home.
- Going to the strip club felt so bad and so good, all at the same time, in short, it was amazing. Through my mission goggles, every girl in the club was stunning, the glimpse of a bare breast felt the same as it did when I was twelve years old, made even sexier by the forbidden nature.
- Afterwards, I started hitting on every girl I was supposed to be teaching. Eventually, one of the girls I was supposed to be teaching ended up in the car I snuck out in late one night.
- "What am I doing?" I asked myself. The next day I called the mission president and asked to be sent home.
- I confessed all that I had done. I told him I no longer believed and wished to be sent home. He tried to get me to stay. He knew that when I returned home I would leave the church. He was right.
- When I got home, I felt like a new man. One thing that my mission had taught me was how precious sexuality was. I wasn't a virgin, but I wasn't far from it.
- When I thought about my future, I felt more hopeful than ever. I was finally free from any religious obligations, and I could finally start exploring the most magical aspect of a young man's life... sexuality.
- "I'm ready to start seducing women." I remember thinking to myself.
- Being raised in the Mormon Church, I had spent my whole life fighting these instincts. It was time to give in. My new life was about to begin.
- But then, I opened my computer and looked at porn. I basically didn't leave my bedroom for

the next three days.

"Ok. Now I'm really ready to start seducing women."

Turning Dreams into Realities

My 'religious experience' was what actually taught me the incredible importance of sexuality. As promised, my LDS (Mormon) mission had made clear what was important in life.

A couple of years went by, and the life I had envisioned for myself after coming home from my mission never happened. I thought that I would come home a new man, ready for more sex than I could handle. I had learned great skills, like being able to take rejection while approaching strangers, but nothing turned out as I had imagined. What was the problem?

I should be fulfilling the constant voice in my head to sleep with hot women, but instead my life had become a search for the rare Mormon rebel who would actually have sex with the guy she liked.

I was unhappy. There was a constant feeling inside of me that I was missing out on something. I was stuck in a pussy purgatory. All I had to do was close my eyes and every inch of my body would scream at me, telling me exactly what it was I needed.

I knew I needed sex, but unfortunately I was in, quite possibly, the worst city in the U.S.A. for getting laid. In fact, it is also the city that has the lowest average age of marriage. Coincidence? Of course not.

Guys get back from their missions hornier than they have ever been in their lives. Mormon girls are some of the most attractive women in the country and help amplify this horniness. When they finally get home, these missionaries still have their mission goggles on. They see these pretty girls through their goggles and they look like real life angels.

Because of this, it is very common that the first girl a Mormon missionary dates when he gets back, he ends up marrying months later.

"It just felt right. I think God was telling me she was the one," was a common response.

"It was love at first sight," others would say.

But the truth, from a missionary myself, is this... any girl you meet after your mission will seem like the most amazing thing on the planet. Not because she is, but because you spent the last two years of your life unable to touch or romantically interact with any woman.

As a straight male, it's like being stranded on a tropical island with an old TV. You can still see women and you are able to see these women for two years, but they are untouchable.

Coming back from a mission is like coming back from that island. You feel lucky to be able to lay a finger on a member of the opposite sex.

Guys have these strong feelings after meeting somebody, then, the horniness sets in. They realize that without marriage they can never quench this desire. That right there is why Mormon engagements usually only last a couple of months.

Creative LDS couples have tried to get around this. There was a group of BYU students who went to Las Vegas and eloped. They spent the weekend in Vegas having the sex they had desired for so long.

Once the weekend ended, they had their marriages annulled. They were able to outsmart the Mormon Church right? They only had sex after marriage. Wrong. The leader of the Mormon Church found out about it and ex-communicated all of them. The Mormon Church is to pussy purgatory what Alcatraz Island was to convicts, no escape possible.

What was I doing in this place where the thing I wanted most in the world was off limits?

I had heard stories about a place on the other side of the world, a place where "white God factor" is reality and not a piece of history. A place where not only would all women have sex before marriage, but where they desired Western men above all else; South East Asia.

I read story after story online about guys' experiences there. It seemed unreal. As I read the stories, I knew that these guys had to be lying. What they were describing wasn't even possible. Or was it?

I wanted to find out for myself, but it was only a dream. I worked a part time security job and studied. I had fifty dollars to my name. I had to apply for student loans just to be able to afford my tuition.

Maybe I would be able to take a trip to South East Asia once I graduated and paid off my student loans. That would be the responsible thing to do. Then, I would finally get out of Utah.

- The following week passed quickly. I was excited for the first day of class to start again. The possibilities with women for the upcoming semester kept me from becoming depressed.
- I arrived early to my first class of the semester. I took a seat at the back and watched the students file in.
- Each time an attractive girl walked into the class, I would examine her clothing and the look on her face to try to determine if she was a rebel.
- Each female student who passed through the door to the classroom screamed good Mormon girl. I watched the girls come in; no cleavage, no cleavage, long skirt, sweater. Each time a student walked in, my feeling of hope shrank.
- "Welcome to accounting, I hope you all had a great summer," said a balding professor with a monotone voice.
- The next hour, I hardly heard anything the professor said. My mind was far, far away. What was I doing?
- I lived close by and had a few hours until my next class, so I went home. Before going inside, I

checked my mailbox. I pulled out a stack of envelopes: junk mail, bills, and an envelope I didn't recognize.

I opened the unrecognizable envelope immediately, and looked at a big check.

"United States Treasury," the top of the letter read. My eyes scanned the document. "\$4,800.00." It was my student loan check.

An idea popped into my head. I walked into my house, and turned on my computer. Two hours later, I had dropped out of my university, put an ad up to sell my apartment contract, and booked a flight to Manila, Philippines.

I now had \$5,000, and I would spend every penny of it on what I really wanted. I was going to go to South East Asia and, in just one week, I would know if the stories I had read were true.

Part I - The Philippines

An Unknown Future Awaits

I spent the next week online. I had started "pipelining" or using online dating to meet girls before actually arriving.

I had previously dabbled in online dating, but the responses I got in the Philippines were what I imagine only fame can get you in the states. After a couple days of chatting, I had more dates set up than I had time for.

I had started to get to know the girls better, going from dating website to messages to webcamming. The girls' excitement at our eventual meeting seemed to grow every day.

One day, I started talking with a new girl from the online dating website. An hour later I did a video call with her on Skype. She answered the call, and what I saw was almost rejected by a brain still trapped in pussy purgatory.

"Hi," she said.

I could barely respond... this girl was lying in bed completely naked. You couldn't quite see anything, but if she moved the camera even another inch it wouldn't be the case.

"Hi," I said, trying to shake off the shock at what I saw.

Hormones took over, and I did my best to keep the conversation going. I waited for each moment that she would reposition her body and reveal a brief glimpse of her naked body.

After 15 minutes I was glimpsing nipples, after 45 minutes I was glimpsing her ass, and after an hour and a half she was "accidently" showing me her completely naked body.

I only had a couple days left before my flight to Manila, but I could hardly stand it.

I planned more dates with more girls. So far I had a date with a very cute and tiny single mom, a busty (for an Asian) Chinese girl, a somewhat slutty seeming Filipina who had flashed me on webcam and about ten others.

All you need to spend months overseas:

- 12 shirts, 1 sweatshirt (and coat if traveling to colder climates), 3 pairs of jeans, 3 shorts, 14 pairs of underwear, a towel, 3 pairs of shoes and 29 individual socks (I was never good at keeping matched socks together).
- A toothbrush, toothpaste, floss, high endurance deodorant, cologne, two razors, melatonin (natural sleeping pills), small first aid kit, and a couple pills of generic Viagra (from Thailand).
- Laptop, laptop charger, passport, jail broken cell phone, phone charger.
- Wallet with a Charles Schwab card (no ATM fees and works everywhere) and a VISA

credit card with no foreign transaction fees.

Other than a few souvenirs I planned to buy for my nieces and nephews it would be everything I would need for my entire trip. Looking back, the only thing I regret not having was a phone that took better photos. My crappy digital camera was a pain in the ass to have to carry around all the time.

The night before my flight to South East Asia finally I tried to sleep, but the excitement I felt kept my eyes from staying shut for more than a few moments.

I imagined what it would be like to step foot on a completely new continent. I fantasized about the women and my future sexual conquests. Maybe I would even find real love. The only thing I knew for sure was that I'd never been anywhere like the countries I planned to visit.

I had taken the cheapest flight I could find which, of course, meant I would be spending a ridiculous amount of time in flights and airports. Thoughts of a new adventure and possibilities of sex made the 26 hour trip fly by. The sleeping pills I took probably didn't hurt either. Before I knew it, the plane had landed in the Philippines.

- The moment I stepped out of the airplane, the hot and humid air hit me. The wall of air hit me like reality. I was really here.
- I went through immigration, picked up my bags, and got money from the ATM. Mariel, the cute and tiny single mom, was supposed to be waiting for me outside the airport.
- I stepped outside the doors of the airport searching for her.
- "Can I help you sir?" one of the airport guards asked.
- "I'm looking for the area where people wait for arrivals."
- "Right over there, sir." He motioned to his left. "Maybe a little tip for help?" He held out his hand.
- Never in my life had somebody asked for a tip for something like this. The moment and shock of visiting a new continent made me reach into my pocket. I gave him what I hoped was a dollar. I still didn't know the currency conversion.
- I walked over to the waiting area. People were standing in a group, watching the new arrivals come out the doors.
- I searched the faces in the crowd. I never expected it to be this difficult to find her. I imagined a 5 foot nothing, 90 pound girl would stick out. That was before I saw this crowd filled with 5 foot nothing 90 pound girls. The guys were a bit bigger, maybe more around 5 foot 3. I had never seen a collection of such tiny people.
- Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a figure walking towards me. I turned and saw Mariel's

- smiling face. I guess a 6'1" white guy didn't quite blend in here like she did. She jumped into my arms and gave me a hug.
- "How was your trip?!"
- "It was good," I said, feeling like I was drugged.
- For the second time in my life, I was feeling culture shock. Everything in this country was different, even here in the airport.
- The process of finding a taxi to my hotel felt like a dream, not a good dream or a bad dream, a dream where you don't know what to feel because you are in a place that doesn't seem real.
- We found a taxi, and started the trip from the airport into the center of Manila.
- Mariel and I sat in the back of the taxi. Her head was on my shoulder. I opened a currency app to see how much the ride would cost in U.S. dollars. I was getting ripped off.
- I looked at tiny Mariel. Why did she let the guy overcharge me? She noticed my gaze, and took her head off my shoulder to look up at me. She met my eyes and smiled.
- No, I can't expect this girl to know these things. This is a girl who had never taken a flight in her entire life.
- "That is not the right price." I confronted the taxi driver.
- "Sorry sir, but this correct price." What was up with everybody calling me sir?
- He pulled out a laminated piece of paper with different prices on it. It was written in English. I wasn't in the mood to try to argue about the price, but later learned that the prices written in English are almost always much more expensive than the normal fare. If you want to avoid being ripped off on the ride, you have to avoid the drivers who come to you at the airport.
- As we sat in the car, Mariel did something that no sober woman had ever done in my entire life, she kissed me. Was I seducing this girl, or was she seducing me?
- At my hotel, she came up to my room with me. I unpacked some of the basics and took a shower.
- Afterwards, I put on some shorts and joined her at the little table on the edge of the room. While we sat across from each other, I studied this girl I had only seen in pictures and on webcam.
- She had the slanted eyes that most people see when they think of Asians. Her beauty was strange and sexy at the same time; an exotic beauty. She had a small and perfect nose with freckles on each side. I never knew that Asian girls could have freckles. It was sexy.
- I was exhausted from the long trip, but it was drowned out by the desire I suddenly felt for this foreign girl.
- I stood up and went over to her. I bent down and kissed her. My hands reached out as the kiss

- continued, grasping at her slender limbs. Then, I picked her up with little effort and carried her to the bed.
- My lips and tongue began to explore her mouth as I climbed on top of her petite body.
- The previous week I had spent fantasizing about this girl. I had imagined what it would be like to peel off her clothing and reveal what was hidden underneath.
- Her shirt came off first, then her jeans and her bra. As I started sliding her panties down, her arm reached out and stopped me. For a moment, we both lay there frozen. She took hand away, and I continued to remove her panties.
- After her panties fell to the floor, I looked down at her naked body. The passion that had been sleeping for so long back home was finally set free.
- In those moments I was the purest and most ancient form of happy, a happiness made so powerful to ensure the existence of the human race. Squeezing into her tiny vagina and pulling all the desire I had built up back home, I unleashed on her.
- Her pussy fit me like a glove, it fit so well it could have been made just for me. Ecstasy. Her tiny body wriggling beneath me an hour after I arrived in the Philippines is seared into my memories, even now.
- The satisfaction I gained from finally making this dream a reality was whole and complete. I had gotten exactly what I had wanted, consciously and subconsciously.
- Mariel lay next to me, and her chest rose and fell as she caught her breath. There was a light coating of sweat on her slightly tanned skin. She noticed my gaze and smiled at me.
- The exhaustion that usually accompanies climax disappeared, and again I wanted this tiny girl. She stared sweetly up at me as I slid inside of her and took her again.

My First Adventure

- Mariel had to go home that night. I walked her to her bus stop and returned to my room.
- Although it was night in the Philippines, my body still thought it was the middle of the day. The jet lag was strong, but my exhaustion was stronger. I slept.
- I woke up a few hours later. It was the middle of the night. I turned on a movie and tried to sleep. Eventually I was able to get a couple more hours of sleep.
- I awoke with an ache in my stomach. I was starving. In the excitement of my first day, I had forgotten to eat. My last meal had been on the flight to Manila.
- I quickly dressed and asked the receptionist where I could find something to eat. She told me the directions to a mall about 10 minutes' walk from the hotel. I wasted no time in setting out.
- I was expecting a message from a girl who wanted to meet later that day, so I was going to pick up food and bring it back to the hotel where I had Internet.
- It was there, under the hot Philippine sun that the second wave of reality hit me. I was really here. Everything was different and now, I didn't have little Mariel to distract me from it. I wasn't enclosed in a car to hide the sounds and smells.
- Now that I wasn't seeing the city through a glass window, it all seemed more real. Things that shouldn't be overwhelmed my brain. The buildings shouldn't be like that. The smells, the people, the language, the roads, and a hundred other things were all so different from what I was used to on the other side of the planet.
- I set out towards the mall the clerk had mentioned. I hadn't walked fifty feet before three Philippine guys carried a large squealing pig to the road. What was this?
- Two of the men set the big hog down in the street, and the third took out a huge machete. Right in front of me, he slit the pig's throat. Blood ran down the gutters towards me.
- I wasn't in the countryside, I wasn't on a farm, I wasn't even in a small city, I was in the capital of the Philippines. It was more different than I could have ever imagined.
- The sight took my mind off my aching stomach for a moment. But the pain came back stronger than before. I barely noticed anything else on my walk to the mall. The only thing on my mind was food.
- The first restaurant I found in the mall was a fast food restaurant called Jolly Bee's. It's like a Philippine version of McDonald's.
- After getting a hamburger meal from a cute cashier, I started walking back to the hotel. My stomach growled, and I couldn't wait any longer. I started eating the fries while dodging pedestrians in the street.
- I was a block away from my hotel, bringing a French fry to my mouth, when a sound caught my

- attention.
- "Hungry," I heard a voice say.
- I searched for the source of the voice and found a little girl dressed in street rags. She made an eating signal by bringing her hand to her open mouth.
- Usually, I wouldn't be caught dead giving money to somebody begging, "He shouldn't be asking for money, he should be asking for work," is what I had always been taught. But this was a 6 year old girl, and she wasn't asking for money, she was asking for the food in my hands.
- My stomach growled. The thought crossed my mind to ignore the little girl and satisfy my own hunger. A cute little girl like that, she could probably get any person who walked by to give up their food. Right?
- It was my empty stomach talking, of course. I handed her the bag of food. She quickly opened the bag and started stuffing her face. She smiled at me through a mouth full of French fries. I like to think that it earned me some good karma that explains why I did not just escape from pussy purgatory, but took many steps on the stairwell to pussy heaven.
- I went to back to the same fast food restaurant at the mall. When I entered, the cashier who had helped me before saw me, and then started giggling with her coworker.
- I waited in line, and then ordered the same meal from her.
- "Hello again sir," she said.
- "Hi," I responded.
- "You are a very hungry man," she said, trying to contain her smile and failing.
- "A man's gotta' eat." The girl looked to be about 18 years old and attractive.
- "Where are you from?" the cashier next to her asked.
- "U.S.A."
- "Ohhhhh." The two girls giggled.
- I said goodbye and took my food. The encounter had only given me a tiny glimpse of the power I would have over women in the Philippines.
- When I got back to my room, I devoured my food and checked my messages. The girl had replied and wanted to meet this afternoon. This was the girl who I had webcammed and had briefly flashed me. Pixelated as the webcam feed was I couldn't be sure, but it looked like this girl had a great rack.
- In fact, if she hadn't flashed me, I might not have even met her. The meeting with tiny Mariel the night before had gone so well that the idea of meeting somebody else had almost lost its

- allure. A man long-starving amidst the sex famine of Mormon women was reluctant to move beyond the feast that Mariel made available.
- With a full stomach, and ready to do some exploring before my date, I went back towards the mall. However, this time I would be taking in everything from my surroundings.
- The roads were paved, but dusty, narrow with no real sidewalk. The buildings and streets seemed bunched together. I would take ten steps and pass by a store, take ten more, and pass by another.
- I reached the mall and, as I entered, something caught my attention out of the corner of my eye. A girl was holding her cell phone at a strange angle.
- When I looked over I saw she was sneakily trying to snap a picture of me. When she saw my glance, she abruptly took the camera down and started walking the other direction.
- What the? I wouldn't consider myself bad looking, but I was definitely not so good looking that strangers should be trying to play Paparazzi on me.
- I had chosen this part of the city because it was close to where Mariel lived. I knew I was far from where most foreigners stay. Maybe that's why Filipino eyes seemed to follow me wherever I went. Whatever I imagined the Philippines to be like, I never imagined this.
- After a little exploration, it was time to go back to my hotel to see if my second date in the Philippines would go as well as my first.

Oh How I love Dimples

"On my way." The text from my next date read.

Jasmine lived on the other side of Manila. The fact that it took her an hour and a half to arrive told me that the transportation in Manila was terrible or the city was just gigantic. The truth ended up being a bit of both.

Jasmine met me outside of my hotel. She was attractive in person, especially since she had the cutest dimples that deepened every time she smiled. She was 20 years old, with skin as white as mine. She was much taller than Mariel, and had a much curvier figure. She was sexy. She had plenty of breasts and ass. Not the typical Filipina body type.

"Hey. Jasmine?"

"Hello 20."

I shook her hand.

"So, what do you want to do?" I asked.

"We can get go get a drink?"

"Maybe later," I replied.

One thing about growing up Mormon is you grow up without an alcohol culture. Mormons are not allowed to drink alcohol. I had drunk and gone out, especially after coming back from my mission, but it still wasn't something that felt comfortable.

"You can show me around a bit? I haven't seen much."

We spent the next hour wandering around the nearby neighborhood. She didn't know what to show me, but it didn't matter. To me, everything was new and interesting.

"Hey Dimples. You know your English is pretty good." I told her.

"Thanks. I love to watch American movies and TV."

She went on to talk about how much she loved American culture. I had heard about how Filipinos idolize American culture and now, I was seeing it firsthand.

"You look like an actor I had a crush on when I was young," she said.

"Really? Who?"

"I won't say!" she blushed.

We returned to my hotel and, without saying anything, I led her up to my room.

"You want to watch a movie?" I asked.

"Do I want to watch a movie?" Jasmine replied. A knowing smile slowly crossed her face.

"We don't have to do anything sexual."

"Ok."

I kissed her the moment she sat next to me on the bed.

The movie went on, and every 30 minutes an article of clothing came off. When I finally undid her bra, I saw the breasts I had glimpsed on webcam, round with pink nipples. This girl had booty too. The movie was amazing, although I hardly saw any of it.

A couple hours and a lot of pillow talk later. "The sex was not bad," I said with a wicked smile.

"Not bad?" She smiled, creating deep dimples on each side of her mouth. "We will see." She bit her lip. Then, her head disappeared beneath the sheets. I felt my underwear being pulled down and then a wet sensation. My back arched in ecstasy.

Damn I love this country.

She spent the night with me. We spent the next day together doing nothing but watching movies, having sex and ordering room service. I tried for the first time a tasty Filipino dish called adobo. If you ever visit Philippines, it would be a crime not to try it.

- That evening, Mariel came to my hotel after work. The last 48 hours had been a banquet of sex, but seeing her awakened desire in me once again.
- After finishing inside of her and throwing away the condom, I went to lie next to her, ready for a nice after-sex nap.
- "I don't want you to leave," she told me.
- "I told you I already bought my tickets, but I'll be back and we will see each other again tiny Filipina girl."
- "But Manila is the best city in the Philippines! Cebu City is not interesting."
- Her attempts to get me to stay were so sweet. I would genuinely miss her when I left. At least we would be able to meet again.
- "We still have a couple days left together."
- She moved, snuggled up to me in bed, her tiny arms barely wrapping around my rib cage.
- The next few days flew by. I saw Jasmine again. The personalities of the two Filipina girls couldn't have been more different. Mariel was a sweet and caring type of girl. Jasmine was confident, even cocky at times. She was also very sexual, wanting sex whenever an opportunity presented itself.
- There had been a third girl who I had really wanted to meet. But when it was time for the date, she said I would have to pay for her taxi if we wanted to meet.
- "How much?" I messaged.
- "1500" she replied. Like 37-ish dollars.
- I had heard about a lot of scams that girls in South East Asia would do. One of them was to ask a guy to pay for their expensive taxi, take a bus, and pocket the rest of the money. I wasn't about to fall for it. \$35 is a lot of money in the Philippines and traveling on a student loan, a lot of money for me.
- "Maybe another time," I wrote.

The Opportunity of a Lifetime

My last day in Manila arrived. It was the day I would get a once in a lifetime opportunity.

It was about 10 p.m., and I was exhausted. Five days in the Philippines, and the jet lag still hadn't worn off. I had said goodbye to my two Manila girls. I would miss them, but I had a few dates lined up in Cebu City I was very excited for.

The excitement I felt for tomorrow's journey kept me awake for another hour, but eventually sleep overcame me.

"Knock-knock."

I opened my eyes, not sure if I had dreamt the sound.

"Knock-knock-knock."

I looked at the clock. It was 2 a.m. I put on some shorts and opened the door.

Mariel was standing there smiling. Next to her was an attractive girl with long, jet-black hair.

"Heyyy. We just finished dancing!" She was drunk.

"Come in."

The two girls entered and took a seat on the bed. I sat next to Mariel, and she looked at me with a pouty face.

"Don't leave me 20."

"I'll be back," I repeated over and over that night.

I talked a bit to her friend, who turned out to be her half-sister. She was just as drunk as Mariel.

While sitting in bed, I looked at Mariel's half-sister. She stared seductively into my eyes. I looked down and her hand was on my thigh.

Like a good Mormon boy, I ignored the advance. Like a not-so-good Mormon boy, I took Mariel into the bathroom and fucked her on the counter.

The next day I was on the plane to Cebu, and I thought back over the night.

One of the most elusive and talked about sexual conquests is the sister threesome. I had two drunk sisters in my hotel room, both were hot, both were interested in me. And I didn't even try for the threesome....

I would probably never get another opportunity like that and I knew it. If I would have had the opportunity when I understood the power I had over the local women I wouldn't have missed



Could Cebu City Be Better than Manila?

I walked out of the airport and felt the hot, humid Philippine air greet me. It was followed by a sound.

"20Nation!"

My eyes followed the sound of the voice.

"Maria!" I answered.

Maria was a thin girl. She was pretty, with an extremely shy smile. This shy smile was most likely caused by her teeth, which were in need of braces. It was a knock on her attractiveness, but it didn't make much of a difference because the complete package was quite sexy... if you like thin girls with cute faces, that is.

She walked quickly to me and gave me a hug.

I had learned from my last airport experience not to take advice from local girls on getting taxis. I ignored the taxis that came to me, trying to take my luggage and walked further down.

I approached a guy leaning against a taxi.

"How much to go to this address?" I showed him a picture of the address on my phone. "It's here on Lapu-lapu, not far away." I had to make sure he knew I knew where I was going.

"100 Pesos." About two dollars, that's not bad. "Plus 50 because I here at airport."

"Ok." I replied, happy with a 3 dollar cab ride.

I put my luggage in the trunk, and Maria and I climbed into the back seat.

"Do I look how you imagined?" I asked her.

"Exactly how I imagined." She smiled.

We had webcammed before our meeting quite a bit, and the webcamming had gotten quite sexual to the point of cybersex. After cybersex, I hoped real sex would come easy.

I tried to get my mind off of sex. "Teach me something in your language,"

"What do you want to know?" she asked.

I thought for a moment. "Teach me how to say 'You're crazy.""

"Boo Ang Kaa," she responded.

"Boo Ange kaa?"

"No. Boo Aaaang Kaa," she corrected.

"Boo Aaang Kaa cute girl." I grinned.

Her laugh turned into her signature shy smile as she looked at me. I took my left hand, lifted her chin, and kissed her.

Moments later, the taxi stopped and the driver got out. No wonder it was only 3 dollars, the hotel was practically next to the airport. From that moment on, I wised up and always tried to find a metered taxi, the best way to not get ripped off.

The girl at the front desk of the hotel spoke very little English, so Maria helped me to take care of the check-in process.

The clerk handed me the keys, and led Maria and I into an elevator. The rooms were nice, the nicest I had stayed at so far. The hotel was brand new and, at \$16 a night, quite cheap.

As soon as clerk told us the details of the room and closed the door, I kissed Maria again. I had fantasized about this girl for a long time and I couldn't wait another moment.

She stopped me. "Can I take a shower?"

"Of course, make yourself at home."

I thought I might need a shower as well, but the 30 minute flight left me still feeling fresh.

I lay down on the bed and looked towards the bathroom. I noticed that the wall between the shower and the bed was made of glass. Glass that you could see through, but everything looked slightly blurred the same way you see in videos trying to hide somebody's identity.

I felt like a voyeur as I watched the curves of Maria's body move as she washed herself. She had very small breasts, but that I already knew. Something that I had not noticed from our sexual webcam sessions was that she had wide hips and when I looked lower I noticed a wide thigh gap so perfect it belonged on a statue.

She walked from the bathroom wearing only a small, white towel. I had an erection from watching her shower, and wasted no time. I stood up and kissed her, removing the white towel. Now the only thing she wore was her shy smile.

Ten minutes later, I was inside her and enjoying her body in a way I never could have from the other side of the planet. I glanced at the gap between her legs and all logical thought left my brain, replaced only by animal instinct.

I finished and went to take a shower. Even as I write this, I remember this moment in the shower very clearly. The hot water falling on my body, the complete satisfaction I felt and the confidence that my inner animal would be unleashed on many more women.

I heard a knock on the bathroom door. Maria peaked inside.

"Can I join?"

"Come on in." I motioned.

She got in the shower and took the soap in her hands. Then she started rubbing it all over my

body.

Such sexual abundance; I started to wonder if this was how it felt to be a rock star. "A rock star," that was how one traveler had described what he felt like when he visited the island of Mindanao. Mindanao was my next stop. My flight was already booked, but I still had more than a week left in Cebu. Could I feel more like a "rock star" than I did now? Time would tell.

Little Brown Jungle Princesses

I wish I could tell you that sleeping with Maria quenched my desire, at least for the day. But it actually did the opposite. Like an addict doing a line of cocaine, it only made me want more.

She said goodbye a couple of hours later and went home. Minutes later, I started messaging girls online, seeing if any could meet.

There was one 18 year old girl who looked smokin' hot, in exactly the exotic way I liked. I knew she lived on Lapu-Lapu island as well.

"Sure I am free tonight. Here's my number," she messaged back.

She met me outside of my hotel a couple of hours later. I knew enough about setting up dates to always do them close to where you are staying. She was short, like almost all Filipina girls, but her skin was darker than the other girls I had been with.

I found it incredibly sexy, being from a place where almost everybody is white. She also had a face that I can only describe as exotic. It was made more attractive by her obvious youth. She had long black hair that came to the bottom of her back.

Her eyes lit up when she first saw me.

"Hi." I took her hand and kissed her cheek.

"Hello," she responded, staring up at me.

"Do I look like my pictures?"

"Better," she said, still staring. "And me?"

"I recognized you immediately," I responded with a smile.

"Hey, do you know of a place where I can buy a SIM card for my phone?" I asked.

"There's a mall not far from here."

"Could you take me?"

"Sure."

She walked over to a guy sitting on a motorcycle that had a two wheeled trailer welded onto the back of it and motioned me over.

I paid the 40 or so pesos and got into the little trailer. It was cozy, obviously made to seat a much smaller person. It was fun though. I had never ridden in something like this. Five minutes later, we were at the mall.

As she guided me to the store where I could buy a SIM card, I noticed the unnatural stares from the workers in the mall. I had never in my life received so much eye contact as I had in the past

week.

- We got the SIM card, and started exploring the mall.
- "So what is your ideal type of guy?" I asked her.
- "Tall and white," this short, brown girl replied without hesitation.
- "Really?"
- "Yes. When I was little my mother would sometimes take me to this mall. When I saw a white person, I always think they so beautiful."
- It was the first moment I started to see the racism that goes on the Philippines. As we continued our conversation, I started to realize this sexy little brown girl thought herself under me simply because of the color of her skin.
- "I think your skin is beautiful," I said as I touched her hand.
- An hour later, we were back at my hotel on my bed. My special seduction playlist played in the background as we kissed I removed her clothing, piece by piece. Her body was tight and supple and soft to the touch.
- It was difficult to get inside her, she was extremely tight. When I finally did, the sex was great, maybe the best so far.
- She made me feel like an explorer who had crossed an ocean 500 years ago and found a race of sexy brown people who let me select my favorite from the tribe. She was my little brown Pinay princess.
- We spent the next couple days together. Other than sleeping with this girl, getting food and watching movies, we didn't do anything; which was perfect, because they were the only things in the world I wanted to do.
- Eventually though, it was back to reality. I had to change to a hotel in Cebu City and she had to return home. She came with me as I took the 20 minute taxi ride into Cebu City. Cebu felt like a step up from the traffic clogged streets and polluted air of Manila.
- She helped me get settled into my new hotel, and then started getting ready to return home. Before leaving she said something I had never heard a woman say.
- "I know you will be with other girls and I don't mind, as long as you wear a condom."
- "Yeah?" I responded, not sure if she was joking.
- "Yes, if you were my boyfriend, I would understand," she said without a hint of humor.
- Where was I that an attractive girl, at the prime of her life, would try to get me into a relationship by telling me I could see other girls? The Philippines was still as mysterious as it was exciting.

You Got Jokes

The next day, a Chinese girl would arrive to see me, but today I had nothing to do. I looked over my contacts on Skype. There were a lot of contacts I had gotten who lived in Cebu City. I tried to video call all the ones who seemed the most attractive.

A girl answered. Kim.

"Hi there."

"Heeey," she said with a smile that was almost cocky.

We webcammed for about twenty minutes and agreed to meet at a bar later that evening. She was pretty, and had a charming personality. I was excited, and this Mormon boy was about to take his first drink in the Philippines.

I found her easily enough, there at the entrance of the bar. Again, her easy smile was there to greet me.

"Glad you did not get lost," she said.

"Would you have come and saved me if I did?"

"Maybe," she replied.

"Then another Pinay girl might have had the chance to win me over," I said.

"So it really was a good thing you did not get lost." There was that cocky smile again.

We went into the bar, and each ordered a drink. I had to be careful, my trip was supposed to last another 15 weeks and I had less about \$3,500 left. We each had a drink as we got to know each other, and then went for a walk.

Kim joked with everybody, our waiter, the people at the table next to us, even strangers on the street.

"You have to try this." She ran over to a vender selling something. She came back holding an egg.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Balut. You haven't heard of it?" I had.

"The chicken eggs that are fertilized and, just when the chick is about to hatch, is cooked?"

"Exactly," she said with a smirk.

"Sounds pretty gross."

"Come on. Just try one. Everybody should when they visit the Philippines."

- I did like trying new foods and as disgusting and even sad as the process seemed, I wanted to know what it tasted like.
- I took the egg, looked at Kim, and then took a bite.
- It tasted like an egg, except instead of a yoke, there was meat inside of it; the unborn fetus of a chicken.
- "How is it?" she asked.
- "I don't think balut is for me." I dropped the egg into a trashcan nearby.
- Kim laughed, her silver tongue ring showing. The thought entered my mind, that I had never kissed a girl with a tongue ring. I wanted to know what it was like.
- I started trying to touch her and get close to her, but whenever I did, Kim would back away. She would interact and joke with me, but she would keep her distance.
- It wasn't so bad because I honestly just enjoyed talking to her. I wish I had written this book sooner, because I would be able to better explain her unique sense of humor, before time had done its' work on my memory.
- Needless to say, I was starting to like this girl, but not in the same way I had liked the other girls. With the others, I had felt an instinctual sexual pull to the girls, but with this girl, I honestly just wanted to be around her. Sure I wanted to sleep with her, badly even, but even more than that, I just wanted to hang out with her.
- I was able to get her back to my hotel room without much difficulty. I sat on my bed, and she immediately sat on the bed on the opposite side of the room. I got annoyed. I had reserved a room with 1 full bed, but when I arrived they had told me all they had were rooms with two twin beds.
- I tried to get her to come to the same bed as me, but she wouldn't. This girl was a puzzle, she was so aloof, I couldn't tell if she liked me. With the other girls, it had been so obvious they were interested. This girl was completely different.
- I sat next to her on the other bed and went for the kiss. She backed away. Five minutes later, I tried again; the same response.
- For the first time, I noticed she had a ring on her left hand; it was on her ring finger.
- "Are you married?" I asked.
- "Ha-ha-ha. Of course not. I wouldn't meet you if I were married."
- I liked this girl, but she was a puzzle. I wasn't ready to give up solving it.
- "It's getting pretty late, you can stay the night if you want."
- She agreed, but no matter what I tried, she wouldn't come sleep on my bed. I gave up, and attempted to get some sleep.

As I lay in bed staring at the ceiling, some things I had read about South East Asia started nagging at my mind. I had heard stories about guys sleeping with girls, and then waking up the next morning with all their valuables gone.

I looked over at the dark lump on the other bed that was Kim. She almost didn't seem interested. She wore a ring on her ring finger. What if this was all a scam?

I tried to push the thought from my head, but couldn't.

I got up and shook Kim awake.

"I'm sorry, but I can't sleep, you have to go home."

She angrily got up and got ready. I had the hotel reception call her a taxi.

"I can pay for your taxi," I told her.

"Don't bother," she responded angrily.

She didn't even look at me as she walked out of my room. I was either very smart and prevented a theft, or very stupid and ruined my chances with a girl I genuinely liked. Whichever it was, it no longer mattered, because I couldn't imagine her ever wanting to see me again.

My Kung Fu Date

The next morning, I woke up slightly sad about Kim, but also excited about the Chinese girl who would soon arrive.

- The Chinese girl and I had been planning our meeting for the last few weeks. She was a shy 19 year old I had met online. She had an innocence to her that I couldn't help but like. My Mormon upbringing could be to blame for my weakness for sweet and innocent women.
- We had been talking for quite a bit and when we got on webcam, she was almost always smiling with her eyes. Without being racist, I can show you her smile better than I can explain it. It was something like this "^^."
- Those cute Asian eyes always seemed happy. I couldn't wait to meet this girl. We had planned to go to a resort and split the cost.
- She was another Asian girl who was uncommonly busty in the chest area. As a boob man, it made the wait for her taxi to arrive at the hotel last forever.
- I heard a knock at the door and got up quickly to answer it. There she was, the 19 year old Chinese girl.
- I gave her a hug. "How was your flight?"
- "Good," she responded.
- Immediately, I noticed that she was different from how she had been on webcam. Those cute little Asian eyes that had always been smiling weren't smiling any more.
- They looked uncomfortable, even scared.
- I gave her my warmest smile "Make yourself at home. There are towels in the bathroom if you want to shower."
- "Thank you." She smiled weakly, sat down her luggage, got out a fresh change of clothes, and went to the bathroom.
- I hadn't really thought about it, but this 19 year old girl just went on her first trip outside of her country, alone, to meet a guy she had never met in person who was from a country on the other side of the planet. I suppose I could understand why she looked so uncomfortable.
- When she got out of the shower, I did my best to make her feel comfortable. While we chatted I noticed something. Her face wasn't quite as pretty as it seemed in her pictures and on webcam. She wasn't ugly by any means, just less attractive. The upside, however, was that her body belonged in a swimsuit catalogue. She had the biggest breasts I had seen so far in Asia.
- After it seemed like she was comfortable, I kissed her. She awkwardly kissed me back.
- I touched her hip, and then I moved my hand down to her ass. We kept kissing, and when my

hand slowly climbed from her ass to her breasts, she stopped me.

"I only did one time." Her English was much more accented than the other girls.

"Did what one time?"

"Sex," she responded.

"You don't want?"

"I want, but just go slow."

"Ok," I said.

I started slowing down, but when I did, her body started reacting uncontrollably to my touch. Her deep breaths and low moans made me realize she might be innocent, but this was a girl who wanted it... badly.

I started removing her clothing then, I reached my hand behind her back and undid her bra. The bra fell away and revealed some of the perkiest breasts I had ever seen. Damn, was I glad I wasn't back in Utah.

As the Chinese girl and I prepared for our trip, I had messaged Kim an apology for the night before, but there was no response. I was right; there was no way I would see her again.

The Chinese girl and I took the long bus ride to our resort in the corner of Cebu Island. The roads were too windy and bumpy, and I was sick the entire trip. Luckily I didn't vomit.

The resort wasn't great. It was on the beach, but the beach was not nice at all. The rooms were more like cabins than actual rooms. There was no Internet whatsoever. But I couldn't complain too much, we were paying \$10 a night to stay there.

The 6 days I stayed at that resort flew by. There was not much to do. Luckily, I came here with a young, horny Chinese girl. She was sexually inexperienced, but eager to learn. I enjoyed teaching her.

She wanted it more and more and, with nothing else to spend my time doing at the resort, I gave it to her. One, two, three times a day. One day we even had sex five times. I think this was the beginnings of a nympho.

I remember many mornings being woken up by a pleasant feeling. I would look down and see the Chinese girls lips wrapped around me. It was, by far, the best way to be woken up in the morning.

The Chinese girl came from an interesting background. Her dad is a famous Kung Fu master in China. Because of that, everybody knew who she was, and it was hard for her to date anybody without her entire city finding out about it. Couple that with an overprotective dad, who was famous for ass kicking, and you have a girl who guys were terrified to ask out.

- Those poor guys were missing out. This girl loved sex like a junkie loved crack. I felt great being able to get to this future nympho before others.
- One day, while in the resort pool, we raced across to the other side to decide who was the better swimmer.
- After touching the opposite wall a few moments before her, she said, "You see? I swim very fast. I almost win!"
- "Don't quit your day job," I teased. She had never really been close to winning, I just didn't feel bad humiliating her.
- "My day job?" she asked. Of course she wouldn't understand.
- "Never mind."
- Before even catching her breath, she took my hand and guided it between her legs. She looked at me, biting her lip.
- I smiled. "What would your father say?"
- She shrugged, and I took her in the pool, hiding from staff and other guests as they wandered by.
- Over the next few days, we had sex all over that resort: next to the ocean, in the shower, on the desk, on the floor, in the jungle, and many other places.
- One morning, we went to the breakfast area and I saw an older white guy with a young Filipina girl. We ended up sitting at the bar next to the couple, and I started some small talk.
- "Nice work," I said gesturing to the girl next to him.
- "Thanks. Not bad for a 65 year old guy, huh?" he grinned.
- "Not bad at all. You're American?"
- "Yes."
- The Chinese girl started talking to the girl he was with. Before long, he was telling me what had brought him to the Philippines.
- "I married my high school sweetheart. I was married all my life to her, then one day, she up and leaves me for another guy. An entire lifetime together, and just like that it was over.
- "I had heard about the Philippines from friends. I wanted to do all the things I hadn't been able to do being married so young, and the Philippines seemed like a place where an old guy like me could be young again."
- "Well I think you have achieved your goal," I said checking out his date. "How old is she? 18?"
- "20," the man responded proudly.

I finally asked what I had been wanting to ask since our chat began. "Is she a pro? (a prostitute)."

"No sirrey!" He went on to tell me about a little strategy he had been using. "What I do is I rent a little scooter, put a case of beer on the back and drive out into the countryside. When I see a girl, I stop off at the house and introduce myself to the family. I give them beers and chat. Next thing you know, they are asking me to date their daughters."

Call it what you want, but that was one happy old man.

The next few sex-filled days at the resort were great, but someone kept popping into my head... Kim. I tried over and over again to get her out of my head, but I couldn't. It seemed so pointless, thinking about a girl who would never agree to see me again. Maybe with time she would forgive me, but I only had a few days until I would be leaving for Mindanao.

The six days at the resort came to an end. The Chinese girl and I took the bus back to Cebu City. Just like the bus ride there, the ride back was grueling. The bus was old and rundown and the winding roads were worse. My motion sickness set in, and 15 minutes before arriving in Cebu, I vomited in the back of the bus.

I had always gotten motion sick on long trips, but rarely did I actually puke. They had to stop the bus and clean it before we finished the trip. I felt bad for vomiting, and I felt worse for the worker who cleaned it up. He did it with a smile, and dismissed my apologies.

"It accident. No problem," he said.

When we got to Cebu City, I left the guy with a big, well-deserved tip.

My little Kung Fu Master's daughter had a flight back to China that same night, so I went with her to the airport and said goodbye.

As soon as I got into the taxi to go to my hotel, I decided to throw a "Hail Mary." I sent Kim a text message.

"I can't stop thinking about you." It was beta, it wasn't thought out. But I didn't care, I had to say something.

A minute later, I felt my phone vibrate. I opened it up, and saw an unread message from Kim.

"Yeah?"

"I want to see you tomorrow." I sent, direct seemed to be the way to go.

"Ok. What time?"

"5 p.m. tomorrow. We can meet at the same place."

"Ok," she replied.

I was stunned. I never imagined she would want to meet after what happened that night. I would get another chance and this time, I wouldn't blow it... I hoped.

The Smile I Could Not Forget

I had only a couple days left in Cebu. Davao City in Mindanao was the next step in my adventure. It was on the Southern island of Mindanao. I had been told not go there because part of the island was controlled by the Muslim government that has been part of a civil war lasting a generation.

This Muslim government had been known to kidnap Western foreigners. But I wasn't worried, I was going to the other side of the island. I had read conflicting reports, but Davao city seemed fine.

However, this meant that I only had a couple of days left to spend with the girl I couldn't get off my mind. I had to make them count.

Our meeting wasn't for a few more hours, so I decided to do some exploring. I went a bit off the beaten path. It was something I enjoyed doing, just to see the faces of the locals as I passed and get a glimpse of what life is really like in the Philippines.

I walked down a busy road in an area I was told not to go, before bumping into something. A 30 year old woman looked up at me.

"Sorry," I told her.

- She looked at me for a moment, and then said something a stranger had never said to me my entire life "You're beautiful."
- I was honestly shocked, and had no idea how to respond. "Uhh thank you."
- The rest of my afternoon adventure was filled with more stares than I had ever received in my life, and a guy who nearly died racing across a busy street just to see if I wanted "girls or drugs."
- I arrived on time at the bar where Kim and I first met. She was already there waiting for me.
- I smiled at her. "I honestly thought I would never see you again."
- "I honestly didn't want to see you again." The look on her face made me think she had already forgiven me.
- "My good looks save the day again." Kim laughed and hit me in the shoulder. "I am sorry. I am a thousand miles away from home, and I'm still not sure who to trust."
- I went on to explain that her aloof nature, her disinterest in kissing me, how comfortable she was staying over, and the ring on her ring finger had made me unable to keep the thought of being robbed from entering my mind.
- "Where I come from, this isn't something you normally have to worry about," I said. "I would say it's one of the safest places in the world." It was true, I have never in my life been

- somewhere that felt safer than Mormon country.
- The rest of the night we spent talking. Every hour or so, Kim would make a joke referring to our botched night together.
- "I know I look so big and bad, but these are who you should be worrying about." She gestured to a group of children walking together not far from where we sat. None of them looked older than 8 years old.
- They were walking together, coming up behind two men in their forties. One of them reached in the right pocket of the man and pulled out a cell phone. Then the boy ran from the direction he had come.
- The Asian guy, who felt the absence of weight against his leg, patted his pocket then, and immediately turned around to see the kids running away. The guy ran for a moment, and then gave up as the kid with the phone disappeared around a corner.
- The rest of the kids stayed put. It seemed like they were taunting the man. A nearby security guard came over with a stick and scared the kids off.
- "They can't be taken to jail, so the kids just steal whatever they want with no consequences." It was the first pickpocket I ever witnessed with my own eyes.
- Although, while in Colombia (the first place I ever travelled to outside the United states), I had learned some important lessons after getting pick pocketed:
- 1) Always keep your wallet and phone in your front pockets, never back because thieves can remove anything from your pockets without you feeling it. If your valuables are in your front pocket they also have to worry about your peripheral vision.
- 2) Whenever you go through a crowd, put your hands on your two front pockets where your valuables are. You do this because, in these crowds, pickpockets can get to your pockets without you being able to see.
- This date seemed to be going well. I called a taxi, and invited Kim over to my hotel again. She accepted.
- Again we were in my hotel room. This time, she wasn't sitting on the opposite bed, but on the desk.
- "Come sit next to me," I told her.
- "No," she replied with her sly smile.
- I eventually gave up, and sat next to her on the desk. We kept talking.
- "Where's your husband?" I asked, touching the hand with the ring that had caused so much confusion.

- "Oh, he's on his way. He'll be here any minute," she joked.
- My face was close to hers, she was close enough that I could feel the heat radiating off her body. My mind became cloudy, and all I could think of was that I wanted to kiss her.
- I moved my head towards hers. My lips were an inch away from hers before she turned her head away.
- "I won't be staying the night tonight. I learned my lesson last time," Kim said, ignoring the kiss.
- Fifteen minutes later, she was gone. I lay in bed, completely confused. Did this girl even like me? Kim, the puzzle I couldn't seem to solve. If I had more time, I felt confident I could solve it. The problem was, I only had one more day in Cebu City.
- "Made it home safe?" I sent her a message.
- "Safe and sound," she responded.
- "Let's meet again tomorrow."
- "Tomorrow is difficult. I have a lot to do."
- My heart sank. I still wasn't completely sure Kim was even interested in me, but I had to try.
- "It's my last night in Cebu for quite some time." I sent.
- "Ok. What do you want to do?"
- "Let's watch a movie, I have one you might like."
- "Ok," she replied.
- That was easy.
- I had one more day in Cebu City and one more chance to seduce Kim. She was attractive. She was tall, by Filipina standards at probably 5 foot 7. She had an hour glass shaped figure and average sized breasts.
- To see what made her special, you just had to look up. She had a pretty face that was always looking for an excuse to laugh or smile. She had more types of smiles than I had ever seen. Sometimes her smiles were cocky, sometimes they were goofy, other times they were warm and genuine.
- She was the most interesting girl I had met in a long time, and I had to have her.
- On the evening of my final night in Cebu, Kim knocked on my hotel room door. "Did you miss me?" she asked when I opened the door.
- "Anything's possible," I responded. She was dressed more relaxed today in sweat pants and a t-

- shirt. It was casual, but she was still looking sexy. Desire began swelling up inside of me immediately.
- I had set my laptop up so that she would have to lay on my bed to see the movie. Today, she had no objections.
- I started the movie and lay next to her in bed. Immediately I put my arm around her. She had no objections. She backed her body backwards into mine so we were in the spooning position with her ass pressed against my crotch.
- Part of the movie went by, and it felt good just to finally be close to her. But this was my last night in Cebu, and there was more to be done.
- I was hard and every time I moved the friction of her ass made me hornier. I wanted to kiss her, to touch her, to be inside of her.
- I knew I should kiss her, but she always made it so difficult. Kim had a way of keeping me constantly off kilter. No excuses, I had to make a move.
- I sat up slightly, and used my hand to turn her head back towards me. Then, I moved my head towards her for the kiss.
- Our lips touched and I felt her body quiver.
- It was like a switch was turned on. Immediately she turned her whole body towards me, and left all reservations behind. It was like her desire had been welling up and finally broke free. Nature's greatest reward system was released inside of me, and strong feelings of lust took over all my conscious thought.
- We lay in bed for hours kissing, the cool silver of her tongue ring constantly making an appearance. I removed her blouse. It was a moment of ecstasy when I finally undid her bra to reveal her breasts. I kissed them, they were soft and supple.
- Finally, her panties came off, and I knew that it would happen. I took her. It was like squeezing a hotdog through a straw. At first, I didn't think it would ever get in, but when it did, the sensation was well worth the wait. Her teeth clenched between moans, and I knew she felt both pain and pleasure.
- You may have heard the stereotype that Asian girls have tighter vaginas. I can tell you right now that this is completely true. This also goes hand in hand with the stereotype that men are less endowed in Asia.
- Not wanting to hurt the feelings of any Asian guys out there, but it was very difficult for me to find condoms in South East Asia. I will honestly tell you that I am not a huge guy, normal I would say. But the only condoms big enough to even remotely function had a picture of an elephant on the package and read "XXXXL."

The reason I bring this up is because the tightness of Asian girls is one of the things that makes the sex so magical. It's also a reason why some Asian girls will only date foreign white guys. The same way there are some white girls who only go after black guys I imagine.

It was one of the reasons the sex in Asia had been so good, and part of the reason the Vanilla sex I had with Kim was so incredible.

Kim spent the night. This time, I didn't lie awake with thoughts of her robbing me as I slept. Instead I lay awake thinking I would genuinely miss her.

It was unfortunate that I had met her at the beginning of my adventure because there was so much more living left to do before I could even think about being tied down.

She was like a rare diamond, but in that moment, I had no idea how rare.

The Island Where Tourists Are Too Scared to Go

The next morning, I was thousands of feet of above the ground, watching the hundreds of tiny tropical islands go by below. I was on my way to Davao City on Mindanao Island.

The U.S. Travel website had warned American citizens not to travel there because of the Muslim government. But from what I understood, as long as I stayed in Davao, I would be just fine.

I thought back over my first couple of magical weeks in the Philippines. They were moments I would never forget. They only made me more excited for my month in Mindanao.

After Mindanao, I had planned to tour more of South East Asia. I had already bought my ticket to Thailand. From there, I planned to visit the poorest country I would visit for many years to come, Cambodia. Afterwards I would go to Vietnam, a place that piqued my curiosity because of the movies made about the Vietnam War.

I was ready for the next stage of my adventure. I was ready to make new friends and meet new people. Actually, it wouldn't be long before I would meet somebody who would change the course of my entire life.

I waited in front of Davao City airport for 30 minutes. A girl had agreed to meet me at the airport. It seemed that I had been stood up. I walked down the line of taxis and found one with a meter.

My hotel was small and comfortable. The best part of it was the location. It was in the heart of the city. The crowds of people going about their business in front of my hotel was exactly what I was hoping for.

- I unpacked and got settled in. I checked the messages on my phone.
- "I'm so sorry!!! My class went 45 minutes late. Where are you staying?" the message read.
- Well, at least I hadn't been completely stood up. I sent her the name of my hotel and the room number. Forty five minutes later, I heard a knock at the door.
- I opened the door and looked at the girl who had stood me up. She was nineteen years old, tall for a Filipina with a curvy body. She had an Ok face, and what appeared to be very full breasts.
- "I'm so sorry!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't leave my class!"
- I just shook my head and let her in. I forgave her quite quickly, probably helped along by the fact that a young, attractive, exotic girl was alone with me in my hotel room.
- We sat on my bed and started getting to know each other. We had chatted a bit online, but not for long.

[&]quot;You have beautiful skin." I remember her saying.

- "Uhh. Thanks." I then noticed the color of her skin, it was the color of an ideal tan, but perfectly even, the way only nature can make it. "You too."
- I thought back to how the other brown skin girl had acted back in Cebu city. These girls didn't think of themselves as attractive, simply because of the color of their skin. It was a pity, because back where I was from, they would see themselves as the attractive girls that they were.
- We lay together. I touched her more and more, and then I went for the kiss. She rejected it.
- I looked at her quite stunned. This girl was visibly fawning over me, but she wouldn't even kiss me?
- I went for the kiss again. Again, she turned her head away.
- "There's something you should know," she said. "I'm a virgin."
- My head spun as my thoughts were brought back to Mormon country and the torture of dating girl after girl who would never let it escalate past kissing. Mormon girls were usually virgins, and they were the ultimate teases.
- "You are a cute girl, but I don't think this will work," I said. "I just can't wait for you."
- I went on to honestly tell her about the girls I had been sleeping with. I told her I was interested, but that she should wait for a religious guy to come along who would be willing to wait. Naturally, by telling her to go after a different guy, it only made her want me more.
- "I've been waiting for the right guy to come. I don't want to wait any longer," she said with a hint of desperation.
- "I don't know if it's a good idea."
- Then she cuddled up close to me on the bed and looked into my eyes. I didn't think, I just pressed my lips against hers.
- The kiss was awkward. I could tell she wasn't a girl who had a lot of experience kissing. The awkward kiss didn't make her less attractive, it made me want her more. To a guy raised Mormon, there is nothing sexier than an innocent girl who won't make you wait until marriage.
- We lay in bed for the next couple of hours kissing and touching. I understood this was her first time, so I kept the process slow.
- The way she looked at me was intense. It was as if she was hypnotized by me. The same way somebody would look at the sun setting over the ocean for the first time. I have to admit that Mormon girls had never looked at me in such a way so quickly.
- The way she looked at me in itself was addicting. It was a form of power. The more time I spent in the Philippines, the more power I realized I had over the local women.
- I finally undid her bra and unleashed those breasts. They had a nice size and were quite perky.

- Seeing them was even sexier because I was, very possibly, the only man to lay eyes on them.
- I went back to kissing, touching and escalating; my desire, building and building.
- Then, as I tried to take off her panties...
- "I have to go." She started getting dressed.
- It was shocking. I had never seen a girl go from hot to cold so fast. I didn't try to stop her though. It was her virginity to give, and I didn't feel right about pressuring her into this.
- "If you want you can come back later tonight," I told her.
- "Ok."
- I knew she wouldn't. I had pushed too hard, too fast. I had been in this situation too many times back home. I tried to be understanding and make her feel comfortable as I said goodbye.
- When she left, I forced myself to push her from my mind and started messaging other girls.
- I hadn't talked to many girls in Davao yet. I had been too busy exploring the other cities and meeting girls, so I wasn't able to schedule anything for that evening. Instead, I decided to take a look around.
- I took a mental note of where my hotel was, and set out. I walked among the crowds of Filipinos. At just over 6 feet tall, I looked easily over the crowds whose heads rarely came higher than my shoulders.
- I noticed a mall tucked in between two buildings. It was an old mall. I don't know why, but while traveling, these types of places were always the most interesting to me. They seemed more authentic. Like it was the real Philippines, not a duplicate mall of the modern Western ones.
- As soon as I entered the mall, I could tell I was probably one of the few foreigners who thought this way. As I walked through the mall, people would stop, whisper to their companions, and stare as I walked past.
- I had had a bit of this treatment in the other cities, but I was far from used to it. I had to hide the smile growing on my face.
- I walked up stairs to the second floor, and a passing Pinoy guy locked eyes with me. It was very strange, not because he stared at me, but because of the intensity in his gaze. It was almost unnerving.
- I looked past the guy and continued up the stairs. Five minutes later, I left the mall and started heading back to my hotel. I looked back, and recognized a face a block behind me. I couldn't forget that face so soon. Was the guy from the stairs following me?
- "Probably just chance," I told myself. But it didn't stop thoughts from entering my mind. I had read about the many foreigners in Mindanao who had been kidnapped. The Muslim

- government was very anti-Western, and I looked an obvious Westerner among this sea of small Asians. Some of these unlucky tourists had even been beheaded.
- I pushed the thought from my mind, but I couldn't help but check behind me again for the guy. Again I spotted him, less than a block behind me.
- I took a detour down a different street, just to see if he was just following the main street. I looked back again and there he was, closer now.
- I cut through a small street. I was close to my hotel now, and was worried about leading him there.
- I looked back and didn't see the face. I must have lost him. I walked the remaining couple of blocks back to my hotel. Right before I arrived, I got the strange sensation that again I was being watched. I looked back and there he was, only 50 feet away.
- I entered my hotel and got the clerk's attention. She was a tiny little Pinay girl, probably couldn't do much, but at least she could help me figure out what to do.
- "There's a guy who has been following me."
- "Really?" she asked.
- "Yeah. Maybe I should change hotels or you should call the Police?" The tiny Asian guy by himself didn't worry me, but an organized kidnapping did.
- I glanced back at the window, wondering if the guy would dare enter the hotel. A face looked into the window back at me.
- "It's him," I said, nodding in the window's direction.
- I looked at her and saw something I never expected, she was laughing at me.
- "Don't worry," she said. "It's just a gay!"
- I glanced back at the window, and noticed the guy was smiling at me. Before he just looked creepy, now he still looked creepy, but the gay part was suddenly quite obvious. I let out a sigh of relief. I had to stop being so paranoid.
- It was my first of many run-ins with gays in South East Asia. I realized that my seductive super powers not only worked on Pinay women, but also Pinoy men.
- I ordered room service from the hotel, and went back to my hotel room. I had just finished eating when I was surprised by a knock at the door. I opened it and saw the Filipina Virgin smiling at me. Her big eyes, not Asian looking at all actually, stared up at me. I never expected her to come back that day.
- Before long, we were both laying on my bed kissing again, soon after her top came off, the lights went out, and I was taking her virginity.

It was painful for her. She was a virgin, and this is the way it worked. I have heard men describe this type of sex as boring, but to me it was anything but.

I had been taught all my life to look for innocent girls, especially virgins. To me, the sex, while vanilla, was... immensely satisfying.

My heart still beats rapidly when I think of these moments. Sex with a virgin is, in a sense, the purest form of sex. You get to be the one to bring her into a new world, and watch as she experiences one of life's greatest ecstasies for the first time.

Maybe I should feel guilty for taking this girl's virginity the same day I met her, but I don't. This was not a girl who would hold out for her husband, she was a girl who was just waiting for the right guy. In this case, it just happened to be a tall, exotic American man, basically the closest thing to a rock star from her perspective.

The Island Filled with Virgins

I didn't have the type of budget to be living out of hotels, so I had reserved a room for about 300 dollars a month in an aparta-hotel. The next morning, I moved into the place I would call home for the next month.

My new apartment was also where a few other foreigners were living. The first person I met was a black American guy. He was in his late forties, and was living with an attractive Filipina girl and their kid.

"I travelled here for military at first. I never got so much attention from women in my life," he told me. "But it wasn't long before I found the girl for me." He nodded toward his wife.

I had heard that the Philippines was only a paradise for white guys, but I started to realize that, while white guys have it easier than others, it's pretty much a pussy paradise for all Western men.

He invited me to have a drink with him. I really enjoyed our talk and I realized that I had barely spent any time with other guys since I arrived in the Philippines.

It was time to make some friends and for me, there was one way I had always been able to make friends.

I had seen the court on the taxi ride in. It was only a couple hundred meters from my hotel. I knew that groups of guys got together and played every evening.

"Mind if I play?" I asked as I walked onto the court between games.

"Sure," one of them replied, passing me a basketball.

I had been playing basketball all my life. I played at a high level, even in the U.S. I was excited to see what it was like to play on the other side of the world.

After warming up, they put me right into the next game. They were playing a zone defense, so I took my usual spot at the top of the key.

"No, no." the one who had told me I could play gently led me down to the basket.

It was where the center played, the big man, usually the biggest and tallest guy on the court. Back home, I played one of the two guard spots, the smallest positions. I looked around, and realized I was the biggest guy on the court.

The game started and, although small, the players were surprisingly skilled. It's ironic that basketball, the sport of giants, is the most popular sport in the Philippines, one of the shortest countries on the planet.

But I was very glad it was. It had only been a few weeks since I played back in the States, but I

- had already missed it.
- Although the players were better than I imagined, they had never played against anybody as big and athletic as I was.
- I had won a lot of bets in gyms back home. I would usually challenge an athletic black guy to a dunk contest. If I was at a new gym, nobody expected a 6 foot white guy to break the stereotype.
- "White men can't jump." I was walking proof it wasn't true.
- I don't remember ever blocking more shots in my life than my first game in the Philippines. I tried not to do the "Dikembi Mutombo finger wag" every time I blocked a shot.
- At one point, I got the ball and saw an open lane to the basket. I crossed over the guy in front of me, entered the lane, jumped, and dunked the ball. The guys all went crazy. The dunk was nothing special, it was not even all that pretty. But with guys screaming and running onto the court, it was hard not to get caught up in the moment.
- After the game, a bunch of the guys came and talked to me. The guy who had let me into the game, Arvin, invited me to get beers with him and some friends a couple of nights later.
- "Sure," I answered. I had made my first Filipino friends.
- The next day, I had a date with another girl I had met online. Not far from where I was staying was a new mall, and we decided to meet there.
- She arrived and recognized me immediately. "Hi 20."
- "Hey. Bea?"
- "Yes." She blushed.
- Bea I cannot describe as a typical Filipina. I wouldn't call her sexy, but she was definitely cute. She had a sweet smile and an innocent face. She was normal height for an Asian girl with a thin body.
- We found a place to sit, and started getting to know each other. Bea was a 19 year old college student. She didn't have a lot to say, but the thing I remember best about her was how she listened.
- While I spoke, her eyes were glued to me. She paid close attention to every word I said, and didn't hide her desire to hear more. She was a very curious girl. The type of girl who you talk to for hours and realize you know almost nothing about.
- I did my typical seduction routine, and invited her back to my place to look at some of my travel pictures.
- I got her back and opened up my computer. I had a specific folder that I put my best pictures in.

- I had even mixed in some pictures of me with an attractive ex or two.
- I arrived at a picture and quickly went past it. "Who was that?" she asked.
- "Ah nobody, just my ex." I continued through the album. A moment later, she subconsciously checked her hair, to make sure she was looking good.
- I kissed her easily enough, but that was where the easy parts finished. She wouldn't let me do anything sexual.
- I tried a few more times, but she wasn't having it. I decided to just ask her the reasons for her hesitations.
- "I'm a virgin," she said.
- The first two girls I had met in Mindanao were virgins. Wow. I had heard that Mindanao was more conservative than the other islands, but I was starting to see that was an understatement.
- I thought about the endless blue balls back home with conservative girls, but I also thought about the other virgin I had been seeing and how she had just been waiting for the right guy.
- I looked at her again, and the Mormon magic was at work, I only wanted her more. But again, I knew I couldn't push too hard.
- "I understand," I reassured her and tried not to sexually escalate anymore. But as I kissed her and held her body against mine, my mind became cloudy and the world became a tunnel with her naked body at the end. I wanted her.
- She stopped me again. My desire felt like a storm, but I did my best to calm it for our last few minutes together.
- "Goodbye cute girl," I called after her as she walked to the street.
- "Goodbye cute boy," she called back.
- I liked her. "Made it home ok?" I sent her a message.
- "Hehehe we said goodbye one minute ago. How would I be home?"
- "Are you free tomorrow night?" I messaged back.
- "Yes."
- "Meet again? We can watch a movie."
- "Ok."

Again Bea was lying next to me in bed as we watched the movie. Every time I caught her eye, she would look down submissively.

She lay in front of me on the bed, her ass pressed against my groin. Every movement she made rubbed against me and sent jolts of pleasure through my body. I was trying to be patient with this virgin, but the beast inside of me was making it difficult.

I found myself turning her head towards me. Then I bent over her and started kissing her. She enthusiastically kissed back.

The rest of the movie was spent slowly removing her clothes. As I pulled her panties down to her knees, she stopped me, pulling them back up.

"No. Not yet," she said.

I gave up and put my arms around her and turned my attention back to the movie, trying to settle down my rapidly beating heart. A few minutes later, it was over and she had to be back at home.

Next date would be the date, I could feel it.

The following night, I had planned to meet up with Arvin and the guys I had played basketball with. Arvin pulled in front of the aparta-hotel with three other guys in the car. I hopped in.

He showed me a bit of the nightlife in Davao. We went to a couple places, and eventually settled at a hookah bar.

We talked and joked. It was easy to get along with these Filipino guys, not only did we have a common interest, but like most Filipinos, their English was quite good.

We talked about girls. Arvin was going after a girl he had been chasing the last couple of months. Another guy had a long term girlfriend. The third guy, a good looking Pinoy, didn't even get to tell his story, because the other guys knew it.

"Leon was dating the prettiest girl in Davao," Arvin said.

Leon acted humble, as the group recounted the story of his seduction of some type of pageant winner for Davao. When they finished the story, I gave the man the respect for what sounded like quite the catch.

"Nice." I put out my knuckles for a fist bump.

"Thanks."

They were genuinely cool people, and it felt great to hang out with guys for once.

As we were talking, another group came over. The two groups knew each other. The other was mostly girls, and a particular girl caught my eye.

She was attractive enough, but honestly, what really caught my eye was what was below her face. As you may have noticed by now, I am a boob man, and nothing gets me going racing quite like a big pair of shapely breasts. And that is exactly what she had.

- As she walked around, I also noticed quite the booty on this girl. She didn't have a typical Asian body.
- They introduced the group to me, but not specifically the girl who had caught my eye.
- I made my way over to her. "Hi, I'm 20." I stuck out my hand.
- She took it. "I'm Anne."
- I talked to her for five minutes before I threw out my usual closing line. "I'm new here and don't know many people. Want to meet up some time?"
- "Sure," she responded. As shy as Bea was, the virgin I watched a movie with the night before, this girl seemed equally outgoing and confident. "My number is..."

My South East Asia Online Dating Strategy

The next week went by quickly. I went on new dates with new girls, even got a couple of lays.

My online dating strategy in South East Asia ended up being a lot like this:

Make sure that online dating profile has little brags in there about me, for example: putting my height in the profile because all women are attracted to height, saying where I am from because it is a famous first world country and mentioning the three languages I speak.

"Hi," I send. I don't like long copy and paste messages because they are generic and I don't send long personalized messages because they are try hard and it puts you in the place of the chaser. In online dating, the goal is to put her in the position of chaser and you in the position of being chased. You do this by being slightly aloof and throwing in hooks, which we will get to soon.

Hi is perfect because it is aloof, being only two letters, and it will also weed out the girls who you will have to spend a lot of time chasing to be able to meet. Sending a personalized humorous message is how you get these girls to respond, but it's not worth the effort because there are literally millions of Pinays who you won't have to spend days or weeks chasing to get a meetup. 'Hi' you can use without having to overwork your brain in the pre-meetup phase.

"Hello," she will respond.

"How are you (insert cute name that is slightly personalized to her) little baller (she made a reference to liking basketball in her profile)?" I send.

"Good and you," she will respond.

"Good, just moved to your country and I'm trying to get used to everything." This is very important for a couple of reasons. First, it is important because on the websites I really liked to use: Filipina Cupid and DateinAsia, there are a very high percentage of guys who are not in the country at all. A lot of those guys won't ever actually make the trip, they just love the attention they get from Pinays. By telling her immediately you are CURRENTLY in her country, you separate yourself from a high percentage of the guys.

The second reason the above sentence is important is because by mentioning that you just arrived, it means that she still has a chance to be the Filipina that snags you. Most Pinay girls know that the guys who are really looking for a girlfriend will end up with one in the first few days. The guys who have been in the Philippines for a long time and are still single, they assume are players.

"Why are you here?" or "Where did you come from?" she will usually respond.

This next part is where you have a chance to throw in some hooks and brags. You want to get creative with the most positive things that you have to offer. An example is to say you are from New York City and escaping the winter, you will peak her interest because NYC is an iconic city

that is known for wealth. Some ones that I use are: traveling the world, being from a famous first world country, being a great basketball player and speaking multiple languages.

"Do you want to meet?" Then set a time, date and location. Don't just accept a yes, you must try to get her to agree on an exact date or the chances of her flaking shoot up.

After you have all the details agreed to, enter all of it into your calendar or you will surely forget when you are scheduling anywhere from one to four dates a day.

If you have a particularly pretty girl who won't agree to meet up, I would suggest webcamming with her or at the very least, calling her. Spit your best game for the duration of the call then end it before she does.

This is the strategy that lead to as many online dates as I wanted throughout my trip to South East Asia and through the coming weeks.

During this time, I started the first book I ever wrote about the only thing pertaining to seduction that I knew very well, how to tell if a girl was interested in you.

I spent a couple of years working a security job. My job was to find and prevent theft, but 99% of my job was actually just watching people.

It was at this time that I started studying body language. Reading body language, a person's body language was a very delicate thing to master, but once you did, it was like reading their mind.

Of course, the aspect of this that was most interesting to me, was reading a girl's feelings; to see whether she was interested or not.

My time in the Philippines was a feast of strong body language cues indicating interest. It was the perfect place to start my book. This is what kept my days busy for my month in Davao.

Sweet and Innocent Pinays

I had suggested another meeting with Bea, but she had seemed unsure. I liked her, I wanted her, but I was also unsure. I didn't push for another meeting, not because I didn't want it, but because she was a virgin and I wasn't sure whether or not I should take another girl's virginity when I would be leaving for Thailand before long.

At the end of the week, I received a message out of the blue.

"Hey, are you at your apartment? I'm close by."

"Yeah," I responded. "Come visit me."

A couple of minutes later, she was at my door. A few minutes after that, we were kissing. Then, my mind went into auto-pilot as clothes quickly came off. Finally, her panties slipped off the tip of her foot and she was completely naked.

I lay naked on top of her, and tried to get my aroused mind under control. "I'm going to Thailand at the end of the month and I'm not sure exactly when I'll be coming back." I hadn't mentioned this to other girls, knowing it could damage my chances at bedding them, but I didn't feel right hiding it from this sweet virgin.

"You'll never be back?" she asked.

"Well I have to come back, my flight back to the U.S.A. leaves from Manila, but I'm not sure when."

"Ok."

I lay with her naked body pressed against mine. It was hard to focus on the conversation. Not knowing what to say, I kissed her... she tasted so good... I kissed her again. My breath quickened as my erection rubbed against her vagina.

This time, she felt it too. I entered her slowly and took her virginity.

I wish I didn't enjoy virgin sex as much as I do. Messy and awkward as it can be, something deep inside of me craves it. At the same time, I knew that bedding a virgin means that she will feel a connection to you the rest of your life. As hard as it was, I told myself I would avoid virgins the remainder of my trip.

For the rest of my time in Davao, I tried to see Bea as much as my schedule would permit, but it wasn't as much as either of us would have liked.

I still kept in contact with almost all of the girls I had slept with so far. It's strange to say, but I still liked all of them. Everywhere you look, you hear love stories and think that no man could possibly care about more than one girl at a time, but it's ridiculous.

People like to villainize guys who sleep around thinking they just use girl after girl, but although I won't deny that a huge part of this had to do with sex, I also just enjoyed spending time with them, talking with them, even just lying in bed and cuddling. Every one of the girls I had slept with was different and the same and beautiful in her own way.

Mariel, the first girl I slept with in the Philippines, had these exotic eyes that I would stare at for minutes at a time. I even took a picture of them, up close, so I would never forget. The first girl I slept with in Cebu had a thigh gap you could sing songs about. The Chinese girl had a rack that seemed to defy gravity. Nearly every girl I had been with was sweet and submissive, something I adore in women and conspicuously absent from many Western women.

I missed every girl I had been with, the more they seemed to like me, the more I seemed to miss them. But the girl I missed the most was Kim and her quick smile.

While I loved the shy sweetness of most Philippine girls, at times they could be quite boring. Kim, on the other hand, wasn't at all like that. I didn't think I could grow tired of spending time with her.

I tried to keep in touch, but while she answered all my messages in a timely manner, she was back to her aloof self. She was a cipher, but I didn't give up. I tried to plan a way to meet before I left for Thailand, but nothing seemed to work. Again, I was unsure if I would ever see her again.

Attacked by a Gang of High School Girls

The next afternoon I was getting hungry and craving some sushi. I had been getting familiar with the public transportation. They didn't use many buses. Instead they used old military trucks used for transporting soldiers. The camo green had been painted over with bright colors. They had specific routes and only cost about 15 cents a ride.

I waited on the street for the right one to arrive and take me to the mall close by. As I stood there, I noticed a big group of high school girls walking towards me.

I thought I saw one pointing at me, but figured it was nothing. Then, the group of about twenty girls stopped ten feet away from me. It seemed they were also waiting for one of the trucks.

I heard a loud giggle from the group. Then another. Then somebody screamed "Free hugs!"

I turned my head towards the group, startled by the sound.

"Free hugs!" another girl squealed.

"Free hugs!" a dozen of the girls kept saying.

No way. I smiled and held my arms out wide, showing I was ready.

The girls started jumping up and down and giggling as they made their way towards me. Then, the group swarmed, and twenty high school girls all gave me a hug.

"Where are you from!?"

"How you like Philippines!"

"You so handsome!"

The girls got louder and louder, seeming to feed on each other's energy. Then, a truck pulled up to the curb, it seemed it was the one they way waiting for.

"Bye!"

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!"

A couple of the girls ran back to me and gave me a hug before running back and getting into the truck. They all called after me and giggled as it pulled away.

That was surreal, I thought.... and fucking awesome! I was starting to love this country. Rock Star.

A Friendly Face from My Side of the World

I had been messaging with an American guy on an RVF travel forum called "Cool." He was about to come spend a month in Davao as well. I suggested the same place where I was staying.

The day of his arrival came, and at last we met. He was quite tall at about 6'4". I knew that the locals saw me as a giant at 6'1", I could only imagine how they saw him.

He was a friendly guy, and I knew at once that we would get along. "I have a date tonight with a girl I met online. I could see if she has a friend and we could try for a double date?" I asked.

"Sure."

That night, the two of us waited at the nearby mall for our two girls to show up. He was in the military, so he was no stranger to travel. He had come to the Philippines for the same reason I had, to see if the stories about it were true.

Two girls approached us as we stood talking. Of course, they noticed the two big white guys before we noticed the two small Pinay girls. My date's friend was attractive, with a nice looking rack. I couldn't help but feel jealous that he would end up pairing up with the friend.

I couldn't be too jealous, because my date was adorable. The thing was, she was very short. I don't know how much under 5', but quite a bit. She was easily the shortest girl I had ever been on a date with. Her face was prettier than the other girl. Where her friend had boobs, she had ass. Yeah... I can't complain.

"I'm 20."

"I'm Erica," my date said.

I introduced Cool, and she introduced the friend she brought. We got to know each other, and an hour later ended up at a restaurant overlooking the city of Davao.

As the four of us stood in the gazebo overlooking the city, I knew that I had to make my move. I started getting closer and closer to my tiny date. But the strangest thing kept happening. As soon as I would edge closer, Erica would edge further away.

I had been watching her body language, and I felt confident that she was interested. I kept at it, and I'm pretty sure Cool was entertained watching me chase her around the gazebo in slow motion. I decided I had misread the signs and finally gave up.

From there, we went to a club and had some drinks. I tried a couple more times to make moves on my date, but other than being able to get my arm around her for a few moments, it bore little fruit.

I figured tonight I wouldn't be sleeping with this adorable little girl with a Latin booty, but I wanted Cool to get his first Pinay girl.

"Let's get some drinks back at the apartment," I told the group. To my surprise, neither of the

- girls gave a word of objection.
- The four of us went back to the aparta-hotel where Cool and I were staying. Cool, who wasn't traveling on student loans, was in a bigger apartment, so we decided to take the girls there.
- We talked in a group a bit and, while it seemed that my date was not interested in me, Cool's busty girl seemed quite interested in him. I knew I had to get the two of them alone.
- I started up a conversation with my tiny date about my travels in Cebu.
- "You want to see the pictures?" I asked her.
- "Sure," Erica said, expecting me to take out my phone and show her.
- Instead, I took her hand and lead her to the door. "We'll be back in a minute." I announced to Cool and his girl.
- My tiny date took my lead and followed me down to my apartment, leaving the two of them alone.
- As I was showing her some travel pictures on my computer, I decided to just go for it. I kissed her and, surprisingly, she enthusiastically kissed me back.
- An hour later, her clothes were off and this tiny girl was underneath me, moaning softly. As she moaned, my hands explored her body. They seemed most interested in her booty, a booty that belonged on a Latina girl.
- We finished in the doggy style position. I disposed of my condom and fell into bed. Erica wrapped her arms around me, and snuggled into my chest.
- "I could have sworn you weren't interested in me," I said.
- She giggled. "You are very intimidating."
- "I chased you around the gazebo, just trying to get close."
- "I was nervous..." she smiled, "but I really like you."
- I never expected this girl, who seemed to have no interest in even brushing shoulders, to be so into me. It was a lesson about Philippine girls that would prove useful down the road. The lesson was simple: don't underestimate how intimidating a huge white guy can be to a tiny Filipina girl. Despite my expertise in reading body language my ignorance of the intimidation factor almost led me to miss out on hooking up with Erica.
- We met back in Cool's room around midnight, and the two girls went home together.
- "Did you get it?" I asked.
- "Yes," Cool said with a huge smile on your face.
- "First night, very nice." I gave him a fist bump.

- "And you? How did it go?"
- "I did too," I said.
- "Awesome!" Then his face turned thoughtful. "No offense, but I didn't think she was interested in you," Cool was obviously referring to what happened under the gazebo.
- "I didn't think so either, but... it never felt so good to be so wrong."
- Cool held out his hand for a fist bump. I bumped it.
- We had achieved something I like to call "quality time." Quality time was when you and your friend seduce two friends together. I call it this because there is no more quality time with a friend than seducing a couple of girls and both succeeding.
- I had made a new friend, sealed by quality time in our first day together. I would keep in contact with Cool for years to come.

My Worst Nightmare

- My time in Davao flew by as I spent my days writing and my nights meeting local girls.
- One particular night, I had planned to meet up with my basketball friends. Arvin was on his way to pick me up. I figured I should get started drinking early.
- Growing up, even though I had some times had a reputation as a "bad boy" Mormon, I didn't have much experience around alcohol. I looked at the beers I had bought. They were bottles, and I had no idea how to open them.
- I thought back to a time when I watched a friend open a beer bottle with a knife. I couldn't remember exactly how he did it, but I decided to give it a try.
- I took out a knife and began working on the bottle. While I was applying pressure to the top, my finger slipped and the knife came down and sliced open my index finger.
- The cut was deep, it went all the way to the bone. Shit! I stared at the blood coming out of the gash. My entire finger was already drenched in blood. I always hated the sight of blood, but I hated seeing it even more when it was supposed to be inside of *me*.
- I started getting woozy, and sat on my bed for a moment. Blood kept gushing from the cut, and I knew I needed a first aid kit. The girl working in the courtyard of the hotel would have one.
- Clutching my finger, I opened the front door and stumbled into the courtyard, with my entire hand now covered in red. I was half way across to the girl when my world started spinning and my memories abruptly end...
- Then...voices in a foreign language, I couldn't understand what they were saying. I could hear a sense of panic and urgency that indicated I should be worried. I opened my eyes. I was in a car, and my head was in a girl's lap.
- "Where am I?" I asked the strange girl.
- The voice I heard didn't come from her. "We're taking you to the hospital." The voice sounded familiar. Was that Arvin?
- I looked up again at the girl above me, I recognized her too; the girl from the courtyard. It was my last thought before drifting back into unconsciousness.
- I woke up multiple times during the car ride, each time without a clue what was going on, where I was, or what had happened. The only thing I did know was that something was seriously wrong and I was a very long way from home. The world returned back into darkness.
- I woke up again, this time in a hospital bed. Arvin, the guy who drove me to the hospital, was gone, but the girl from the courtyard was sitting at my side.

- She noticed me stirring. "How do you feel?"
- "What happened?" I asked.
- The girl calmly explained it to me, although now I know it wasn't even close to the first time. "You fell and hit your head, now you're in the hospital."
- Later, Arvin would tell me that I had asked "Where am I?" and "What happened?" at least 30 times before he had left.
- My next memories are waking up in the hospital. Again, the girl from the courtyard sat next to me, looking after me.
- "How long have I been here?"
- She counted in her head for a moment. "3 days."
- 3 days!? The only good news was that, finally, I was starting to think clearly. Although at that time, I still had no memory of anything after cutting my finger.
- The first thought in my mind was that which any son has when things go very wrong, "I have to call my mom."
- She called the nurse, and the nurse gave me a phone I could use.
- The phone rang a few times before somebody picked up. "Hello?" said a familiar voice.
- "Hey mom."
- "Hey! How are you? How are the Philippines?"
- "They are good, but there was an accident. I fell and hit my head... pretty hard."
- Her voice changed. The rest of our conversation was filled with exactly what you would expect from a mother whose injured son was on the other side of the world; overreaction.
- "Should I come to the Philippines?"
- "No mom. I'm Ok."
- "You should come home right now! The hospitals there aren't the same."
- "Mom, I'm fine. Everything is fine."
- "I love you so much. I just don't want anything to happen to you.
- "I know mom, I love you too."
- After assuring her I was fine a dozen times, I was able to say goodbye and hang up the phone.
- Now that I was thinking clearly, a thought entered my mind... the bill. I had no insurance. I had

- very little money as it was, and I knew that in the U.S.A., the cost of the treatment I had been getting was huge.
- I put the thoughts aside knowing that, if worst came to worst, I could depend on my family to bail me out. I was lucky in that respect.
- I turned my attention back to the girl at the side of my bed.
- "Do you need anything?" she asked.
- "No. Thanks though."
- I couldn't believe she had spent the last few days at my bed looking after me. She barely knew me. Every time I woke up, she was there next to me. What a sweet girl.
- I started getting to know her for the first time. But it didn't last long.
- "I have to get back to work, my boss won't let me stay here any longer," she said.
- I smiled at this sweet little girl. "Thanks for watching over me, my little guardian angel. How were you able to get so much time off work?"
- She was still blushing. "The owner of the apartments was worried about you too and let me have the time off. She told me I could stay until the doctors say you would be OK."
- I hadn't paid very close attention to the girl before the accident. She was a 19 year old girl who had a plain face, but with a sweetness to it. But looking at her in that moment, I saw her differently. This was a good person.
- When she left, my nurse, an attractive girl probably in her early twenties, started coming to see me more and more often.
- "Anything I can do?" she would ask. I even noticed a bit of jealousy from a guy at the bed next to me when it was obvious she would spend much more time at my bed than she should.
- Maybe she did this because she was interested in me, I did see many signs. Maybe she did it because she knew I was thousands of miles away from my family, who would normally take care of me. Looking back I think it was both, but the reason didn't matter, I was grateful either way.
- I opened up my phone and looked at the messages.
- "Hey. Where are you? I hope you are OK. Nicole."
- Oh shit! I had forgotten my date with Nicole! Nicole was a 19 year old girl from a small town I had met and bedded a week earlier. I met her in a small town an hour outside of Davao. She was a girl I had liked so much that only a severe hit to the head could make me forget about meeting her.

- "I'm Ok, but I had an accident." I wrote.
- Nicole had a gorgeous face, it was the reason I had agreed to take a trip to another city just to meet her. I called her and explained what had happened.
- "Where are you? I'll come see you," she responded immediately.
- The title of guardian angel was then passed from my nurse, who I noticed seeming a bit jealous, to this girl. She spent the next few days with me in my hospital bed.
- We had planned for her to come and stay with me for a few days. When I didn't answer any of her calls, she had gone to stay with a cousin.
- "I wasn't sure whether to be mad you did not answer or worried something happened," she said.
- "I wouldn't ignore you," I winked.
- For those few days, Nicole would run and get anything I asked. Usually, it was food I sent her for. The food at that hospital was terrible.
- She slept in my hospital bed with me, even when I was moved out of my private room to one of the cheaper public ones a few days after arriving.
- One night as Nicole lay in the bed next to me, I was suddenly aware it had been quite some time since I had sex. I ran my hands over her thin body and into her panties. The movement woke her up, and her hand easily found its way into my hospital gown. My sudden horniness was satisfied with a midnight hand job under the sheets. I hoped none of the other patients in the room noticed.
- I was as far away from my home as I could be. You would think, being in a Third World country, that I wouldn't have been well cared for. But, as you can see, it wasn't the case.
- Three amazing Filipina women took care of me when I didn't have anybody else. Don't think that because I'm sharing stories of bedding many of these girls, that I think less of them in any way. On the contrary, I would say I have more respect for Filipina women than almost any other nationality in the world.
- In my experience, Filipina women are good and sweet. When I needed somebody most, I had three miniature guardian angels to watch over me.
- From that moment on, this place and its people, had a special place in my heart.
- Arvin came to visit me at the hospital a few hours before I was supposed to check out.
- "Ok. I know I've asked a lot of times, but now that my brain is working right... what exactly happened?"

- "Ok... last time." Arvin smiled. "I waited for you outside your apartment. I had got your message that you were waiting for me, so when you didn't come out, I went in to check on you.
- "Then, I saw you lying on the ground, bleeding from your head and your finger. We called an ambulance, but they were all full and couldn't come. That's when I took you to the hospital.
- "Every couple of minutes, you would wake up and ask where you were and what had happened." Arvin laughed. "And over and over again I told you."
- "Well, now I can say I'll remember and you won't have to tell me again," I laughed. "Hopefully."
- It was one of the scariest moments of my life, lying in the back seat of Arvin's car, my brain not functioning correctly. All I understood was something was seriously wrong and I was impossibly far from the people I trusted most in the world. I was lucky to make the friends I did and have people there when I needed them most.
- "You have a severe concussion," the doctor had said. If I didn't have somebody to take me to the hospital, things could have been a lot worse.
- 'My worst nightmare' wasn't because of some crazy ride, or because of an armed robbery, it was because this Mormon boy tried to open a beer bottle.

Arvin left and an hour later, they cleared me to go home. My feet dragged as I climbed the hospital stairs to the cashier's office where I would pay my bill. Although my mom had earlier reassured me she would help me pay the hospital bills, I wasn't exactly on a budget where I had much leeway.

"First and last name?"

"20. Nation."

She quoted me a price that ended up being well under a thousand dollars. I was stunned. In an American hospital, I'm sure it would have been 10 times that.

I didn't recall the front doors of the hospital I had entered a week before, but I still remember the great feeling of walking out of them. Nicole and I went back to my apartment. We spent the next couple of days together before she had to go back to her little village.

I had begun to think this was a girl I could date. The more time I spent with Nicole, the more I started liking her.

I wanted to know how sincere she was in her confessions of being in love with me, so I checked her Facebook and Yahoo on a key logger I had installed on my computer.

What I found on the key logger was heart breaking, but that's a story for another day. If you are interested, after you finish this book, check out my book: The Key Logger.

Journey to the Front Lines

I had been putting off this trip for a while, but it was time to leave the safety of Davao city and venture into the civil-war riddled island of Mindanao.

- I packed enough clothes for a couple of days and went to the bus station. I was going to visit a girl I had been excited to meet for a long time in the city of General Santos.
- The long bus ride to General Santos (GenSan) was spent thinking about this girl. I had been talking to her since I first started pipelining and she was gorgeous. I had webcammed with her a few times, even getting her to take off some clothes.
- The things that made this chick in General Santos so special were not simply her beauty, but her similarity to an actress I had had a big crush on.
- I doubt many of my readers have seen the TV series "Pretty Little Liars," but in that series, there is a character "Emily" played by Shay Mitchell.
- I'll admit that I watched the entire first season of that TV series. 99% of the reason I watched it was so I could stare at Shay Mitchell. She's a half white, half Filipina actress from Canada. She fit the profile for my taste in exotic women, and was a part of the reason the Philippines had piqued my interest. Needless to say, I was very excited to meet this girl.
- When I arrived at the bus station in General Santos, she was there waiting for me. I recognized her immediately, and noticed she had come with somebody.
- When I stepped off the bus, she ran up to me and almost jumped into my arms.
- "I'm so glad you came!"
- "Me too," I responded, instantly happy I made the long trip.
- "You are so tall!" she said as she looked up at me.
- I had heard this from almost every girl in the Philippines. By now, I had learned just to smile when I heard it.
- "This is my cousin, Anne." She gestured to the girl behind her.
- The three of us got into a little tricycle taxi that was just like the one I had used in Cebu Island, a motorcycle pulling a two wheeled cart.
- As we headed towards my hotel in the moto-taxi, I couldn't help but notice the differences in this city. I saw very few cars and a lot of tricycle moto-taxis; they were everywhere.
- The taxi left us at my hotel where I dropped my backpack. Then, we went to go eat.
- "I had hoped we would get to spend some time alone, I'm not here long," I said as we got a few moments of privacy from her cousin.

- "I know. Me too, but my parents said I had to have a chaperone."
- I sighed. "As long as it's not always like this."
- "I will try," she said.
- After getting food, her cousin announced she had to leave. Relief flooded through me. It had been annoying being left out of the conversation when the two girls would start speaking Visayan and giggling.
- We said goodbye and, at last, the two of us were alone. I took the seat next to her in the restaurant and started my seduction steps.
- The steps didn't last long, because another girl came to our table and introduced herself.
- "Hey. I'm her cousin," the stranger announced.
- "How many cousins do you have?" I turned and looked at the girl I had came to GenSan (General Santos) for.
- She blushed. Soon she explained that her parents, being quite traditional, had planned that the two of us would never be alone.
- Well... damn.
- Later, the three of us went to a club nearby. More and more people came and introduced themselves to us in the club. It seemed like she was related to the whole town. It didn't leave much room for the two of us to be alone. I needed a game plan.
- Thinking up this game plan was made even more difficult while being bombarded by questions from her cousins.
- "How do you like the Philippines?"
- "What is America like?"
- "How long will you stay?"
- Normally, I would have liked to enjoy the attention I was getting from the group, but I was short on time and wanted nothing more than to be with the girl I had been fantasizing about since I first bought my ticket to the Philippines.
- The group was about to check out a different club a block away.
- "We'll be over in a couple minutes," I said, seeing my first opportunity. I knew we were close to my hotel room.
- "Ok. See you soon," her cousin said and left.
- "I have to stop by my hotel room real quick," I told my actress lookalike.
- "Ok. Sure."

We walked to my room and as soon as the door shut, I kissed her. Soon after, we were lying in bed dry humping. Before long, she was underneath me and completely naked and I was living the fantasy I had imagined for a long time.

I'd be lying if I said I didn't imagine I was sleeping with Shay Mitchell, but in the moments my imagination brought me back to reality, staring down at this particular beautiful girl wasn't bad either.

Her phone buzzed and buzzed, but the call was ignored. For the time being, we were in our own world.

As soon as we finished, she called her cousin back, explaining that we would be at the club soon.

I was able to enjoy the club a lot more this time around. With the time constraint gone, I was finally able to relax and enjoy my first day in General Santos.

The next morning, we had planned to go to the beach. I showed up at her parents' home early in the morning.

"Hi 20, welcome. We hear a lot about you from our daughter."

Her parents were quite friendly, and her dad ended up giving me the keys to his SUV.

"Bring it back in one piece." He was smiling, but his voice was completely serious.

"Yes sir. I'll be careful," I said.

I hadn't realized how much I'd missed driving until I got behind the wheel. Even the crazy Philippine drivers and constant worrying about wrecking the SUV didn't affect my enthusiasm.

I was raised in the state in the U.S.A. where the legal driving age was the lowest. For the last decade of my life, I had been able to drive wherever I wanted. For the past month, relying on taxis and public transport had made me feel like a bird with clipped wings.

I dodged Filipino drivers left and right, always in control. The first moment I actually felt worried was looking ahead and noticing a roadblock. Next to the roadblock were men dressed in military camo with large assault rifles. They were talking to every driver who passed.

"What's this?" I asked.

"It's just a checkpoint," she said nonchalantly, like having to explain yourself to a guy with a high powered assault rifle was normal.

Then, for the first time, I realized I really was on an island with a civil war going on.

When I pulled the SUV up to the checkpoint, my little actress look-alike said a couple of sentences in the local language. The guy took a look at me and looked in the back, and then motioned us forward.

We arrived at the beach, and found a spot under a large beach umbrella. As I dug my toes into the white sand and took a deep breath of the salty air, I felt amazing; Mormon country was a thousand miles from the nearest ocean.

- I took her hand, led her to my lawn chair, and she lay next to me.
- "You told me you were Mormon," she said.
- "That's how I was raised, yes," I responded.
- "I asked some of my friends about Mormons, and they told me they can have many wives." There was a worried look on her face.
- I laughed. It wasn't even close to the first time I had been asked this, especially while I was a missionary. "No cute girl, Mormons don't have more than one wife."
- "So why do people think they this?"
- "Mormons had multiple wives 150 years ago, before the leader of the church revoked the practice. Now, only small off-shoots of the religion still practice it."
- "Oh. That's good," she said, relief crossing her face.
- "You were worried you would be my third wife?" I joked.
- "No! But I wanted to be sure."
- The rest of our trip to the beach flew by. There is nothing quite as relaxing as the sound of waves gently crashing against the sand.
- We usually don't recognize precious moments while they are happening as easily as afterwards. It's too bad I had already began to think ahead to my trips to Manila and Thailand, because it really was one of the special moments I had hoped for before coming to Philippines. Only in hindsight do I realize how precious that moment was on the beach, with my arm around little "Shay Mitchell."
- Saying goodbye was bittersweet. She was a cool girl, and I knew I would probably never see her again, but the mystery that my future adventures held kept the sting of parting minute.

Wilds Nights with Wild Girls

I got back to Davao, and settled back into my normal life. I didn't have much time left in Davao, and I knew I had to enjoy it while I could.

I got online, and set up a couple dates for the following days.

That night, I stood in a mall in Davao, waiting for my next date. As I saw her arrive, I was relieved to see that she looked just like her photos (not always knowing who will show up is the biggest downside to online dating). This was especially good, because in her photos she looked like she had a great body.

This 20 year old girl didn't have particularly big boobs or a particularly big ass. It was more of a general sexiness; having boobs, ass, and curves in great proportions. I would say she had a slightly above average face, which was made more attractive by a natural set of full, Angelina Jolie-like, lips.

The two of us decided to go to a Sushi restaurant close by. As we started getting to know each other, I couldn't help but notice the contrast between this girl and my first two virgins.

As I stared at her full lips as she talked, I noted she oozed sexiness, not cuteness like many other Filipinas. I wouldn't say she looked like a slut, but she looked like she could be.

All I knew was... I wanted this girl and I had to nail this date so she would be coming home with me that night. I went into my date mode. I teased her and I made sure to mention the most positive things about me in stories.

"When I was in middle school I was dating the head cheerleader. While dancing I accidently stepped on her foot and... she started crying. Now, I still worry about it while I dance." My middle school popularity was one of my brags from the past and combined with all the American movies where the head cheerleader is the most popular girl in school... it seems to give me some instant status.

"Wow, you were probably popular in high school," she asks.

"Well, I was pretty good at sports," I said with a cocky grin.

I continued the date and focused on body language and eye contact that James Bond would have been proud of. I told her realistic problems with Filipinas, but cushioned the blows by adding in compliments, she wouldn't be getting too big of a head on this date. Then, I looked her in the eyes and knew everything had worked... she wanted me.

We finished our meal and, as I went to pay, she surprised me by sticking her hand in front of my wallet "I can pay."

"You don't have to do that," I said.

"I insist."

- "Thank you." Never pass up a chance to let a girl invest in you and the relationship.
- We got together and discussed what we should go do next. I knew I had to think up an excuse, the next part of my date model is always finding some way to get her back to your room.
- Again she surprised me when she asked "Do you have any drinks back at your place?"
- "Umm...I have a bottle of vodka."
- Fifteen minutes later, we were sitting on my bed, drinking vodka and watching music videos on YouTube.
- It wasn't long until we were both drunk. My memories are hazy, but what I do remember is all of a sudden the two of us were naked and I was getting a condom.
- Even in my drunken state, I recognized that this girl had a stunning body. We started having sex, but five minutes later, I had to pull out thanks to an unfortunate case of whisky dick.
- It's very frustrating staring at a naked girl next to you with one of the best bodies you have seen with your own two eyes and not being able to do anything about it. After thirty minutes, I finally gave up and passed out.
- An unknown amount of time later, I woke up. I looked over to see a sexy body sleeping naked next to me. Desire flooded my thoughts and at once I felt my "whiskey dick" was long gone. I climbed on top of her and tasted her plump lips. Her lips reacted to mine and her eyes opened slightly. She looked up at me, half asleep, with the most seductive smile I had seen in Asia.
- I wasted no time. I spread her legs and was finally able to give it to this girl the way she deserved.
- We finished and I turned off the lights and went to sleep. I was woken up again when she opened the front door of my apartment. Immediately, thoughts of her running off with some of my things entered my mind, and I got out of bed to check on her.
- I looked out my front door and saw her buck naked, squatting next to a bush and peeing. My paranoia instantly disappeared and I couldn't help but laugh.
- "I do have a bathroom you know?" I said to her as she walked back into my apartment, but I don't think she even heard me. She fell onto the bed, and might have been asleep before her head even hit the pillow.
- The two of us slept long into the afternoon. When we woke up, I couldn't pass up the chance to unleash my desire on that stunning body, to be inside of her again.
- Afterwards, as we lay in bed exhausted, I started laughing. She looked at me like I was crazy.
- "I think you gave our neighbors a show last night," I said.
- "What?" she asked.
- "When you went outside naked," I said.

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"What? Really?"
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"Yup, even peed in my bush."

Her face flushed red. "I don't remember doing that. Sorry."

"Don't worry about it, but for next time, the bathroom's right over there." I pointed to the only other door in my studio apartment.

We kept talking and this girl, who was always full of surprises, surprised me again.

"I have a boyfriend."

"Really?"

"Yes, but he's cheating on me," she said, devoid of emotion.

"That's too bad," I responded. I tried to change the subject, but it was clear it was what she wanted to talk about.

"He's American like you."

"I see."

"He's quite a bit older than you though," she said.

"Really? How much older?"

"He's 45."

I'll admit it was shocking. Of all the girls I had dated in my life, I didn't know of any who had dated a guy older than 30. I started to understand why older guys liked it so much here.

"Wow," was all I could say.

Maybe I should have felt guilty about sleeping with another guy's girlfriend, but I just felt lucky to be able to enjoy her stunning body.

My next date was with another girl I had met online. After adding her to Facebook, and seeing all her modeling photos in nothing more than panties, I decided the chances of this girl being promiscuous were high.

I was running behind, and I arrived an hour late to our date.

"Hey. Sorry I'm late, I've been really behind."

"It's ok," she replied.

That was easily forgiven, maybe too easy.

This girl had a very unique look. It was the most exotic look of any girl I had met so far. I'm sure

this unique look helped with her modeling career. The other model-like feature this 5'6" girl had was an incredibly slender body. I don't think she weighed more than 90 lbs.

From there, we took our date to a club. We both entered the club, and got some drinks. I tried to talk to her, but the music was too loud. I realized it was a mistake to go to such a loud venue before spending an hour or so getting to know each other.

I kept trying. I did my typical seduction method. I tried touching her more and more, but she remained ice cold. After an hour, I was beginning to doubt whether or not I would seal the deal.

Then, my slender date recognized a friend, a Filipino guy around the same age as her. I felt a slight twinge of jealousy as she giggled loudly and the two of them hugged. My jealousy didn't last long.

"Well, hi," the guy said to me in an obviously gay voice.

"Hi." I said sticking out my hand. I was happy for any change in the awkward date, even if it came from a gay guy.

He shook my hand and went back to talking to my date in their native tongue. As they talked, he looked me up and down. He obviously approved and, if I read the situation right, he may have even been expressing jealousy that she was on the date with me and not him.

They switched back to English, and the gay guy started bringing me into the conversation, hitting me with the typical questions. The group talked for twenty minutes before he said goodbye.

"I bet you'll have a good night with this girl," the guy said before walking away.

From that moment, it was like I was on a date with a different girl; where she acted cold before, she was now warm. She hung on my every word, and took every opportunity to bring her body closer to mine.

I kissed her for a few minutes in the club. Then, I thought back to her gay friend's last words and took a gamble.

"I have some drinks at my place, want to go there?"

"Yes," she said without any hesitation.

I'd never imagined being with a girl with long legs in the Philippines, but as I pulled her panties down her slender legs, it seemed to go on forever. She was a miniature version of a 6' model, with all the same proportions.

The memory of wrapping my hands around her extremely thin waist as I took her in many different positions is one of sexual highlights of my trip.

There is nothing in the world quite like online dating in the Philippines. If you are decent at online dating in the states, you will find that you have a good shot of meeting any girl you message.

I had been messaging girls in South East Asia for less than two months, but I already had hundreds of phone numbers, Facebooks, and Skype usernames.

My comfort in online dating was no doubt due to the natural transition from playing video games.

The majority of my young life, I fell into the jock clique. I was always good at sports, and my closest friends had also been the better athletes in my school. Then, I discovered a highly competitive computer game called StarCraft.

I began to love the feeling of matching my brain with that of another player somewhere in the world. There was something very special about going head to head with somebody in something that was commonly called "chess on steroids." I even ended up getting paid to play it.

This of course affected my jock status in high school. I had turned into a new breed of gamer jock. Luckily, I had a friend who was the same and eventually became my best friend.

When I quit playing video games and tried out online dating, my mind picked it up like it was StarCraft. I enjoyed the difficulty and the strategy involved. Then, going from online dating in the U.S.A. to South East Asia (SEA) was like playing a StarCraft against professionals, then playing guys who had only owned the game a month (newbs). SEA was playing the game on easy mode.

The valuable lesson I learned from such a huge amount of attention I got online in SEA was how to label the girls I added to my phone. I only had so much free time, and I wouldn't have been able to meet a fraction of the girls who gave me contact information.

After meeting the thin model, I had met all the girls I had labeled as a 3, the highest number in my ranking of "interest in meeting." Now it was time to spend my last few days in Davao a little differently.

Island Paradise

The four of us sat on the ferry from Davao to Samal Island. Our party consisted of myself, Cool, my American friend, and our two dates from before. We were going to spend the day on a resort-like island.

Samal Island was a tropical paradise, filled with jungle and beaches. But we weren't going there for the beaches. The girls had told us that somewhere in the center of the island were beautiful waterfalls.

We got to the island, and the two girls arranged passage for us to get to the waterfall. I couldn't help but notice that Erica was small, even standing next to other locals. When I stood next to her I seemed massive, which made me feel all the more manly.

"All right you two will go with him," Cool's slightly busty girl pointed to Erica and I "and you two will go with him."

It seemed fine until I saw the method of our travel. It would be classified as motorcycle, but it was more like a Scooter.

"The driver, Erica, and I are all supposed to fit on this?" I asked. "I don't think we will fit."

"Of course you will," she replied.

- She was right, we did fit, but it was tight. My butt cheeks hung over the back edge of the motorcycle seat.
- My little date was nestled between my legs and the driver. Watching Cool try to do the same thing was pretty funny.
- "Hey Cool, maybe you could take Erica as well, I'm feeling cramped over here," I joked. This 6'4" guy didn't have a girl as tiny as I did to squeeze onto the seat with, but in the end, they miraculously made it work.
- The two motorcycles went down the dirt road at speeds I never thought they were capable of. I still have videos I took while riding on the back of the motorcycles.
- You see Erica nestled between my legs and, as I move the camera over, you see Cool and his date sitting on the motorcycle next to us, his knees coming up to the shoulder of his date. They were laughing as the jungle flew by in the background.
- It was my first motorcycle ride in South East Asia, and it wouldn't be my last. Twenty minutes later, the two bikes pulled up to a market.
- "We can get dinner," Cool's girl said.
- We walked into the market, and it wasn't how I had imagined. The only thing the market had was fish; dozens of different types and stacks of each out on display.

- Cool and I deferred to the girls knowledge of what was best.
- "How will we cook it?" I asked.
- "Our drivers said they would cook it up for us once we get to the waterfall."
- "Awesome."
- We bought a gigantic Milk fish, got on the motorcycles, and continued our trip.
- We arrived at a path going down a hill. The bikes could only take us so far, the rest of our trip would be on foot.
- We walked for some time down the trail. It was steep and, at times, I had to give my arm to Erica to steady her as we descended.
- Then, we rounded the corner and saw the waterfalls. There were dozens of them going from pool to pool. The most brilliant aspect of the view was the colors. The water seemed to reflect different shades of blue and green as it ran over different parts of the ground beneath.
- We got to the bottom, and our guides started a fire and cooked our fish. We played in the waterfall and pools while the fish roasted.
- When they called us over and we took big pieces of the fish and put them on our plate, my taste buds exploded.
- "Wow!" I said. "This is the best fish I've ever tasted!"
- "Fresh fish, it was caught this morning, that's why it's so good," my tiny date informed me. "But it is very tasty!"
- It may have been that I was so hungry, but it was true, I had never eaten fish that tasted so good. Far from the intricacies of a kitchen and cooked over an open fire, I never knew food could be so incredible.
- Everybody seemed to agree that the fish was surprisingly good.
- "Get your beers!" I told the group. I would make a toast.
- "To endless summer nights," I said.
- "Endless summer nights!" Everybody tapped their bottles together and drank.
- That night did have a magical feeling similar to what I remember from summer nights back home. The Philippines is a hot and humid country, but in the evening the temperature is perfect. With the cool air from the waterfalls close by, the beer and the incredibly tasty fish, this was another memory from South East Asia that I would never forget.

How to Say Goodbye?

I only had two days before my flight to Manila and soon after, to Thailand. I had one piece of unfinished business left in Davao, Anne, the girl I had met at the hookah bar when I was out with my basketball friends.

It had been surprisingly hard to get a date with her. She was either extremely busy or not interested. Still, I had to try again.

"Hey, what are you doing tonight? It's one of my last days in Davao, and it would be fun to meet up." I sent her an SMS.

"Sure. I should be free after 8 p.m."

The date was much like the others I had described. We met at the mall close to my place. We walked around the mall and talked.

Two hours later, she had accepted my invitation to see a movie at my place.

Soon after the movie started, she rejected my kiss attempt. Five minutes later, I tried again... she turned her head away. Again and again I tried. It must have been five rejections, but I was still as cool and collected as ever.

One thing I could do very well was read women and this girl was, undoubtedly, into me.

I tried again, moving my head slowly towards her lips. This time, my lips hit their mark. The second our lips touched it was like an explosion. The confident, uninterested wall she had put up came down, and only desire shown.

I quickly removed her clothes. She had some belly fat, but I was able to ignore it thanks to a solid rack.

After a good half an hour, I finished and rolled off her. We were both sweaty. We went in the shower and got cleaned up before getting back to bed.

Knowing women suddenly became much more open and honest after sex, I asked the only question on my mind. "Why didn't you kiss me when it was so obvious you really wanted it?"

"I was scared," she said. "I've been unlucky with men."

She then went into tell me that she had a young daughter. A local Filipino had knocked her up, and then refused to help her out financially or have anything to do with his daughter.

"Many Filipino guys do this," she continued. "Maybe it's why so many girls like foreigners. Even though they don't always stay with the girl, at least they take care of the baby financially."

"But we wore a condom," I said.

"I was just scared."

It wasn't the first time I had heard this, but I still wasn't ready to write off Pinoy guys as all being deadbeat dads. I had been getting to know Arvin, the guy who drove me to the hospital, and from everything he told me, I don't think he would ever do anything like that.

"It is bad luck, but I don't think all are like it."

"Most," she responded seriously. "Pinoy men are players."

I let it go. Maybe some of my power of women in the Philippines came from this reputation the local men had.

As I try to remember my first real trip to a pussy paradise, I comb through my hundreds of pictures, videos, conversations, and journal entries.

Writing this book, I feel like I am reliving every moment. When I remember sexual experiences and look at old pictures of the girls, I get horny. When I write about different experiences, the feelings I had come flooding back. It feels like I'm reliving the trip.

Writing this has been an ultimate nostalgia... and I haven't even got to the best parts.

Conservative Doesn't Mean Conservative

I had said goodbye to Cool, Arvin, and many of the other people I had met in Davao. Now I was flying far above the islands below, waiting for the plane to arrive in Manila. I would miss Davao, the women, the people, the cheap living costs (I hadn't spent more than \$800 total in the last month). Davao had been a blast, a blast that a guy living on his student loans could afford.

Later in the day, I was planning to meet a girl I'd been chatting with for a couple months. She seemed a conservative girl, and her reluctance to do anything sexual made me write her off. Had it not been for her sweet smile and attractive face, I probably wouldn't have answered her Skype call a week earlier.

We Skyped for a couple hours then, out of the blue, she removed her shirt and jeans and was sitting in front of the camera in white lingerie.

I was hooked; we Skyped for another hour before she pulled down her bra to reveal a nipple. I only glimpsed it before she quickly covered herself again, laughing.

She played this game for the next couple of hours, taking off more and more. By the end, she was completely naked and rubbing herself on camera.

I had no idea where it came from, but I had just had cyber sex with a girl who, I had thought, was the most conservative girl I had spoken to so far. This mysterious island nation... it would be hard to leave.

After arriving, I waited for her to finish her work at a cinema. Waiting for her at a mall in Manila, I recognized her immediately. Her timid smile appeared as soon as we locked eyes. As she approached, I noticed one thing about her that was very different from what I had imagined... she was quite tall, for a Pinay at least.

I took her hand and kissed her cheek, and then looked her in the eye. "At last we meet."

"Yes," she said, still too timid to hold my eye contact for more than a moment.

From there, I began the seduction routine I had been constantly using the last couple of months; strong eye contact, statements that bragged without appearing to brag, well-practiced smile, tease, joke.

I continued the seduction, and my mind raced as I thought back to the cybersex session with the girl standing in front of me, moaning on her bed as she caressed herself.

As I touched her more and more, made my jokes and watched her laugh, I felt a fearless confidence I had never felt before. I had felt this confidence in other things; basketball, football, StarCraft, even in making a girl like me, but never had I felt so confident that, within hours, I would be deep inside the girl I was currently just chatting with.

My words were sure and smooth and my touches unapologetic. Every girl I had been on a date with so far, I had bedded, why wouldn't I be confident? I was batting a perfect 1.000.

My thoughts soon became reality as she came back with me to my hotel. Later I was pulling her panties down her hips, then her thighs, then over her knee, down her shins and off her feet, letting them fall to the floor.

I looked over this naked girl on the bed. I had seen her nude body a week before, of course, but reality was so much sweeter. Her conservative nature had created a tension and sense of the forbidden that made what I was about to do all the more thrilling.

I felt the unique sensation of getting exactly what you want most in the world at a given moment. If I were thinking more logically, maybe I would have wanted millions of dollars. But I wasn't thinking logically and at that moment, the only thing I wanted was to sexually dominate this soft skinned 21 year old girl.

I fell on top of her, kissed her, and took her.

The Party I Wish All Parties Could Be

I only had one more day until my flight to Bangkok. Mariel, the first girl I was with on my trip, had been messaging almost every day since I left Manila. She had confessed feelings of love and more.

I had told her I had been seeing other girls and that I wasn't ready to settle down. Naturally, the knowledge that I was seeing other girls only seemed to make her want me more.

I would have liked to see her again, but it seemed I had already broken her heart. If I saw her again, just to leave the next day, it would be cruel.

It is one of the downsides of being in the Philippines. It seems that wherever you go, you leave a trail of broken hearts. This power I had over Filipina women was wonderful at times, but sad at others. This is the dating game, and anybody who has played long enough has felt what it's like to be on both sides.

Then, I thought about seeing Jasmine, the confident girl with dimples I had slept with after Mariel. It was tempting, but the thrill of a new conquest pushed me to enter one of the dating websites and look for a girl to meet that night.

As usual in the Philippines, it wasn't long before I had a few options. The decision was made quite easy when a busty girl invited me to a party on Greenbelt.

I didn't know Manila well, but I knew Greenbelt was one of the more posh parts of the city. Not only did my date seem to have my ideal body type, but the party could be a really fun experience.

A couple hours later, I was standing in front of a skyscraper, dressed in the nicest clothes I had packed in my suitcase. My date had told me to wait for her where I was and that she would find me.

It wasn't long before I spotted her walking towards me. Her very low top showed large natural breasts, no Photoshop tricks thank God. She also had a slim waist... yes, this was exactly the type of figure I was looking for.

By the time we shook hands, I had already imagined removing every piece of clothing she had on.

"Hey, 20 right?"

"Yeah." I did my best to show my most charming smile.

"Follow me, the party has already started."

I made small talk, but the unshaken confidence I had felt the night before was gone. Every time I glimpsed down, lust clouded my thoughts. When I looked at her pretty face, I knew this girl would have a small army of men chasing after her. All I could think of in that moment was what

type of competition I would have at this party.

We walked out of the elevator, and she opened the door to a big room. At the center of the room was a table filled with all sorts of foods and dozens of bottles of different types of alcohol.

The most fascinating aspect of the room was that it was filled with about 40 people. Of those 40, all but 7 or 8 were women. The 7 or 8 men in the room were all foreigners like myself. It was the best girl to guy ratio I had ever seen.

The Filipina girls were all in sexy dresses. Immediately, some of the girls walked up to me and the girl and introduced themselves.

"Hiiii, what is your name?"

"20," I responded.

Before I could continue, I was asked another question by the second girl who had walked over to meet me. Then, another question and another and another.

As the conversation slowed down, I looked around and noticed my busty date was nowhere to be seen. I excused myself and went looking for her.

During my search, I had caught the eye of one of the foreign guys.

"Why don't you have a drink in your hand, mate?"

"That's a good question," I responded, and he immediately started mixing me a drink.

We talked for a couple minutes. He was Australian, probably about 30 years old, and was living in Manila because of business.

"How do you like the girls?" he asked.

"I love the girls and, even better, the girls love me," I said.

"It's good to be a foreigner here, isn't it?" He smiled.

"It is." I motioned to the room full of attractive Filipina girls all trying to land a handsome foreign guy.

Then, I spotted the busty girl, looking sexy as ever.

"Speaking of the girls... we'll pick up this conversation later," I said and left the table.

The busty girl smiled when she saw me, and I set out trying to seduce her. She didn't look at me the way most Filipina girls did. Most local girls' eyes would light up as they talked to me, but this girl seemed distracted, like her mind was somewhere else.

I could feel her slipping away. My confident demeanor and sense of humor seemed to have abandoned me. I still tried to go through the motions, but it wasn't the same. She excused

herself, and left me standing alone.

I knew enough about women to know that the best way to get one is by not taking the interaction too seriously, knowing that there is an abundance of women and opportunities to meet those women. But this girl was uncommonly attractive to me; there was no abundance of this type.

I started up chats with some of the more attractive girls at the party, trying to get my head right again. As I chatted with one of these girls, our conversation was interrupted when the prettiest girl in the room (after my busty girl of course) stood and started talking loudly to the group.

"I would like to thank Charlie for throwing me this birthday party." She walked up to a thin guy who looked to be in his 50's, and kissed him on the lips. "Now we will play some games!"

The room filled with the giggles of Pinay girls. The games started out with musical chairs. Then, the games got more and more sexual.

They moved a couch into the middle of the room and somehow a simple guessing game turned into different girls seeing who had the courage to pull their tops down the lowest. Each girl was like a child determined to go further than the other. A minute later, four of the girls had revealed tits to the room. Watching the game with the intensity of a voyeur, I realized this was one hell of a party.

As I watched and sometimes participated in the games I couldn't help but notice that nearly every girl was wearing a slutty dress of some sort. The liberal nature of these girls seemed to be the complete opposite of the conservative girls of Mindanao. The girls' skin at this party also seemed very white in comparison to the island I had just come from. I guess that's Manila.

At this point, I was starting to get drunk. The next thing I remember was sitting on a chair with everybody watching as three girls poured different types of liquor into my mouth. Then, one of the girls, a girl I had talked to a bit earlier, put her hand up my shirt.

Her hands moved up to my chest, then back down across my abs and to my groin. It was a surreal moment for me, not because of the action, but because she did this as the entire room watched and screamed their approval.

"Maybe some fun?" she said to the room and the chants from the girls made her even bolder.

Her hands moved to my belt and started unbuckling it. "Woah, woah," I stopped her.

"I Just want to touch it."

"I don't think that's such a good idea," I said to the room, and stood up from the chair. Some boos followed, but the group moved onto another game. While the girl was attractive and the experience had left me with blue balls, I wasn't about to let a room full of people watch me get a hand job.

I met up with the busty girl and tried my advances again. My game had turned from awkward sober game, to less awkward drunk game. She seemed slightly more open to it during this time,

but still something held her back.

Towards the end of the party, Charlie, the 50 year old British guy who had thrown the party, invited me and some of the girls up to his apartment. My busty date was also one of the girls he invited, so I obviously accepted.

Charlie's apartment wasn't an apartment at all, it was a penthouse. It was on the top floor. We had a couple of drinks and he talked a bit about his success in business and a divorce that had made him check out the Philippines.

We kept drinking, and I couldn't help but be a little envious when I saw that Charlie was the attractive birthday girl's boyfriend. However, it wasn't a traditional relationship. It seemed to be more of an open relationship. This guy was living the good life. I hoped I lived half as well as this guy at 50.

My slight envy turned to jealousy when I noticed how comfortable the busty girl was with him, and how well she knew his place.

I pushed the unwanted jealousy from my mind and Charlie, myself, and the three girls went to a club. I made moves on the busty girl right in front of him, and was fascinated when he didn't show even a sliver of jealousy. In fact, he seemed to encourage it.

I danced with the busty girl. As she danced close to me and her large breasts were pressed into me, I would lose my train of thought and make a mistake. I was out of my element, and I knew it. My steps were awkward, and she was obviously a good dancer, and I had never been even a decent dancer. It could be that I had been in very few clubs in my life, but I think it came from something that happened when I was 13 years old.

Back then I was quite popular, being a good athlete, and I was dating the captain of the cheerleading squad.

There was a school dance I took her to. The slow dances all went well, but then we started dancing to a more fast moving song. I ended up stepping hard on her left foot. There, in front of most of the school, she started crying.

It didn't take long for her to compose herself and forgive me, but from that moment on, I never went to a dance unless it was a dance where the girl asks the guy.

Dancing with this busty girl, I was keenly aware of my history with dancing. The busty girl sensed this reluctance, and before long excused herself and went to dance with Charlie.

Charlie looked his age, but he didn't act it. I'd never seen a guy over 50 years old laugh and dance like that.

As I watched her dance with him, my unpleasant dance memory again returned. This was a huge weakness in my womanizing arsenal. I wasn't going to pout; I was going to use this busty girl as motivation to improve my dancing. At that moment, I promised myself I would learn to

dance, at least passably.

The busty girl's interest never returned, but it was what I had expected. I pushed her from my mind and danced with a couple of girls from nearby tables, focusing more on learning than seduction.

Then, Charlie, the busty girl, and the birthday girl, came and announced they were going back to his place.

"Thanks for the party Charlie," I said to Charlie. "Hope you had a great night birthday girl," I said to Charlie's girlfriend. "Take care," I told the busty girl that I had lost.

I don't know if Charlie ended up sleeping with the birthday girl and the busty girl that night, but I wouldn't doubt it. Yes, a man twice my age just stole away the girl I had badly wanted, but I didn't feel bitter. I knew it was my fault I lost her. It was motivation for me to improve myself, and it was also a glimpse into the life of one of the happiest guys I had ever seen in my life.

I stayed at the club a little longer, determined to improve my dancing at least a little, before I went home. A few minutes later, I noticed a familiar face dancing close by.

"Hi there," I said looking into the eyes of the girl who had tried to give me a hand job at the party.

"Hi," she responded giggling.

My confidence was instantly back. An hour later, we were back at my hotel, and I was removing the clothing from this wild girl.

I wish this story had a happy ending. I wish I could tell you how amazing the sex was, but I can't. While she had an attractive face, she was a mom. She was one of the moms whose bodies took a real hit from having a kid, loose skin around the belly is not exactly sexy. On top of it all, she was a slutty girl. For a guy who was raised thinking he must only date virgins, knowing a girl is a slut takes off a few points.

She was a consolation prize, far beneath the busty girl, but at least she was a prize. Philippines... even when you suck, you can still be fucking awesome.

The way the women saw me, I knew I hadn't pushed for as hot as women as I could have and hadn't pushed for sleeping with as many women as I could have. For now, my time in the Philippines was over, but I could take these lessons and take them with me to my next destination. The next day would mark the beginning of a new adventure in a new country.

The best part of Thailand wouldn't end up being anything I imagined. It's not to say that Thailand didn't live up to my expectations, but rather, that something would happen there that would change the course of my entire life.

The Philippines Summary

The Philippines had been an adventure I never expected to hit me so hard. I hadn't expected to sleep with so many girls or that it would happen so easily. I didn't expect to have so many great memories; needless to say, the Philippines surpassed my expectations.

What makes the Philippines so special are the people and the nature. The women are as sweet and kind as you will find anywhere in the world. What makes this even better is their incredible command of the English language. I would never have expected a poor country to learn the English language so well. It means that you can really make a connection with these girls.

I would suggest visiting all the great spots known for beauty: Palawan, in 2016 it was called the most beautiful island on the planet, Boracay, Bohol, Samal Island (where I saw the incredible waterfalls, but you must be careful now because some foreigners were kidnapped there once), and many other places I didn't get a chance to explore.

If you have the money I would bring one of your favorite girls from the cities and take them to these natural wonders. You want to take them with you because the quality of girls you will be able to attract in these tourist spots won't be great.

The Philippines is a large country, so it can be tough to choose where exactly to visit. I would say if you want sluttier, more Western women, go to Manila and stay in Makati. If you want a virgin, go to the conservative island of Mindanao. I would suggest the city of Davao. The only down side being they are less attractive than women further north. I thought the prettiest girls on average in the Philippines were in Cebu City. It's where the Spanish originally landed and there seems to be a lot of Spanish blood mixed in that makes some of those women very sexy.

Meeting girls online was ridiculously easy and, if you wanted, you could meet girls exclusively online. But there were even better ways to meet girls, I had plans to come back and try them out, right after my adventure through mainland South East Asia.

Part II - Thailand

A New Day, a New Country, a New Adventure

I arrived in Thailand late, around 10 p.m. Sitting in the back seat of the taxi, I watched the city go by. I'd never seen anything like it. There were bright illuminated signs everywhere; green, red and orange. The signs, the buildings, the cars, this place was like a colorful feast for the eyes.

When I arrived at the hotel I would be staying at, I felt the taxi ride was too short, there was not enough time to take everything in. As I gathered my suitcase from the trunk and paid the taxi for the ride, I was greeted by a familiar face.

"Hi. How you 20?" she said.

I had, of course, been pipelining before coming to Thailand. I had set up a couple dates, even one for this very night. I had given her the name of my hotel, but I didn't think she would already be there waiting for me.

I felt the familiar surge of desire well up in me. This girl wasn't traditionally attractive. She was young and had an exotic face, but she was slightly chubby. I didn't care, I felt like an explorer in a new land, about to take one of the locals.

She came with me to my room, and it was as if this girl had never heard the word slut. She did not hide her intentions, neither did she expect me to go through the motions of a seduction. This girl wanted it, and she was not ashamed. This specimen of the Land of Smiles was an abrupt change from the Catholic raised girls of the Philippines.

The next thing I knew, her clothes were on the floor surrounding the king sized bed of my hotel room, and I was studying the body of my first Thai notch.

I was pleased to see the extra fat she carried went straight to her ass. This was the type of girl who would never be called pretty, but could be called sexy. Exactly the type of girl any man would happily sleep with as long as he knew he could do it in secret.

I slipped on the condom and entered this girl and the sex was great. Maybe it was because she was my first Thai girl, or maybe it was because my last lay couldn't even be described as decent. It could just be that I was just incredibly horny... I don't know exactly why the sex was so good... but it was.

"I have go home nooow," she said afterwards in the bad grammar and funny accent I would grow to love over the next few weeks.

I walked her to the taxi before looking around for something to eat. It was late after midnight, but the street in front of my hotel was bustling with activity.

"Hi. Come heeere." I heard a voice from not far away.

I looked over and noticed it came from a girl sitting at a little street bar not far away. I couldn't put my finger on it, but I knew there was something off about the voice. I walked over to the

- girl, intending to ask her if she knew a place where I could get some food close by.
- When, I got closer to the girl I started noticing weird things that made her seem almost alien.
- "How you, handsome maaan," she said.
- "Good," I replied, still trying to understand what exactly was wrong with this girl.
- I looked closer. Fake eyes lashes, feminine gestures that were over the top, a deep voice trying to be high. I realized what I was looking at... a transsexual or, as everybody calls them, a lady boy.
- In my couple of months in the Philippines I had seen a lot of lady boys. I didn't imagine a place could have more lady boys than the country I just came from, but Thailand undoubtedly is that place. Like the Philippines, it was ridiculously difficult to tell if you were talking to a lady boy or not.
- South East Asian guys are the shortest guys in the world. They don't have broad shoulders, and I don't think I ever saw one with a beard. SEA people are hairless people, it was something I loved about the women, but it was also something that made spotting lady boys much more difficult.
- The dangerous part about these lady boys was how much they too wanted to have sex with a "handsome Farang" which means foreigner. Many pretend to be women up until the point they are alone and naked. A carrot and peas are not something easily hidden, so from there they just hope the guy has a bit of closet gay in him.
- I had heard stories... stories of other foreigners believing they were about to bring back a girl. When they got their conquest back to their room, they would reach into the girl's panties and get the surprise of their lives. I don't really feel like foreigners in South East Asia have much to fear, SEA isn't really dangerous, the people are too small to be intimidating at all, but the one thing every foreigner should fear is a clever lady boy, especially when that foreigner has been drinking.
- "Good. Thanks," I said to the lady boy who called me over. Everybody at the street bar was watching me now. "Do any of you guys know of a place to eat close by?"
- "Yeah. There 711," a girl answered pointing down the street.
- Her voice was strange. I looked at the group of girls at the bar again. It wasn't just the girl who called me over who was hiding a package under that skirt, it was everybody at the bar, including the bartender.
- "Uhh thanks," I replied ready to make my escape.
- Before I could, the group started bombarding me with questions and comments.
- "Where you sleep tonight? You can sleep with meee," said a lady boy with big, fake breasts.
- "You so handsome man, have drink with us," the bartender joined in.

I just laughed, it was time to go. "Goodbye," I announced to the group and left the little street bar.

I found the 7/11. The food in Thailand, even in corner stores already seemed much better than the Philippines. I got a liter of chocolate milk and some kind of Thai soup.

On my return to my hotel, I again passed by the little street bar. I noticed the group's attention had shifted to a new foreigner. I thought about going over there and letting him know they were lady boys, but as I rounded the corner I noticed his hand on the ass of one. None of the lady boys were the type that would be mistaken for a real girl. He has to know... if not, he would have a new story to bring back home and never tell anybody.

The whole experience was a wakeup call. It was at that moment that I started creating the "Lady Boy Checklist." It was something that was just as necessary in South East Asia as my tooth brush and backpack.

The lady boy checklist is based on flags or checks, if they get a check it doesn't necessarily mean they are a lady boy, it just means I should be more cautious and go further down the checklist. If they get too many checks, it's best to just walk away; better safe than sorry.

The Lady Boy Checklist:

- Tall
- Adam's apple
- Big hands or feet
- Any facial stubble at all
- Strange voice
- Fake or no boobs
- Broad shoulders
- Extremely sexual unnaturally fast
- Overly sexual photos (if online)
- Over the top feminine gestures
- Narrow hips
- Thick man legs

If they checked too many boxes in the lady boy checklist I would just ask it... "Are you a lady boy?"

The lady boy check list was a life saver, because the surgeries for a shaved adam's apples, breast implants, etc. are not very expensive in this part of the world. The lady boy check list was all I could do not to become one of the poor tourists who ended up scarred for life by a shocking surprise along the lines of the movie "The Crying Game". I hoped to God it would be enough.

Crouching Thai Cougar

I had met my next date on the night of my arrival. Waiting outside the airport for a subway to arrive was an attractive Thai girl with a big, beautiful smile. The approach was easy, in part, thanks to my countless rejections as a Mormon missionary being forced to cold approach strangers over and over and over.

"Excuse me, I'm trying to find a taxi into the city, do you know where they are?" I had asked her.

"Yes. Right over here," she went out of her way to help me find a taxi.

"You want to meet up some time?" I asked before getting into the taxi.

"Sure."

"What was your name again?" I asked.

"Nam and you?"

"20. But you don't look like a Nam, you look like a Smiles."

Giggle, giggle, giggle. "Really?"

I had gotten her Facebook and now, on my second day in Thailand I was standing outside of a bar waiting to meet her.

When she arrived, she greeted me with that big smile; she looked lovely. Maybe it was that my first Thai girl wasn't particularly pretty, but from those very first moments I felt great around this girl.

"Hey Smiles," I said.

She giggled. "Hey 20."

She grew up in Bangkok, knew the city much better than me, and said there was a really cool bar far not far away.

"Sounds good to me." She had one of those faces I couldn't help but trust.

We arrived at the bar, and each had a drink. She insisted on paying for her drinks from the beginning. I was silently very grateful, knowing my school loans would only take me so far.

The two of us got along well, but I had begun to notice a big difference between Thais and Filipinos.

"When you come speak me, I so scare," she told me smiling.

Thai people don't speak English very well, but the accent, while difficult to understand, is nothing short of adorable. "Why were you scared?" I asked.

- "Big Farang man who I not know come to speak me," she replied. Farang is what Thai people call foreigners.
- "But I'm glad you helped me."
- "Me too." She smiled.
- "How old are you?" I asked, realizing I had no idea.
- "Guess," Nam said playfully.
- "Hmmmmmmm 50," I said seriously, then slowly let a smile cross my face.
- When she saw the smile her shock turned to laughter "Nooooooo!"
- "Maybe... 22."
- "You so sweet. More. I have 32."
- I tried not to show my surprise. It was unbelievable. I checked Nam's face over again to see if she was joking, but there was no sign.
- I had noticed that many Asian women aged well, but this girl did truly age like a fine wine. She had a naturally youthful look, but I think it was her youthful smile that fooled me.
- You would think I would have looked at her again and started noticing signs of aging; crow's feet at the corners of her eyes, loose skin, but I didn't. In fact, the attraction I felt towards her didn't change at all.
- This girl had big brown eyes, that didn't seem Asian at all. She was most comfortable smiling. She had wide hips, great natural curves, and a decent amount of boobs and ass while keeping a slim figure. 32 years old or not, she was sexy.
- I looked down at my phone, noticing the battery was about to die and saw the perfect opportunity.
- "Hey can we stop by my hotel? It's not far from here. I'm waiting on a call and my phone is about to die, I just need to charge it real quick."
- "Ok," she agreed.
- Back at my hotel, and I was showing her pictures from my travels around the world. It was after midnight, much later than I had expected, the six hours we had already spent together had flown by.
- As we sat on my bed, I leaned over and kissed her for the first time. After a half second, she turned her head away.
- "20, it's the first date," Nam said.
- The next time I kissed her, she didn't pull away. I spent the next couple hours kissing a large

portion of her body and removing her clothing piece by piece.

Every action and response this girl made screamed that she is a reserved, but submissive girl. I loved it about her. It made the 9 hour wait until sex that finally came, all the more sweet. And after seeing this girl naked, I almost didn't believe she was 32 years old.

The Thai Big 3: Round 1

Before arriving in Thailand, I had done a very thorough job of pipelining (meeting girls online). I had a lot of options and three girls in particular who looked absolutely stunning. All three were very attractive, prettier than any of the girls I had slept with on my trip thus far. I will call them... the Thai Big 3.

For my third day in the country, I had planned my first date with one of the Thai Big 3. She was an 18 year old mixed race girl. She was a quarter Thai, a quarter Indian, and half white. It was a beautiful mix, exotic in a new type of way.

Needless to say, I was very excited for this date. Waiting at the street corner we had agreed to meet at, I wondered if she could possibly be as attractive as her pictures.

Moments later, I saw her walking towards me, and my question was answered... hallelujah! Not only was she as attractive as her pictures, she was probably more attractive.

"Hi. 20?"

"That's me. How are you?" I stared.

We kept talking, and I felt a familiar feeling coming over me. I wanted this girl, but I wanted her too much. My sense of humor and charm was starting to disappear. Exactly the same thing that had happened with the busty girl in Manila was happening now.

We went to a bar nearby, had some drinks, and played a couple games of pool. I had to actively try to ignore gawking at this beautiful girl. Every time I looked at her big brown eyes, I felt drunk. Every time I watched her bend over the table to shoot, my jeans tightened as I admired her slim body with excellent curves.

Her youth and beauty had me hypnotized, and it became difficult to think of clever things to say. I actually began to wonder why such an attractive girl had been so easy to meet. Before the other 2 girls in the Thai Big 3 had shown any interest, I had had to webcam with them. But she had quite easily agreed to meet me. I thought of the possibility of being robbed, but I couldn't imagine such a beautiful creature doing that.

I had to focus... get myself together and seduce this beautiful girl. The focus didn't come, but I tried going through the motions.

"I'm staying close by, want to come see a movie?" I asked.

"I don't know, let's play some more pool." My heart sank, feeling the same way I had felt before with the busty girl in Manila.

Apparently, a guy close by had been witnessing my lame attempts at seduction because after missing a shot, I looked back to see him whispering in her ear. She was laughing, acting at least half interested.

Anger, jealousy, and maybe a couple other emotions boiled up inside of me. I wouldn't let this guy swoop in and steal the prettiest girl I had gotten a date with in Asia.

"Is it my turn?" she asked, when I came to stand by her.

"Yeah."

- The guy who had started talking to her tried to make small talk with me. He was from Norway and in his early 30's. I wasn't a dick, but I was cold in my responses.
- Then, I finally got my act in gear and started gaming this hot 18 year old. The surge of anger and jealousy made the fear of losing her completely disappear.
- My confidence started coming back, and that anger turned into a teasing humor. She started laughing and touching me more and more.
- The Norwegian guy at the bar tried to talk to her a couple more times, but she had become as cold towards him as I had been.
- This time, when I invited her back to my room, she accepted.
- It was after midnight and as we walked down the dark streets, I felt the need to kiss this girl, to touch this girl. Instead of being self-conscious about it like I had been earlier, I just acted.
- I took her by her hips and pulled her against me, then planted my lips against hers. She submitted to my kiss and wrapped her entire body around me. It was as if my kiss had unleashed something inside of her as well.
- As soon as I closed the door to my hotel room, my tongue was again deep in her mouth. Her small hands clutched at my chest then down, down, down before arriving at my belt. She quickly undid the strap and her hands were in my pants, touching and groping.
- I picked her up, brought her to the bed and quickly removed her clothing. The mix of her blood gave her a perfect natural tan over every inch of her body. Her breasts were small, but her curves were excellent. She had wide hips, thin legs, and a very sexy gap between her thighs.
- She lay on the bed and knelt above her, the both of us completely naked. Her impatience was even greater than mine. She got up on one elbow and wrapped her lips around me. Ahhhhhh!
- It was one of the moments I remember clearest from this trip, this beautiful girl's lovely mouth taking me to another world. The pleasure made it difficult to want her to stop long enough for me to advance to sex. I made the decision and was on top of her. I muffled her screams by covering her mouth with my hand, before getting lost in the moment.
- I tried to make the sex last longer, but after about 5 minutes, this young, brown skinned girl with her supple body and excellent curves made me blow. I came and went to throw away the condom.
- I came back and lay on the bed spread eagle, feeling like the king of the world. Thirty seconds hadn't passed before her hand was on my dick again; stroking slowly.

- She looked up at with me with those exotic eyes. "More," she said.
- I laughed. "Give me a few minutes to recuperate."
- She ignored my comment and kept touching me, then noticed my camera on a table close by. She walked over to the table and turned on the camera. She set it down on a desk close by and faced it towards the bed.
- "Hi handsome Farang," she said, still recording me on the bed. "You want me? Yes?"
- "Yes," I responded. Was there anything else a man could say? This girl was so attractive that even gay guys would have to appreciate her beauty.
- She started walking slowly and seductively towards me. She climbed onto the bed and started sucking.
- It turns out I didn't need much time to recuperate after all. This time I gave a much longer and much more impressive performance, at least 20 minutes.
- We finished and I disposed of the second condom. I came back to the bed, feeling ready to pass out. I closed my eyes and felt something wet around my groin.
- I opened my eyes and saw her down there, again sucking. My testicles hurt and I knew I would need time before another round. I moved her away. "Later."
- Without a word, this beautiful brown girl got up from the bed and got something from her purse. She slid back to bed with it, not showing me what it was.
- What would she bring back from her purse to bed that she wouldn't want me to see? I cautiously watched her.
- "What's that?" motioning under the covers.
- "Nothing," she smiled.
- Then, I heard a vibrating sound. I removed the covers to see her rubbing herself with a rubber, vibrating dildo.
- "You are still horny?" I asked.
- "I cannot control."
- I saw it in her eyes. She needed it. Suddenly everything made sense. I had straight up fucked up the beginning of the date. For a girl this hot, even in South East Asia, she should have been out of there. She also agreed to a date too easily.
- This wasn't a normal girl, this was a legit nymphomaniac. Her lust for sex was not easily quenched, maybe it couldn't be completely quenched.
- It was still one of those nights that gets my heart pumping just thinking about it, I'm lucky to have a digital memory from this moment. I have to admit my favorite part of writing this

chapter was watching the old sex tape... for research, of course. And as an aside for my readers, when encountering a SEA nymphomaniac you need to accept that her whipping out the vibrator is not an attempt to emasculate you as it probably would be if an American girl did it. Many SEA nymphomaniacs probably simply lack the Judeo-Christian upbringing that too often constrains Western women from embracing their sexuality.

The next day, I had a date planned with another girl from the Thai Big 3. She had a much different look. Her skin was as white as mine and honestly, she didn't look Asian at all. She was a 19 year old girl who showed very little interest in me until we had webcammed and I had used my well-practiced smile to gain some ground.

I waited for her in front of a mall. She arrived just after me, and when I laid eyes on her, I realized she looked slightly less attractive than her pictures, which was still hot. My favorite feature? Her long black hair that went all the way down to her ass.

"Hi." I stuck out my hand and smiled.

"Hello," she replied returning my smile.

Her English wasn't great, and it was difficult to communicate. After the first minute of the conversation, seeing her smile became more and more rare.

I felt, again, that I was losing a girl I really wanted, this time because I could barely communicate with her. When I looked at her face, I saw one of the worst things you can see... boredom.

"Are you hungry?" I asked.

"Yes," she responded.

Ever since arriving in Thailand, I had loved the food. If you love spicy food, you will love dining in Thailand. The only thing in the world I desired to eat at that moment was one of the spicy noodle soup dishes.

We found a place that served the dish, and ordered. I started eating the noodles, and nearly forgot about the girl sitting in front of me. This dish was particularly spicy, but it was so tasty that I couldn't stop myself from eating more.

I finished the meal. Only then did I realize my mouth was on fire and my eyes watering. I got a drink and came back to the table.

"I have to get home," my date said.

"Uh what? So soon?"

"Yeah," she said. "We can meet other day when I have time."

"Ummm ok," I said trying to figure out what had happened.

I left her at a taxi and thought back over the date. We were barely able to communicate, a big problem. Then I imagined how she saw me take on the soup that was too spicy, but too tasty to stop eating. Watery eyed and red faced, trying to start a conversation.

I knew she wouldn't want to meet again, and I turned out to be right. But damn that was a tasty meal, spicy or not. And at least I had one more beautiful girl left from the Thai Big 3. The third was the most attractive of the three, and was also the hardest to get on a date, even after



Back to Normal Girls

My first 3 days in Thailand had been amazing. In my first three days, I had slept with three different girls. I had hoped to make it four days and four girls, but the last girl from the Thai Big 3 had ruined that plan. These are what are called First World problems (in a Third World country), and I didn't in the slightest feel bad I didn't get to four.

The next day, I had a date scheduled with a girl I had met online. She seemed attractive in her pictures, but the pictures were taken in a way that you really didn't know.

When I arrived at the mall where we had agreed to meet, she was waiting for me. I recognized her immediately, and let out a sigh of relief that she looked like I had imagined.

I walked up to her. "Hi there."

"Hi." She smiled.

This time, the date went silky smooth. I knew she liked me, it was written all over her face and, to get her back to my place, I just took her hand and led her to my hotel.

Back in my room, the easy going nature of this girl suddenly changed. It was almost like I was with a different girl. Her genuine smiles had turned forced, and I could see she was hiding some doubt. What to do? I looked to a past lesson.

My parents got divorced when I was very young, and had remarried. I ended up with a stepbrother who was naturally very good with women. He once told me something I never forgot.

"If you are alone with a girl you like, you should never let her leave without you trying to sleep with her. I know you think it would be awkward, but you are the man and you are supposed to at least try. The weirdest thing you could do is not try."

I took my brother's advice, and kissed her. Then, we were on my bed and it seemed like her reservations had been forgotten. We kissed and kissed until I tried to take off her shirt. She stopped me.

She transformed into the uncomfortable girl from earlier. I tried again, she accepted my kiss, and I could feel in her body how much she wanted it, but she never let me get even close to removing a piece of her clothing.

After trying a bit and getting mixed signals, I decided that diplomacy was the best way to go. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Is it that time of the month?"

"No, not this."

"And you like me?" I asked, knowing without a doubt that she did.

"Yes. Very."

"So what is the problem?"

She just shook her head. I went to kiss her again, and she hungrily kissed me back. Again I tried to take off her top. I started pulling her shirt up over her head, and she stopped me half way, then let go.

Finally her shirt came off. I kissed her again. Then, I started kissing lower and lower, down her neck and to her collarbone. I quickly undid the strap of her bra, and came to her breasts. She moaned.

She wanted it so much. I had no idea why she had been so against me taking off her clothes. Her breasts, while small had great shape, with small pink nipples. Her body was slender with good curves. Then, I noticed something on her hip. I followed it up to her armpit. It went down into her jeans.

It was a giant scar. She noticed me looking at it, and I noticed her becoming self-conscious. I ran my finger up the scar, trying to show her that it was nothing to be self-conscious about. While the scar wasn't at all attractive, it wasn't a big deal at all. It was one flaw among a sea of sexy parts of her body.

I undid her belt and slid her jeans off, purposely taking the panties with them; effectively removing the most difficult step before sex. Then, I was inside her. My fifth day in Thailand wasn't bad, wasn't bad at all.

The Innocent Thai

My next date was with an 18 year old girl I had been chatting with since I arrived in Thailand. She had invited me over and over again to her house. But my trip to Colombia had taught me that going to see a girl you met online at her place could be dangerous. I had to suggest a couple of times to meet somewhere in the middle. That middle ground was Khao San Road.

Khao San Road is well known as a backpacking/tourist street in Bangkok. I was curious to finally check it out. While looking for a cheap way to get to Khao San, I noticed a group of motorcycle taxis. I wandered over to the groups of guys on their bikes.

"How much to go to Khao San Road?" I asked.

They gave me a price which, of course, was higher than fair, and I countered with half that. In the end, we settled for 60% of their original offer.

I climbed on the bike and went to put on the helmet that was sitting on the back of the motorcycle.

"No," the moto-taxi said before I put it on. "For me."

I gave him the helmet, thinking he'd give me another one. I had seen the way these moto-taxis speed through the streets like they were trying to outrun a tsunami. There was almost always traffic in the center of Bangkok, and these guys would wind between cars and shocked pedestrians.

He didn't get another helmet, just got on and signaled for me to get on the back. Then, we were off. It felt more like a race than a trip to the other side of town. He flew between cars as they waited for traffic to move. I had to bring my knees in so they wouldn't bang on nearby cars when he would try to get the bike into a tight space.

As he crossed the gigantic traffic jam that is Bangkok, I wasn't sure how I felt about the ride. It was an adrenaline rush as much or more than any roller coaster I have been on, but the nagging thought that this wasn't how I wanted to die, had made the ride bittersweet.

"Here Khao San Road." He stopped the bike and let me off. I had survived my ride on one of Thailand's infamous death scooters.

As I approached our agreed upon meeting spot, I recognized my next date instantly. She was short and thin, with hair that went down to her jaw and continued evenly all the way around like a bull cut. She seemed shy and awkward, and at the same time excited and scared. This girl radiated innocence.

As we got to know each other, it seemed that she wasn't sure how to act around me. Her awkwardness only added to my innocent perception of her.

As we explored Khao San Road, I couldn't help but be distracted. The road is packed full of people and shops. Shops selling all sorts of items, geared more towards the backpacker types. I

probably saw 10 times more white people on Khao San Road than I saw in total while in the Philippines.

It was interesting seeing so many Western girls after spending the last couple months without seeing a girl over 121 pounds. I was shocked at how overweight they seemed. A couple of months earlier, I'm sure it would have seemed normal but now, after my time in Asia, most seemed gigantic, overweight, and hairy. This look was such a stark contrast to the small, slender, and hairless look that South East Asian girls have.

I pushed my mind from my surroundings, and tried to focus on the adorable girl next to me. The date went as well as a date can with a shy girl who doesn't speak much English. I went through my routine, and at the end of the night, we were sitting on the bed in my hotel room.

Everything was going just as I had hoped until I finally kissed her. Her mouth opened awkwardly as our lips touched. Her mouth remained agape as she tried to move her mouth.

It seemed obvious, but I had to ask. "Is this your first kiss?"

She blushed. "Yes."

This picture of Thai innocence glanced up at me looking just as excited as scared. Ok, I'll keep at it. I kissed her again and eventually undid her bra, revealing a very perky rack. Then I kissed the breasts that had never been kissed before.

It made me want her so much more. I went to undo her belt buckle, and she stopped me. Reality hit me like a brick wall as the desire that clouded my mind dispersed. A girl immediately going all the way from first kiss to taking her virginity?

This time when I looked at her, her excitement was gone, and all that was left was fear. I could have pushed, maybe she would have done it, she obviously really liked me. For the first time since coming to South East Asia, I didn't push for sex, all to the dismay of my very sore blue balls.

She asked to meet again many times after that, but the confessions of love I got daily from the other girls whose virginities I took on this trip helped me decide against it.

So far, I had been developing a Thai image of being extremely sexually liberal. This 18 year old, "never been kissed" virgin smashed that image, and made me realize I can't stereotype an entire culture after sleeping with 4 girls.

That Fateful Night When the Course of My Life Changed

The next night, I was supposed to meet a guy I met on a travel forum (RVF), a guy who went by the name of TravelHardCore. He didn't even have one post on the forum, so I had no idea what to expect. If meeting with the last guy I met from the forum, Cool, hadn't gone so well, I probably would never have agreed to meet him.

We were going to meet at Khao San Road in the evening. I decided to pack up and move to a hotel on Khao San for a change of scenery.

Evening arrived, and I waited for TravelHardCore (THC) outside of a bar. Having no idea who I was supposed to be looking for, I messaged him the color of the shirt I was wearing and where I stood.

A few moments later, a couple approached me. The guy was probably an inch shorter than me with blonde hair and blue eyes. He was balding, but you could barely tell because of how short he cut his hair. He was in his early thirties. The girl at his side was cute and quite busty for a Thai girl.

"Hi. 20Nation? I'm TravelHardCore." He stuck out his hand.

"That's me." I took his hand and shook it. "Nice to meet you."

He introduced me to the girl he was with, and suggested we get a drink. We spotted a free table outside close by and sat down. We each got a beer and positioned ourselves so we could talk and watch the crowds of foreigners and Thai people pass by.

Talking to THC was like a breath of fresh air. He was eager to share his successes with the local women, and I was eager to share right back.

"Are you sure she doesn't mind you talking about this?" I gestured to his date.

"She's a nympho, she doesn't mind. But she probably can't understand much of what we are saying anyway." The two of us continued our conversation.

THC is Western European (he asked me not to say which country), and comes from a drinking culture, the complete opposite of my upbringing. Naturally, he confessed that nearly all the girls he had slept with so far had come from night clubs, and I confessed that nearly all of my girls had come from online.

"So online dating is good here?" he asked.

"It's great. Easiest sex I have ever gotten in my life. What about night clubs?"

"Like shooting fish in a barrel," he said.

After that, I went on to tell him what I had been doing to have so much success online. He shared his secrets of what he had been doing to pull so many girls from night clubs.

- "You can show me some time?"
- "Yeah, we can do it tonight if you want," he replied.
- "I would, but I already planned a date for afterwards. What about tomorrow?"
- THC's voice is naturally very deep and while his grammar was impressive, he had a strong accent. So, when he said the following Barney Stinson line, it didn't sound anything like it, but it only made it more awesome. "Let's do it. It's going to be legen.... Wait for it dary!" THC's excitement was contagious. Already, I couldn't wait to go out the next night with him.
- THC's date had been on the outside of the conversation, playing with her phone, so I tried to get her into the conversation. It worked for a moment, but her English was so bad that, combined with all the noise, it was hopeless.
- "What do you think of my date?" THC asked.
- "She's sexy, especially busty for an Asian girl. As a boob man, I approve."
- Then, THC said something I never imagined I would hear in my entire life. "If you want I can hook you up."
- I was honestly shocked. Maybe it was my Mormon upbringing, but in my experience guys had always been protective of the girl they were with, but here THC was offering her up.
- I looked at her and responded "You mean sex? Aren't you two together?"
- "Yeah, I mean we have been together, quite a few times, but she's a wild girl. I think she might be interested. I could put in a good word for you."
- "Ummm... sure," I replied, without any idea if it was the right thing to say. He didn't know it at the time, but it was in that moment that I decided that THC (TravelHardCore) was one badass dude.
- The beer started to do its work, and I felt a pleasant buzz. The conversation came more smoothly, and the topic of the conversation again turned to Thai women.
- "Girls here are Buddhist, not like the women where we are from. They have absolutely zero reservations about sex. That's why there are so many prostitutes in Thailand. To them, sex is just sex; it's like eating, breathing, shitting. It's just what people do."
- "To Thai women!" We toasted, tapping our beer mugs together.
- I thought back to my experiences thus far, and noticed that Thai girls seemed much less reserved about sex than the Catholic culture in the Philippines. Thai girls seemed to put up much less last minute resistance.
- We kept talking, and right after telling me about a club where he pulled a girl every single time he went, I noticed the time.
- "Oh shit, I'm going to be late for my date. It was a pleasure THC."

"You too 20."

"Until tomorrow."

"It's going to be legen... wait for it," he said again.

Then, the two of us said the last part together "DARY!" It was the second time I heard the phrase on this trip and it wouldn't be the last. At first, it just seemed funny, but later, there really was no other expression to describe the adventures we would have.

I arrived a bit late, but my date was still waiting for me. She was a brown girl. Just like in the Philippines, brown girls thought they were less attractive in Thailand. But to me it didn't take anything away from her looks, it possibly even made her more attractive.

My little brown date didn't have a typical Asian body. This girl had booty. She didn't have much boobs, which was disappointing, but the new body type was very welcome.

"Hi there."

"Hi."

I was in a good mood from meeting THC, and my confidence and humor were at premium levels. I went through my typical date routine perfectly. A couple of hours later, we were back at my hotel room.

Getting her out of her clothes hadn't been difficult. Soon, she was grinding on top of me as my hands gripped her big, firm ass.

The Crown Jewel of the Thai Big 3

I woke up the next morning excited for the day. This day was a very special day, because I had a date with the hottest of the Thai Big 3. If she looked anything like her pictures, she would be one of the hottest girls I had laid eyes on since I arrived in Asia. I had only been able to get the date thanks to having a ton of practice gaming girls through webcam.

To top it all off, I would go out with THC later in the evening, and I was excited to meet girls in different ways. I was especially interested in meeting girls at night. I had some experience meeting girls in the day, but nightclubs and bars, to a Mormon guy like me, was a forbidden realm.

I was almost disappointed that I only had another week or so until I would go to Cambodia. Although, not too disappointed. I had read a book by a guy who toured the world, and his favorite place had been Cambodia. He wrote about Cambodian girls basically throwing sex at him. So much to do, so many places to visit, so many girls to bang.

It was late afternoon when I arrived at the metro. I had tried to get this smoking hot girl to meet me closer to where I was staying, but she wouldn't agree. She was hot enough, I decided, that I would go to her.

When I arrived, I saw a girl leaning against the rails looking down on the city. She was tall with long black hair. The blue shorts she was wearing barely covered her ass, and revealed athletic looking long legs. As my eyes went up, they stopped at her plump ass, and then continued up her fit body to her decent sized breasts.

It was her. I sported wood before I even said one word to this girl. I started walking towards her, and she turned her head to reveal a beautiful face. The two other girls in the Thai Big 3 had been hot, but not this hot.

"Hi," I said locking eyes with her.

"Hi." She smiled.

I could feel myself melting after that smile. I felt the same feeling I had with the busty Manila girl and the tanned nympho. I had banged the tan nympho, but if she hadn't been the sex craved nympho that she was, it might never have happened.

I fought away the feeling, and tried to ignore this 19 year old girl's natural beauty.

"Let's get some food. Do you know any places close by?"

"Hmm. Yes. Let think." Her voice was magical. Her accent was so bad I could barely understand her, but it was still music to my ears. "I know place. Very close."

We talked or tried to talk. Her English was the worst of any Thai girl so far. I had a problem...

how could I communicate with a girl who barely speaks your language? I knew that there was very little I could do to seduce her with words, so I did it with my body.

I touched her whenever an opportunity came, I stared deeply into her eyes whenever I could, I stole her sun glasses and, whenever she did anything silly, I made sure to tease her. With all the problems I faced, the next couple of hours went quite well, that is until she wanted us to go meet her roommate and her roommate's boyfriend at a hotel restaurant nearby.

As we walked through the doors of the gigantic hotel, I knew immediately that a couple of nights in this hotel could nearly drain my entire budget. She led us to a table where a white guy and a cute Thai girl sat.

"Hey." I stuck out my hand to the white guy. "20. Nice to meet you."

He took my hand. "Jonas. A pleasure," he said with a thick German accent.

We sat down and ordered our drinks. They were ridiculously expensive for me at the time, but I wasn't about to let a shot with a Thai girl this stunning go just because of a few expensive drinks.

The two girls started talking. My date's roommate was also looking good; have to love it when hot girls travel in packs. She wasn't as hot as my girl, but if I would have gotten a date with her before, my Thai Big 3 would be a Thai Big 4. This 40 year old German guy was doing very well.

"So how are you liking Thailand?" I asked. He wasn't trying to make conversation, so I would.

"Good," he said dismissively, and tried to get the attention of his girlfriend. Wow, fucking rude. It had been a long time since somebody had been this rude to me.

I'll admit from there I went cold as well. I wish I wouldn't have been, because it made the already awkward situation even more uncomfortable.

As I sat there in that nice hotel, with live music going on behind me, I remember thinking back to that night in Manila where the rich older guy went home with the girl I wanted and his girlfriend. Here I was again.

I knew showering her with attention would only make things worse. I looked at my date sitting next to me, looking absolutely smoking.

I forced myself to step back from the situation and stop thinking with my hormones. Then, I thought of a plan.

"I have to go," I announced to the group.

"Why?" my date asked.

"I have to meet a friend."

"Ok. I walk you," my date said.

I got up and said goodbye to my date's roommate. After the German guy had been rude, I had

- been a borderline dick back. I thought about just ignoring him, but decided I'd better say goodbye.
- "Enjoy Thailand," I said sticking my hand out.
- "Hey. Sorry about earlier. I have had the worst day, and I'm in a very bad mood," he said.
- Maybe he's not so bad after all. "No worries. How much were our drinks?" I said getting out my wallet.
- "Don't worry about it. My treat," he said.
- "Thanks." I was quite thankful, I had another couple months in South East Asia and had around \$2,000.
- My date walked me to the subway station close by. Then, my plan came into action.
- "Listen, it was fun today, but I don't think we should meet again. Your English isn't very good, and it's hard to communicate," I said calmly.
- The look of shock on her face let me know this was something she was not at all used to. "Uhhh Ok, but... ok."
- I kissed her on the cheek, and left her there without a second glance.
- I had basically dumped her before she had a chance to dump me, I had no idea if it would work, but I knew the date didn't go well. When I got home, I checked my Facebook and noticed a message from her. "I had real nice time. Hope you home safe." There was still hope of sleeping with the hottest girl I had gotten a date with in Asia.

The First Epic Night of Many with THC

Temperature wise, it was a perfect warm summer night and I was out with THC drinking a couple beers at a bar on Khao San Road. I told him the story from earlier, and he gave me props for doing what could be done. I was so excited for the night, that not being able to get that girl barely affected my mood.

- We each drank a beer each, talked, and laughed. Then, we left for the center of the city.
- We were by a 711, and THC got my attention. "You know what that last beer tasted like?"
- "What's that?" I asked.
- "It tasted like one more!"
- We went into the 7/11 and a minute later, each of us came out with another liter of beer. I had spent just over a dollar on the beer, not bad. We went to some nearby steps, sat down, and started drinking.
- We chatted about strategy and new countries to visit between gulps of beer; we were pregaming for the night to come. During this time, we were approached by a lady boy, a couple of prostitutes, and an old lady who was impressed by THC's knowledge of the Thai language.
- Then, it was time to go to the club.
- "I know a way to get a free Tuk Tuk ride," THC suggested.
- "Can't argue with free," I said. Tuk Tuk's were the Thai equivalent of a Philippine moto-taxi, but were slightly more advanced in that the back half of the motorcycle was turned into the actual trailer.
- As we walked towards a group of Tuk Tuks, a girl approached me.
- "Hi handsome maaaan." Her strange sounding voice was a huge ladyboy flag and after seeing her face, I knew there was a penis hidden beneath those tight jeans. "You want come home with meee? I give you discount; very good price."
- "No thanks. I'm not interested," I said while looking away. This wasn't the first time a lady boy had hit on me, and by this point my response had become routine.
- We started walking off, and behind us we heard the lady boy yell "Fo freeeeee! Fo freeeee!"
- THC and I broke down laughing.
- "Thailand!" THC and I cheered with our liter sized beer bottles.
- We got into the Tuk Tuk, and THC explained to the driver that he knew he got a commission when bringing Farangs to the club and that we would go with him if he gave us a free ride there.

The driver didn't seem to like that THC knew the system so well and couldn't get the extra money from our fare, but agreed.

Music blasted, bright lights flashed, and a packed crowd danced in the gigantic club. It was after 2 a.m., and this club was shoulder to shoulder. If THC and I got split up, I wasn't sure we would find each other again.

We got drinks and started dancing in place for a minute. Then THC was off talking to a girl. I knew I wanted to get laid, but my thoughts returned to my screw-up with the busty girl in Manila. As I danced in place, I became conscious of my clumsy movements.

I would not go my whole life as an awkward dancer. I focused on the beat, and tried to feel the music. My body started moving, less awkward than before, but still robotic. I might have destroyed the myth that white men can't jump in the Phillipines. However, the way things were going on the dance floor, I might be on the verge of being the founding father of a new myth that white men can't dance.

I thought about why it was I wanted to dance. It was simple; it had nothing to do with dancing itself, and everything to do with girls. This thought brought some of the things I had studied to mind... body language.

I started incorporating attractive body language into my movements. Shoulders back, chin up, I couldn't help but feel more confident as I danced. Moments later, my self-teaching session was interrupted by a girl who bumped into me. She looked up at me and smiled, I started dancing with her.

I was already quite drunk, but even so, I noticed that something was off with this girl. I thought back to my lady boy checklist I had created:

The Lady Boy Checklist:

- Tall
- Adam's apple
- Big hands or feet
- Any facial stubble at all
- Strange voice
- Fake or no boobs
- Broad shoulders
- Extremely sexual too quickly
- Overly sexual photos (if online)
- Over the top feminine gestures
- Narrow hips
- Thick man-legs

As I went down the checklist, there was flag after flag after flag. I was with a lady boy... I excused myself, not able to stop myself from laughing, and saw THC dancing in place and

- smiling at a girl walking by.
- "Pretty sure a lady boy just tried to seduce me."
- "Did you kiss her/him?" he asked.
- "No way," I grinned. "My lady boy detector is too good."
- "If you get out of Thailand without accidently kissing a lady boy, you're one of the lucky ones!"
- "I hope to be!"
- "Me too." The two of us laughed and clasped shoulders.
- "Have you kissed a lady boy?" I asked.
- "No. Still no." He held up his crossed fingers.
- Time to change to a better subject. While I would say I was great at making Mormon girls fall for me, I still was quite new at the club game. "When you go talk to these girls, what do you say?" I asked.
- "I just say hi. In Thailand, not much more is needed since we are Farang. Just walk around, look for eye contact, and approach."
- Moments later, he had seen the eye contact he wanted, and disappeared into the crowd.
- I went back to my dancing. I focused on the music and my posture as I danced. I watched the crowd for eye contact, and started to actually enjoy moving to the beat. My masculine posture helped me feel more in control of everything, and it caused a quick burst of happiness to cause a smile.
- With my smile, I studied the crowd and noticed two big brown eyes staring back at me through the mosh of moving bodies. She held my gaze for a moment, then looked away, straightened the black dress she wore, and met my eyes again. She was interested. I didn't think... I just approached.
- "Hi. I'm 20Nation," I said into her ear.
- "Nice to meet you. I am Bee," she responded.
- Maybe it was the success I had focusing on body language or maybe it was the alcohol, but I no longer felt as self-conscious about my dancing. She was a short Thai girl wearing a very short black cotton dress. As we danced, my hands started to wander. First, to her hips, then to the small of her back, then further down until they were around her ass.
- She pulled herself closer to me and clutched at my chest. Damn, this seemed easy, maybe too easy. The thought came to me like the shadow of a storm. I hadn't done the lady boy checklist on this girl and yes... I was quite drunk.
- I went over the lady boy check list in my head: Tall? No. Adam's apple? No. Big hands? No.

Stubble? No. I continued down the checklist and felt relief as became 100% sure the girl I had been feeling up was really a girl. Maybe I was being too paranoid... but better safe than getting surprised by a penis.

Reassured in her femininity, I pulled her close, my hands wandered up to her breasts. I was full on groping this girl on the dance floor, but in this club these actions didn't seem out of place at all. Then, she looked into my eyes caught my wrist and guided my hand down to her pussy. I have to do more club game I thought to myself as I my hand explored the gap between her legs.

The rest of our dances felt like they belonged more in a strip club than an actual club. Fondling her body and her ass grinding on my dick, I realized this girl was 100% down. It was time to bounce. I took her hand, and went to find THC.

I found him making out with a girl. "I'm heading home." I gestured to the girl behind me.

"Nilice! It probably won't be long before I'm out too. I think this girl wants it," he spoke into my ear over the loud music, nodding towards the girl he had been kissing.

"Good luck man!"

"You too!" He winked.

A taxi ride later, we were on top of my big bed at the hotel. I put on music and kissed her, no reason to wait much longer. Two minutes didn't go by before she was topless and undoing the buckle of my pants.

Her lips wrapped me and I knew this was the climax of a very good night. Then, I removed her clothes and put on a condom, safety first... especially with one of the easiest lays I had ever gotten.

Now, where the light was better, I could see this girl had a slut face. She just had the look. As I explored her body, I noticed a couple tattoos, the most noteworthy being the "Tramp Stamp" on her lower back. Minutes later, she was in the doggy style position, and I was using the stamp for target practice.

The next day, I messaged TravelHardCore, making sure he made it home ok and wondering how the rest of his night went.

"I banged that girl you saw me kissing!" his message read.

"You're still perfect at that club! Nice work!" I sent.

"Thanks;)"

Tonight was the world famous Full Moon Party. I let THC know I had planned to spend it with Nam, the older girl I had met in the subway. We agreed to meet the next day.

Out of all the girls I had met so far in Thailand, this girl in her thirties was my favorite. Going after an older woman was so not me, but this girl was different. I was attracted to her, and she had this sweetness that was addicting.

That night, as the two of us traversed Bangkok, I ate all sorts of exotic food such as octopus and different insects. Nam helped me light my first lantern and watch it float up into the night sky. We went on a boat ride on the river that winds through the center of the city; the bright lights of Bangkok and the other boats providing a sea of colors for our eyes. Basically, it was a great night with a great girl.

You have to pay for hookers... right?

The next few days would be action packed, drinking with THC and dating Thai girls. THC's dark side of the force type of influence was strong; never in my life had I drank more than I had in the week since meeting him. My life was a party. Tonight would be no different, good times and new experiences were soon to come.

Tonight, THC was going to take me to Soi Cowboy. We arrived at the mouth of a street late that night. We already finished a couple of beers. I was excited to finally lay eyes on the infamous strip club street.

When we arrived and I finally looked down the street, you could barely even tell it was night. There were more translucent lights of pink and purple than I had ever seen in one place in my entire life.

THC and I made our way through the street. Standing on the sides were girls dressed in different sexy outfits. Some were sexy cowboy girls, others wore sexy mouse costumes, and a dozen other strip club themed groups of girls did their best to look enticing. Each group of girls was standing in front of a brothel with its own theme.

Walking down that street feeling like a dream. Girl after girl after girl came up to us trying to get our attention.

"Hi handsommme." A girl in a mini skirt approached.

"Come here handsome men," a girl in panties called after us.

"You have real good time here." A girl grabbed my arm, and placed her hand on my chest.

I just smiled and shook my head. It was all too much of a shock for this Mormon raised boy. It was not just a street full of brothels I was walking down, it was the entrance to a world that had been forbidden to me all my life.

"Let's go inside one of these places," I suggested.

THC picked one out he had been to before, and we went inside and got a beer. Inside, there was a gigantic cage filled with sexy Thai girls dancing exotically to the music. They would tease the audience with glimpses of their nipples or pulling their lingerie down a bit. The only differences in their sexy costumes were the big numbers on their tops, so you could tell the club which girl you wanted to sleep with.

I didn't have any idea such places existed. As THC and I sat sipping on our beers, I noticed a particularly pretty girl dancing in the cage. I caught her eye, and she smiled at me. This girl's body was excellent. It was proportioned exactly the way I liked. Thin, with plenty of tits and a shapely ass.

We finished our beers, and THC suggested we go. As we walked out again, I locked eyes with that ridiculously sexy girl. She saw me leaving, and motioned me to come back. This working girl

was doing her job very well. I stopped behind THC, tempted to do it, to spend the night with this girl. I was so overwhelmed with the moment I'm sure I would have bought this girl, had I not been on such a strict budget.

From there, THC met a girl he had shored. Shoring is this idea that prostitutes are just normal girls who want sex, just like normal girls. To shore a girl, she has to be working and you must seduce her so that she doesn't want your money, she just wants to be with you.

The idea of shoring was an interesting one, and something that I never would have imagined people doing just a couple months earlier. But now, I began to see the world differently, because as sexually repressed as the Mormon culture was back home, this culture was equally sexually liberal.

We left Soi Cowboy, and went back to the part of the city where we were staying. As we walked, a couple of working girls approached us.

"Hiii there!" Giggle, giggle.

"Sorry, I don't pay for sex." THC said, and the girls left.

Every time I was approached, I echoed the comment. "Sorry I don't pay for sex."

"Ohhhhh, why not handsommme?"

The conversations were short, as THC and I stumbled around Bangkok in the middle of the night. They were short until a black girl stepped in front of me and put her hand on my chest.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," I responded instinctively. I took a moment to survey this girls' body, and noticed an ass that only a black girl can have. It was big, plump, and really popped out of her tight pants. My own pants instantly tightened, and an idea popped into my head.

Looking her in the eye and with my most charming smile I said "Sorry I don't pay for sex." The words came out slow and smooth, the way you hear in a James Bond movie.

She looked at me with a smile, seeming to think to herself. Then took me by the hand and pulled me away from the group of people she had just been sitting with. We talked for a couple minutes, then she looked to the group behind us and said in a low voice "You don't have to pay."

"What?" My smooth James Bond persona vanished. Did that just work?

"I just want to fuck you. But it has to seem like you are paying for me. Ok?"

"Umm... Ok."

I said goodbye to THC, and we were back at my hotel room on my bed. I took off her top, then she stopped me. I kept the charm on; I was ready to try out this shoring.

"You do not tell anybody you get this for free." She put her fingers to her cheek, then drew

them across her lips making a zipper motion. I wordlessly imitated the motion and added to it by throwing away the key.

That night as the naked black girl rocked on top of me and my hands were full of that big bubble butt, I was grateful I moved to a hotel that had mirrors on the ceiling and walls. I got to enjoy pounding that plump ass from angles I only saw in porn.

Taking Viagra Like it's Candy

The next day, I lay hung over in bed, barely able to think, let alone move. The maid came in, and cleaned the room around me as I hid my face in the pillow. I couldn't help but feel awkward as she picked up condom wrappers around me, but I imagine she's seen worse.

THC and I had gotten rooms in the same hotel, so as soon as I got enough energy to get out of bed, I went and knocked on his door. He opened the door and looked just as hung over as me.

I told him about my first shoring experience, and he told me about how he was able to pull another girl last night. The post-coital bragging seemed to be the hangover cure we needed. We decided to go and get lunch.

"Man, every time we go out, the night ends up legen... wait for it.... Keeeep waiting..." THC kept a big smile on his face. "Dary!" THC said, laughing as we slurped some tasty Thai noodles.

"The only thing that would make it more perfect was if all this alcohol wasn't giving me whiskey dick," I admitted. I had been drinking so much that sex had recently required frequent blow jobs to keep it going.

"You have a problem, Thailand has an answer," he said. "You can get Viagra everywhere in this city."

"Not in a pharmacy?" I asked.

"No, you can get them at most street vendors for really cheap. Just have to be careful that they don't give you fakes."

As a man traveling on student loans, it was a no brainer. After lunch, we went to the street vendors, and I used my negotiating skills to get a box of Viagra for even cheaper than THC had gotten it. Although it required demanding a third of the originally offered price, pretending I could get it somewhere else cheaper, then walking away. After taking only 5 steps, the vendor called us back and sold me the Viagra. So the cheaper price didn't come without work.

I stared at the box of my new toy, already desperate to try it out. Night came and alcohol soon after. As THC and I drank in the street and joked with whoever was close by, we each took a half a pill and vowed to take a girl home that night.

As the night went on, we ended up stopping at a little street bar and having a drink. As we sat, drank, and talked with the girls working there, I felt hands press into my shoulders. The hands were accompanied by an even better feeling when I felt large breasts against the back of my neck.

When I looked behind me, I was pleasantly surprised to see a cute girl who looked around 19 years old smiling at me. Those breasts were hardly contained by the black corset top she was wearing.

"Hi," I said reflexively.

"Hello," she responded with a thick accent.

I tried to continue the conversation, but soon realized she had used up most of her English in our greeting. That was when the older woman who seemed to own the shop came and translated for me.

The girl sat down next to me and took my hand.

"She has seen you walking past here a couple of times. She likes you," the older woman said. As she said it, the girl just stared into my eyes with a smile.

The old lady went on to explain how the girl was from Myanmar (Burma) and had just come to work for her 5 months ago. "She really likes you!"

I looked at the girl. We could barely say a word to each other, but I liked her back, and I'd like to think it wasn't just the breasts. From the way she looked at me, I could see the older lady wasn't lying. She looked at me starry eyed, reminding me of how many girls in the Philippines had looked at me, like there wasn't anything in the world they wanted more than the handsome white man in front of them.

An hour later, I walked this 19 year old girl from Myanmar to my hotel. I had to hide my boner from the moment she had pressed her breasts into me. When back in my room, I was finally able to show it with pride.

The pills not only made me hard, but seemed to make me especially horny. My mind became cloudy with desire as I removed her bra and watched her tits fall out. They were probably C cups and quite perky. On her tiny body they looked huge. Damn, I wanted this girl. Her face had a unique exoticness to it I had never encountered. Damn, I want this girl. Then, as she lay beneath me, I pulled her panties off. Damn, I would finally have this girl.

That moment when you see a girl completely naked for the first time is one of the purest and strongest sensations known to man. It is the moment when you finally know that, at least for the next couple hours, she is yours. It is the single guy's example of a child on Christmas morning while unwrapping the big present under the tree. Just like the present, a girl's body can be disappointing. But just like a present, it can also be exactly what you hoped for all year long. That night, it was the latter.

I placed a condom on the hardest erection of my life, and unleashed it on the busty girl beneath me. Watching her tits bounce and feeling the effects of the Viagra in every movement.

Afterwards, she came into my arms and just cuddled. Words were not needed. I thought back to the moment when I first saw her completely naked on the bed. If just the first sight of a sexy girl lying naked on the bed in front of me can feel so good, I wondered how I would be able to eventually commit to spend the rest of my life with one girl. I had gone on this adventure, thinking it would be a good way to quench the thirst I felt for sex, but this thirst seemed to be growing. Could I go back to Utah and spend the rest of my life with one girl?

Problems for another time and another place. Right then, I was enjoying some of the best moments of my life.

Thailand Summary

Looking back, even if I didn't get laid in Thailand it would have been worth it ten times over just to meet my brother THC. But even if I never met THC, there is so much to Thailand. It's a country that was never conquered by the west and it gives its culture something special. For example; I have never bend to a country with a more open minded about sex. Their Buddhist views have never told the people that having sex was anything other than amazing.

For guys looking to go to Thailand, I would say it's best for guys who want to have a big party that includes friends and lots of sex with locals.

Learning about Viagra and Cialis was a game changer. If you are wanting to party hard or sleep with multiple girls in the same day, not having these incredible pills can completely destroy a good time when you aren't ready to go.

I would suggest Cialis over Viagra. The reason being is that when I take a half a pill of Cialis, I get an easy erection for the next five days. If I take Viagra, I just get a nearly non-stop erection for a few hours. Cialis works better for guys chasing after girls.

Thailand had opened my mind to a lot of things, but never had I partied like I did in Thailand. It was the most fun I had had in my life, doing the things that were forbidden to Mormons. Thailand was a place I would have to see again.

Part III - Cambodia

Goodbye Thailand, Hello Cambodia

The next day, THC and I were in his room with beers in our hands. "Thailand!" we said, and touched glasses before taking long drinks.

It was my last day in Thailand, and I just wanted to chill with THC and have a couple beers. Again we ended up going to 711 and buying cheap beers. We went to our favorite steps not far from the store. The street vendors there had gotten to know us by now, and we spent a part of that day sitting there drinking and joking with them.

The day with THC flew by. My flight to Phnom Penh was the follow morning, and I knew I had time to see one of the girls I had met in Thailand. It was a tough decision and I almost picked Nam, but then, on instinct, I messaged the 19 year old girl from Myanmar.

"Can you meet tonight?" I sent.

Minutes later, I heard the SMS sound on my phone. "I come to your hotel after work."

It was another great night. I barely slept, making full use of my last night in my hotel room with mirrors on every wall and ceiling. It was sad, as I tried to explain that it was my last night in Thailand.

Normally, I wouldn't let a girl sleep with me in this situation, thinking she could rob me, but looking into this girl's eyes I knew there was nothing to worry about.

I woke up the next morning to her smiling face looking back at me. I smiled back, still half asleep. It was difficult to be excited for Cambodia because of how much I knew I would miss Thailand. It was difficult, but not impossible... I had heard amazing things about Cambodia.

I said goodbye to her, then later to THC, and we promised each other we would meet up later. Either he would visit me back in the Philippines or I would come back to Thailand.

Another Country, Another Adventure

I had just got done spending three weeks in Thailand and while I didn't want to leave Thailand, I also craved the rush of discovering a new country. I packed my suitcase and backpack with everything I owned on this side of the planet.

My stomach dropped as the plane took off and I was in the sky and on my way to Phnom Penh, Cambodia.

I had heard a lot of good things about Cambodian girls. I had heard about guys going there and having the times of their lives. To be honest, it was the place I had been most excited to see.

I arrived at the airport, and my hotel had a free shuttle from the airport to the hotel so I was waiting for them to arrive.

While waiting for the shuttle to pull up, I met a guy from my flight that was also going to my hotel, an Australian guy in his mid-forties.

"Yeah, I'm here for the women. Sexy, beautiful, little Cambodian women," he told me.

"I have heard good things."

"They will blow your mind, mate," he told me with a wink. He continued telling me about a few other trips he had taken to Cambodia. He was a pay-4-play guy, who was friendly enough to share many tips.

"Always make sure to see the girl before paying for her. Otherwise they will send a less attractive girl who wouldn't normally get much attention." And "You're in Cambodia; being charged over \$50 is robbery."

We arrived at the hotel, and I paid for my first night's stay: 10 dollars. Living off of school loans, I had to love the price. An interesting thing about Cambodia is that they don't have a local currency, they just use the stable U.S. dollar. It might have made me feel more at home, if everything I saw around me wasn't completely different.

During the 30 minute trip from the airport, I had studied the city. Tiny shops lined the streets, and we even took a couple dirt roads... in the capital city. It was common to see horses pulling wagons around, and traffic laws seemed nonexistent. Well, except for one... the bigger the vehicle, the fewer laws you had to care about than anyone else.

I had been feeling horny since the plane set down on Cambodian soil and was ready to meet these girls I had heard so much about, so I got online. I had pipelined (meeting girls online before arrival) back in Thailand, and I had a few girls interested in meeting.

I was able to set up a date for later that night rather easily, and two hours later she was outside my hotel in a taxi. I hopped into the taxi, and we started talking. Her English wasn't good, but I was able to understand.

After driving for a couple minutes, I noticed that the taxi meter was much more expensive than in Thailand. It made me start worrying.

I'm always a bit paranoid the first day in a country, especially my first few hours in a country like Cambodia, and for good reason. To top off the worry I was feeling, I didn't even know where we were going. I had heard stories about Cambodia being dangerous, and scams being part of everyday life.

- "Where are we going again?" I asked her.
- "To a bar I know, we will meet my friend there."
- "I just wanted to meet you," I replied.
- "It just bar for relax and drink and talk."
- Something didn't feel right. I couldn't put my finger on exactly why, but I didn't trust this girl, paranoia?
- "Stop the car," I said loudly to the taxi driver.
- He seemed to understand and stopped the car. I got out. The girl ran after me, and I told her that I didn't want to go somewhere I don't know with somebody I don't know.
- "Ok, we can talk here, but this is a dangerous place at this time of night," she warned me.
- I tried talking to her, but something still didn't feel genuine to me. I saw a tuk tuk, a little mototaxi, and I motioned for it to come pick me up.
- "I'm going back to my hotel, I just don't feel comfortable out so late on my first night here," I told her.
- We went back to my hotel, and I said goodbye as she went home. I had read her body language, and it seemed she wasn't that into me. Or could it all be in my head? Was I being absolutely ridiculous thanks to the stories I had heard about Cambodia?
- It was late and I called it a night, but I did notice that 45 year old Australian guy leading two Cambodian girls into his hotel room. He was sure enjoying his first night in Cambodia, albeit going the pay for play route.
- He noticed me, and I smiled and gave him a thumbs up. He winked and closed the door to his room.

Magical Cambodian smiles

The next day I woke up and started exploring the city and doing the right research so I would know if somebody was taking me to a shady part of town or where they said they were taking me.

Cambodia came to life during the day. The streets were filled with locals buying, selling, and going on with their lives. The food was, unexpectedly, amazing! I would go to a restaurant close by and buy a seafood meal for \$2.50 with everything included. That seafood meal was also the best tasting meal I had tried in Asia, even better than the fish we bought and ate on the trip to the waterfalls in the Philippines.

I returned home and talked to some girls online. Without much effort, I was able to plan a date for later.

We met at a place known for pizzas with dough made with marijuana. Laying eyes on her put my horniness on another level; this girl was even cuter than I expected. She looked more Vietnamese or Chinese than Cambodian to me, with her pale white skin and very Asian eyes.

She had the best English of anyone I had met in Cambodia yet, and our personalities clicked like we had known each other for years.

There was one thing I absolutely loved about her, her smile. She loved to laugh, an innocent laugh that seems to disappear in women after a certain age. As a 19 year old student, it seemed far from that time.

I bought her dinner, and we ate and continued talking. I suggested we go back to my hotel so I could show her my travel pictures.

"Ok," she said with her trademark cute smile.

After arriving in her hotel room, it escalated to sex easier than I expected. The sex was good, other than the fact that she went very dry very quickly. A dry pussy was not something I was used to, but seeing that cute girl lying naked on my bed made me push such details from my mind.

She spent the night and actually bought me breakfast the next morning. You should always accept when a girl offers to do something or buy something for you because it's a form of investment and it will make her care more about you. We said goodbye afterward, and I had every intention of seeing her again... after seeing what more Cambodia could offer.

Girls and Second Chances

As hard as it was to leave the local restaurant with the seafood noodles, I decided to switch to a hotel with a better location and closer nightlife. I went to the more tourist area of the city and checked into my new hotel.

I realized I had probably been too harsh on the first girl. It had been my first day in a new country and I had been paranoid. I explained the situation to her, and we planned another date.

I had her tell me the spot we would meet ahead of time so I could learn more about it. It turned out to be a bar not far from my hotel.

"Sure, we can meet there tonight at 8 p.m.," I sent to her.

When I arrived, she was already there and we immediately started drinking. I checked the prices and it was only two dollars a beer, not bad. She didn't want any alcohol, just cranberry juice.

We drank for about two hours and still something didn't feel right about this girl, there was something cold about her. I would flirt, but she would not open up. I decided to leave and try my luck at some night game with a girl I was actually feeling a connection with.

I had three beers, so I took out 6 dollars. Then they showed me the tab. \$27. What the fuck?

They had counted all of her drinks and charged me \$5 each! I was on a pretty strict budget, not to mention that in South East Asia I had very rarely spent over \$5 total on a date (food, transportation, etc.).

"What is this?" I objected to the tab.

All the people in this place immediately came over and started talking to me. They told me that I had to pay for my girl's drinks. I fought it for a couple of minutes, but as people started to get angrier, I decided it was probably best not to get shanked over \$20.

I paid the tab and left. The bad vibe I had originally got from the girl suddenly made sense. She had never meant to get me killed or set up to be robbed by some guy with a gun, she had meant to take me to that bar where they would ridiculously overcharge me for drinks and she would get a commission. That's what I get for not trusting my instincts.

My mood was sour, but I checked out a bar close by anyway. I was feeling horny, and a shitty mood wasn't about to stop me from getting what I wanted.

I started flirting with the bartender. She was really flirting back. Then another girl started really hitting on me. The bartender had seemed like a sure thing, but this other girl had a good sized rack, one of the bigger ones I had seen in South East Asia. As a boob man, was there even a choice?

It was clear that this girl was a prostitute, but I had shored a couple girls back in Thailand and I was up for the challenge with this girl. (Shoring is making a prostitute like you so she will want to have sex with you and not ask you to pay).

"I don't pay for sex," I repeated multiple times because her English didn't seem very good. "But I like you." I flashed her my most cocky and charming smile.

A smile slowly grew across her face, she was mine. I paid my bill, and we left the bar. I saw the bartender shake her head at me as the bustier girl and I walked back to my hotel.

I got the bang without much effort. Her boobs were nice, but not as nice as I had originally expected. Surprisingly, the best part about meeting this girl wasn't the sex, but her stories.

She told me about how an Australian guy had bought her virginity for \$1,000 when she was 16, about 3 years prior. He had spent tons of time with her for a month after taking her virginity, before finally growing tired of her. It was a sad story, as she admitted that she had developed feelings for him at that point.

Then she told another story about how her parents had to hide when Cambodia had its massacre years earlier. How her mom had hid in the jungle for weeks, so the regime that won the civil war wouldn't find her and send her to one of the death camps. Cambodia murdered 1/3rd of its own population during that time.

She may have made her living in the sex industry, but she was a cool girl with an interesting life story. I felt good. I had turned a shitty night into a pretty good one.

I still slept with all my valuables within arm's reach. She seemed like a good person, but better safe than without all my valuables.

Some Connections Go Beyond Words

I did my usual day thing of exploring the city. Now that I was alone again, I had to try to make more good times come without THC.

I went into a bar area and saw some prostitutes playing pool. I came over and asked if I could join.

"Sure. You can play next," one of them said.

I ordered a beer and started teasing and joking with the girls, just enjoying my time. They were not particularly pretty, but I was in a social mood and just wanted to talk.

They bought me my next round of beer and as always I graciously accepted. My teasing was reciprocated, and two of the girls started really flirting with me.

As I played against them, they started getting more and more sexual. Showing peaks of their nipples as I was concentrating on particularly important shots. Their distractions paid off as one of the girls knocked her last ball into a pocket.

They started arguing among themselves in Khmer, the local language, and then one of the girls literally said to me:

"Is your hotel close?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Take me home with you, I want to go to your bed," she giggled.

"Thanks." I smiled at her "but I am not looking to pay for sex."

"Free," she said, still giggling.

"Then when you come back it's my turn," the other girl chimed in.

Unlike the first girl I had met in Cambodia, these girls did seem genuine, but even though they were in their early twenties, they had more of the hardcore hooker vibe that I just wasn't attracted to. The shores I had done up to that point had only been with girls who had an innocent look and were usually only 18 to 20 years old.

"Sorry girls, I can't tonight, but I'll be back here in a few days."

It was a cool experience because I had never had two girls throw sex at me so easily, let alone accept that one would fuck me, then the other. Those girls weren't joking either. Cambodia was already living up to the hype. It made me wonder if Vietnam would as well. 'Vietnam, the country with the hottest women in South East Asia,' or so they say.

I spent the rest of the day exploring and making new Cambodian friends. I returned to that same bar area with the pool table that night, but those girls were nowhere to be found.

- That night I sat at a bar and ordered a beer. I ended up talking to a British guy who had recently gotten robbed.
- "When I woke up the next morning, the girl, my money, and my phone... all gone."
- He had been robbed while sleeping. It cemented in my head that I should be careful letting a girl sleep over who I wasn't sure was into me. Knowing how to read body language had so far been very useful in South East Asia.
- While chatting with the older guy, I did the usual flirting with the waitress thing, which they are paid to do in places like that, until I noticed a skinny girl with a cute face and long black hair.
- As she walked by, I used my favorite body language attraction move "smiling eyes" to get her attention. After that, it was as if her eyes were drawn to me. I would look her direction and she would quickly look away, a moment later getting up the courage to glance back in my direction.
- I called her over, and she came immediately. This battle had already been won. Then she started trying to communicate, not with her words... but with her hands.
- She was deaf. She communicated with sign language and expressions. I took out my phone and tried to get her to write. She seemed confused. Then one of the waitresses came and told me she didn't know English.
- You will never find it more difficult to communicate than you will with someone who not only doesn't speak English, but doesn't speak at all. She couldn't even use the tone of her voice to convey her thoughts.
- But wow did she try, and she was good at using her hands to convey ideas. During all this, her enthusiasm became contagious. Even though I couldn't say a thing to this girl, I enjoyed being around her. Just a happy go lucky girl who seemed as happy as can be, even though she was in a bad situation.
- I met her in a bar in Cambodia, so there was a good chance she was the type who had accepted money for sex, but she was adorable. Who cares? I was going to go for it. My second shore in a row and my first deaf girl, how could I not?
- I did my best to convey to her that I wasn't looking to pay her for sex. It seemed like she understood, but it was hard to know for sure. I took her hand and led her back to my hotel and she joined me happily.
- When we were in my room, she jumped into the shower. I got into bed and five minutes later, she came out in a towel and climbed into bed with me. There was no last minute resistance. This girl was just happy to be with me, a big smile on her cute face. After sex, we ordered food and watched old cartoons. I laughed more with her than I had in a long time.
- The next morning, I braced myself with problems if she were to ask me for money. She never did. She only communicated that she wanted to see me again.
- She had a difficult life, but she was always so happy. I admired her for it. I ended up seeing her

a few more times. I never gave her money, but I would take her to a store and we would pick out a bunch of food, drinks, and snacks and take them back to my room and watch movies, which I'm sure she didn't understand, but she seemed to really enjoy. Great memories.

But even with this, there was one girl I couldn't get out of my head... the girl with the magical smile.

What can \$20 buy you in Cambodia?

I felt like I had tested the waters well enough, and I went back to my other favorite, the girl with the magical smile. I started spending a lot of time with her, but then I started getting sick, and worse, and worse.

I had spent the last 3 or 4 days in bed. The girl with the magical smile had been running and getting me food and medicine and pretty much taking care of me. I started to worry that this might be more than the flu virus.

I decided to go to the doctor. There was only one problem... all the doctors were executed in the mass genocide 25 years prior because they were part of Western influence. Now there were countless fake ones.

I finally found one who seemed more geared towards tourists; an Australian guy. He was probably working in Cambodia because of malpractice in Australia, but it was better than some Cambodian guy who had never even gone to medical school.

I got to the Australian doctor's office, and he looked me over to see what was wrong. While he continued the checkup, we started talking.

"So how are you liking the local women?" he asked me.

"Cute little things," I replied. "I have a girl I've been seeing the last few days, she's always so happy just to take care of me, it's really sweet."

"How much are you paying her?" he asked.

"Umm nothing. I haven't paid for any girls since I arrived here."

The Australian doctor laughed. "Sooner or later you are going to find out it is much easier to just pay. Most of these girls will spend the night with you for 20 dollars."

"That's not really my style. It's not about the money, I just wouldn't feel right about sleeping with a girl who didn't want to sleep with me."

The doctor had a knowing smile and just accepted that I wouldn't pay for any of the girls. I remember thinking, "this guy pays because he has to," but maybe I should have "paid" more attention to the guy who had been living in Cambodia the last 15 years.

It turned out to be a common stomach flu, and a day or two later I was feeling almost a hundred percent. The words of the doctor had been echoing in my head "Most of these girls will spend the night with you for 20 American dollars."

It didn't seem possible that a girl would agree to sex for such a little sum of money, I decided to go and test it out.

That night I went to some clubs and bars and started chatting with a cute girl. I told her I wasn't interested in anything except drinking, but I was curious how much she would charge me.

"\$50" she replied.

"And if I couldn't spend so much?"

She looked at me flirtatiously "Because you handsome, \$20." Wow. I wasn't in the U.S.A. anymore... that was for sure.

I was sitting in a bar and just about to finish my drink, when I noticed a bunch of girls coming in. I had recognized a couple from other nights in the bar.

Then I saw my girl with the beautiful smile. She didn't see me sitting back there at first. She was too involved in the conversations of the group.

She was dressed in a sexy dress, much more pro looking than how she dressed with me. Was she a pro? Why was she there?

One of the girls in the group noticed me and came over and sat on my lap. That's when she noticed me. She had the guiltiest look on her face, and it made me think the worst. Had this girl I had been "dating" been a prostitute? I walked over and confronted her.

"No, these are just my friends, it's Amaya's birthday." She pointed to one of her friends.

It was clear that most of these girls were pro, and even my beautiful smile girl was dressed like a pro tonight. She continued denying, but I could see the truth written on her face.

It wasn't even the fact she was a pro or semi-pro that bothered me, it was the lying. I left, and I never returned any of her calls or messages again.

I was crushed. Maybe it was the conservative culture I grew up in, or that I felt I was getting feelings toward this girl. I tried to make the best of the situation and use the situation as fire to go and enjoy the night. I walked into the night and found a new bar. This one had various bars surrounding a bunch of pool tables.

I sat at the bar and did my token smiling eyes as cute girls came in my proximity. Then, I saw one bite. She had a pretty face, and excellent curves. On top of it all, her rack looked amazing in her short black dress.

"Hi," I said as she walked over.

"I sit?" she asked.

"Yes."

Her English was almost nonexistent. My mind bounced from trying to communicate with her to fantasizing about removing her clothes. The days I had spent in bed had left me craving sex. I had to have this girl.

I explained over and over again that I was not looking to buy a prostitute. That I don't pay. She

would nod her head yes that she understood every time I said it.

I started teasing her and making simple jokes that she would understand with her limited English. She was laughing and having fun. As I touched her knee, then her shoulder, then hip, then thigh, she never raised an objection. She was ready. I took her hand, and led her back to my hotel room.

When I got to my hotel room, she immediately hopped into the shower. She came out of the shower wearing nothing but a white towel and climbed on top of me.

I removed the towel to reveal a very perky pair of naturally tanned tits. Wow, as a boob man, it ignited my desire. I knew she was a pro and the sex was a bit passionless from her, but her sexy, tight, young body left me happy.

The next morning, I woke up and told her that I must work. She got dressed, and then came back to the bed.

She held out her hand.

"What?" I asked.

"Need money eat." She then motioned to her stomach. "Hungry." Damn, she really knows how to make you feel guilty.

"We just ate breakfast," I replied.

She started getting angry and mentioning a kid. My pride wouldn't let me pay. If I paid her, then it meant she never actually liked me. She started angrily bumping into me and I had had it.

I picked her up and started bringing her to the door. She was kicking and screaming. I put her outside the room and closed the door as she tried to get back in.

"Sooner or later you are going to find out it is much easier to just pay." The words of the Australian doctor echoed in my mind.

She was banging on the door, and I decided that such little money wasn't worth it. I opened the door and gave her everything in my wallet, about thirteen dollars.

She wasn't happy. "Twenty dollar," she said angrily.

Her yelling and screaming had brought hotel security, and they escorted her out in the calm demeanor of guys who dealt with this every day. I know she clearly understood that I wasn't interested in paying, she had just woken up the next day and changed her mind. Still, I couldn't help but feel a bit guilty. Cambodia was a country with an extreme level of poverty I was only beginning to understand, and being from the U.S.A. maybe I would never fully understand.

A New Level of Crazy

The tantrum from the Cambodian girl made me start off the day with a bad taste in my mouth. Combine it with what I found out about the beautiful smile girl the night before and you could say I wasn't in the best of moods; only one thing to do... plow through both literally and figuratively.

I checked out a central market where you could buy all sorts of things for ridiculously cheap. I found a nice looking backpack and I was able to talk them down to \$8. Nice... What a steal. I thought, so proud of myself for finding something I really needed. Little did I know that after a month the backpack would be completely falling apart.

I went to some bars that night and sat at my normal spot in front of the pool tables. There was an 18 year old waitress that I had been hitting on for a while. She would always come out and serve me drinks, and I started trying to escalate with her.

My attempts at seduction were interrupted by some commotion on the other side of the pool tables. Two very angry looking hookers were straight going out at it, fists flying and hair being pulled. A couple of other hookers tried to pull them apart, but they weren't doing a very good job. Then a big bouncer (the biggest Cambodian I have ever seen... which is still not very big) came over and physically separated the two girls.

He was not the least bit gentle with them, but they seemed to respect his authority, or so I thought. One of the hookers pulled out a knife and tried to go around the bouncer. He got in front of her and started talking to her in a very serious tone. I'm not sure exactly what he said, but I'm sure it was something like: "If you try to go through me with that knife, I will use it to kill you."

The way he was speaking made it more likely it was probably that or more intense. She screamed back at him and what seemed like a Khmer cussing match ensued for the next minute or so, after which the girl with the knife finally left.

That was too much crazy in too little time for me. I made some final plays on the waitress. I asked if she wanted to come with me after work, but she made some random excuses. I gave up, and called it a night.

Women who serve alcoholic beverages

I spent the day working, and then went back to my usual spot for the night to grab a drink. The waitress was there, and I looked her over again. Small, with a really innocent looking face, my weakness. She was more cute than sexy, but she was VERY cute. She had a tiny body, and she wasn't wearing anything revealing, so I only guessed at what kind of curves she hid beneath her clothes.

I went back to gaming her. I wasn't giving up even after she had rejected me the night before. Her English wasn't that great, so it wasn't easy making jokes. I kept building attraction during the conversation, and did my best to build a connection with very basic English.

I continued, but this girl still needed a little bit more work. I had to try a new strategy. I went and approached the hottest girl in the big bar (most likely a pro) in the area. I did my best to make the girl laugh, and glanced to see if the waitress watched. *Come on... be jealous you little Cambodian angel.*

I went back to my place at the bar. Everything worked well, and the waitress came over to me wondering why I had left her. She seemed like one of the few girls that could possibly not be a pro, so this sexy hooker that I had been flirting with didn't have the same value to me.

The sexy pro then came to take a seat next to me at the bar. I started to tease her a bit before the waitress came and interrupted the girl who tried to start flirting with me. I slightly accepted the flirting, but kept flirting a bit with the prostitute. Finally, the prostitute started talking to me about taking her home.

"Sorry, I don't pay for sex."

"It's ok. I don't want money," she replied. When jealousy ploys work too well...

The waitress was a few feet away listening in. I knew this was the moment of truth, but one thing I knew from my experiences of women was "You can't win what you don't risk losing."

- I looked over the sexy prostitute who wanted to spend the night with me for free and rejected her offer. "Sorry, but not tonight."
- She looked absolutely baffled. She tried clarifying that she would sleep with me for free, until she knew for sure that I just was not interested.
- I tried not to hurt her pride in case I still couldn't hook up with the waitress. Because honestly... she was one sexy prostitute.
- I watched her walk away. That curvy body made even sexier by the tight dress she was wearing. Fuck... throwing away a sure thing for a wildcard, what was I thinking?
- I turned my attention back to the waitress, kept my flirting up, and asked what time she got off. She told me, and I just waited at the bar until she finished. She got done closing down, and I took her by the hand and led her back to my room. We didn't talk about where we were going,

we just went.
As her tiny body rocked beneath me, it felt all the more sweet for the gamble it took to make it happen. Mission accomplished.

Cambodian motorcycle rides

I had been doing some online game and had gotten a decent looking girl's Skype contact information. That afternoon I got on Skype with her and did what had become my usual routine to get girls naked. It's really good because after a girl gets naked on cam or sends a nude photo, it not only pretty much guarantees that she will meet you, but it means sex will come very easily.

She had a pretty curvy body for an Asian. She had big hips and a good sized ass, with normal sized boobs. I got her pretty much doing whatever I wanted on webcam.

I would be leaving soon, so I had to see her soon. I knew she was a sure thing, and I'm not a guy to pass up opportunities like that. I didn't waste much time, soon after she got naked on cam for me, she was on her way over to my hotel.

As usual, after a girl was sexual online with me, sex came easily. I experienced the body that had been just pixels hours before. Her big ass and wide hips were a pleasant change from the normally slender Asian bodies.

Afterwards, it was still early afternoon, and there was a lot we could do. She had her own motorcycle and offered to take me around the city if I paid for the gas (like \$1.50). We spent the rest of the afternoon touring the city and eating cheap and tasty Cambodian food.

We had another hour or two of light left, and I decided I wanted to see the death camps. The death camps are where the genocide of a third of the country had been carried out via torture, starvation, and execution.

The place that we went used to be a school until it was turned into a prison/torture camp. They showed pictures of the inmates, pictures of how they tortured them, even pictures of their mangled dead bodies after it had all been done.

I never really felt truly sad about the genocide before visiting the beds and seeing the pictures of the people who were killed. It all became real. I never heard a single person laugh; it was almost as if the place was still haunted by the tens of thousands who were murdered there.

It made me realize why the country is so messed up, why some of the people are so crazy, and why it is still so poor. We wrapped it up, and she took me to my hotel where we said goodbye with sex.

I kept in touch with her online, and later she told me about her own experiences in the genocide.

"I remember hiding in the jungle with my mom. She would keep telling me to keep quiet whenever people would approach. I was very hungry, but I knew this was more serious. They found most of my family, but I don't want to talk about that."

Cambodia Summary

Cambodia was not anything like I imagined it would be. I imagined a place where women would throw themselves at me... and they did... but it wasn't for the reasons I had hoped.

Cambodians make about 1/50th the money an American does if you go by GDP per capita. It means that women aren't necessarily chasing you for your good looks and charm (in Thailand and Philippines many girls were happy just to sleep with me). The women in Cambodia, however, many times chase after foreigners for survival. As a young guy without much experience with prostitutes, it taught me a valuable lesson.

Looking at the big picture, I actually think Cambodia is a good place to go for guys looking to pay for sex. Some of these women really do need the money to feed themselves and their family. I don't think it's the best place for guys looking to game the local women because there isn't much sport to it. And to me it seemed like one of those places where it is extremely difficult to find a decent English speaking girl who is not at least a semi-pro.

But don't let these things convince you not to go to Cambodia, it is an extremely interesting country that is beautiful, full of pretty women and has great food. Cambodia is also the cheapest place I had ever been to by a lot, I think I could live there on 400\$ a month. Just don't make the same mistake I did and make sure to visit Angkor Wat.

Part IV - Vietnam

Time to see the hottest women in South East Asia?

I really enjoyed Cambodia, and I wanted to see the waitress again, but I was ready for something new. Vietnam was only a bus ride away, and this lawless country called Cambodia had started to eat at me. I was ready for normal girls; I had done way too much shoring and had seen way too many crazy Cambodian women.

Cambodia had taught me a bit about myself. With all the working girls tourists are exposed to, I learned that shoring just wasn't for me. I had tried it, I had done it, I had some good times, but I wouldn't be doing it again, not on purpose anyway.

None of my shores or relationships had been a regret, my only real regret had been not seeing a gigantic ancient city. I will be back for you Angkor Wat... someday.

I went to the bus station and waited, ready to get to know a new country, a country with a much brighter past. A country that had kicked the U.S.A.'s ass in an old war and that had a reputation for beautiful women... I was going to Vietnam.

5 Feet of Vietnamese Awesomeness

I had been chatting with about 7 Vietnamese girls while in Cambodia who all seemed interested in meeting. But there was one who stuck out from the group and above all I wanted to meet her. Luckily, she also felt the same way about me.

My bus trip from Cambodia to Vietnam flew by. The excitement and mystery of visiting a new country kept my mind racing with possibilities.

I got off at my stop and looked for a taxi. As I looked around, something felt very wrong... where were all the cars?

Instead of cars, the biggest city in Vietnam was filled with little motorcycles and scooters. The roads were packed with them. For every thirty motorcycles, I saw maybe one vehicle. I studied my big suitcase, and wondered how I would get it to my hotel.

I did what I always did in these situations... wing it. "Taxi!" I called out.

A group of moto-taxis hurried over to me, fighting for my business.

"I give you so good deal!"

I picked one and showed him my luggage, asking if he knew how we could get my luggage to my hotel.

"Don't worry," the small Vietnamese guy said. He picked up the suitcase and started trying different ways to fit it onto his handlebars. He found a way that seemed to make it balance. "Get on."

I examined the tiny motorcycle with a hung suitcase balancing on the handle bars and a small space for me and my backpack on the back. I was going to die.

I hung onto the back of the little moto, not sure how we would avoid the sea of motorcycles around us. Ten minutes later, we pulled in front of a hotel safe and sound. I gave the guy a tip, something I rarely do. I have no idea how he balanced the suitcase and got us to my hotel in one piece, but it was some good driving.

I had picked a hotel outside of the typical tourist area, half because I wanted a cheap price and half because I enjoyed the stares from people who rarely saw foreigners.

I checked into my hotel, showered, and got comfortable. Then, a knock on my door... "You have a visitor sir," the girl from the front desk called.

When I arrived at the front desk, I saw the person I had been waiting for. She looked just like her pictures.

"I couldn't remember your name so I had to ask for the American guy," she laughed, eyes squinted from the smile, a smile that was genuine and beautiful.

- I had six other girls waiting to meet me in Vietnam, but in that moment I doubted I would see even one of them. This barely 5 feet of Vietnamese girl already had me overwhelmed.
- "I didn't think you would be here until later," I said, reeling with a rush of feelings.
- "I tried to message you, but I don't think you had Internet."
- "And you knew where I was staying... stalker?" I joked.
- "You told me where!"
- I laughed. "You want to come up to my room?" I asked, seeing an opportunity.
- She gave me an uncomfortable look. "I don't think it's a good idea. Do you want to see the city?"
- "Well, it's pretty late. What could we do?" I asked.
- "I can take you on a ride."

Five minutes later, I was on the back of her scooter and we were riding through Ho Chi Minh City. I wasn't sure how much I trusted her not to crash, but, unlike the other motorcycle rides I had taken, at least she had brought a second helmet. I accepted it thankfully; brain damaged is not how I want to live out the rest of my life.

As the lights of the city went by, I started to see how beautiful it was. It was so different. She wove through motorcycles as she continued her tour. Traffic problems were nearly non-existent here it seemed.

Four scooters fit in a space that one car would fill. I watched the other scooters go by, many couples, I even saw a couple of families packed onto their scooters. One scooter with a dad at the front, a child between his legs, his wife behind him, and another two children between them.

- The tropical climate that was too hot during the day was perfect for a motorcycle ride at night. The warm air hit my face as I watched the city go by.
- I wrapped my arms around this beautiful little Vietnamese princess, pretending to hold tighter for fear of falling back. There, in that moment, seeing a new city in a new country with my arms around the waist of this girl, I felt... alive. This is why I had come to South East Asia.
- Then, as my hands gripped her slender body and I breathed in the sweet aroma from her neck, my pants grew suddenly tight. Well, this was also why I had come to SEA. Damn I wanted this little Asian girl. Sex and adventure, nothing beats it.
- "Thanks for the tour," I said as she dropped me off in front of my hotel.

[&]quot;You're welcome." She smiled.

The feel of her between my thighs was still fresh on my mind. "You want to see some pictures from Cambodia?"

"Ok."

I motioned for her to come with me "Where?" she asked.

"In my room."

"Mmmm maybe not, I should get home," she said.

My mind flashed back to how I felt on the scooter with my arms wrapped around her. That feeling alone was better than sex with some of the girls in Cambodia.

"Let's meet tomorrow," I said.

"What about the day after tomorrow?"

"The problem with the day after tomorrow is that it's after tomorrow." I gave my most charming smile.

"Mmmmm ok," she finally agreed. "Tomorrow."

"Knock knock knock." The sound woke me up from my sleep. Who was it this time?

I went to the door and opened it. There to greet me was the smiling face of the Vietnamese girl from the night before.

"Hi. Are you ready?"

"I thought we were supposed to meet in the afternoon," I said, half asleep.

"It is the afternoon!" she giggled.

I went over and picked up my phone. Wow, she was right. All the late nights in bars in Cambodia had really messed up my sleep schedule.

"Come in while I get ready." I motioned her into my room.

She sat on the bed. I thought back to what my brother always said about always trying to seduce a girl when you got her to your place. I knew it was good advice, but here, it just didn't feel right.

"It's your first day in Vietnam. What do you want to do?"

I thought back to the motorcycle ride the night before. "I want to see the city. Did you bring your scooter?"

"Yes." She smiled.

I got ready, and soon we were at her scooter. She put on a thin jacket, a hat, gloves, and sun

glasses.

"Do you know how hot it is out?" I asked.

She giggled. "Yes, but I don't want be tan."

I looked her over. Every inch of her skin was covered from the sun. This was something I had heard about. Vietnam was one of the countries where they were obsessed with having white skin. I glanced at the street, and noticed that all the other women on scooters were completely covered as well. The fixation on white skin was at least partly driven by the fact that lighter skin was associated with having a non-menial job out of the sun inside job, so it was a social status issue.

A few moments later, and we were off. Every time we stopped at a light, I began to feel the hot sun. Then, as the light turned green and the cool air hit me, I felt great again.

She drove and drove, pointing out different places. This was the way to see a city, how had I ever thought a taxi ride would suffice?

We stopped at a gas station, and I insisted I pay for the gas. Then, she took me to a restaurant for my first taste of Vietnamese food.

I had a noodle soup dish. It was similar to Thai noodles, but less spicy, and it appeared healthier. It was quite tasty.

"How much is it?"

"Don't worry, I already paid for it," she replied.

I looked up and saw the price, the equivalent of just over two dollars. "Thank you." It's the thought that counts, but this was a not insignificant amount given salaries in Vietnam.

When we left the restaurant, we had to cross a busy street to get back to the scooter. It hadn't been nearly this busy when we had arrived. I scanned the busy street and saw hundreds, maybe thousands of motorcycles zooming past us, 15 to 20 at a time on the wide street.

There was no stop light... how would we cross? I stood at the edge of the road searching for an opening. Then, my little 20 year old Vietnamese date took my hand and started walking out into the busy street.

Like a herd of wildebeests, the motorcycles zoomed past and we just walked right into them. For the second time in less than 24 hours, I was sure I was going to die.

As we continued into the street, nothing hit us. Each step we took, two motorcycles swerved around us, a foot behind us and a foot in front of us. We crossed the entire street at the same comfortable speed, the motorcycles always parting around us.

"You want go to the zoo?" she asked.

"Let's do it."

She took us to the very center of Ho Chi Minh City. While similar to Cambodia, Vietnam was also different. I was beginning to realize why Asians got offended when you tried to bunch their cultures together.

Later that afternoon, we were walking through the zoo. "Hey, it's your twin." She looked, thinking I was talking about another zoo visitor. I pointed to a waddling penguin. She burst into laughter.

I hadn't kissed her yet, so the laughter was like music to my ears. You know a girl really likes you when she laughs at your terrible jokes.

- Later, we came to a cage with small monkeys. "It looks like you." She smiled, trying to hold back her laughter. It was an even worse joke, but she was so cute doing it, I couldn't help but laugh. After hearing my laugh, she let loose the laugh she had been holding in.
- She had the sweetest laugh, my obvious weakness. She was short, like most Asians, and she had great curves. She had some boobs, some ass, and a narrow waist.
- "Nooooo. This one look like you." She pointed to a little grey monkey that looked like it had a beard. Then, she touched the scruff on my face. To be able to reach up and touch my jaw, she had to get really close. I felt her body press against mine.
- I stared down at her and touched her smooth cheek. Her skin was perfect, without a blemish, and it was so soft. My heart started beating faster and faster as I looked into her eyes.
- I needed to find out what her mouth would taste like. Why hadn't I kissed her yet? I became aware of my surroundings, and noticed the many other spectators close by and pulled away.
- We kept walking around the zoo, checking out new animals. We were walking closer together now and each touch of her hand, each brush of the shoulder sent my heart racing.
- Then, as we were checking out the crocodiles, I glanced around to see if anybody was close by, we were alone. I pulled her hips slowly towards me. She stared up at me as I pressed her body up against mine. Then, I bent over and planted my lips gently against hers.
- The fact that a simple kiss with one girl can feel better than sex with another seems to defy science. As I kissed her, I felt a tingle in every inch of my body and goosebumps on the back of neck.
- The sun had set a few hours ago, we had spent nearly all day together, and all day I had been wondering what those lips tasted like. They tasted even better than I had imagined.
- An hour later, we were back at my hotel. She was lying underneath me. My tongue explored her mint flavored mouth and hers did the same.
- I don't know how long it was until I finally started removing her clothes, but I didn't rush it. Then, she was naked underneath me. I bent down and kissed the soft, milky white skin of her belly.

It was so different from the sex I had had in Cambodia. This was not so much sex as it was making love. Making love I don't think you can fake, it doesn't happen when a girl turns you on, it happens when every inch of your body craves to be with her.

As she softly moaned beneath me, I escaped reality. I didn't know where I was, it didn't matter, I didn't notice whether the temperature was too hot or cold, I didn't care, the only thing in the world that existed at that moment was my beautiful, pale Vietnamese princess lying naked on the bed.

One Country One Girl, and Proud of It

The next morning, I woke up and found her asleep next to me. The white sheets only partially covered her naked body. Her tiny nipples were erect from the air conditioning.

My phone sounded with a message from another girl I had planned to meet. I ignored the message and climbed on top of the figure lying next to me, my morning wood waking her up. For the rest of my time in Vietnam, it was like no other woman existed.

For the next week, we spent nearly every waking hour together. We took motorcycle rides along the Vietnamese countryside and spent my last couple days in Vietnam at a resort on the beach.

I already had a flight back to Thailand. I debated cancelling it and just staying with her. If I had the money, I might have.

The last time I saw my beautiful little motorcycle driver, she had tears in her eyes as she waved goodbye to me at the airport... it almost broke my heart.

Vietnam Summary

Vietnam is a beautiful country full of friendly people and the most beautiful girls in South East Asia. Coming from Cambodia, there was a definite step up in the attractiveness of the women. The personalities were also something that I really noticed. Vietnamese women are very sweet and quite charming. They have this allure that I can't put into words, but that makes you want to just be around them.

Vietnamese women have more of the Chinese look than the other countries I visited. They were also the most slender of any of the countries. I think they put more effort into looking good.

I realized in Vietnam that I could spend an extended period of time with just one woman and not have the prospect of new pussy constantly crossing my mind. It was a nice reminder that the joys of dating women go far beyond just sex. Vietnam may be an ideal country for longer relationships. The girls seem to be better suited for it being slightly harder to sleep with.

I visited the coast and, if you like stunning tropical beaches, I would suggest checking it out. Ho Chi Minh City is a must see as well, it's millions of motorcycles, great food and people, make up a unique city that anybody would enjoy seeing. I would also suggest renting a motorcycle if you aren't lucky enough to find your own little motorcycle guide.

Part V: Thailand Round 2

Thailand round 2: Nam Nam Nam

The money from my student loans had been disappearing faster than I imagined. I still had two months left until my flight back to the U.S.A. left from Manila. I was planning on going back to the Philippines and staying in one place for more time, to save some money, but Nam, the older Thai girl, really wanted me to go back to Thailand and see her.

She had wanted it so much that she had agreed to pay for my flight and put me into a hotel. Could I tell her no? TravelHardCore was in Thailand, and he kept telling me to go back to Thailand. Fuck it.

When I arrived at the airport in Bangkok, Nam was waiting for me, her smile making me think I made the right decision. We went to the hotel she had gotten for me, a hotel she had chosen based on the proximity to her work.

I spent the next week with Nam. She had to work, but always came to the hotel after work with different food options for me.

"I wasn't sure what you would like, so I brought a few options," she said, showing food she had gotten from three different fast food places.

"You are so awesome Nam."

"Yes?" she would say with a big smile.

During the days of that week, I was writing my book on reading women's body language, and the evenings I spent with Nam. There was a lot of sex and a lot of eating. She brought chocolate and strawberries so we were actually able to eat while we were having sex.

Nam was a caregiver, it's just who she was. I've never met a girl who genuinely loved taking care of me more than Nam. Most girls will do things for you so you will like them more, but Nam did it because it made her happy.

To give you an example of this... one day, as we watched a movie together and ate sunflower seeds, she noticed I couldn't focus 100% on the movie because I would have to work on opening the seeds.

"Let me help." Then, Nam took the seeds and started cracking the seeds with her teeth and feeding them to me as I enjoyed the movie. This girl was older than me, but she was a special girl.

Christmas day came and I thought I would be sad, it being the first Christmas I would spend away from my family, but it turned out to be the opposite.

For Christmas, we went and rode elephants through ruins of temples that were thousands of years old. We went to a special place where you can play with tiger cubs, but when we arrived, they informed us that they were being fed.

- "But if you want you can take a picture with a big tiger."
- "Sure," I responded, figuring I would be able to get close to the cage.
- They walked up to the cage that held a gigantic tiger and opened the door. They threw a big piece of meat on the floor in front of him, and he started eating it.

"Quick, come behind."

My heart beating rapidly, I knelt behind the tiger. I moved my hands over its muscular body as it ate. It tried to look back at me a couple times, but the trainers wouldn't let it. Nam snapped a couple of photos and one of the coolest experiences of my life was over. It was an experience that was captured in a photo and, as most of you know, online dating is all about what types of photos you have. An awesome picture with a dangerous animal is the type of image that can instantly make a woman wet.

It wasn't a sad Christmas like I had imagined, but one of the best holidays of my life. I was with an awesome girl doing awesome things in a country that was as different from the U.S.A. as a country could possibly be.

After Christmas, things got complicated. I key logged Nam, wondering if she was really the angel she seemed to be. She had gotten out of a seven year relationship not long before meeting me, I saw how much she talked to him and I saw that they still met up. She hadn't mentioned this to me.

"Just like friends," she explained. But seeing a guy you were with for seven years can't be 'just like friends.'

I don't know if it was this small betrayal, that THC would soon be back in Bangkok, or the messages I was getting from the hottest girl of the Thai Big 3, but I moved out of the hotel she got for me and moved into my own.

Giving a Peek at Her Wild Side

Between my Vietnamese princess and Nam, the last couple weeks I had been living the life of a man in a relationship. I now had a bit of freedom, and I was ready to use it.

I planned to meet the hottest of the Big Thai 3 the next day. She was the girl who I had proactively turned down before she had a chance to do it first. But this evening I was free.

On my previous trip to Thailand, while out with TravelHardCore, I had gotten a couple of numbers from girls in clubs. There was one girl in particular who I had been wanting to meet again. From the little I remembered, thanks to my drunken state, she was a skinny girl with a cute face. The other thing I remembered was that she radiated a certain type of wildness.

"Excited to see you tonight," I wrote.

"I give you many kiss ok," she responded.

I suggested we meet at a subway stop close to my hotel. When I arrived, she was there waiting, and ran up and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"It so good see you!"

I laughed. "You too."

We went for a walk. As we got to know each other, she looked for every excuse to touch me. If I made a joke, she would playfully hit my chest, then pull herself closer to my body. Some girls just make it so easy to seduce them.

"I think about you all time while gone," she said. It was only thirty minutes into the date, but maybe not too early. Her thin body and wild enthusiasm was sexy.

"I want to show you something back at my hotel."

"What?" she asked.

"A surprise," I responded.

"I love surprise!" Too easy.

When we got back to my hotel, I started showing her the pictures from my trip to Cambodia and Vietnam.

"So good!" she commented.

Then, I kissed her for a half a second then pulled away. As I pulled away, her lips came forward chasing mine. I looked into her eyes and I saw a hunger.

I kissed her again, and fiery passion erupted through her body and that passion was contagious. Soon this girl and her tight body were lying naked on my bed. Then I took her, wondering if her loud screams of pleasure would bring angry neighbors.

Second Chances with Beautiful Girls

The next day, I was still pretty tired; I had spent a large portion of the previous night having sex with the wild girl. After she had gone home in the morning, I had gotten a couple more hours of sleep. It wasn't enough.

The hotel I was staying in wasn't in the most central location in Bangkok, but there was a method to my madness. The hottest girl I had a shot with in South East Asia lived close by and today... I would meet her for the second time.

The hottest of the Big Thai 3 was waiting for me at the subway station where I had told her I wasn't interested in anything with her a month prior.

When I saw her standing there waiting, my breath caught again. She looked stunning. She waited next to a railing overlooking the street below. As she watched the people below, I saw her perfect jawline, her plump lips, and long eye lashes from the profile view. She wore a bright red dress that was very short, showing off her athletic looking tanned legs.

I walked up to her. "Hey you."

She turned and a big smile crossed her face. "20!" She wrapped her arms around me in a big hug.

"It so good to see you."

I got distracted again, this time by her breasts. They were pushed up by her bra, and barely contained by the red dress. "You too."

As I looked at her now, I saw something I didn't on my first date, happiness just to see me. I was the guy who turned her down, the guy who spent a date with her and decided he didn't like her.

Now, she had another chance with me, and I could see she didn't want to blow it. She had spent a lot of time getting ready for our meeting and it showed. She looked at me, hoping to win me over with every smile. This felt like a different date.

I did my best to ignore the raw sexuality that this girl oozed. This girl was like my Vietnamese princess in that she was amazing, but in most other ways she was the complete opposite.

This leader of the Thai Big 3 was plump in all the right places, curvy with tits and ass, and the way she looked at you was nothing short of smoldering. As she spoke, her bright red lips begged to be sucked, nibbled, or licked. While the Vietnamese girl had an innocent sweetness, this girl had a sexy confidence that comes with men throwing themselves at her.

I had flashbacks of some of my failures before, but I had learned and I kept my mind clear as I teased and joked with her.

I almost didn't believe it when the two of us walked through the doors of my hotel room. This

was the girl I had been fantasizing about since I first arrived in Thailand. It was the girl whose body was so distracting that just brushing my hand against her hips would make me forget what I was talking about.

Now, we were alone in my room and she was looking at me with those big brown eyes, seeking my approval.

Soon after, we lay in bed in the spooning position, watching the movie I had suggested. Her ass was pressed up against my groin. It was big, and it seemed to hold a great shape. I planned to let her get more comfortable before making my move, but every change in her position rubbed against my already full erection.

I repositioned myself, and started stroking her long black hair. Then, on my elbows I used my other hand to gently stroke her neck. Then, my fingers moved from one side of her neck, to under her jaw, and then they guided her lips towards mine.

I kissed her and kissed her and kissed her. We did the usual bedroom dance of kissing, rubbing, touching, fondling, and removing clothing for hours. It didn't matter; I would have waited for days.

It was a different and much slower experience from the wild girl from the night before. The tension continued to rise. Every time my lips would press against a part of her body I would feel a fresh dose of desire. It grew and grew all this time until her panties finally hit the hotel room floor.

Her plump breasts with big brown nipples were a temptation I couldn't keep my mouth away from. As she rode on top of me powerful legs kept my mind spinning. Her skin was smooth the way only Asian girls can be, with a tan so even it couldn't be made by the sun.

I woke up the next morning with a smile on my face. Could life get any better? I felt the familiar sensation of morning wood and climbed on top of the hottest girl I had slept with in Asia.

THC's back in town

The next afternoon, THC was back in town!

"Let's play some hooker snooker!" he messaged me. Hooker snooker was something THC had shown me the last time I was in Thailand. It's when you go to a bar with working girls and a pool table (Billiards). Then, you drink and tease the working girls while playing. It's a fun game, and had ended in some shores for THC.

Even though my interest in shoring had pretty much disappeared in Cambodia, hooker snooker with THC still sounded like a blast.

We met at a small bar, and ordered our first round of drinks. For the first game, I played THC. The table was pretty ghetto. The tops of the sticks were so worn you couldn't shoot straight, and the table was far from evenly balanced. It was an ugly game, but it was fun to hear about what he had been up to the last couple of weeks and share my stories.

The next game, we challenged two of the working girls. They happily accepted. The first girl, who wore a short dress, bent over the table in front of us. She quickly hit the cue ball and it knocked a striped ball into a corner pocket.

The game continued, and the other girl was almost as good. I never knew anybody could be so good on such a rundown table that was as flat as a pinball machine.

"Kee kong!" THC said sending the girls into fits of laughter.

I couldn't help laughing at the way the girls responded. "What did you say?"

"I said she is cheating." THC smiled.

The night went on, and we told our stories. I told him how I was able to get the hottest girl of the trip, just the night before. From there, we started discussing our game tactics for how we got the girls.

I started to realize, this guy is just like me. We could have discussed the process of seducing women all night. I learned some things from him I would try, and he learned some things from me.

"When I was back home, I felt like something was missing, something big."

"Me too," he replied. "And as I tried to do the things society tells us to do: get a steady job, find a steady girlfriend, get married, buy a house, I realized I just wasn't happy."

The words could have been taken from my own mind. We were from very different cultures, but also very similar. Sex and adventure with exotic women is not what society tells us we should be doing.

The more I talked to THC, this guy who was raised on another continent, a guy who was 5 or 6 years older than me, I realized something.

- "We are the same," I said. "I wasn't sure that anybody else thought like me."
- "Yeah we are," THC replied. "I'm so glad we met."
- "Me too. So glad." I never had good relationships with my brothers, but already this guy felt like the brother I never had.
- Slightly drunk and waiting for our turns at the pool table, we hugged and did a cheers.
- "To guys who walk their own paths!"
- Then, we started talking about each taking a girl and going to Pattaya for New Years. He had been there before and told me how it's one of the unique cities of the world, a place I should experience. Pattaya is quite possibly the prostitute capital of the world. Any man could go to Pattaya and leave happy, whether he was very old or had an accident that left him handicapped, or so I had heard.
- "But since it will be New Years, there will be tons of normal girls as well."
- "This trip will be epic!" I said.
- "It's going to be legen..." THC started. "Wait for it." He kept his glass held high in the air. "Keep waiting." I put my glass in the air as well. "DARY!" We brought our glasses together and cheers'd.

A Crew in the Making?

The next day I got the news that a guy I had met before, Scotian, was in Bangkok. When I had met him before, we didn't come particularly good friends; we were so different. Scotian worked in the Canadian oil fields and had a very blue collar upbringing (although he has a BA). I was a guy who was raised Mormon and taught that having an education is everything. During our last meeting, his constant cursing had grinded on me.

Still, he was a friendly enough guy, and it would be cool to hear about what he'd been up to. I invited him to join THC and I for a beer later in the day.

"Sure. See you there," he replied.

THC and I had already ordered our beers when he arrived. Scotian was short for a white guy, about 5'3". He had a stocky build and a friendly face.

"20!" Scotian said.

"Scotian!" I shook his hand and clasped him on the shoulder. "This is TravelHardCore."

The two shook hands and started getting acquainted.

"What do you want to drink?" THC asked.

"You know guys, I'm pretty hung over today, and I probably shouldn't drink anything," Scotian replied.

"Come on! We are in Thailand!" THC said, unable to understand how anybody could turn down a drink.

"Just one drink Scotian, just for catching up," I said.

"I should just get water," he argued.

"Just one."

"All right you fuckers! Just one!" He finally gave in.

The waitress brought another beer, and the three of us did a cheers "Thailand!"

We started talking about our travels, and before THC and I had gotten half way through our beers, Scotian was getting the waitress' attention.

"Could I get one more?" he asked. He turned to us "Have to catch up to you guys!"

As THC likes to say, those beers tasted like one more... and one more... and one more.

Scotian, who had been pretty quiet and reserved earlier in the evening, had turned loud and enthusiastic. He had started hitting on the waitress every time she passed.

When Scotian drinks, he gets jolly eyes. It's like he's always smiling and ready to laugh. We

- talked and joked and I started to wonder how it was possible I didn't really like this guy before. Was he different or was I? I knew I had changed a lot since the day I left my Mormon mission.
- By the end of the evening, THC and I had invited Scotian to join us in Pattaya for our New Years trip.
- "I'll be there fuckers! But I might be a couple days late!" he said.
- "No problem."
- I checked my phone, and noticed a message from the hottest of the Thai Big 3.
- "Where are you? Can you meet?"
- I had already bragged to the group about the hot girl I had just seduced, it was time to show off the girl a bit.
- She came straight to the bar where we were at and joined us. When she approached, the others stared. She was in tight shorts that showed off her spectacular ass and a low cut top. As usual, she was looking smokin'.
- I stood up and kissed her. Then, I pulled her up a chair at the table.
- Scotian leaned over and said quietly "Wow bro. She's fuckin' hot. Nice job."
- "Thanks." I smiled, proud of the trophy sitting next to me. Scotian would later go on to tell me that she was the hottest girl he ever saw a foreigner with. I didn't mention that she was the hottest girl I had slept with so far and that, until my move at the end, I had completely muffed the first date. Thank God for learning some game.
- "There's this awesome strip club where you get to spank the girls. We could go there," THC suggested to the group.
- Scotian wanted it. The place sounded interesting to me, but I didn't want this beautiful girl on my arm to feel uncomfortable because of it.
- "If we went to the strip club, would you be all right?" I asked.
- "Yes. No problem. It does not bother." She smiled. Damn, I love how relaxed Thai girls are with all things sexual.
- The sun was setting as the group left the bar. We crossed the street, following THC, the Bangkok veteran. I faintly heard yelling from the other side of the busy road.
- I turned my head, and found the source of the commotion just in time to see a Thai guy get round house kicked to the face by another Thai guy, Chuck Norris style.
- The guy who got kicked was out cold the moment the other guy's shin hit his head. He

crumpled, completely unconscious, on the side of the road.

The guy who kicked him walked off, and the Thai people who walked past ignored him. It was actually a couple foreign guys who went and helped the unconscious guy off the street.

This was Thailand, where the national sport wasn't ping pong, or badminton, but Muay Thai kickboxing.

"Never get in a fight with a Thai guy in a club," THC said after we noticed the guy regain consciousness.

"They are so small. Is it really such a big deal?" I asked.

"It's not that you won't win, it's that every other Thai guy in the club will attack you if you do. They don't really believe in fair fights."

I shook my head. Very different rules than the one on one fighting culture I came from.

"I've seen it happen," THC continued. "A fight broke out. When I got over, there was a European guy standing over a Thai guy. It looked like he had just dropped him. The European guy left the guy alone and started walking away. While the foreigner's back was turned, a Thai guy hit him over the head with a bottle. He fell to the floor, and tons of Thai guys started kicking him.

"They have an 'us against them' mentality here." It's something THC had mentioned before. It's why Thais who had never met would instantly support another's argument about an outrageous price. Ripping off foreigners wasn't bad because of this "us against them" mentality.

We continued our walk until we were in a strip club called "Spanky's." As we entered, they handed us little foam bats. We found a place to sit and watched the sexy Thai girls dance at the stage in the center. Spanking the bare ass of a sexy stranger was oddly satisfying. Everyone should try it at least once.

At the end of the night, my girl came back to my hotel with me, and I enjoyed that beautiful body once again. The only disappointing part of the day was learning that this beautiful girl, the hottest of the Thai Big 3, wouldn't be able to come to Pattaya with me.

"I plan long time with friends for New Years, but I wish to be with you," she smiled.

New Years was nearly here, and tomorrow we would be going to Pattaya. THC already had a girl he would take with him, and now I was left without a date.

I thought about asking Nam, no, not Nam. Who else would agree, last minute to go on a trip like this with me? I went through my phone, and the next best candidate was obvious.

"You want to spend New Years together in Pattaya?" I sent to the wild girl from a couple of nights before.

"Yesssss!!!!!"

A New Years in Thailand: Say Goodbye to Crazy

Even though I usually get motion sick on long bus rides, it felt great to escape the clogged streets and constant traffic jams of Bangkok. Now, THC, his date, myself, and my wild Thai girl were going to Pattaya.

Travelhardcore's date was extremely cute. She had a good girl cuteness that I had always liked. In contrast, my date seemed quite the opposite. A wild girl who no doubt loved to party; it would be an interesting trip.

The jungle went by as I looked out the window of the bus. I glanced at my phone, and noticed a message. It was from my trophy girl, the hottest of the Thai Big 3.

"Hey I talk my friends and can go with you!"

I tilted the phone away from the wild girl sitting next to me. I looked at her. She saw me look and caught my eye giving me a big smile. "I so happy to spend New Year together," she said.

"Sorry, but I won't be able to now. I'll see you when I get back," I sent to the sexiest girl I had slept with the entire trip.

It was still afternoon when we finally arrived. The four of us piled on to two "death scooters" that brought us to the center of the city. Luckily, I only had my backpack for this small trip.

Pattaya wasn't like any city I had ever seen. I had never seen more brothels. It seemed that working girls stood outside of every other building. The "Pay 4 Play capital of the planet" looked the part.

The motorcycles dropped us off at a hotel that THC's girl had stayed at before. We went inside and asked for a room.

The guy at the front desk literally laughed at us. "Room for this time booked for many month."

Now New Year and all Thailand here."

"Well fuck," I said.

"What are we going to do?"

THC and I put our heads together, and came up with a plan. The clerk at the hotel didn't think we would be able to find a room, but Pattaya, quite possibly the biggest sex attraction in the world, was full of hotels, one room had to be free.

THC took one side of the road and I took the other, and we walked into every single building, asking if they had any rooms available.

We went door to door for hours. It reminded me of being a Mormon missionary, knocking on door after door and being turned down over and over.

- At the end, when I couldn't force myself to ask about another room, we had found two places that had one room, but no places with two rooms available. The four of us would be cramped into one room. The two places were brothels, and we picked the one with the friendliest staff.
- We dropped our backpacks off in our tiny room and went out into Pattaya to explore. Girls in lingerie called after us as we walked, not caring that we walked with two other girls.
- As we approached the main walking street of the city, the streets became crowded. I understood why we couldn't find a room, the Thai guy had it right, all of Thailand *did* seem to be here, and plenty of tourists as well.
- Going door to door for hours had been a pain in the ass, but also a very valuable lesson. I wouldn't forget to book my hotel ahead of time again, at least not during holidays.
- We had just gotten some food and were walking back to our hotel when we walked passed a group of Thai guys dressed up like girls. They smiled at us. As they walked past, I felt a hand on my crotch. I turned my head, and the group quickly disappeared into the crowd.
- "Lady boy like you!" my wild girl said laughing'; she had seen the quick groping.
- I could have been angry, maybe I should have been, but I just laughed. Thailand, there is no other place like it.
- Back at our room, we took turns showering. Then we went downstairs and played some "hooker snooker" (playing pool with working girls). The place we were staying was a bar/brothel/hotel. The rooms weren't nice, but they were cheap.
- Every girl who worked there was probably for sale. Most were not very attractive, but one, a young, busty waitress was tempting.
- We had a few drinks, played some pool, and called it a night. The four of us went back to our rooms.
- As we sat around the room, the wild girl peered at me and ran her hand up the side of my leg in a way the others couldn't see and onto my crotch. "I want you," she whispered into my ear.
- And I wanted her... so much. She was wild and maybe (not maybe) a little bit crazy, but this craziness just made her sexier. I took her into the bathroom and kept my hand over her mouth, trying to muffle her loud moans. The look THC's girl gave us when we walked out and the wink that he gave me let me know that my attempts to quiet her were unsuccessful.
- I woke up to find the wild girl asleep next to me, her arms wrapped around me. On the other side of me slept THC and his girl. The four of us barely fit onto the tiny bed. You would think that I wouldn't have slept well, but I awoke feeling refreshed and excited. It was the 31st of December, New Year's Eve.
- Our group slept in until after noon. We got some food and came back to play some hooker

snooker. The staff let me know that they were able to get another room free and they were charging just 12 dollars.

"Awesome. I'll take it."

The room wasn't a real hotel room. It seemed to be where one of the girls working at the brothel slept. They had cleaned it up and washed the sheets. It wasn't much, but compared to sharing a small room with four people, it felt like a 5 star hotel.

My wild girl and I went and took a nap in the room. When I awoke from the nap, I noticed her phone lying next to me on the bed, there was a message from a guy.

"At what time?"

I woke up her up, pointing to the message I read. She had told a guy she would meet him in Pattaya. What the fuck? When I had told the hottest of the Thai big 3 not to come? I woke her up and confronted her.

She started out angry at me for looking at her messages.

"Sure, it's my entire fault." I said. "Get out and go see your guy." I motioned to the door of the hotel room.

She then changed her tone and started pleading, telling me that she wasn't actually going to meet him and that she just said she would because he was constantly asking to see her.

I continued my stance. I didn't want to be with her, and there was still time before New Year's Eve to find a girl to kiss. "You should go," I told her.

She continued pleading with me, but I didn't budge. Then she got angry and started getting slightly violent with me. Suddenly, she did something I hadn't expected. She jumped into my arms and starting making out with me. The switch from anger to passion was so sudden that I hadn't expected it.

I felt the passion too and as she started grinding against me, I threw her on the bed and had some of the best angry sex I had ever experienced.

The rest of the day flew past. THC and his girl had noticed the tension in the air and commented on it.

"It's nothing," I said, not wanting to ruin the day. I hadn't completely forgiven her.

We had decided to go to the beach. We would bring alcohol and a couple of toys and watch the sun set over the ocean.

THC and I swam in the warm ocean while the girls went to bring food. The sun was setting when they arrived. We feasted and drank and laughed. THC and his girl lit a big lantern and watched it float up into the orange sky.

We drank more and more, the jokes got worse, and the laughs came easier. Then fireworks started going off over the ocean. We watched, drank more, and lit some sparklers that my wild girl particularly loved.

After the firework show ended, we knew it was time to go back, shower, and get ready for midnight.

We headed towards "Walking Street," the main street in Pattaya where nearly every building was a fancy whorehouse.

The street was packed. It was a very long street and as I looked down the road, I couldn't spot a patch that wasn't filled with people waiting for midnight to arrive.

Dragons ran through the streets, the little feet of the dozen men inside the costumes poking out underneath. Entertainers put on their shows; a family of 5 even climbed on top of one another to form a human tower, at least 20 feet up. A three year old child stood at the very top smiling.

The mood was perfect; the best New Year's setting of my life. 11:59, we got ready, and started counting down.

"3.... 2.... 1."

"Happy New Year!!!!"

Fireworks exploded overhead. I pulled my wild Thai girl close and kissed her, the fireworks went from exploding in the sky to exploding in my mind.

The anger and charged passion was still there from the night before, but at the same time, the energy and excitement of the atmosphere and people around us was contagious. I didn't know what I felt towards her, it was just an unreadable blur of emotions that is an ever-present danger when you are on a date with "crazy".

The two of us were then covered in light blue foam as THC and his date sprayed us. We ended our kiss that went on much longer than expected, and took out our cans of foam to spray them back. Then we turned to the crowds and started spraying them as well.

My mind was brought back to the taste of my wild girl's mouth, the feeling pulling her close, and making the crowds around us disappear.

I put my hands around her hips, yanked her towards me, and kissed her again. I was drinking in the moment, knowing that this would be one of those nights I would never forget.

THC took a picture of us in that moment. It's one of the most powerful pictures I have ever taken. The two of us drenched in blue foam as chaos erupted around us, wrapped in each other's arms. The way the light of the fireworks hit us, the crowd parting around us. The only thing out of place in the iconic photo was a dark hickey on my neck that the wild girl had given me that morning.

"I have feel love you," she told me afterwards. For the rest of the night, she would tell it to me every half an hour. Caught up in the moment, I almost said it back to her, but those are words I have rarely spoken to anyone outside of my immediate family, let alone a girl I had just met a few days earlier.

The four of us went to a club, we drank, we danced, and I molested the wild girl on the dance floor.

That night as she removed her clothing, eager for me to be inside of her, I thought back to my Mormon upbringing. I was taught that this was a sin, alcohol and pre-marital sex were wrong. I searched my conscience for a shred of guilt. I found nothing but pure passion which, by chance, would be exactly the phrase I would use to describe my entire relationship with this wild girl. Pure passion.

I woke up the next morning next to the wild girl. I felt a pain down my back and went to the mirror to see two sets of matching claw marks left from her fingers the night before and hickeys all over my body.

I thought about what an amazing time I had had with this girl. She was like a fictional character, raised by tigers.

Her real story was that she was adopted into a wealthy family, but was constantly rebelling. She was the type of girl who couldn't be controlled; it was her greatest strength and also her greatest weakness.

I noticed her phone a few inches next to her head, checked to see if she was asleep, and then grabbed the phone. I wanted to know if she had told the guy she wouldn't meet.

She had told him she didn't want to meet. I let out a sigh of relief. Then I noticed a message, the preview message read "Love you too."

I opened the message and saw she had messaged a guy last night. The message read: "I miss you."

"I miss you too," she had replied.

"I think I still love you," he wrote.

"Me too."

She had said she missed him and that she loved him. What the fuck? My mind went spinning again. I felt like this knowledge had just destroyed the perfect New Year's Eve.

After the night we just had, she had responded to him like this... I woke her up and showed her the messages.

"I didn't mean. I was asleep. I care you! I don't love him anymore!"

I felt more anger than I had felt in a long time, and told her to get out. I started packing her things into her suitcase as she continued pleading.

When it was packed, I handed it to her and motioned towards the door. Again, her pleading turned into anger as she started screaming at me.

"I know you have other girls too!" She screamed. Then the insults came, and I started getting angry.

"Get out!" I yelled, starting to lose my temper.

She refused, and I took her suitcase and put it outside the door, then returned for her. I picked her up, and literally carried her to the door. She kicked and screamed, then clung to the archway like her life depended on it. Her hands found good handholds so I couldn't pull her through. Trying my best not to hurt her, I finally got her through the door, put her down, and tried to shut it. She pushed her foot into the door and started pleading again.

- "Please forgive me, I didn't mean! Just let me in, and we talk about calmly."
- I finally gave in, and let her in on the condition that she left in five minutes. She immediately came to me and tried kissing me, grinding up next to me, and taking off articles of clothing.
- Faster than I thought possible, she was topless, then she was only wearing panties and took my hand pressing it against her pussy. I wanted her... but in that moment, I hated her even more.
- I stopped her from removing her panties and five minutes later got her dressed again. I told her to leave. She continued pleading, but now she was calmer. She finally agreed to go.
- "Ok, but if I go, then we are done forever."
- "Ok," I replied.
- She left, and I closed and locked the door.
- Thirty seconds later, I heard the door trying to be opened, and then pounding on the door. Her pleading continued, but I tuned it out and ignored it. I stayed in my room for four hours until TravelHardCore came up and told me she had left.
- I told THC what had happened.
- "I feel like I just got off a roller coaster."
- "Don't feel so bad, you're free! My girl is leaving today so we will both be free. Tonight's going to be a good night," he said.
- "And Scotian's going to arrive," I added with a smile.

Freedom at last! Exploring more of Pattaya

THC's girl left, and we hung out at our bar/brothel/hotel playing hooker snooker with the girls working there.

While waiting for my turn, I glanced backward through a small opening in a door to the back room. The busty girl who worked at the brothel was changing. Her bra came off and I bit my lip as I got a forbidden glimpse of those big breasts. I wanted her, but I had learned my lesson in Cambodia, and preferred to stay away from pros.

THC returned from the pool table and took a seat next to me.

"I have to get laid tonight," I said.

"Me too," he replied.

We decided we wouldn't go home until we did. We cheers'd and went back to playing Billiards.

We were playing against the manager of the place, a Thai woman in her mid-forties. She was very flirty with both of us. We teased back, just enjoying the crazy Thai culture.

"She's an ex-prostitute," THC said. "Now too old to do the sexual work, she just manages."

"How can you be so sure?" I asked.

"It's just how things work here. Thailand isn't a place where prostitution is looked down upon like in the west. That and she has the hooker face."

"Yes, she does. The thousand cock stare." The hooker face is something it seems that all prostitutes get after working for at least a year. It's the face of a woman whose sexual innocence has completely disappeared. The busty girl I had peeped on walked in the front room. "But she doesn't have that face."

"No, she doesn't. Maybe she's new."

Again, I thought about going back on my decision to stay away from pros. But no, I had to stay strong, and was about to go partying with THC and Scotian.

THC and I went up to my room and put on some music as we had a beer and pre-gamed for the night to come. Then, we heard a knock at the door.

I went and answered to see the older manager.

"I come in?" Her English was never very good.

She went back to her flirting and joking with us, then came and sat down in between THC and I on the bed. She slightly pulled up the short skirt she wore as she looked between the two of us. No way is this what I think.

THC and I looked at each other; we both knew what was going on. We ignored the advance and

- she got up awkwardly and excused herself.
- "Was she trying to do what I think she was trying to do?" THC asked.
- "Pretty sure she was trying to get double teamed!" I responded.
- "Too bad she wasn't younger, I would have done it. Would you have been down?" THC asked, knowing about my Mormon background.
- I thought about it for a second. "Hell yeah!" Damn I was changing fast.
- That night Scotian joined us, and we were drinking and strutting down Walking Street. It was midnight, and the street was almost as packed as the night before on New Year's Eve. The three of us each had a little of beer in our hands as we walked.
- Then the conversational topic turned interesting. "These Western women don't look hot at all. What happened?" I said as I watched a group of European girls walk by.
- "They look like whales!" THC added.
- "I would still bang!" Scotian joked.
- It was true, in comparison to the thin Asian women that were everywhere, a girl who I used to consider chubby now became fat. These girls from our home countries looked huuuuge.
- "Especially the Russian girls," Scotian said as a group of hot Russian girls walked past. Unlike the Western white women, they weren't bulky, but slender. They still seemed like slender giants in comparison to all the tiny Asian girls walking around. "But they are harder to bang," Scotian finished.
- Challenge accepted. I noticed a group of Russian girls behind me.
- "Hi." I locked eyes with my target. "Do you know of anything good going on tonight?"
- She smiled and replied in a thick accent "No. I am a visitor."
- I kept the conversation going and invited her and her friend to my group. They accepted, and THC and Scotian started talking to the other girl, doing a good job of winging me.
- Earlier, I had noticed a punching machine, the machines that measure how hard you hit it. I have a particular talent for hitting these machines. In fact, I'd never been around anybody who got a higher score than me.
- "Let's stop here," I said, knowing this was a chance to create some attraction. There was already a group of Australian guys taking turns on the machine.
- We watched the guys hit, then they let us into try. I went last to add to the drama. It was always a competition to see who could hit the hardest.
- I left the side of the Russian girl I had approached, stepped up to the machine, and swung. BAM! The red lights that indicated the score settled. It was the highest score I had seen. I put

- on a cocky smile, and looked at my long legged Russian.
- There is something primal inside of women who desire a manly man, ever since I hit that machine, this early twenties Russian girl was all over me.
- Later in the night, the Russian girl and I separated from the group for a moonlit stroll along the beach.
- She had bright blue eyes and light brown hair. She had a slender build, but was almost as tall as me. After coming in contact with almost 100% Asian girls, she really did seem like a giant, and the novelty of it made me want her even more.
- As we walked along the beach, she taught me a couple of Russian words and I learned that this was her last night in Pattaya. Tomorrow, she would be returning to Bangkok and, a few days later, back to Russia. It meant I only had tonight.
- I took her hand and guided her towards me, then kissed her. It felt strange not having to bend so far over to kiss a girl.
- An hour later, we were at her hotel room. "Maybe my friend is not here yet." We entered the room. My heart dropped when I noticed a lump on one of the beds. "She is here," she whispered.
- "Come with me, we can sleep together," I replied.
- "I cannot." She led me out of the room, and took me to the hotel roof.
- The hotel the two girls were staying at was MUCH nicer than where THC and I were staying, I might have felt ashamed to bring her back to my little makeshift room after seeing where she was staying.
- But there, on a roof overlooking Pattaya, I saw an opportunity. I kissed her and she passionately kissed me back.
- My hand ran up her long, slender leg, and she didn't stop it. I continued up her shirt to find her braless. I kissed and played with her C cup breasts. Then I tried to unbuckle her pants.
- "I cannot. Not here," she said. "But we can meet when you are back in Bangkok."
- I tried again, but I saw it wouldn't work. We spent another half an hour, kissing and fondling before we said our goodbyes.
- "Take care cute Russian girl." I kissed her. "See you in Bangkok."
- "Thank you for the night. I cannot wait." She smiled.

It was late, close to 3 a.m., but I thought back to what THC and I had agreed to earlier. We wouldn't go home without getting laid.

- I sent a message to THC "Where you at?"
- "At the same club from New Years. Come here," he replied.
- I took a death scooter to try to get there before all the girls started going home. I arrived at a packed club. I messaged THC, but he didn't respond. I went into the club and started looking for him.
- I found him sitting next to an attractive Thai girl. I went and got a beer and joined them for a couple drinks. After a few minutes, trying not to be a third wheel, I went out and found some girls to dance with.
- It wasn't long before THC tapped me on the shoulder. "She's ready to go. I'll see you tomorrow." He winked.

"Good luck!"

- Then I was alone. Scotian was already back at his hotel, and I had made a promise to myself that I wouldn't go home until I got laid.
- The familiar feeling of awkwardness returned. Now that it was just me, I couldn't shake the feeling I was doing something wrong by being in a night club and sipping at the beer in my hand.
- I pushed the feeling away. I was not Mormon anymore. The vacancy was filled by a beast within, the same beast that had been locked away all those years as a good Mormon boy. It was time to unleash the beast.
- I walked through the crowd, feeling like a hunter in the night. My cocky smirk was my snare, my piercing eye contact my spear. Faces appeared in the crowd. Eye contact, she looks away and smooths down her hair. She wants me to approach, but no, she wasn't pretty enough. After spending the last couple of hours with the Russian girl, my next target couldn't be just any girl.
- It wasn't long before an attractive Asian girl with big eyes held my gaze and smiled. My head spun slightly at the sight of a pretty girl. I felt the familiar turning of my stomach that comes with the fear of approach. I could run away from the fear by continuing on, nobody was watching to see my failure.
- No, tonight I was the hunter and a hunter embraces the fear.
- "Hi." I stared into her eyes.
- "Hi," she responded with a smile.
- I had known I didn't need an interesting opener because of the interest she had shown when we locked eyes. However, the music was ridiculously loud and nearly every word out of my mouth was misunderstood.
- There was only one thing to do in a situation like this. I held out my hand. "Do you want to dance?"

She smiled and took it. This was not my element. I couldn't help but go back to the moment in Manila when I lost the busty girl, then the moment from my childhood as I stepped on the toes of my date.

Dancing may still have been a weakness, but I had seen some success with it. Shoulders back, chest out, masculine movements, eye contact; I danced and she didn't seem bored like the girl from Manila had, in fact, she seemed to become more interested.

I pulled her little body into mine, and we danced with bodies pressed together. A couple of songs played, and we had rejoined the table where I had met her.

"You were..." the blare of the music drowned out the rest of her sentence. Oh shit, back to the original problem. How can you seduce a girl you can barely say a word to?

An idea popped into my head. I wasn't about to give up, I would sleep with a girl tonight and a little music wouldn't stand in my way. I took out my phone, opened up the notepad application, and started having a conversation with her through notes.

I flirted with her through our messages as I stared into her eyes. I have to say the gesture seemed to come off as pretty unique and charming. It also gave me the time to study her.

Her face was clearly her best feature, all centered around these big beautiful brown eyes. She was short with a typical Thai body. I guessed she had money, because of a somewhat snobby attitude and designer clothing.

Next thing I knew it was 6 a.m. and the club was closing. The bouncers started ushering people out, and she told me she would meet me outside. I waited outside the club and waited. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and I was still waiting.

She gave me the slip. I had been waiting for over twenty minutes, she must already be gone.

I was about to leave when somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I turned to see two big brown eyes staring at me. I had thought for sure she had already left.

She told me she knew of a bar that was still open, and she led me down the street towards our next destination.

She was difficult to read, and I was having trouble telling how into me she was. I decided to find out. I grabbed her hand and pulled her to face me. Then I suddenly pulled her to me by her hips and kissed her.

She was surprised, but accepted the kiss, and then gave more back. She started getting more passionate with the kiss and I pulled away; it's best to leave her wanting more.

We got some more drinks at the bar she had mentioned, and stayed there for a while, continuing our conversation via notepad on my cell phone. Then I started noticing it getting light outside. It was 8 a.m.

"I'm tired, let's go sleep," I told her.

- "Where at?"
- "My place isn't too far."
- "I don't think so," she said with a smile. "Let's keep the night alive."
- Fuck. "Ok." I agreed, not about to give up.
- She knew of a private beach on the other side of the city that she said was amazing. When we got there, we took off our shoes and walked along the beach together. We would stop every hundred meters or so to have a quick make out session.
- After an hour of walking, we got hungry and went to a little beachside seafood place. After a tasty shrimp meal, she took out her phone and called somebody.
- "We will drop you off, and then I will have him take me home," she told me.
- "Who is coming?" I asked.
- "My driver."
- Yeah, she was a rich girl. The driver arrived and brought us to my hotel. She got out with me and told her driver that she would call him.
- "I thought you were going back to your place?" I asked. She just smiled back.
- I opened the door to my room, and it was clear that she started getting uncomfortable. This was by no means a fancy place, it looked more like a room sized broom closet.
- "You are staying here?" she asked me with a look of disgust. She continued mentioning things she found disgusting, and I tried to think of how I could turn this around.
- "Oh, I'm sorry Princess, are these sheets only 600 thread count? My two million thread count sheets are being cleaned."
- I started grilling her about being high maintenance until she started telling me that she wasn't and stopped complaining all together. My teasing had worked, and she was getting comfortable.
- As we lay together, she really didn't seem like she wanted to have sex. I got her to her panties, but she wouldn't go any further.
- We went to bed, and the next day we woke up and I tried again. This time she was more open to it, but as I tried it was excruciatingly painful for her. Her pussy was not just small, it was tiny. I tried for the next couple of hours and not knowing why it would hurt her so badly, I finally asked her.
- "Are you a virgin?"
- She just shrugged, and we continued. It didn't make any sense that I would meet a virgin in a club, but I couldn't see any other reason why it would hurt her to this extent. An hour later,

after the same problem, I asked her again.

"Are you a virgin?"

"Yeah," she replied.

Now things became clear. I treated her the same way I would any virgin. When I finally got inside of her, I couldn't last more than a few minutes... so sexy.

The next couple of days were a blur of sex and takeout. THC had already returned to Bangkok, and the messages the Russian girl sent me went unanswered. I just wanted to screw, eat, and talk.

But one day it had to end. A few days later, she went home and I returned to Bangkok. I would later learn from a key logger that she wasn't actually a virgin. Women are such mysteries.

Saying Hello Goodbye to Crazy

I got to Bangkok and hoped the Russian girl was still around. I messaged her, and then called her. It went straight to voicemail. She had returned to Russia.

I had already bought my ticket back to the Philippines and I would be going back to Mindanao. This time, I would be going very far off the tourist trail. I wanted to feel even more of the "white god" treatment than I had before.

But first, there was a Thai girl I had had cybersex with before who I wanted to meet. She agreed to come straight to my hotel.

I heard a knock on my door and there she was. She looked just like her photos, average face, but a slim sexy body. There was just one problem... her nose was red and she was sniffing like... she was sick.

"You told me you leave soon and I want see you. But I not feel so good," she said.

The last thing I wanted was to get sick, so as we lay in bed I proceeded to seduce her normally except for one big thing... I wouldn't kiss her.

I imagined that because we had already had cybersex, it wouldn't be that much of a problem. I wanted this girl, but I didn't want to get sick.

I tried and tried, but she wasn't having it. I must have tried for an hour, but she just didn't want to have sex.

Fuck it. I kissed her. I started making out with her, knowing exactly what I was sacrificing to bang this girl. It was a sacrifice I was willing to make.

I kissed and kissed and all of a sudden, her body started gyrating and she started letting me make more moves. Then, her panties were off and I was inside her. I had learned a new lesson; don't try to seduce somebody without kissing them.

I spent the next afternoon with THC. We had agreed to meet up in the Philippines in a couple weeks. He had had a terrible time in the Philippines before, and I told him I would show him how amazing it really was.

"Goodbye brother," I said.

"See you soon," THC responded.

Now I had the night free. I had tried to meet a couple of girls, but they had flaked. Then, I got a message from the wild girl.

"You in Bangkok? Where you stay? I want talk as friends," it read.

I didn't have anything else to do, so I told her the name of the hotel I was staying. She called me and said she was outside my hotel. She seemed calm over the phone, so I went outside and met her.

She looked smoking hot. She was dressed to the nines, in a tight black dress that really showed her curves. My old feelings of passion surfaced moments after seeing her.

The next thing I knew, she was pleading with me again, saying she loved me and wanted to be with me.

"If you my boyfriend, I no talk to any other guys. I promise. I love you," she said.

"No. We won't work," I responded. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Do you know always you make my heart hurt so much!"

She continued more and more, wearing me down. Feelings of nostalgia brought back the desire, and I finally gave in.

"Ok," I said, "But you have to let me see your phone so I know that you are serious."

"Fine," she replied and handed me her phone.

I started going through her messages and she calmly watched, then as I opened her Skype she asked for her phone back. She started getting mad and I kept the phone just out of her reach as I read the messages.

I opened her most recent messages. They were from about an hour earlier. She had set up a meeting with another guy and had gone to see him. Then they had started fighting when he had wanted her to go straight to his room. She had refused, and he had told her to fuck off.

She went from where she was supposed to meet him, straight to my place. Wow, what was wrong with this girl? I gave her the phone back.

"Goodbye crazy girl."

"Don't play with my feel!" she said pleading.

- I started walking away, and she chased after me, grabbing my arm and trying to get me to talk to her. She was crying and screaming and making a scene.
- She wouldn't let me go back to my place without taking her along as well. She clung to my side. I looked at her again, finally seeing her for who she was. I was still angry.
- "Come with me," I lead her back to my place.
- I didn't respond to her at all. When we got to my room I threw her on the bed, pulled up her dress, and literally tore off her g-string panties.
- The sex was angry and passionate and amazing.
- I said goodbye to her the following morning, giving vague answers about our future.
- The following weeks, I continued getting messages from her, but I never responded again. My future was in a part of the Philippines that few foreigners dared to go.

Thailand Round 2 Summary

Thailand is the perfect country to go to if you want to have a good time. There are so many things to do while you are there. You can go to the full moon party, have an amazing new years in Pattaya, go to world class beaches, ride elephants, get in cages with tigers, study Muay Thai kick boxing in the mountains and party, party, party, party.

Thailand was great because it taught me that I not only needed sex and adventure, but I needed brotherhood. Every time in Thailand hanging out with THC had been blown the top off my original expectations.

I enjoyed the best New Years of my life, I even enjoyed the craziness of my girl. Thai girls can be insane, but I wouldn't always say it's a bad thing and they are excellent at taking care of their man.

In Thailand, the lady boys sometimes do look very much like a girl, so memorizing my lady boy check list may save you from a very awkward experience:

- Tall
- Adam's apple
- Big hands or feet
- Any facial stubble at all
- Strange voice
- Fake or no boobs
- Broad shoulders
- Extremely sexual unnaturally fast
- Overly sexual photos (if online)
- Over the top feminine gestures
- Narrow hips
- Thick man legs

I realized in my second trip to Thailand that I had shed the trappings of my Mormon upbringing. I was drinking and fucking without a second thought and it felt great. My poor mother would be devastated, but you can only live life for one person... yourself.

Part VI - The Philippines Round 2

Venturing Where Few Foreign Men Have Ventured Before

I was on my way to the Philippines again, thousands of miles in the air. As I watched the blue ocean go by below, I reflected on my time in Thailand.

I had seen the hottest of the Thai Big 3 the morning before my flight. I said goodbye, which obviously led to goodbye sex. I thought about my amazing New Year's with THC, Scotian and my wild girl, about riding motorcycles around Vietnam with my pale skinned princess. Could it get any better, or was my trip about to lose the magic?

I arrived at my hotel in the center of Cagayan de Oro, once again on the island of Mindanao, to see a cute clerk at the front desk. She was cute and had the typical shy/giggly personality of Pinays. She showed me to my room, blushing every time I smiled at her, and then left.

The hotel was very cheap, at about \$12 a night, and brand new. I took a shower, and tried to decide what to do. I had been so busy my last week in Thailand that I hadn't pipelined at all, so there were no girls ready to meet.

I went on my first exploration of the city in search of food. Eyes followed me as I wandered through the city, they whispered in my wake. Thailand, a country overrun with tourists, wasn't anything like this. Actually, thinking back to my time before in the Philippines, I don't think I had ever gotten this reaction, save maybe in General Santos. It felt great to have high exotic value again.

I was starving, so the first restaurant I saw I entered. I walked up to the girl at the cash register and started ordering.

"I want a hamburger combo, number one."

"Ok one hamburger hehehe, number one hehehe," she giggled.

"With fries."

"One French fry hehehe," she said.

She couldn't stop giggling after everything I said. I couldn't help but smile. This was, after all, why I came so far off the tourist trail.

I took my seat and started eating. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a group at the table next to me huddled together and pointing in my direction. I turned my head to see the group more clearly. They turned their heads back to their food abruptly. Yeah... they were talking about me.

The girl closest to me had tanned skin and a really pretty face. She was slightly chubby by Asian standards, but she would be normal back in the U.S.A.

"Excuse me." I tapped her on the shoulder. She turned to me with a terrified look on her face. "I just moved here today, and I'm trying to find a place where I can play basketball." I said the first thing that came to my mind.

"Uhhh many places," she responded. Then the rest of her group chimed in. There were basketball courts everywhere, this was Philippines after all. I was back in the place that shared my love of basketball.

"Is there a University close by with a team?" I asked.

"Yes. It's right down the street."

I kept talking to the group, and the cute brown girl I had approached starting relaxing and joining the conversation. I talked to the group for a few more minutes as they bombarded me with questions, and then excused myself.

But wait, one more thing, I looked at the brown girl with a pretty face. "I don't know many people here; would you want to hang out some time?"

"Ok," she replied with a shy smile.

I got her number, and said goodbye to the group.

Later that night, that brown girl and I were sitting outside of a little ice cream stand getting to know each other.

She was 22 years old, and was working in her parents' company. I had hoped that the shyness she had shown would disappear once the two of us were together. I was wrong, she was as shy as ever, and I had to carry the conversation.

Again, people sitting close by were staring. I tried to ignore it, but I'm sure it helped that she noticed the stares as well.

"You are so handsome."

"Thank you," I responded. "You are a cute girl."

"You are out of my league," she said with a serious face.

Throughout the rest of the date, she echoed this. Each time I had to reassure her that I wasn't. Needless to say, it was going well. Now, I just needed to bounce her back to my room.

I have brown eyes, but it was obvious that South East Asians adored blue and green eyes. My favorite little nephew is a cute blonde hair blue eyed boy. I had shown pictures of him before and watched girls' eyes light up. I turned the topic of conversation to family.

"I especially miss my favorite nephew," I said. It was true, I missed teaching my little nephew sports and playing Legos with him.

"Ahhhh. How old is he?"

"6. You want to see him?" I said.

"Yes."

"I have some pictures on my computer, let's go."

"Ok," she answered submissively.

When we were back at my hotel, the two of us sat on my bed and I showed her pictures of my family. When I showed her my nephew, just like the other girls, her eyes lit up. I recognized the look... that was the baby crazy look, a common look among many women.

I kissed her, and then clothes came easily off. She seemed particularly against wearing a condom. This and her baby crazy look from earlier guaranteed that I did use a condom. Afterwards, I made sure to flush the condom safely down the toilet.

Playing Ball Again and Not Vs. No Scrubs

The next day, I went to the University that the group had told me about. There was a guard outside the University who needed to know why I was entering the campus.

- "I need to speak with the coach of the Basketball team."
- He seemed to accept the answer and got me a guest pass.
- After twenty minutes wandering around the university and asking students for directions, I was finally able to find the coaches' offices.
- "Hi. Can I help you?" he asked.
- "Yeah, I was wondering if I could practice with your team. I know it's good to have decent guys for your players to practice against."
- He was a really friendly guy. He asked me about my past in basketball then, and finally agreed. "Yes, that would be great. We have practice in an hour, if you want to join."
- "Absolutely."
- An hour later, I was at the gym and playing with the team. Again, I was surprised about how skilled a lot of the players were. This team had quite a few guys taller than me. One of them, they had brought from a tiny village, just to play basketball.
- After doing drills for twenty minutes, I was already starting to feel exhausted. I was out of shape.
- "I'll join when you start scrimmaging," I told the coach between deep breaths.
- Scrimmages came, and I was on the court playing. It felt so good. Out of shape or not, the feeling of matching up against another player and going hard felt great.
- This wasn't like the street ball I had been playing, every one of these players was going 100% and so was I.
- At the end of practice, I could barely stand, but I felt great.
- "Where are you staying?" the coach asked.
- "At a hotel down the street."
- "I could probably get you into student housing. It's just \$50 a month," he said.
- It would be perfect. My money was already so low; this would give me a lot of breathing room. Then I thought about all the girls I had been bringing back to my room. Well, maybe it was good to stay away from campus.
- "Thanks, but I'm comfortable at the hotel for now."

- "All right. If you change your mind, let me know. You have plans for tonight?"
- "No," I responded.
- "You want to come over to my house and watch the Miami game tonight? My wife will be cooking dinner."
- "Sounds awesome."
- That night, we were sitting in his living room watching the game. We ate a Philippine dish with rice and bits of beef mixed in. It was surprisingly good.
- The coach was kind of a basketball legend in the city. The players had told a story about him having a perfect game, never missing a 3 point shot, and scoring a ton of points in a big game. His wife, a tall Filipina girl, was the sister of another local basketball star. The grandmother, his kids, his wife, his brother in law and his wife joined us to watch the game. It seemed like his whole family was living in the house or close by.
- The Philippines really is basketball crazy. Afterwards, we went outside and played on the most ghetto court I have ever seen. This court was not made of wood or concrete, it was made of dirt.
- We played until the sun went down, and the topic of conversation turned to the last monsoon.
- "I heard there was a big monsoon here a couple weeks ago, and a lot of people died," I said.
- "Yeah, it was terrible. But it was worse than they say." The coach looked sad.
- "Really?"
- "Yeah. The poorest people in the city live on the banks of the rivers because nobody owns that land. Nobody owns the land because it can flood so easily. When the government said how many people died, they didn't count the poor people living on the banks of the river."
- "That's terrible. Why do they build their houses there then?"
- "There is nowhere else they can build them," he said. "During the storm, I saw pieces of houses being swept down the river with people holding on."
- Things like this really put life into perspective. My money problems at that moment didn't seem like much of a problem.

A Weekend in Mindanao, Philippines

The weekend had arrived, and I was ready to see what the nightlife in Cagayan de Oro was like. Tonight I was going out lone wolfing, just me against the world.

I checked out a couple clubs, taking a quick peek inside to see which ones I liked. I strongly prefer clubs where people are standing around at tables, not the ones where everybody is sitting. Only one of the clubs had the standing structure, so I went in there and got a beer.

I started walking through the crowd, all a head shorter than me.

"Hey. Where you from man?" a guy from a nearby table tapped me on the shoulder as I went by.

"U.S.A." I gave him a friendly smile.

"Oh you're a long way from home!"

"I am." I laughed. "I'm 20." I stuck out my hand.

"John," he replied. "You want to join us?"

He was at a table with three girls and one other guy. "Sure."

They had a bottle of vodka, and every five minutes John would pour the table a shot. They asked me the usual questions, obviously excited to meet a foreigner.

I bought the entire table drinks, and then started scanning the rest of the clubs. I kept my charming eyes squint on to maximize the reactions I would get. Then, I noticed a girl at a table close by. She glanced over at me, locked eyes, and then looked away quickly.

"I'll be back," I told John, and made my way over to the girl.

"Hi. I'm 20."

I towered over the little girl at the table, and she backed into her friend without responding. Her louder friend responded for her. "Hi 20! Want a drink?"

I joined the table for a few minutes, and the cute girl I had noticed started warming up more and more. The table was two guys and two girls, but luckily, they weren't couples. The guys at the table were especially friendly and, like John, seemed determined to get me drunk.

The girl had a shy face and very light skin. In fact, she didn't look Asian at all. She looked like a very small European girl. The guys at the table started turning their attention elsewhere, and I was able to start seducing her.

The rest of the night I bounced between John's table and talking to the little white Pinay. My seduction of the girl was going well, even with the extremely loud music. I was doing my notepad seduction that I had used the week before in Pattaya. I went to touch her more and more and when she let me pull her close, I knew it was time to go for the kill.

- "You want to come get a drink at my place?" I was too drunk to be anything but direct.
- "I don't know," she responded. "We just met."
- I got more of a good girl vibe from this girl and, even after a few more tries, she wouldn't come. It was funny, because her female friend was sitting there trying to convince her to go with me. I got her number, and said goodbye.
- I was going to check out a different club, so I went to go find John to say goodbye. He wasn't at the table. I said farewell to the table, and they told me to find John outside.
- I left the club and stepped into the street. A crowd had gathered around two guys pushing each other. I walked through the crowd, and noticed that one of them was John. He saw me as well.
- "20!!!! My friend!" He stopped pushing the other guy and came and put his arm around me. "This is my friend," he said to the guy he had been pushing.
- I looked at the two guys, and realized they were tiny compared to me. The guy walked up and I set my feet, worried he might take a swing.
- The guy stuck out his hand. "Hey man, I'm Kyle. Where you from?" He was trying to make friends with me. I shook his hand, and was able to use my neutral position to calm the two guys down.
- "I'm headed out John, just wanted to say goodbye."
- "See you man. It was good to meet you," he said.
- Kyle, the guy who John had been about to fight, called after me "See you around 20!"
- The next club was as packed as the one I came from. I was pretty drunk, so these memories are hazy, but next thing I remember I was talking to a tall girl in the corner of the club. She was all over me.
- I suggested we get a drink at my place.
- "Ok."
- Then we were back in my hotel room. But something worried me. She was sexually aggressive, too sexually aggressive. I thought back to the lady boy checklist, and looked her over. She only had two flags, sexually aggressive and tall.
- I continued talking with her, but then she said "I can't have sex. I'm on my period."
- I realized I was drunk and thought I would just ask. "Are you a ladyboy?"
- "Nooooooo!" she pulled down her top, then her bra, showing me some nicely shaped breasts. I reached out and felt them. "Do these look like ladyboy boobs?" she asked.
- "No, they don't." But still this situation felt strange. I hadn't even kissed this girl and she was letting me play with her tits. I was too drunk to be sure about anything at the moment.

Better safe than sorry, I said goodbye to the girl and passed out.

I tried to see the little white Pinay the following week, but she kept insisting on bringing her friend. Only one thing left to do.

"Ok. It was good to meet you," I sent.

"What? You don't want to meet?"

"I want to meet you, not your friend," I replied.

"Ok. I will come alone."

Gotcha.

We had an official date at a restaurant. She was a sweet girl who I enjoyed talking to. She was shy, but had these bright eyes that hypnotized as she watched me.

Each time I looked at her, I wondered how this girl could be Pinay. I imagine, like many Pinays, she was mixed with white.

From the restaurant, we went to a bar to get a beer. This girl was not only short, but very skinny. Something about it really turned me on. I couldn't wait any longer, I wanted her.

"You want to see some of my pictures from Thailand?" I went on to tell her the story about trying to play with the tiger cubs, then being put in the cage with the full grown tiger. "You want to see?"

"Ok."

Then we were back in my hotel room, and my seduction went into cruise control. She wasn't very sexually experienced I could see, and I had to go slow.

When we were between kisses, she snuggled her petite body into my arms. She looked at my face, and then ran her finger slowly over my nose. "You have a beautiful nose," she said.

"Thanks," I kissed her. It wasn't the first time a girl had complimented my protruding "Spanish nose." I suppose that being conquered by Spain created a culture that loved long noses. She said it, almost with a type of reverence. I knew that tonight... she would be mine.

I got her shirt off, and kissed my way from her flat stomach up to her breasts. As soon as my tongue was pressed against her nipple, her body jolted. I had found her button.

From that moment on, she was still reserved, but she couldn't hide how horny she was. In the end, I was squeezing my big penis into her tiny little vagina.

Into Money Saving Mode and Girls, Girls, Girls

The next couple of weeks were spent playing basketball with the University team almost every day. I was getting back into shape, and I noticed that sex got better as the weeks went on and my body got more fit.

My money situation was improving. Even though I didn't accept the incredibly cheap room with the University, the food here was cheap. I would get a haircut every week, and it would cost me a whopping one dollar.

I still kept in contact with my Vietnamese girl and a couple of Thai girls. The wild one left me the best messages: "I have feel miss you. I look photo on my phone every days." So cute.

I had been focusing on my book and basketball, but I was able to sleep with a girl who had turned 18 just days earlier. I met her online and she agreed to come straight to my place for a movie. I hadn't even gotten a naked picture from this girl. The seduction was that easy.

I met another girl from online who I got back to room. I kissed her and started removing her clothes, but she stopped me.

"19 year old girls these days," I teased.

"l'm 17."

I winced. "Your profile said 19." All hope of sleeping with this girl began to vanish.

"I'm 17," she said looking embarrassed. "But I want to do this." She started to remove her shirt.

Fuck. Jail bait. By breaking a law, I can forfeit my right to freedom. And the freedom I now had was too sweet to risk, even if this girl was more mature than most twenty year olds I had slept with.

My body screamed in protest as I reached out and stopped her from removing her shirt. "We can't."

She still wanted to stay, but she was too intolerable a temptation. That night the only action I got was from my hand, very preferable to giving up the rich life that was now my reality.

Going further off the beaten path and getting rock star treatment

I had been in Cagayan de Oro for a couple of weeks when I finally got the news I had been hoping for. "I'm coming to the Philippines!"

TravelHardCore, the friend I had made in Bangkok, was flying to the Philippines. For the rest of my adventure in South East Asia, I wouldn't be alone, THC would be joining.

I hadn't been as starved for male companionship in Cagayan de Oro, with all my friends from basketball, but THC was different. THC was like me. We may have been born on different continents, but we were the same.

"My flight arrives in Cagayan de Oro in a week."

In only a week's time, my South East Asian adventure would hit levels I never imagined possible, but first I had another unique adventure brewing.

By now, you should know that I am, through and through, a boob man. I can't explain why, but there is nothing sexier than a big, well-shaped rack. I had been playing around on some dating websites, checking out small towns nearby. The extreme exotic value I had in CdO (Cagayan de Oro) had only made me wonder if there were places where I would be even more novel. While searching through these small towns, I found what appeared to be the mother of all racks.

- A couple of hours away, in the city of Butuan, there was a 23 year old girl with a thin waist and natural, DD boobs; the type of body you only see in video games. Was this girl really Asian?
- Like every girl I had messaged from these small towns, she hooked immediately when I messaged her.
- I kept talking to her, and did my typical online dating game. I was able to webcam with her a few times then, to get her topless on webcam and my suspicions were confirmed.
- I had found the crown jewel of busty Asian women. THC would be arriving next week, so there was no time to lose. I was going to Butuan.
- I let the coach know I wouldn't be at practice for a few days, and planned to take a bus the next day. I'm not a big fan of buses, especially in Third World countries whose winding roads bring out another level of motion sickness in me.
- Butuan was even more off the tourist trail than Cagayan de Oro. My exotic value in CdO was already through the roof, I wondered what it would be like in Butuan.
- Then, of course, there was a busty Asian girl with my ideal body there waiting for me. TravelHardCore would fly into Cagayan de Oro in five days, so I had to make my time in Butuan count.

The bus trip went quickly, a 19 year old girl sat next to me, who I spent a large part of the trip talking to. When I wasn't talking to the girl next to me, I was thinking about the busty Asian girl who would be meeting me at my hotel after I arrived. Even with jungle views on one side of the bus and ocean views on the other, I could barely focus on the natural beauty around me. My mind was completely occupied; girls, girls, girls.

I got my new friend's number, and we agreed to meet up and go to a club while I was in town. I took a one dollar taxi ride from the bus to my hotel. The taxi had to do some off-roading through dirt fields to get to the hotel, but at least he found it.

I messaged the busty girl, letting her know I had arrived, got some food, took a shower, and waited for her to arrive.

There was a knock on the door. My heart raced as I opened it. She stood there, in a pink shirt that seemed to be trying to hide the huge breasts underneath, an impossible task.

"Hey. Come on in." I said.

"Hi. Ummm ok."

We sat at the foot of my bed and started chatting. Her face wasn't anything special, it was quite average. But it didn't matter; it wouldn't be fair anyway, to give a girl with a body like that a perfect face as well.

She had white skin and a face with some Caucasian features, an indicator of her mixed heritage. She was about 5'5", with the typical thin Asian body type, except for her stacked chest, of course.

At first she was so uncomfortable. She would only hold my gaze for a few moments, and I would have to ask her questions to get her to talk. Then, I started asking about why she was in Butuan, and she started opening up.

She was from Cebu, but was in Butuan working for another foreigner as his secretary. He had brought her here from Cebu.

"How much is he paying you?" I asked.

"\$100," she said.

"A day? Wow." This guy must be even more of a boob man than me.

"A month. But he pays for my room and board," she replied.

All it took to have a busty secretary who belonged in a beach volleyball video game was \$100 a month? Wow, you have to love the Philippines.

It turns out she had something with the guy before. When he brought her to Butuan, it had been just the two of them, but now he had a new girlfriend. There were three people living

- together: the Canadian guy, his girlfriend, and his busty secretary.
- It sounded like the guy was also sleeping with this girl. She was pissed about it, but what could she do?
- "I told him I was coming to see you, that you would fuck me." A guilty look crossed her face, followed by a conniving smile.
- "Did you?" I would be her payback, and I was happy to help.
- I couldn't wait any longer. I kissed her. A few minutes more and I was lying on top of her, mouth pressed against hers. My hands ached to explore that body, but I waited for the moment it felt appropriate.
- My hands went from her hips, down her leg, then back up again, sliding over her ass. She didn't protest; it was time.
- My heart was thumping as my hand went to her slender waist and up towards the enormous breasts that seemed to defy nature. My breath caught as my hand arrived, soft but firm. I tried to cup her breast in my hand, but my hands were far too small for the task.
- Her bra was barely able to contain the bust beneath. It must have been difficult to find bras for a girl like this in Asia.
- I rolled her on top of me so I could use both hands to grope. We kept kissing as I removed her pink top. Then a minute later, I reached around and unbuttoned her bra strap.
- Her hands came up to her bra, holding it against her breasts, not ready to show me what was hidden beneath. I looked up at her with my most seductive look, and then gently pulled her hands down.
- It's so hard for me to say what the most incredible moment in South East Asia was, but watching the bra fall away to reveal a perfect DD rack then hungrily sucking on one tit while fondling the other, has to be one of the finalists.
- If the trip to Butuan had ended at that moment, it still would have been worth it... 100 times over. The mating ritual as old as mankind itself consumed my mind.
- As a man, you feel different levels of attraction towards the women you bed. When the attraction you feel towards somebody hits max capacity, you enter a type of hypnotized state. You don't feel pain, you don't recognize time, your conscious thought retreats and gives way to something more primal. All you know is pleasure, building and building until eventually it overflows and reality sets in.
- As I watched those massive boobs bounce beneath me, I tried to extend my mesmerized state. I didn't want the pleasure to end. But nature's purest bliss can only last so long. Boom, fireworks.
- I rolled off of her, exhausted. I was so happy to be with this girl, happy to be in South East Asia,

happy just to be alive. My desire had been replaced with the satisfaction of a guy who got what he had desired for years.

I glanced over at the form lying next to me. Naked on the bed, her breasts rose like mountains above her torso. She rolled over and put her arms around me, her bust pressed against my ribs.

Lust began to cloud my mind again. One time wasn't enough, not with this girl. I slid myself underneath her, and slid inside. I stared at big bouncing water balloons as she rode me. Water balloons that had been filled well past what was recommended; it almost seemed like they would pop. But as she rocked above me, it was me that ended up popping.

Ok, now I was ready to rest.

I looked over her bare body again, taking a mental picture. Now that much of my hormones had been depleted, logical thinking returned. How did a girl with so little fat on the rest of her body get such big, juicy tits? I'd never seen anything like it. These were real too, as real as the passion I had felt.

She noticed me watching, and covered her naked body with a sheet. Losing sight of her nakedness seemed to break the spell. I suddenly realized I was hungry, starving actually. I hadn't eaten all day. "Let's go get some food."

The next day, I had another date. There weren't many girls online, but every single one had seemed interested in meeting. This girl had agreed to meet me at a mall later in the day.

I had 3 hours until we were supposed to meet. I was in a new city, and I wanted to discover it. I got ready and went to the hotel's front desk.

"Which way is the center of the city?" I asked the clerk.

"That way." She pointed. "I'll call a taxi."

"Don't worry. I'll walk." There's no better way to really see a city, even if the taxi would only cost me a dollar.

I went off walking in the direction she told me. The city had a population of 300,000, smaller than Cagayan de Oro.

This city seemed like a slightly poorer version of Cagayan de Oro. Dirt roads were common. Donkeys pulling carts through the city had become a common sight, so that didn't surprise me. What surprised me was what happened when I found the center square of the city.

I found a comfortable place to sit and decided I would watch the people walk by, one of my favorite activities that may have started with my job in security.

I watched people go about their daily lives. I noticed a group of students close by who looked to be in their late teens. When I looked over I noticed somebody in the group looking at me. When our eyes met, she turned away quickly and started giggling. That was one of the most obvious indicators of interest you can get.

A minute later, three members of the group got up and started walking towards me. Two of them were girls and one was a guy. The one who had caught my eye was still sitting down with the rest of the group, watching. I smiled at the group as they approached.

"Hi," one of the girls said. "Where are you from?"

"I'm from U.S.A.," I said.

"Woah!" The two girls giggled.

"That's cool! What are you doing in Butuan?" the guy asked.

"Just visiting. You guys can have a seat if you want." I motioned for the open space on my bench.

"We came over because our friend wants your number." Giggle, giggle. "She is the girl in the red shirt." She pointed to the girl who had caught my eye earlier. When she noticed we were pointing towards her, she blushed and immediately looked the other way.

"Tell her to come over here," I said.

"Ok. BRB."

She walked off toward the other group, and the two people remaining started bombarding me with questions.

"How do you like our city?"

"Do you think Filipinas are pretty?"

"How is our English?"

All the while, the girl in the red shirt chatted with her friend. Then, finally, she came over.

"Hi," I said.

"Hi!" Giggle, giggle.

"I'm 20."

"My name is Jhanine."

At the insistence of her friends, she took a seat next to me, and we continued to get to know each other.

Wow, I couldn't believe my luck. Usually, when anything like this happened, it would be the least attractive of the group. But here was the most attractive girl in the group who, through her friends, had approached me. I was starting to really like Butuan.

I chatted with her and the group for another fifteen minutes. They were University students and had to get back to class. I got the girl in the red shirt's number before they left.

I still had a bit of time until I was supposed to meet my date at the mall. I wandered around, people's eyes following me as I went.

I had no idea where I was going, so I would ask directions every five minutes. Then, I found the mall.

I entered the mall and felt a déjà vu. Employees stopped what they were doing and pointed at me. I swear that a quiet came over the mall as I entered. I don't think this city got a lot of foreigners from other parts of the Philippines, let alone the other side of the world.

I had thought I got used to everybody watching me in my couple of weeks in Cagayan de Oro, but this was another level.

In this city I felt like an alien... Two teenage girls pointed at me and giggled... a very handsome alien.

Thirty minutes later, I was sitting across from my date. She was tiny, like many Pinays. She had brown skin, was short, and had a slender body. As far as Asian girls go, she was the complete opposite of the stacked girl I had slept with the night before. But she was sexy, very sexy, in a completely different way. Desire, again, began to cloud my mind.

A couple of hours later, we were back at my hotel room.

- "If you want to court me, you must ask my father's permission," she said as I kissed her.
- It sounded like what my grandfather had to go through. "Do you like me?"
- "Yes," she said. "Very much."
- "Are you a virgin?"
- "No," she responded.
- Ahh good. I kept kissing her. My thoughts were brimming with desire, and the only thing in the world that existed was sleeping with this girl.
- "I have to go," she said a while later.
- It had gotten late. "Don't leave."
- "I have to leave. It is late. I told my dad I be home."
- "You can sleep here."
- "Nooooo!" She blushed. "My father would never allow!"
- "You can say you will stay with a friend."
- "No, this will not work."
- "You are 24 years old. You can choose."
- "No, it not matter."
- After I continued trying to convince her a couple more minutes, a mischievous smile crossed her face. "Ok. I will try."
- She dialed a number on her cell phone, and listened for somebody to pick up. "You are so bad," she said.
- I smiled.
- There was a bunch of speaking in a language I could only guess was Visayan (there are 170 languages in the Philippines).
- As she spoke to her father, she frowned. Oh no, she wouldn't be able to stay. I only had one more day in Butuan; there wouldn't be enough time to sleep with her.
- Then she hung up the phone, looked at me, and smiled. "I am so bad."
- I guided her back toward my bed, and we went back to kissing. As I removed this brown girl's panties and she stared up at me submissively, I realized why I preferred Filipina girls to the other girls in South East Asia. When I looked into the eyes of many Filipina girls, I could see that meeting me had rocked their world; shaken it to its foundation so that I knew, even if we never met again, I would be a nostalgic memory for the rest of her life.

That night, I tossed this 90 pound girl around the bed as we made love. She wasn't very sexually experienced, but had this sexy way of embracing everything I would give. Back arched, trying to hold back her moans, this tiny girl said something every man loves to hear "I not know it can feel this good!"

- She had to leave very early in the morning. I lay in bed, half asleep as she got dressed.
- "You are so messy!" She laughed as she picked up some of my clothes off the ground. How was she so perky? There hadn't been much sleeping going on last night.
- Damn, the sex had been good. What is in the water here in Butuan? I managed to give her a sleepy kiss goodbye before she left the hotel room.
- THC would arrive the day after tomorrow, which meant that today was my last day in Butuan. I had to decide how to spend it. The girl from the bus, the red shirted girl from the square and a couple girls from online all wanted to meet. But I only had so much time.
- There was a girl from online who looked like she had a model's body, she said she had only seen one foreigner in her entire life and it was from far away. She would come straight to my room. Could I really turn that down? I scheduled the date, and then tried to decide what I would do until then.
- An hour later, the busty girl was at my room with breakfast. Yeah... that was the right choice.
- I was oversexed, but I was still excited about my date tonight. This girl looked hot from her pictures, and there was something about the girls in this city... the two girls I had met in Butuan had ended with mind blowing sex.
- There was a knock at my door. She was here. I opened the door and inspected my newest date.
- She was the same girl, but something was off. The way she smiled, it was strange. She was also VERY skinny and in an Asian country, that's saying something.
- "Hey."
- "Hi. You are so handsome," she said staring at me.
- "Uh, thanks. Come in." I motioned her into my room.
- We sat on the bed and started getting to know each other.
- "Do you like Butuan?" she asked.
- "I love it. People are so friendly."
- "It's because you are so handsome," she replied.
- Then, during moments of silence while I decided if I did want to sleep with this girl, she broke the silence with "Wow, you are so good looking."
- "Uh thanks." Maybe it would be less awkward if I replied with how hot she was, but I still didn't like lying to girls, even in these situations.
- Then, testing the waters, I kissed her. Her breath caught as she kissed back awkwardly. This didn't feel right.

- "Hey, I have an early bus ride tomorrow. I should probably get some sleep."
- "It's too late for me to go home. Can I sleep here?"
- Shit. Well, I wasn't about to send her out on her ass. "Ok."
- Later, I lay in bed and she lay next to me. She's attractive, there's just something strange about her. Her hand then touched my hip. Then, slowly started going down the shorts I wore.
- And... I was horny.
- I kissed her and started removing her clothes. She was tall for a Filipina and so thin, both of her wrists could fit inside one of mine, but great curves.
- Minutes later, I was inside of her. It was good, for about a minute. Then my erection disappeared. She smelled weird. It wasn't that she was dirty, she was quite clean. It was her natural smell, it just wasn't right.
- I stopped the sex and lay down to sleep. Thirty minutes later, she was in a taxi going home. Even though I wasn't sure I had enough money for my remaining 3 weeks in Philippines, it was better that she went home.
- Well, like they say, when something is too good to be true, it probably is. I had an amazing time in Butuan and experienced a level of "white god factor" that I didn't know existed.
- I looked at the time. 11 p.m. My bus left in 7 hours. I should sleep. I picked up my phone and dialed a number. 30 minutes later, a taxi brought an extremely busty Pinay to my apartment. This was so much better than sleep.

The bus ride back was a happy one, motion sickness and all. Butuan had been an amazing experience and tomorrow... THC would join me, and the trip would hit another level.

Butuan and the insane exotic value I had there had also made me feel that I was wasting time in this paradise. It was like nearly every girl in the Philippines saw me as a Brad Pitt. I had this special advantage, and I wasn't completely taking advantage of it. Maybe THC coming would help me start to push the limits of what was possible in this tropical paradise.

Tomorrow, somebody else would arrive, the extremely short girl I met with Cool in Davao. She was flying to Cagayan de Oro to see me as well. She was the girl with booty that belonged on a Latina.

My phone buzzed, indicating a received message. The message was from Kim, the girl from back in Cebu who would always joke around. A girl I had wanted to see for a long time.

"I will be in Cagayan de Oro tomorrow. You are still there?" She was from the part of the country that was controlled by the terrorists, a 6 hour drive from CdO.

"I will be."

"We can meet."

How could I say no? "Ok."

That evening, I waited for her at a Jollibee's close to my hotel. I kept my eye on the door, as I had eaten a snack. It opened, and then I saw a smile I could never forget. Kim nearly ran to me and gave me a hug.

A guy trailed behind her.

"20 this is my friend Angelo."

She came with a guy? Why did this girl always fuck with my head?

I stuck out my hand to the Filipino guy "Nice to meet you. I'm 20." What else could I do?

Angelo was a good looking Filipino. It made the whole situation worse. "You weren't here when I arrived, so I called him," she explained when I told her I had hoped the two of us would be alone.

The three of us spent the next couple of hours together. Angelo was interested in Kim, but at least he wasn't playing dirty.

Kim was Kim, always laughing and joking. It seemed like she was leading on both of us. Maybe I should just go home, sex had been amazing in Butuan and I didn't need this... even if it was Kim.

Her long black hair blew in the wind as the three of us walked. She was wearing a shirt that showed her waist, her hourglass figure made my thoughts of abandoning her evaporate. I

would spend tonight with her.

She was flirting with both of us now, it was too obvious. I didn't care how long I had waited to see her again, I wasn't playing this game.

"I'm going home," I announced.

"What? Why?"

I ignored the question. "If you want to come you can, but I'm going now."

She thought for a moment, then went to where we left Angelo standing. She said something then came back. "Ok let's go."

I waived at Angelo as Kim took my arm. He didn't wave back as I took home my prize.

She had meant to fuck with my head, and I knew it. She wanted to see us both fight over her. I had come to expect perfect submission in my lovers, but Kim was defiant until the end.

Defiant until, back in my bed, I pushed the anger away and kissed her. Her lips were soft. Her defiance had melted away and finally, she completely submitted to me.

As I removed her top and bra, my mouth wandered around her chest, my lips brushed her soft skin. The color was perfect, a slightly tanned color that was natural.

The sex was more passionate. I channeled my anger into the sex, making this naughty girl bend to my every desire.

Afterwards, she laid her head across my chest as I stroked her hair. "I don't want to leave."

I didn't want her to leave either, but tomorrow another girl would arrive. Maybe I had too many options in the Philippines.

"But I have to," she continued. "Will we meet again?"

"You know, in three weeks I'm going back to the U.S.A., but I want to see you again... so much."

"Me too."

My brother from another continent joins the adventure

That night, TravelHardCore, Erica (the very short girl with a Latin booty), and I were in a club, celebrating being back together and just being alive.

"Good to have you here brother," I said.

"So good to be here! It's going to be legend... wait for it" we both took a drink "dary!"

"I'll show you the real Philippines. It won't be like last time," I assured him.

"When I was here before, it wasn't anything like you described. I think I was following the wrong advice."

"Yeah it seems like you were in the sex tourist spots, great spots if you want hookers," I said. "But this time, your mind will be blown! I would say it's better than Thailand."

"Better than Thailand?" He seemed skeptical. "We'll see."

Erica was a cool girl. I had been in contact with her since we met in Davao. I didn't hide that I wasn't looking for something serious, just enjoying life and chasing girls. "You're such a player!" she would always say. I would respond with a shrug and a smile.

"Erica, let's make sure THC gets laid tonight," I said.

"Ok!"

"It seems like you will have a wing-woman tonight, THC."

"Sweet!"

Not that he would need it. We were some of the few foreigners in the entire city, so obviously we were the only foreigners in the club that night. We weren't just getting eye contact, we were getting eye raped.

"Wow. You weren't lying. Our value is high here," THC said.

"We are faaaaaaaar from the tourist trail."

I watched the live band on stage, eyes particularly drawn to the sexy lead singer. It seemed THC had been doing the same.

"I want to smash the singer of that band," THC announced.

Our value in this city was high, but I wasn't sure if it was that high. That singer was hot, but even more than that, she had celebrity-like status in the club. "She's hot man. No way it's possible, not here." I said, curious to know if it was possible with our value.

"Challenge accepted!"

THC had a date from online arrive, so Erica and I went out onto the dance floor. I stuck out like

- golf ball in a marble collection. The dance floor was packed, but being a head taller than the next tallest guy gave me the illusion of space. It must have been an interesting sight, a gigantic foreign guy with a very short Pinay girl.
- While Erica and I danced, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to find where it came from.
- A cute Filipina was staring back at me. "Do you want to dance?" the girl said.
- She was hot. I looked at Erica; sweet, caring Erica. She was so submissive, she would probably let me. Then, I turned back to the girl "No thanks." She had come all this way to see me. I would just dance with her tonight.
- Later THC joined us on the dance floor with his online date. We danced for a few minutes, and then I noticed THC's date started making her way off the dance floor.
- Then, THC tapped me on the shoulder. "Watch."
- He made his way through the crowd towards the stage. The singer was off to the side, taking a break. He walked up onto the stage and started talking to the lead singer. He handed her a piece of paper with his number on it, and she took it.
- THC made his way back through the crowd to where Erica and I danced with a huge smile on his face.
- "Just requesting a song," he said and gave me a wink.
- I knew what that wink meant, he had given her his number. "Badass!" I yelled over the music.
- He smiled. Then a girl bumped into him, obviously hoping he would start dancing with her. He pulled her close, and they began to dance. She was relieved to see her advance accepted.
- I turned back to my little Latina Filipina, and started adding more sexual moves to our dance. I couldn't wait to get back to the hotel and destroy that. As we moved to the music, she grinded her ass on my groin, making me hornier and hornier.
- I looked back to notice THC was also grinding with the girl that had just started dancing with him. THC never wastes time. I went back to fantasizing about Erica.
- A few minutes later, I saw THC with another huge smile on his face. In front of him, a girl was dancing with her ass to him. Behind him, there was another girl, grinding away as well; the two Filipina girls had made a THC sandwich.
- The girls dancing around had noticed he was single. They seemed to be swarming like piranha.
- He'll be ok. "Hey bro, Erica and I are going to head back to the hotel. Will you be all right? Remember how to get back?"
- "Yeah I remember. Have fun." He turned to Erica. "Take care of him." THC made a humping motion.
- Erica blushed.

Back at my hotel, I picked up Erica and threw her onto the bed. I was drunk and horny. All night, I had been imagining removing the short dress she wore.

"All right munchkin, strip,"

Erica giggled and did as instructed. A great start to mine and THC's new adventure.

The Epic Stare

- After sleeping in, the next afternoon the three of us went to get "breakfast."
- "So did you get any girls last night?" I asked. With the way the girls had swarmed in the club, the question was basically rhetorical.
- "I did. It was the girl from online. She saw all the girls dancing with me and got jealous. It was a piece of cake after that," he said.
- "Nice!" I said sticking my fist out for a fist bump.
- "Good work." Little Erica did the same.
- Then I asked the question that I had really wanted to ask. "That singer from last night, the one you gave your number to, has she responded?"
- "Yeah!" THC opened his phone to show me the messages of the conversation. She was interested in a date.
- "Legendary!" How much value did we really have here? Was any girl out of our reach?
- Cagayan de Oro is partly famous for its white water rafting. The three of us signed up for a trip, the following morning. A scenic river trip through the jungle, how could we pass that up?
- After getting signed up and reserving our spots on the trip, we went and did some exploring. On one of the main streets, THC noticed a group of masseuses.
- "Maybe we could get a massage," he said.
- "Wish I could, but I have very little money left for my last couple of weeks." My money had to be spent wisely.
- THC went, talked to them, and came back.
- "Yeah, it's probably too expensive. A dollar an hour is steep," he said.
- "No way! Let's do it!" That was very much inside of my budget.
- The previous massage I had had back in the U.S.A. was 100 times the price. While the massage wasn't as good as the \$100 one, it sure wasn't 100 times worse.
- Afterwards, the three of us went to do some exploring. We passed a Mexican food place. The sign read: The Best Tacos in the City!
- "I love Mexican food! Tacos baby!"
- "Me too!" THC said.
- "I have never tried, but I want to," Erica added.

- The three of us got our tacos and started eating. Moments later, the three of us had put our tacos down. Mayonnaise? Ketchup? What was this meat?
- "This is the worst taco I have ever tasted in my life... easily," I said.
- None of us finished our "best tacos in town," and decided to go to Jollibee's instead. As the three of us walked down the narrow sidewalk, THC leading the way, I noticed a young, cute girl walking towards us.
- Not bad. Then, she looked up from the sidewalk and saw THC. Her eyes got big and her mouth fell open. TravelHardCore continued telling a story and didn't notice he was being watched.
- As the approaching girl continued towards our group on the sidewalk, never once did her eyes leave THC. She moved off the sidewalk onto the road as he passed. Still staring, she didn't notice me watching, nor did it seem that she noticed she was now in the road.
- "Honk! Honk!" a little moto taxi swerved out of the way, barely missing her. It was like she didn't even notice, she still stared at THC. It was like she was in a trance, and she had never seen anything like the white man before her. Life threatening events had little effect on the most epic stare I had ever witnessed in my two and a half decades of life.
- I tapped THC on the shoulder. "Dude! You just got the most epic stare I have ever seen!"
- "Where?" He looked around.
- I gestured behind us and the girl was still looking back at him, guided forward by the friend she was walking with.
- He probably missed an opportunity, but it didn't matter. It was an awakening... we had to start day gaming. That night we wrote our numbers down on a piece of paper that we would hand to girls we thought were cute. I wouldn't disrespect Erica by doing it while she was there, but as soon as she went back to Davao... I would stop wasting these opportunities.

A Jungle Adventure

The next day, we woke up early. I was half asleep the whole ride up the mountain to the river. I had been staying up late, but it didn't matter. It was nice to get out into nature and do something fun.

I had spent summers of my childhood in the mountains of Idaho, so I was pretty experienced rafting, and the river wasn't much of a challenge.

It was the scenery around us that was most amazing. The green jungle along the banks of the river brought me back to my childhood dreams of being the next Crocodile Hunter. THC, Erica, and I laughed and joked through the whole trip on the water.

The tour we went with was constantly taking pictures of the group. THC, somehow, noticed every time they were about to take a picture and stopped whatever he was supposed to be doing to do a pose for the camera. He even managed to do this when we really needed him to be paddling and almost flipped the raft.

I thought back to Samal Island and Cebu, to the many trips I had taken through the country. The Philippines was not just a country to meet girls, it was a country with breathtaking natural beauty.

The trip became a different trip entirely when THC joined. It was different than traveling alone, and even more awesome.

We got back into town that evening. Tonight was the best night of the week in CdO... it was the "Night Café."

The Night Cafe

The Night Café is a big event that happened weekly in CdO. The main street of the city would be closed off and filled with vendors selling all sorts of items for VERY cheap. If you walked further down the street, the clothing and item vendors turned into food and alcohol vendors.

Live music was always playing in the background during the Night Cafe. Filipinos have a particular talent for singing, and every time I went, the music seemed to get better.

- Our group went through the shops that sold clothing, fruits, cell phones, and almost anything else you could think of. The walkways were packed full of people, shoulder to shoulder.
- For a moment, I thought THC had gotten lost in the crowd, but when I looked up to find him, I saw a head reaching out of the crowd. He noticed me as well, and snapped a picture.
- In this picture you see a huge crowd, so many I could barely walk, then there was me. The crowd never came up past my shoulders. THC was just an inch shorter than me, at 6 feet, we towered over the crowd.
- We continued down the street and came to the section selling food. It was mostly native foods, and we each tried a local dish. We got beers with our meals and sat to enjoy the music.
- Again there was live music and again the girl who was singing had an incredible voice. We listened to a couple of songs before the music stopped for a few minutes.
- It was then that I witnessed one of the coolest things I have ever seen in my life when two street kids approached us. The older girl seemed about 8 years old, and the little boy about 4. In South East Asia, people see foreigners and they think money, so we weren't surprised.
- Then the girl started playing a little flute, and the little boy started dancing. I wish I could do this performance justice with a description, but I can't. This was a new style of music that could only come from kids with no access to normal music. It was as if most people making music are trapped inside a house and walk about within it using the established doorways, but these kids played music in a way that allowed them to walk not just in secret passageways, but right through the walls of the house.
- The little boy danced the most unique and entertaining dance I had ever seen. It was made more amazing that he was so young and doing it so well. The little girl played the little plastic flute like she believed it was a concert piano. It was both awesome and hilarious at the same time.

THC and I looked at each other "Amazing!"

"Unbelievable!"

- We each gave the kids a generous tip for their performance, and they left.
- We talked about the performance for the next five minutes. "That is a viral video waiting to

happen!" I said.

"Why didn't we film them?!" THC asked.

We looked around, but couldn't find the two kids again.

"They'll probably come back this way."

They never did come back. Looking back, it was probably the only time where I can guarantee you that something I saw in my life would become a YouTube sensation, if I had filmed it. Years and countless countries later, we still talk about that night and those two street kids performing, and it is still the coolest performance of our lives.

The next day, THC and I were in a mall leaving Erica at the hotel to pack everything up. THC was determined not to miss any more opportunities like "the epic stare." We were going to do some day game and give our numbers to the prettiest girls we saw.

As we walked through the mall, THC noticed a girl he liked.

"Let's catch up to her." He started speed walking after her, and right as he was about to approach, she turned into a coffee shop and waited in line.

I caught up to him. "Should I do it?" he asked.

"I don't know. Everybody waiting in line would hear and watch your approach, it would be awkward." I had done quite a few approaches in my life, but never when it would be so awkward, except as a missionary. "But this is the Philippines." I added.

"I'm going in," he said, needing very little convincing.

I watched as he went up to the girl in the line. When he spoke to her, the dozen or so people in the area stopped what they were doing and watched him. The approach was quick, maybe only 15 seconds before he handed her the piece of paper with his number on it.

She angrily threw the piece of paper down. THC walked out of the coffee shop.

"Yeah man, that was a tough approach. Points for fearlessness, not many people would make that approach," I said.

"Yeah, I knew it would be tough." He shrugged. "But at least when she took the piece of paper she put it into her purse."

"I thought I saw her angrily throw it down?" I asked.

"She did... into her purse."

"Well, if she responds, I'm giving you ultimate props," I said.

We continued exploring the mall for a few minutes, and I heard THC's phone buzz. He opened it and read the message. As I watched his face I saw a big smile growing.

He showed me the message he had just received "Sorry for my reaction. Girl in the coffee shop."

"What the hell? Can any girl say no?"

On the trip back to our hotel, we discussed why it was so important to hand girls your number. As we talked, I noticed something different; there was a spark in his eyes. He was starting to wonder if there was any limit to what his exotic value could give him in the Philippines. It was something that soon after I would begin to wonder as well.

Triple Digits

- An hour later, we were at the airport waving goodbye to Erica.
- "She's a really cool girl," THC said.
- "I know," I replied. "Can having too many options actually be a bad thing?"
- "Nope!" THC smiled.
- "Word!"
- We got back in our taxi and went back to the hotel.
- "I bought our tickets this morning," I said.
- "Cebu City! Just a couple days away!"
- "You're going to love it, for me it was the easiest place to get laid." It was true; no place had been easier on my previous trip to the Philippines.
- "You know... I counted up my life time notches." THC said. "I'm at 99."
- "No way!? Next one is 100!"
- "Triple digits!" He laughed.
- "You have to make it special!"
- "I have a few girls from day game I can meet."
- "It should be the lead singer of that band," I suggested.
- "You're right, I'll try to get a date with her tonight."
- "And when you do get to 100, we're celebrating!" I said.

- "Triple digits!" THC and I cheered with our one dollar liter beers. We were sitting on our hotel balcony, overlooking the main street of the city.
- "I can't believe you banged that girl," I said.
- "Lead singer of the band!" THC couldn't stop from smiling.
- "And for your one hundredth... what a way to get it!" I raised the bottle to my lips and looked out over Cagayan de Oro. "This is your spot man. You've done better than I have here."
- THC had slept with a lot of girls in the small amount of time he had been in CdO, many through day game. I had given out a couple numbers since Erica had left, but I didn't have enough time to go through with them since the next day we would leave for Cebu.
- "Yeah, it must be. Everything just keeps going right," THC said. "Almost every one of the numbers I handed out got a response."
- "Me too, too bad I don't have enough time to meet them," I said.
- "First World problems," THC laughed.
- "How many guys in the world are complaining that too many girls want to meet them in the little time they have?" I said. "Aren't you glad I convinced you to give the Philippines another chance?"
- "I am. Thanks bro." THC clasped me on the shoulder.
- "And tomorrow, more to come. Cebu City." I put my hand on his shoulder as well.
- "To the Philippines!" we cheers'd.
- "The exotic value here is insane isn't it?" I asked.
- "It is, it's comparable to Indonesia," he said. "In Indonesia, pregnant women ask me to touch their belly so their kid will look more like me. Countless people came up to me asking for a photo. But this, it's different. Girls here all speak English. This place is special."
- "It is. Glad you are here brother."
- "I'm glad we met. Imagine if we had just not met up at that bar, none of this awesomeness would have ensued," THC added.
- We celebrated meeting, our adventures, and him hitting 100 lifetime notches. We reminisced of our adventures in Thailand, and I learned about THC's past.
- What brought him to South East Asia was different from what brought me, but it was also the same. He had been doing just as society told him to do. Get a boring job, get a serious girlfriend, buy a house, and get married. He had been with a serious girlfriend, and they were about to buy a house when everything changed.
- He then took an extended leave of absence from work and bought a ticket to Thailand. All of

that had happened just a few months before I met him.

He never felt right about the way he had been expected to live back home, like he was going against his nature. Just like how I felt as a Mormon, a society that expects something very similar, but without the fun you are allowed to have beforehand.

"This was the right place to come," he said.

"It's a single guy's' playground!" I added and we toasted again.

We spent the next hour toasting every five minutes.

"To the epic stare!"

"To feeling like a rock star!"

"To insane exotic value!"

"To doing what we want, not what society expects!"

We drank and watched the people on the street below. Then, I started wondering how many girls I had slept with in South East Asia.

"Let's see how many girls I have on this trip so far." I opened up my journal and started counting. "41."

"More than most guys have slept with in their entire lives!" THC said.

"Yeah. I have two weeks left. Imagine if I ended with 50."

"It would be an awesome number to end the trip on. You would just need 9 more."

"You know what would be even better?" I asked.

"What?"

"60."

"Do it! You have to make 60 before the trip ends!" THC held up his glass.

I raised mine as well. "60! I'm going to do it."

The next day, we were going to arrive in Cebu City and I would have 14 days left until my flight back to the U.S.A. It was a completely ridiculous goal for a guy who had only slept with 40 girls in the previous three and a half months.

If I hadn't already been past my third liter of beer, I never would have made that goal. 19 new girls in 2 weeks was impossible. Wasn't it?

The Quest for 60

Again, I was thousands of feet above the Philippines islands, but this time I was with THC. While traveling with him, this place felt like a different country. We would constantly motivate each other to go after girls in new and exciting ways. I had a feeling my last two weeks in the Philippines would be more than memorable.

Again, I had the feeling that I had been wasting my last few precious moments with this pop star value. It seemed that nearly every girl who saw me felt a pull towards me. The way even strangers would stare at me, was something special. Soon I would be in the U.S.A. and this unreal power I had over women would be gone... I couldn't waste it. For my final weeks in South East Asia, I would push myself to see what was really possible in this single guy's playground.

As the flight continued, THC and I discussed the power of the paper on the way to Cebu. He had been able to bang a few girls from handing out his number. I didn't have much time for the girls I had given out my number to, but like THC, almost every girl messaged me after I had given them the piece of paper.

We were huge white guys, and it could be intimidating for local girls. Leaving your number gave them a chance to get their heads straight. THC and I started talking about new ideas to add to it, like business cards. The possibilities of what we could do here were just starting to show.

I didn't have much money left for my final two weeks, but screw it. I could put some of it on a credit card. Scotian had agreed to join us in a week, and I wasn't about to miss out on a good time with two awesome guys because of a little money.

"I have to sleep with 19 girls in less than two weeks," I told THC.

"Most guys would say it's impossible," he responded.

"Yeah..." I said thinking to myself. I had pipelined for Cebu while still in CdO, so I had dates already lined up for my first couple days. Cebu continued to be the easiest city in the Philippines for meeting girls online, but even so, this wasn't going to be easy.

"I'll join in on this. I want to see what kind of damage we can do together," THC said.

"Let's conquer Cebu!"

Invasion of Cebu City

For our first night, we booked the same hotel from my first trip to Cebu, the new one right next to the airport. The date I had planned for that night had flaked. Not a great start to the trip. But then again, I was in the Philippines, sex was always within reach.

- "I'm free in an hour," a cute 21 year old girl messaged me.
- "It will be late. I don't know what we can do." I responded, hoping to set everything up for a future message to ask her straight to my apartment.
- "I can come to your hotel. Where are you staying?" she responded. Wow, it was a slut sign... exactly what I was looking for.
- An hour later, I went downstairs to meet my date. She was tall, slim, and sexy, and had the face of slut. The pictures hadn't shown it, but in person it was obvious. This would be an easy lay.
- We greeted each other, and got in the elevator to go up to my room. As we entered the elevator, THC was exiting with a girl on his arm.
- I gave him in a wink as he passed us. He looked at my girl and mouthed the word "slut," followed by a thumbs up.
- Back in my room, it was just like sleeping with any other slut. If you wanted to get in her pants, all you had to do was not be a pussy. I pushed for sex and, of course, the clothes came off quickly. I got my first notch of the two weeks, and was 18 girls away from my goal.

Girls You Only Meet a Few Times in a Lifetime

The next day, THC and I switched from our hotel in Lapu-lapu to one in the center of Cebu city, close to a popular mall.

Today, I had a date set up that was particularly special. While back in the U.S.A., when I was online chatting with around a hundred girls, there was one girl who stuck out as the most attractive of any of them, she was the girl I was supposed to meet tonight at the mall close to my new hotel.

As I walked to the mall for my date, I felt great. There are certain times when you just feel happy and confident that you can do anything. I was traveling with a guy who had already become a great friend, I was in a place where I got rock star treatment, and I was on the most amazing adventure of my life... why wouldn't I be happy?

Jani was already in front of the Italian restaurant where we had agreed to meet. She was every bit as attractive as she had seemed in her pictures and our one webcam session. She had great curves with average sized breasts and more ass than normal.

"Hi. 20?"

"Hey Jani," I said. My voice was calm and my smile cool and confident. I watched her eyes get big as she stared at me. There is nothing better than watching a girl melt under the power of a well-rehearsed smile.

"How are you?" she asked.

"Good. I didn't think you would recognize me so quickly."

"Well, you kind of stick out."

"In a good way I hope," I said.

"A very good way," she added smiling.

I was pretty hungry and with a girl this hot, I didn't mind having to pay for her dinner as well.

As we got to know each other, I knew she was mine. My humor was on, my body language was on... I simply felt great. When I looked at her, it was like I could see into her. What she wanted, how she felt, I could see it all, and knowing this told me exactly what I should say.

She hung on my every word, and even laughed at my bad jokes. Over the next hour, I watched as her attraction for me rose and rose.

It wasn't so one-sided though. This 19 year old girl had a genuine smile, the type of smile that indicates an authentic happiness that isn't easy to find. She was fun too, joining in on my jokes instead of just enjoying them.

Her eyes rarely left my face, even when a waiter would come and ask if we wanted something

else. It was like there was nobody else in her world, except for me. It was hypnotizing, and soon I was starting to feel like there was nobody else in the world, except for her.

The rest of the date went like clockwork. She even insisted on paying for my meal. Soon we were back in my hotel room, and I was showing her my special folder meant for dates.

I showed her a picture of me in Las Vegas, and she bent over me as she tried to get a better look. I could feel the heat of her body through her clothes. Her neck came inches from my nose and I could smell a pleasant soap mixed with a natural smell that sent my heart racing.

I couldn't have waited a minute longer, and there wasn't any fear of rejection; the way she looked at me couldn't be misinterpreted. I took her chin in my hand and guided her towards my lips.

Our lips touched, and there was an explosion inside of me. From the way she gripped my chest, I knew she felt it too.

We kissed and kissed. I would stop kissing her every minute just to watch her, that fresh smile, the way she seemed to always be studying my face and looking for every excuse to laugh. She had naturally lush eyelashes and delicate features.

The next stages of seduction went slowly. Usually it went slowly as I waited for the girl to become more comfortable with me, but this time it was different. Every time I removed a piece of her clothing I wanted to drink in the curves of her body and caress her soft skin; skin that needed to be kissed.

My lips found their way to her throat. Then I started kissing down to her collar bone. I reached around and undid the latch to her bra just as I arrived at her breasts and my lips were around her nipples.

Next, her panties were on the floor and she lay naked beneath me. She had a bush, I know this bothers many guys, but for me it was a confirmation of her innocence. I've found that it's usually good girls who aren't aware that the social norm is to shave down there.

I basked in the glory of a new contest, a great conquest. My game was flawless, better than with any other of the forty two girls, no way she could have resisted. Staring at this incredible girl, something carnal took over.

I started kissing her again, and then I was squeezing inside of her. It was arguably the best sex of the trip, but it was unarguably the most natural sex of the trip.

We finished, and I lay next to her again. I noticed her watching me again from the corner of my eye. I looked at her and she smiled.

"You're a bad girl."

"I am?" she laughed.

"I was just looking for somebody to talk to and you seduced me... sneaky."

- She played along. "You never stood a chance."
- She smiled again and I kissed her. Those lips were soft and sweet, I could kiss them all night long.
- Many times after sex, I just wanted the girl to go home, but this time was different. I teased her and joked with her, tickled her and wrestled.
- But something in me started stirring. This girl was something special, better than I imagined finding in South East Asia. But I couldn't help but wonder what else this country had to offer.
- I checked my phone.
- "Hey, I got another notch! Let's get a drink below." It was a message from THC.
- As good as a time as I was having with her, I had a goal I had to hit. She could have been something very good in my life, but we happened to meet when something else very good was already happening.
- "I have to go," I said.
- "Why?" she asked, suddenly serious.
- "I have some work to do," I lied.
- She got up and got dressed. I could tell she didn't want to go. I also had the feeling she knew I was lying. 'What could be more important than what just happened?' her eyes seemed to say.
- I walked her out and gave her a kiss goodbye, but she was cold now. Something had changed.
- "20! I already got you a beer!" he said holding up a mug.
- I took it, and we started talking about our days. My worries about how she had changed disappeared as I drank with THC and basked in the afterglow from such a great night.
- During the next few days, I would be caught up in my quest for 60 and would forget to message her. When I finally did, I noticed she had blocked me.
- I had slept with a lot of girls in the previous four months, and that girl was special. She didn't just have looks, she had a personality and something that can't be put into words. She was sweet and genuine and happy. Our personalities seemed to fit together like puzzle pieces. She would end up being the only real regret of my entire trip . . . well, except maybe for my failure to go for it with the girl and her half-sister.

The Quest for 60 continues

I woke up the next day feeling great. I was ready to complete my goal and the path to that goal was sex. I don't think there is a more satisfying path to a goal than the one that lay before me. I had three dates scheduled that day with girls from online; all three were going to meet me at the mall by my hotel.

My first date was in the early afternoon. She came with two friends, but she seemed so sweet and innocent, I couldn't be mad about it. She would look at me and I would smile. Then she would squeal and start giggling, finding her friend to hide her face behind him.

I still felt great, similar to how I had felt the day before. My game was flawless, but this was a good girl, even more than Jani. I would bet a lot of money she was a virgin.

This girl, at only 18 years old, acted like 18 year old girls act when they see a famous pop star. The boost to my confidence was well worth the date, and I had another date two hours later.

I didn't even leave the mall after the date. I walked around and approached a girl who was working in a clothing store. Then I met my date. She was average looking and slightly chubby, but the thought of pounding away at her made me have to rearrange my jeans. That's what I call a green light from your penis.

I still felt like the day before with Jani; my game was in the zone, she never stood a chance.

An hour later, she was on top of me, massaging my chest. My shirt came off, and instead of using her hands to massage me, she started using her tongue. Her tongue slid around nearly every inch my body.

Then, without asking, she got bold and her tongue slid lower and lower until she undid my pants and I received the best blowjob of my life. The enthusiasm with which she sucked was something I had never experienced. I had to stop her before I came, so that I would be able to actually have sex with her.

Afterwards, I noticed a message on my phone from THC.

"Need an excuse."

THC and I had worked out a system to help get girls out of our room after sex; our quest was serious business, we couldn't be wasting time. The system was to knock on the door and say there was a conference call for work. It was a nice system, because girls would usually feel like you really had to go and they weren't being kicked out.

"Afterwards, I'll need one too." I sent back.

Then I turned to my date, who was busy licking my abs. "I'll be right back."

I knocked on the door of the hotel room next to me. THC answered, with a big smile he

couldn't contain. I had to hide my smile because his girl on the bed could see my face; time to do some acting.

"There's a conference call in five minutes for work. The boss says it's mandatory," I said, loud enough so the girl would hear.

"All right," THC responded just as loud. "I'll be there in a few minutes."

I returned to my room, where my date was waiting for me in bed. Five minutes later, there was a knock on the door announcing a conference call I had to attend for work.

"Yeah, I can't miss this." I told my date.

I was feeling lazy after sex, and got my next date to agree to meet at the bar next to my hotel. It would be even easier to bounce her from a place so close.

She was an OK looking girl, but the reason I had wanted to meet this girl had little to do with her face and a lot to do with what was below it, the breasts that seemed to be the focal point of all of her profile pictures. She arrived at the bar, and I went through my usual seduction routine. I wasn't in the zone anymore, but she wasn't attractive enough that I felt like I needed to be.

An hour later, it was time to try to bounce her.

"Hey, my hotel is right next door. Want to get a drink there?"

"No."

I wasn't really enjoying the date, but I decided I could make it fun by asking some scientific questions.

"What was your first impression of me?" Usually I asked it after sex, but I always loved the answers. Usually they were something like "You are tall, handsome, good smile." All things that I love to hear.

"Well, you are too young I think," she said. Unfortunately, it wasn't even close to the first time I had heard this. Was I actually too young for South East Asia? Whatever... back to seduction.

Fifteen minutes later.

"Hey, I have awesome pictures from Thailand, want to see?"

"No."

Fifteen minutes later.

This time I figured maybe just taking her hand and leading the way would work.

Nope.

- "Let's just stay here," she said.
- Fifteen minutes later.
- I still wasn't enjoying the date and figured I would just be honest.
- "I want to sleep with you. If you don't want to, I understand, but I'm going to my hotel room now."
- She looked at me and thought for a minute. "Ok."
- "I thought you said I was too young?" Why was I risking a sure thing?
- "You are, but also... sexy." She smiled. It was a good answer; I had to give her that.
- 5 minutes later she was back at my hotel, and I was removing the bra that was holding the big boobs I had been fantasizing about. They fell out, and I almost lost wood. They were big, yes, but saggy. It just goes to show, you can't judge a book by its cover. The sex wasn't good, but at least I was one girl closer to my goal of 60.
- THC came to my room after my girl left.
- "No way you got two girls in one day!? New achievement unlocked!" THC said.
- "I've already gotten two new girls in one day, but never two new girls in 4 hours. Still, now I have to get 3!"
- "Me too. We'll get it!"

How Many Girls Is Too Many Girls... in One Day

The next day THC and I moved to a hotel right next to Cebu's most popular club area, Mango Square. I had a date with a girl I had been talking to on and off for a couple of months. She was half Malaysian and sexy.

I had done a lot of the comfort work online, so I knew I could get her that same day. We met at a Jollibee's, close by my new hotel.

She was more of an aloof girl than normal, but I plowed through my routine. An hour later, she was back in my hotel room and we were kissing. As we kissed I started removing her shirt. She stopped me.

"I have to go," she said.

She got all her things and left the room without giving me a chance to say goodbye. She was a sexy girl, with a very perky looking C-cup rap, a slim waist, and wide hips. Moments before, I thought I would be inside that girl, now it looked like I would never see her again. I was in shock.

Had to put it behind me... I was on a quest. I messaged THC to see how his date was going. No answer for five minutes. That was usually a good sign.

Then, my phone buzzed. I opened my phone, expecting a message from THC.

"I like you and I want to make sex with you but I not prepared." The message read. It was from the sexy half-Malay girl from twenty minutes ago. My mood instantly went from bad to hopeful, I hadn't lost my chance.

That night, THC and I were sitting at a bar in Mango Square sipping on beers. He had been busy banging his online date when I had messaged him. Now, we were drinking, getting ready to do some clubbing.

"Hello sir. Would you like another beer sir?" the waitress asked.

"Yeah, two more," I told her, and then turned to THC to make sure he wanted another.

"Do you even need to ask?" he smiled.

"Right away sir." The waitress disappeared.

"These last few days have been crazy. Girls, girls, girls." I took a drink.

"This place is awesome!" THC said.

"I've never slept with so many girls in such little time."

"Me neither, and this is just the beginning." THC watched a group of girls in short dresses walk

by.

"Hope tonight will be just as good," I said.

"It will be."

As we drank, many girls looked over at our table and smiled at us. Some of these girls weren't girls at all, but lady boys. But some of these girls were cute; it got me more and more excited for the night to come.

Then we were in a Mega Club, surrounded by people dancing.

"I'll get us some beers." THC disappeared.

It felt strange to see so many foreigners. This place felt more like Thailand than the Philippines. Most of the foreigners weren't dancing, but were wallflowers surrounding the dance floor.

- THC came back with a beer, and we did a cheers. I turned away from him and when I looked back, he was talking into a girl's ear. Five minutes later, he was grinding on her.
- Then he returned to me. "She wasn't down." He disappeared again, and started talking to another girl.
- I still didn't feel completely comfortable in clubs. Thanks to my Mormon upbringing, I still had the feeling I was doing something wrong. It was still interesting that I got no such feeling from sleeping with so many girls, getting the opposite feeling, like I was doing something right.
- THC, on the other hand, looked like he was completely at home. This was where he was the most comfortable, like a shark in the ocean, he approached girl after girl. This may not have been my element, but I wasn't the same guy who blew his shot with a busty babe in Manila months ago. I wasn't completely comfortable, but I was confident.
- I found a spot where the mosh of moving bodies was most concentrated with cute girls and started dancing. I kept a cool posture and squinted eyes as I moved to the beat of the music. I glanced over at the group of cute girls. Eye contact, I didn't think, I just approached.
- Five minutes later, we were grinding and making out. She might have been down, but I wasn't ready to call it a night. I had a feeling I could do better.
- I went in search of THC, but couldn't find him anywhere. Instead, I found myself talking to a guy in his 50's.
- "I love this place!" the guy yelled over the music as a cute Pinay walked past him.
- We talked a bit about our experiences in the Philippines. I asked him an honest question. "Hasn't your sex drive gone down as you got older?"
- He didn't take offense. "Yeah, it did. But now I'm on TRT (Testosterone Replacement Therapy). I feel like I'm 20 years old again!"
- TRT the cure for the aging man? This was important information to know. I filed the

information away deep in my mind so I wouldn't forget it in my intoxicated state. Then I was back to hunting for girls in the crowds.

I ended up dancing with another girl. Dancing turned into grinding, which then turned into making out on the dance floor. As my tongue explored the depths of her mouth, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. It was THC.

"One second," I mouthed to the girl and turned to THC.

"Where'd you go?" I yelled above the music.

"Got my second notch of the day!" A big smile crossed his face.

"WHAAAAT!? Sweet!"

"Maybe it's the Cialis, but the last girl made me even hornier!" As he said it, he smiled at a girl walking past. She smiled back and he disappeared into the crowd after her, shark in the water.

I returned my attention to the girl. Afterwards, I got her number and went outside for some fresh air.

I leaned against the railing sipping on a beer, and an attractive Pinay walked by, staring at me for slightly longer than the social norm. She changed course and walked up to me.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi," I responded.

"You don't remember me do you?"

I felt pretty sure I had never met this girl in my life. "You are cute, but I don't think we have ever met."

"We were supposed to meet a few days ago, but I couldn't." I studied her again, and it dawned on me. It was the girl who had flaked on me my first day in the Philippines.

We talked for a few minutes. I laughed and teased and smirked at all the right moments. Soon she was staring at me in the googly eyed way that is so common in the Philippines when she sees you as the ultimate prize. She seemed to have forgotten the friends she had just been walking with, and stroked the bottle of beer she held as she stared up at me. The interest she felt was all too obvious, our encounter was lucky because in the messages we had exchanged she had been quite aloof.

"I have to go find my friends, but it was good to see you," I said, thinking there wasn't anywhere for this excellent interaction to go but down.

"We will still meet right?"

"Sure," I answered.

"When?" she asked.

- "I'll let you know." It was my turn to be aloof.
- That night, drunk and loving the Philippines, I kissed 6 girls and got 5 numbers. THC seemed to disappear throughout the night.
- Then I found a tiny brown girl, with a cute face. She was in a group with a very cute girl and her American boyfriend.
- I spent the next thirty minutes dancing with the tiny brown girl and chatting with the rest of the group. The guy seemed to be encouraging me to seduce her.
- His sexy girlfriend, was more skeptical. "She's a virgin."
- My heart sank. I had been grinding with her all night, and my desire had grown. She didn't seem like a virgin, but she did seem young, maybe 19 or 20. Fuck it, I was drunk and just went with the flow. The four of us ended up outside of the club, and I just went for it.
- I used the same strategy that THC had used to get his first girl that night. "Want to go get some water?" I asked the little brown girl I had been dancing with.
- She looked to the group. "We're going to go home. Go ahead," her friend said. We said goodbye to the couple and gave the American guy a thumbs up on a quality girl as he walked away. That was a hot girl, hotter than the friend I was about to take home, but not quite as sexy.
- I went to the gas station across the street, and got a gallon jug. The purpose, THC had said, was to get something so big that the two of you couldn't drink it all. Then, since our hotel was just on the other side of the street, you could say you just wanted to drop it off.
- "My hotel is across the street; let me drop off this water in my room."
- As we lay in bed and I removed her panties, I remembered something.
- "I thought you were a virgin."
- She laughed. "My friend was kidding."
- Thank God, because the sex was so good. In comparison to my lame previous notch, this one was incredible. She was one of the prettiest girls I had approached all night and only 20 years old. Tossing that 5 foot nothing, 80 pound girl around the bed helped cap off another great night clubbing with THC.
- Afterwards, I felt great. I walked her out, and returned to my hotel.
- I looked at my phone. "You in your room?" a message read.
- "Yeah," I responded.
- Thirty seconds later, there was a knock on the door. It was THC.

- "You won't believe the achievement I unlocked tonight!" he said.
- "3 girls in one day!?"
- "4!!!!" he replied.
- "What!!? We have to celebrate! I'll buy you a beer." It was 4 a.m., but I didn't feel like sleeping anyway.
- "All right, a celebratory beer!" he said.
- Four girls in one day? I didn't even know these types of things were possible. THC had pulled 3 girls from the club just that night using the water jug trick. As we drank our celebratory 5 a.m. beers, THC couldn't keep the smile from his face.
- "I have to catch up to you." I told him. "Tomorrow, it's time to take it to the next level."

Hey THC, It's My Turn to Unlock Some Achievements

The next day, I woke up and checked my phone. I had two new messages.

"I really enjoyed meeting you. Goodnight." It was from the girl who had stood me up on the night of my arrival.

The next message was from the girl who had taken her place that night on my first night in Cebu.

"Hi 20. I want to ask favor. My grandma is sick and we cannot afford hospital. Can you help?"

I wasn't surprised, it was the most common scam in South East Asia. Of course, it would be the slut faced girl who would try it.

- I ignored the message, and checked the time. 1:45 p.m. Shit! I had a date in 15 minutes!
- Hung over, I got dressed, showered, and messaged her saying I would be a few minutes late.
- In a nearby mall, I watched my next date walk towards me. She was sexy... even better than her pictures. She had an ass and race horse legs that her extremely short shorts really showed off.
- I went into seduction auto-pilot, and the rest of the interaction was smooth as silk.
- "Want to grab a drink?" I asked.
- "Sure," she replied.
- It was no accident that the bar we went to was right next my hotel.
- One drink later, we were in my bed and her clothes were coming off. That body... she had a slight natural tan that showed off her fit body that could only be the body of an 18 year old. The sex was excellent. Too good actually, because I wanted to go for round two instead of saving energy for my next date, but stayed strong... I was on a mission, more important than my base desires.
- "I need an excuse," I messaged THC, and a few minutes later there was a knock on the door.
- My next date was with the half-Malay girl who had run out of my room the day before. I figured I better take a Cialis to make sure I was good to go; today I was going for the "3 in one day achievement."
- The half-Malay girl came straight to my hotel room. She was looking as sexy as ever and pushing for sex was easy, because she had already decided she would sleep with me.
- I had fantasized quite a few times about what this girl looked like naked. Just like the previous girl from that day, she looked even better with her clothes off. She had good sized tits that had a perkiness that defied the laws of gravity.

Afterwards, I rolled off her. Another great lay. I stared at the ceiling. Life was so good, but there was still work to be done. I had slept with two new girls... I just needed one more.

I scheduled a third date for a bit later, but she flaked. Fuck. Well, THC and I were going out again. I was in the Philippines, there was always a chance for another girl.

That night, THC and I stood together in the club with beers in our hands, checking out the girls dancing around us.

"You just need one more," he said.

"One more... and a new achievement unlocked," I replied.

The problem with the two girls I had slept with earlier was that they were both hot with great bodies. After so recently sleeping with those women, it felt wrong to go after an average girl. I know... First World problems.

Then, I saw the hottest girl in the club. She was dancing on the stage with her group of friends.

With confidence that comes from just banging two hot girls, I fearlessly went and took her hand. She rejected me before I could even open my mouth. Then an Asian guy stepped in front of me.

"That is my girlfriend." They were Koreans.

I went back to where I had been dancing before, and saw that THC had returned.

"That girl is smokin', after my bangs today, she's the only girl I really desire," I said.

"The Korean girls are a lot harder than the local girls I have noticed," he said.

"Seems that way, but some are so hot."

A few minutes later, I saw the girl who had asked for money for her grandmother earlier, dancing with another foreign guy. She saw me looking, but pretended not to, and turned her slut face toward her next victim.

"You recognize her?" I pointed towards the couple.

He did. "Sluts will be sluts."

I smiled. "Hope he recognizes a slut face as well as we do."

I was feeling a bit frustrated, I didn't find many girls who I really felt like I wanted to bang. THC and I left the club and went outside to sit at the bar.

"I'm not really feeling it, I think I'll go home after this drink," I told THC.

As we were sitting, something soft brushed against the back of my head. I could recognize that feeling anywhere... breasts. I turned to see a girl looking at me as she walked past our table.

She quickly turned away, but not before I got a quick look at the amazing things that had just rubbed against my head. I knew she did it on purpose, and I knew why. I stood up and went over to where she now stood. I started talking to her, and invited her group to our table.

She was slightly chubby for a Pinay which, back home, wouldn't be considered chubby at all. She had excellent boob to belly ratio (a very important metric in my life). The best part of the interaction was she was obviously into me. I didn't need to put in any work at all.

Her two friends were even helping me. "She doesn't have a place to stay tonight," they told me.

I offered my services, and the last thing I remember before sleep was a pair of big tits bouncing above me. I had gotten... the 3 in a day achievement!

Our Unstoppable Duo Becomes an Unstoppable Trio

I woke up the next exhilarated. I had done it. I knocked on THC's hotel room door and, half asleep, he let me in.

"I got it!" I told him.

"3 in a day?" he asked.

"Yessir!"

"Congrats!" he said, starting to wake up. "We are fucking awesome!"

"Yeah we are!"

"I believe a celebration is in store for later tonight."

"Yes. Yes it is."

This past week had been exhilarating, and something I never thought humanly possible. The thrill of the chase was just as good as the kill. THC and I were testing the limits of what was possible, we were doing what all men secretly wanted to do, and it felt incredible.

What else was possible? Maybe I could *really* hit my goal of 60. I had already slept with 8, just 11 to go. And things were about to get a little crazier... in just a couple of days, Scotian would be here.

Them Half White Babies

My next date had been blowing up my phone since we had accidently met outside the club a couple nights before. I had read her body language perfectly... she wanted it.

She was a cute girl with another very slender body, probably weighed around 80 to 90 lbs. The date went very smoothly, and I got her back to my hotel by mentioning travel pictures.

The seduction process took longer than expected. "I'm on my period," she told me.

"I don't mind, we can put down a towel," I was on a mission and to achieve it, I would swim in the red sea.

A few hours later, I was finally inside of this tiny girl and enjoying more great sex. At this point, I was feeling pretty spoiled. The last few girls had been young and tight bodied. A seed of dread appeared inside of me, in about a week, I would be leaving this paradise.

I pushed the thoughts from my mind, and started enjoying the sensation of squeezing inside of this girl's tight pussy. Then, I noticed something. There was no blood on the towel I had put down. She wasn't actually on her period.

"You aren't on your period." I gave her a cocky smile. "You didn't want to sleep with me?"

"I did... I just... I don't know," she replied.

The reasons women do what they do... even they don't understand why.

I would see her a few days later, and our conversation topic would frequently be about babies. She talked about how beautiful half white babies are and said that most Pinay celebrities were half white. Afterwards, she even tried to convince me to cum inside of her... I didn't.

Another day, another date, this girl I had met online. She was a 20 year old girl with an OK face and what seemed like an excellent body. I had started trying to cut corners; this date would be at the restaurant right next to my hotel.

She looked just like her pictures, with a great body, but her personality was a little strange. Obviously, this didn't affect me much since you can't have sex with a personality.

An hour in the restaurant, and I was back in my hotel room kissing her. It took a couple of hours, but I ended up getting the notch.

During round two with this girl, she would also express a desire for me to cum inside of her.

"You won't have to worry about the baby," she said.

Where was I? These Pinay girls were baby crazy. I made sure to wrap up and double check the condom.

The 3 Amigos and Unpleasant Surprises

The next day another date, but today was a special day because Scotian would be joining the adventure. I was excited to see him, so I scheduled the date earlier in the day. It was Scotian's first day in the Philippines, there was no doubt we would be going out that night.

My date arrived at the café. I looked her up and down; not bad. She looked a lot like a doll, not in a creepy way, but in a natural way. She had big brown eyes and naturally long eye lashes.

My seduction routine was feeling boring, but staring at this girl's doll face helped me enjoy the date. A few hours later, we were walking through my hotel lobby, up to my room.

"20!"

I turned and saw Scotian at the front desk checking in "Scotian!"

"I'm here; ready to join the fuckin' party!"

I laughed. "Soon," I said and nodded to the girl behind me. "As soon as I'm free I'll message you."

Thirty minutes later, I was in my hotel room and I was getting my eleventh notch of the week.

As she squirmed and moaned beneath me, she was constantly searching for sheets to cover her naked body. At 21 years old, she was extremely body conscious. While her body wasn't as good as my string of good lays, it wasn't bad. As she fought to cover herself, I fought to uncover her.

A couple of hours later, THC, Scotian, and I were drinking beers in THC's hotel room.

"Scotian's back!" We were doing our usual pre-game routine of drinking, talking, and listening to music.

After we were all sufficiently liquored up, the party was moved to a bar outside of Mango Square.

"Tonight's going to be epic!" THC said.

"Yes! You're going to understand why they say 'it's more fun in the Philippines'," I added.

"I fuckin' hope so, from how you've been talkin' aboot it!" said Scotian.

We all started sharing pictures of the girls we had slept with so far and telling the stories to Scotian about our recent achievements. THC bragged about his 100^{th} notch with the singer in Cagayan de Oro and his quadruple-up (four new girls in one day), I bragged about getting laid every day in Cebu and my triple-up (three in a day).

As guys do, we shared some sexy pictures of the girls we had banged. THC was showing a couple girls who wanted to meet him, and one of them caught my eye.

"I know that girl," I said pointing to the picture he had on his phone.

It was the brown girl from my first trip to Cebu, the one who had said ever since she was a kid she had always thought white people were beautiful.

"Oh really?" THC said. "Do you mind if I go for her? If not, no worries."

"Of course man. Go for it! I'm not greedy."

We kept talking, and eventually the topic turned to how much to spend on dates.

"If you want her to like you, I think it's best you don't try to buy her." I said. "Every time a girl spends something of her own money, she's investing in you. I did the math a couple days ago, and I have spent less than two dollars a date. It was the girls who ended up buying me things that seemed to fall for me. Of course, I can't say it was strategy as much as having travelled on nothing more than a student loan," I smirked.

The three of us laughed and joked, talked about girls and travel and meanwhile I again realized I didn't want to go home. This life... it was special. South East Asia wasn't the only pussy paradise in the world; I had heard about Latin America, Eastern Europe, and more. If they were anything like this place, could I miss checking them out? This made me realize I wanted to ask Scotian something.

"Hey Scotian, how exactly do you make so much money to travel?"

"Oil," he replied.

Money wasn't a problem for Scotian, he worked in the Canadian oil fields half the year so, if he wanted, he could spend the other half of the year traveling the world. It was a good setup. I was starting to feel more and more that I couldn't go back to a normal life.

My thoughts were interrupted when a petite Pinay walked up to our table and introduced herself.

She was cute, maybe I would be doubling up tonight. I went into game mode. THC and Scotian understood, and talked among themselves while I talked to the girl. She joined the table and all of a sudden we were four.

I began my seduction routine, but somebody else came to the table, somebody I recognized. It was one of the girls I had met on a previous night out, one I had been excited to meet again. She had a pretty face and a slim body with an ass that really popped. I immediately jumped ship, and started talking to the new girl at the table.

THC, not missing a step, started talking to the girl I had been talking to. It turns out the two girls were friends. I felt bad for leaving Scotian hanging, but it wasn't long before Scotian was off talking to a little Pinay.

An hour later, we suggested that the four of us get drinks back at the hotel. My girl was more skeptical, but THC's jumped at the idea.

"This was too easy. Do you think she could be a lady boy?" THC asked me.

I looked at his girl again, doing the lady boy checklist quickly in my mind "A girl that petite, no way she has a penis."

"Ok, yeah. That's what I was thinking."

We wished Scotian luck on his first night in the Philippines and piled into a taxi. Twenty minutes later I was alone with my girl and THC was next door in his room with his.

I started kissing her and it turned to dry humping. Not twenty minutes had passed when I heard a loud banging on my door.

"THUMP THUMP!" When I opened the door I saw a red faced THC, looking like he was ready for a fight.

"I thought you said she wasn't a lady boy!"

"What?" I said, wondering what he was talking about then remembering the girl he had just brought to his room. "No way."

"Yeah! She had a dick!"

"I could have sworn she was a girl, she was so petite!" I said. "What happened?"

THC took a few deep breaths and started into the story. "Right when we got to my room, she said she wanted to shower so I waited for her at the bed. She wanted to turn off all the lights,

but I didn't want to turn them all off.

"Then, I tried to take off the towel, but she wouldn't let me. I finally just said what the fuck. She was acting weird then said 'What would you do if I wasn't a girl?' I just looked at her and he/she just smiled.

"I wanted to kick the shit out of her. I kissed that girl! But I decided beating her bloody wasn't the right thing. I pointed to the door and told her to get out."

"Fuck man. Sorry, I didn't catch that. I don't think I've ever seen a lady boy who looked more like a girl. I would have taken her home if this girl didn't come along," I said.

"She even had the fucking nerve to ask for taxi money," he said, face still red with rage.

"What did you say?"

"I made a fist." He held up his left hand in front of his face, "and she got her things and left."

"Well brother, you know they say you didn't really go to South East Asia until you kissed a lady boy," I told him trying to make him feel better.

"Yeah," he replied, a small smile appearing on his angry face.

THC went back to his room, and I went back to the girl waiting in my bed. That could have been me. Wait, my girl and that lady boy had known each other.

"You knew she was a lady boy?" I asked.

She shrugged.

"Are you a lady boy?"

"Of course not!" she said.

".... Ok... good." I went back to kissing her.

It wasn't long before she was moaning beneath me. Her body was excellent and face was cute, I was careful to wrap up well because she had a definite working girl vibe.

A few months later, she would message me asking for money. My instincts were spot on, but that was one sexy 19 year old girl, in no way did I regret it.

Getting Scotian Laid

The next day, THC, Scotian, and I all woke up with hung over. We all dragged ourselves to THC's room to report on our nights.

THC told his story again about the girl who ended up being a lady boy. Scotian agreed with us that there didn't seem any way to tell.

"The only flag she seemed to have was narrow hips," I said, not enough to say a girl is a lady boy.

"What about you Scotian?" I asked. "How did your night turn out?"

"I ended up taking two skanks home!"

"Nice!!!" I said.

"Threesome!" THC added "I got one here too!"

Scotian continued his story. "Well, it was all great up until the point when we were back in my room and about to get naked. Then, they asked for money."

"Damn," THC said.

"Yeah," Scotian laughed. "Then I threw them out and threw their purses at them."

We all laughed. How could I ever have thought this guy wasn't awesome?

"Bad luck, but you'll get your Philippine flag tonight, I can feel it." I said. A flag is when you first sleep with a girl from a new country.

"I don't know, I'm pretty hung over," Scotian said.

"We have to go out! It's your second day in the Philippines!" THC said.

"We'll see," Scotian said.

Thinking of THC's lady boy incident, I combed through my Cebu contacts, making sure no lady boys had gotten through my original filter. After closer inspection, it seemed one might have. And... it was a girl who had sent me a topless picture.

"Are you a lady boy?" I messaged.

"Maybe..." the responding message read.

Thank god I checked.

Later that afternoon, I had a date with a girl who, from her pictures, looked fine as wine, potentially the prettiest girl I had gotten a date with in the Philippines.

She showed up to the mall with a friend. I wasn't sure whether to be happy or angry. She was smokin'... so it was hard to not be happy to see her, but I knew her bringing the friend would make getting the lay very difficult.

The thing about the Philippines is that it is filled with attractive girls, but it's more difficult to find supermodel looking girls than in other places. I wouldn't say she was supermodel hot, but she was the prettiest girl I had met in the Philippines so far.

I was hungover, but that pretty face was the best hangover cure in the world. I put myself into a zone and was all about body language, teasing, joking, and just having a good time.

I got the two girls to come with me to the restaurant right next to my hotel. The friend got my date's attention and started saying something in Visayan.

"She has to go, it was nice to meet you 20."

Woah, no way was I going to lose this. I only had a couple days left in Cebu, so I knew this was a do or die situation. "You could stay here, while she meets her friend," I suggested.

"I don't know..."

The friend shrugged, and I was able to convince her to stay. Soon, we were sitting on my bed looking at my special folder of travel pictures, mixed with occasional attractive exes.

I inched closer and closer to her on the bed, until I could feel the heat of her body. Then I went for the kiss. I got rejected. Five minutes later, I tried again; rejected. She acted interested, so I tried again five minutes later. This time, she accepted my kiss, and the good girl act turned naughty.

We made out and fell to the bed. We were lying on the bed kissing and dry humping when her phone started to ring. We ignored it, and kept kissing.

A moment later, the phone started ringing for another minute. She stopped for a moment, thinking whether or not to answer. A well timed kiss on her neck kept her mind from her phone and back to me.

A third time the phone rang. This time, she pushed me off and answered the phone.

She talked for a minute and hung up the phone. "It was my friend; she's outside the hotel waiting for me."

"Noooooo!" I didn't hide my disappointment. We were so close, just ten more minutes.

"I have to go to my friend, but we can meet next weekend," she said.

"I'm leaving in a couple of days," I told her.

She thought for a moment. "I am very busy, but I try see you again."

I walked her outside to her friend and said goodbye. I never did see her again. This one hurt, but I couldn't complain too much because tonight the crew would party.

A couple of hours later, our trio met up in Scotian's room. THC had already bought beers and handed them to us as we entered.

Scotian hesitantly took the beer. "You know guys, I feel pretty hung over, I don't know if I'll drink tonight."

"Come on man, it's your second day in THE Philippines! After a month, you can relax," THC said.

"I don't know," Scotian said.

"At least have one drink with us," I added.

"All right you fuckers! One drink!" a small smile crossed his face.

"We have to get you laid tonight," I said.

"I've got a feeling..." THC started singing. "That tonight's gonna' be a good night."

"Yeah tonight's going to be a good night," I joined in.

"Yeah tonight's gonna' be a good good night."

"How far are you from 60?" THC asked me.

"7 girls away."

"When is your flight back to the U.S.A.?" he asked.

"5 days."

"You got it!"

"It's within reach."

We talked, laughed, and got Scotian hyped for his first Pinay girl.

"You coming out with us tonight?" I asked Scotian.

He had just finished his second beer. "Fuck yeah! Let's drink!"

We didn't start out in Mango Square that night. We went to a club in IT Park. It wasn't near as good for pickup, being filled with big groups at their own tables. Mango Square had many more groups of twos and threes.

"Some of those Korean girls are so hot," Scotian said looking at a table next to us.

"Yeah they are, wish they were easier," THC said.

A lot of Korean girls were pretty hot. They had a different look from the Pinays. The Korean girls were tall, white skinned with, on average, prettier faces.

We sat and drank, talking seduction strategy. We shared the piece of paper strategy with

Scotian, and started discussing our routines to get the lay once we got the girl back to our room. We talked about juggling so many numbers and the importance of labeling girls by age, city, and a rank of how much you want to meet them. Otherwise, you will have too many girls to have any idea who they are and who to try to meet.

We finished our drinks and ended up back at Mango Square, which was bouncing, as usual. Already slightly drunk, the three of us got inside of the main club and soon were all dancing with somebody.

"Wooooo!" Scotian yelled towards us while grinding with a cute Pinay girl. He gave us a thumbs up and a big smile.

Then, I saw a face. It stood above all the girls around her; perfect skin, cute smile and brown eyes. I told the girl I was dancing with I'd find her later, and danced my way closer to the pretty face I had seen.

I got a better look, and she was hot. Obviously a Korean girl, she was nearly as tall as me. I knew she would be harder than the local girls, but she was too hot to pass up.

I made my way closer to her and started dancing close by. I got the familiar feeling of trying to make an excuse not to approach, but I pushed it away... I was on a mission. I caught her eye for a moment, and smiled. She smiled back, and then looked down quickly. I approached.

"Hi, I'm 20." I yelled over the music.

"Hi." She smiled back at me.

We danced and talked for the next hour. I was able to get close, and was starting to think I would be able to pull her that night, but her big group of Korean friends announced they were leaving.

"I have to go. Nice to meet you 20," she said.

"What are you doing tomorrow afternoon?" I asked, knowing my time in Cebu was drawing to a close.

"Nothing."

"Want to meet?"

"Ok."

I got her number and said goodbye.

I went to see how everybody was doing. Scotian was still dancing with the same girl. It seemed like she was really into him, and THC was walking through the crowd like the nightclub shark that he is.

I got a couple numbers that night, and then called it a night. It was the first night I went out in Cebu that I didn't get laid, but I was too exhausted to care.

- The next afternoon, the hung over crew met for our traditional recap of the night before.
- The first question was obvious. "Scotian, did you get your flag last night!?" I asked.
- "Yeah, we saw you dancing with that girl all night," THC said.
- "Did I?" Scotian said. "I pounded her brains out!" Scotian continued with a proud smile.
- "Nice!"
- "Good work!"

I couldn't stay long in THC's room because of my date with the Korean girl. She arrived at the café we were supposed to meet right on time. Sometimes, in a drunken state, you start to believe a girl is much more attractive than she really was. Luckily, this was not one of those times. It felt strange to be seducing a girl who was almost as tall as me, something that only happened here with the Russian girl in Pattaya, Thailand.

- She had been living in Cebu for a few months studying English. In fact, it seems that English study is the main reason there were so many Koreans in the city. Filipinos are well known throughout Asia as a cheap way to learn English.
- I really enjoyed the date. This girl was not only hot, but she was different and made even more exotic because I'd never been with a Korean girl.
- A couple of hours later, we were back in my bedroom and kissing on my bed. My hands were running up and down her long, slender body. I was going to get my Korean flag!
- I reached behind her back and undid her bra strap and kept kissing, but she didn't continue, she froze.
- "I must go," she said and got up from the bed.
- Before I could properly say goodbye, she was out the door. It was exactly what happened with the half Malaysian girl. On this trip, I never figured out what happened.
- When, I got back, she messaged me, saying she really liked me, but wasn't used to taking things so fast. Korean and Philippine culture were quite different.
- The sudden disappearance of the Korean girl affected my mood, but I didn't let it get to me for long. I still had a goal to make, and in just a few hours I had a date with a Pinay girl I had met in a club.
- The date went much like the others, and we went from our date spot to my hotel within a few hours.

As we lay in my bed kissing, she slowed me down. "I just got out of an eight year relationship," she told me.

"You don't want this?" I asked.

"I do, just slow down."

I listened to her instructions, and kept everything slow. Eventually, my patience paid off and I was inside of this very average looking girl with a very un-average vagina (so tight.)

The girl had to go home, and I checked my phone. There was a message from THC.

"What are you doing? Want to go to a hill that overlooks the city? I'm going to bring my favorite girl."

I responded "I don't have a girl with me, but I can join. Is Scotian joining?"

"Ok, we'll come to your room in 20 minutes. Scotian is busy."

An hour later, the three of us were on two little motorcycles being driven to the top of the mountain.

The place was called Tops, and it had a great view the city and the ocean beyond.

"I'm going to miss this place," I told THC as we sat and looked over the city.

"Yeah, it's special."

"I don't want to go home," I said.

"It sucks. I don't even want to leave Cebu City." He looked back at the sweet girl he had brought as she talked on her cell phone.

"We conquered this place," I said.

"Yeah we did!" he agreed.

"I've never slept with so many girls in such a small amount of time in my life."

"Me neither. I'm glad I met you bro." THC said.

"Me too brother."

I was here with great friends and doing things I never imagined possible. Looking out over the city, it did feel like I had conquered it. I don't understand man's deep desire to conquer, but I had it, and I would do it in my own way.

One more day left in Cebu, and two and a half in Manila. I felt like a prisoner awaiting the date of his execution.

Well, if I had to go home, I would go out with a bang. I had three and a half more days to sleep



Our Last Night in Cebu and Quality Time

THC, Scotian, and I spent our last afternoon in Cebu relaxing in the hotel. The last week and a half had been crazy; crazy and amazing. But now it felt great to just hang out together.

- "We've done so much here, gotten so many achievements," THC said.
- "Yeah we have," I agreed. "You know there is a big one that we haven't done?"
- "What's that?" THC asked.
- "Quality time," I answered.
- "What's quality time?" asked Scotian.
- "It's where you and your friend seduce a girl and her friend and both end up taking them home; the best kind of time to spend with a friend."
- "Wow, you're right, we have to do it!" THC said.
- "Tonight!" I agreed. "Scotian, we need quality time as well."
- "It would be badass," Scotian said.
- "So much to do so little time," I told the group.
- That night we would party, spending our last night in Cebu City the right way.

Night arrived, and the three of us were standing in the club, each with a beer in hand. A very pretty face appears in the crowd. Usually it was THC who did the first approach of the night, but not this time.

She saw me coming, and I gave my most practiced smile. She returned it.

"Hi. I'm 20."

A minute later, we were dancing. This girl had huge brown eyes, and a beautiful face. She had a small, slender body with great curves that her purple dress accentuated. It felt great to be there drinking, with friends close by and dancing with this beautiful girl, a beautiful girl who, if I could sleep with, would be the hottest from night game in the Philippines.

- Unlike when I first arrived in South East Asia, I felt comfortable when I dance and most importantly, confident. I had learned to dance how I needed to dance. I let instinct take over, and enjoyed the sexy girl in front of me as our bodies moved together to the beat of the music.
- Then, the afternoon's discussion came to mind and I saw THC's head above the crowd. I turned to the girl I was dancing with "I'll be right back."
- I clasped THC on the shoulder. "It's time for quality time. You ready?" I asked.

"I'm always ready."

"She's here with one friend from work, so it's our chance. Here I'll introduce you." I started leading THC back to the two girls.

"Hey this is THC." I introduced him to my girl and her friend. THC went straight to seducing the friend, she appeared happy that I brought him over.

THC, with the aggressive club game that he specializes in, kissed his girl first. I went for the kiss on my girl soon after. Success. Fifteen minutes later, we got them outside the club and used his "water jug" excuse. Another fifteen minutes, and we were back in our hotel rooms, each with one of the friends.

My girl was hypnotizing the way she moved on top of me, the way her back arched. The hypnotism broke for a few moments as I heard a banging on my wall as THC's bed post repeatedly hit the wall in his room. Yeah, it was quality time.

Putting South East Asia into Perspective

Here I was, on my way to Manila, where it all started. It was fitting it would also be where the most amazing trip of my life ended. The Philippines had been a dark pool when I first came, I had no idea what was under the surface. Now, I saw it completely different, it was clear, and I saw what was under the surface. Now that I saw everything differently, I also saw Manila as a completely different city.

Manila was a super-city, if you wanted to only do online game, you would never run out of prospects because of the sheer population. The girls were whiter skinned and liberal.

Mindanao, the Southern island that most foreigners were too afraid to visit, was a wonder. It was a place where you could feel what it was like to be a rock star. Your exotic value as a foreigner was sky high, and the girls could make you believe you were better looking than Tom Cruise. These girls had darker skin than the other islands, and were much more conservative. If you were looking for a virgin, there wasn't a better island to visit than Mindanao.

Then you had the Cebu. Cebu is a tourist destination, so you could argue that your exotic value as a foreigner is the lowest. But the girls seemed to be particularly cute, and that low exotic value didn't affect the sex you would get at all. In fact, the high number of foreigners seemed to create a large number of foreigner groupies. After receiving the perks of dating a foreigner, it seemed to be difficult for girls to go back to dating locals. This created a climate where girls were very easy to sleep with. But how many other foreign guys had the same experiences with those same girls?

Thailand was the place where sex was treated as nonchalantly as eating and sleeping. Cambodia was such a poor country, that it was possible every girl I slept with could have, at one time, accepted money for sex. And Vietnam was a beautiful country that was represented by an incredible Vietnamese girl who showed it to me on the back of her little scooter.

In two and a half days, these countries would again be half a world away and the adventure I was now living... would only be a memory.

Bittersweet Manila

The three of us stood outside of the Manila airport with our luggage and waited for our ride. A brand new SUV pulled in front of us, and an attractive girl got out. It was our ride. She walked over to THC, and gave him a kiss. She was a girl THC had met when he was in Kuala Lampur.

"Hey, I'm Scotian," He stuck out his hand. "Thanks for the ride."

She shook his hand. "No problem."

"20," I said sticking out my hand as well.

With all the introductions done, we all got into the SUV and headed into the center of Manila, where we booked our three rooms at a hotel in Makati. While looking out the window, all I could think about was what a mistake it had been not eating breakfast before the flight... I was starving.

To top it all off, I wasn't in a good mood. I had been around people the last couple of weeks, and now I was just ready to spend some time alone.

"Right 20?" THC nudged me laughing. I hadn't been listening, and I didn't even try to fake a smile.

THC looked offended. "What's wrong with you?"

"I just want to get to our hotel," I replied. What was wrong with me? I never act like this. "I'll be in a better mood when I get some food, I'm feeling Hangry." Hangry is when you feel so hungry that you start getting angry. THC was the one who taught me this word, his bad moods were almost always tied to a long wait between meals, but this hanger was not something that I usually experienced. I did my best to ignore my bad mood and enjoy the free ride to our hotel.

Our driver was thirty years old, which in Asia means she looked to be in her early twenties. She was attractive, but even more than that she was just a cool girl. The ride into the city was filled with laughter and jokes. I could see why this was one of THC's favorite girls from the trip.

We arrived at our hotel about thirty minutes later, and THC's girl made us a promise. "I'll show you guys what partying in Manila is all about."

- Our hotel was a five star hotel... forty years ago. It hadn't been kept up well over the years, but the big mirrors and marble everywhere still gave the hotel a certain charm.
- We split off to our rooms to drop off our bags. I found that being alone didn't help my mood, I felt just as angry and hungry.
- The other guys hadn't known how to react to my bad mood, they had never seen me like that. Honestly, I'm just not an angry guy unless I have a good reason to be.
- What reason did I have to be angry with THC and Scotian? These are the guys I didn't want to leave, hangry or not... why was I letting it affect my mood?

- "You guys ready to go find lunch, I'm so hangry right now," I sent to THC and Scotian.
- "Yeah, meet in the lobby."
- We stopped at the nearest restaurant, found a table with a good view of the street, and ordered our food.
- "We have to get 20 some food to get rid of his hanger," THC joked.
- I wasn't in a great mood, but I gave a forced smile.
- "I've never seen you like this 20." THC said.
- "I just want some food."
- I was hungry, but there was more to it than that. I wasn't just disappointed to go back to the U.S.A.... I was dreading it. After everything I had experienced these last few months, the idea of returning to normal life was absolutely depressing.
- It was a mind blowing moment considering that all my life I had been told over and over again how life in the USA was superior to the rest of the world in nearly every way. All my life I had believed and now I had realized that heaven on earth was far from where I believed, it was in South East Asia, it was adventuring and playing and living in a far off land.
- "Sorry guys, after I devour this pizza, I'll be ready to rumble," I said, showing off my first genuine smile since we landed in Manila.
- "That's what I like to hear!" Scotian said.
- I felt great after the pizza. My body wasn't screaming at me anymore and, now that I understood that my bad mood came from having to return home to the U.S.A., it seemed to disappear.
- With a full stomach and a beer in me, my easy smile returned. I was ready for another epic night in the Philippines.
- We met THC's girl from Khaola Lumpur at a very nice looking bar. After being in Mindanao and Cebu, I felt like I was in one of the most upscale bars in the world. The four of us started drinking.
- THC, Scotian, and I each ordered a beer. THC's girl got a cocktail and bought each of us a shot.
- "To the Philippines!" the four of us cheered.
- Five minutes later, there was another shot in front of us. Bottoms up! A few minutes later there was another... this girl was trying to get us drunk.
- By the time the waiters arrived with four shots they lit on fire, the four of us were already drunk. I wasn't in a bad mood anymore, quite the opposite, now I was just enjoying my last

- moments with great friends in South East Asia.
- Scotian disappeared to the bathroom and came back with a Pinay with braces. She was pretty cute, nice work Scotian. I guess she knew THC's girl so she meshed perfectly into the group.
- The new member of our group bought us all a shot before we asked for the bill. The bill came back and I got a look at it... that was a lot of money. But whatever, I wouldn't be cheap, not during my final days of this epic adventure. THC, Scotian and I started pooling money and THC's girl stopped us.
- "I got this," she said. "I told you I would show you guys the city tonight. You are my guests."
- "No. It's no problem," Scotian said.
- "I insist," she smiled.
- That was an expensive bill. THC not only found a cool girl, but was fortunate enough to play the role of boy-toy to a generous sugar mama.
- From this point, the night starts to get hazy, that was a lot of alcohol I had consumed. I remember moments of laughter. Scotian's usual drunk yells through the street, lots of stumbling, and then ending up in a club filled with people.
- We got drinks and were all dancing in a circle for a while. I figured I would go hunting and let the two couples dance together. I wandered through the crowd and did a couple of clumsy approaches. If this hadn't been such an upper-class club, my bad approaches probably would have stuck by that point.
- I returned to the group at that point, without a girl. The girl Scotian had opened started talking to me then.
- "Where is Scotian?" I asked her.
- She pointed to a distant section of the club with a look of annoyance.
- "I'll be right back."
- I set off to look for him and I found him unusually easily, Scotian being a short guy and all. He was easy to spot because he had found the biggest girl in club, actually probably the biggest girl I had seen in Asia. She looked like a Polynesian girl. Watching Scotian smile, hoot, and grind up against a girl who was probably twice the size of me was one of the funniest moments of my trip.
- I returned to the group, understanding why the girl Scotian had approached looked so annoyed, then started talking to her.
- "So..." she said as we stood next to each other. "Are you single?" Oh shit. Next thing I know she was paying for our drinks, and we were in a taxi going back to my hotel.
- She had long, slender legs and white skin. Each article of clothing I removed made me hornier. I



Making Amends

- "Scotian, I'm so sorry man. I don't know what I was thinking. I saw you with that other girl and I just acted," I told the group in our customary afternoon meetup in THC's room.
- "Don't worry about it man. It didn't seem like it would have worked out anyway," he replied.
- "True or not, it's not cool. I'm going to make it up to you brother."
- Scotian just laughed. "Ok, but you leave tomorrow, so you better do it fast!"
- The rest of our afternoon meetup was filled with jokes about how little Scotian had managed to find and dance with the biggest woman in Manila.
- "Every time you spun her, your body completely disappeared from view!" THC teased.
- "I have no idea what I was thinking. I'm a crazy drunk," Scotian laughed and shook his head.
- I was so thirsty; my heavy hangover demanded I drink something. "I'm going to go to the supermarket and get some water, you guys want anything?"
- "Water," said Scotian.
- "Water!" echoed THC.
- In South East Asia, you can't drink tap water, so if you don't have big bottles of water after a night drinking, it can suck.
- As I walked down the halls of the grocery store, I walked past two black girls. One of the girls had a cute face and an ass that popped. After seeing so many Asian girls, an ass like that nearly put me into a trance. The other girl was thicker with a big ass and gigantic tits.
- I was physically hung over, but the afterglow from a fun night and a lay was still all around me. As I approached the two girls, I felt the familiar feeling of fear in my gut, but I easily set it aside. I felt unstoppable.
- "Hey, do you guys speak English?" I stopped the two girls.
- "Yez. A leetle," the black girl with the trance-inducing ass responded.
- "I just saw two cute girls and thought I would come say hi," I said.
- "Hi," she smiled.
- "Where are you guys from?" I asked.
- "Cameroon," she replied.
- Her thicker friend picked up the rest of the conversation, having much better English. I went for the number, and set up a meeting tomorrow afternoon.

- "I'll bring my friend, you'll like him," I said thinking about Scotian.
- "Ok," she smiled.
- I said goodbye to the two girls, and finished my shopping.
- Back at the hotel, Scotian was questioning me about our double date for the next day "How hot is she? I fuckin' love black girls! I got the jungle fever!"
- "Well," I said honestly. "She's not super hot... but she's got a lot of tits and ass."
- "Sounds good to me!" Scotian said.
- "I told you I'd make it up to you for taking your girl!"
- We were all pretty hungry at that point, so we all got in the elevator that would bring us to the street. The elevator was elbow to asshole crowded, so we could barely move.
- I noticed THC pushing his way through the crowd towards two girls on the other side of the elevator. He got their attention.
- "You guys going to the party?" he asked the two girls; our hotel hosted big parties every evening. All eyes in the packed elevator turned to THC and the two girls.
- "No, but we are looking for something to do tonight," one of the girls said.
- "We can get some beers or something," THC said, the crowded elevator still listening in on the interaction.
- "Ok, Come to room 503 tonight and we can have a drink," the girl said before she exited through the elevator doors.
- THC made his way back to us. "That was ballsy man," I told him, putting my hand on his shoulder.
- "Awkward approaches are the best approaches," THC joked. "Who should I take?"
- "It's all you 20, you need to get to 60," Scotian said.
- "All right, I'll go with you THC." I did need it, and these girls were hot.
- After lunch, Scotian went back to the hotel for more sleep, and THC and I figured we would go to a cock fight. I had never seen one before. I don't know why, but I never imagined two roosters trying to kill each other would be so bloody. The little cock fighting arena was packed full of a couple hundred Filipinos. As the two birds would go at each other, the crowd would yell and scream and cheer for the cock that their bet had been placed.
- It was a very intense atmosphere. If this was how people acted at a cock fight, I couldn't help

but wonder how people acted in the stadiums of ancient Rome as actual human beings fought to the death.

Another unique experience in South East Asia, but THC and I didn't stay for long. I had a date planned soon with a girl I had met online.

24 Hours Left Until My Flight and 4 Lays Away from 60

It was now afternoon and I had less than 24 hours until my flight. I was at 56 lays for the trip with last night's bang, 4 to go. 4 new lays in 24 hours, was it possible? Only one way to find out.

A couple of days earlier, I had gotten online, looking for dates in Manila. I had messaged a few girls, but with little enthusiasm; after approaching so many girls with THC and Scotian, online dating just felt so boring. Instead of going through my usual routine, I just decided to cut to the chase.

"I'll be honest with you. I'm just looking for sex." I wrote to her in just my third message.

"It's no problem," she replied. Really? I wanted to write. Did this just work? Damn I was going to miss the Philippines. Maybe I should have been this blunt when I first arrived.

She showed up at my hotel room door in a top that showed off her natural DD rack. Before I said anything, I was already imagining ridding her of her clothes.

"Hey, come in," I told her with a charming smile.

"Ok," she came in and sat on my bed.

A minute later I kissed her. Two minutes later my hands were all over her big breasts. Three minutes later, her top was off and my mouth was covering her nipple. Four minutes later, I was inside of her and getting my 57th notch of the trip.

Her breasts weren't bad, but after the girl with the perfect rack in Butuan, I knew the bar for a great rack had gone up. The sex was good, without any work. It felt good to be sleeping with somebody I had just seen for the first time four minutes earlier. You could say it was some of the best return on investment a man can get.

But I couldn't relax yet, my flight would leave in less than 20 hours and I had to sleep with 3 new girls!

An Experience Beyond My Wildest Dreams

An hour later THC, was knocking on my door with beers in his hands.

"You ready to rumble?" he asked.

"You know it!" I responded.

We found room 503, and knocked on the door. A girl answered the door immediately, in the background the other girl was lying in bed topless.

"Hi," THC grinned at the girl.

I was still looking at the girl in bed who was taking her time covering up a nice pair of tits.

"Hey, I'm 20." I introduced myself.

"Come in," she said.

The other girl had disappeared into the bathroom. She came out a few moments later, fully dressed. THC immediately chose her as the girl he would go after, which was his right by opening the group. THC's girl was hot and young, with plenty of tits and ass, especially for an Asian.

My girl was a bit older, she was thinner, but had what appeared to be a very tight booty. It was time to begin.

"You girls want to go swimming?" THC asked.

"We don't have swimming suits," my girl answered.

"Neither do we," THC answered with a smirk.

Five minutes later, we were in the swimming pool. The pool was closed, so we had to sneak in. The room was completely dark, and turning on the lights would alert the staff of our rule-breaking.

The room was dark, but it just made the view better. This pool was on one of the top floors of a 15 story building. Glass was built into the side of the pool that gave a perfect view of the lights of Metro Manila.

THC and I got into our underwear and got into the pool. The girls, having to be coaxed, eventually did the same and climbed into the pool.

Was this really happening? It felt like we were in a movie. I started kissing my girl and brought her to one corner of the pool. THC, in the other corner, was doing the same. It looked like some more quality time had arrived.

I reached around my girl's back as we kissed and undid her bra. She let it fall away without a

word, and set it to the side of the pool. I went back to kissing her in the pool and exploring her body with my hands.

The next time I looked back, THC's girl was topless as well. Damn, she had a nice rack. At that moment, ideas I never would have never thought possible entered my mind. How crazy could we make this night? I had a plan... and, knowing THC like I did, I had a feeling he would be down.

From there, passion clouded our minds and I took my girl, half naked, back to my room. THC, I imagined, had a similar idea.

When we were alone, she almost ripped my clothes off. I had already heated her up, she was ready for me.

She lay on the bed, half naked and looked up at me. "Take me," she said.

I did, and her great ass and tight pussy made my 58th notch of the trip a good one.

Afterwards, I took the girl back to her room. THC was in there getting dressed when we entered. He had already finished with his girl.

"Come in," my girl ushered and I took a seat on one of the twin beds. Music was playing from a laptop.

THC came and sat next to me "Did you get it?" I asked him, just for confirmation.

"Yeeaaaaah. And you?"

"You know it!" I said. "But, hey... I have a plan."

I whispered my plan into THC's ears, and a big smile slowly crossed his face. "Let's do it." Time to unlock a new achievement level in quality time.

We sat down and started drinking again.

"Hey," I announced to the group. "You guys want to play a game?"

"Sure," my girl said.

"Yes!" THC's girl also agreed.

"All right, let's play spin the bottle, but the rules are... THC and I cannot kiss. Agreed?"

The two girls looked at each other for a moment, then nodded their agreement. "Ok, then we should probably sit boy girl." I went and took a spot next to THC's girl, and he sat on the other bed next to mine.

The first girl, THC's younger girl, now next to me, spun the bottle. It spun and spun before slowing and coming to a stop on her friend.

The two girls laughed. "Looks like you have to kiss," I said.

- They shyly stood up, went to each other and started kissing for a few seconds, with more passion than I expected and returned back to the beds where they had sat.
- "Ok, your turn." THC's girl looked at me, and handed me the bottle.
- I sat it down and spun it. Luckily, the bottle landed on the girl I wanted, THC's girl. We started kissing. Twenty seconds went by before the other two stopped us.
- "We have a game to play!" the girl I had just had sex with objected. Maybe she was feeling a bit jealous.
- THC spun, and it landed on the girl I had sex with. Their kiss also lasted unnecessarily long. Our plan... could really happen. They stopped and prepared for the next turn.
- It was now or never.
- "All right, I'm going to spin the bottle and if it lands on any of us, we all get naked."
- Everybody laughed, and I spun the bottle. The girls were already taking off their clothes before the bottle stopped spinning.
- With clothing coming off, I turned my attention to the younger girl next to me. She was topless now, and biting her lip as she looked at me.
- THC and the older girl were on the other twin bed. A minute later, all of us were naked. I tossed THC a condom, and I climbed on top of his young sexy girl, the glimpses of nudity she had given me before only made the anticipation rise.
- My world turned to the girl in front of me, and I entered her. THC on one bed banging away and me on the other, I got my 59th notch of the trip.
- Was I really the same guy who arrived in this very city, four months ago? I didn't feel like it. Was I the guy who had passed up the sister threesome? The guy who felt lucky just to be able to cop a feel of a breast? South East Asia had changed me, and it was for the better.

3 Down, 1 to Go

- Afterwards, THC and I got dressed and went to get some beers.
- "Three girls in three hours! Thank God for Cialis!" I said.
- "And an epic way to do it!" THC laughed.
- "The ol' switcharoo!"
- "We have to celebrate!" THC said.
- "I'm so down!" I replied.
- THC felt it too. South East Asia was a place where anything was possible. Any sexual fantasy we could think up, we could make happen.
- We walked down the street. Reliving old memories and promising to travel together again one day.
- "I'm going to miss you man," THC told me.
- "Me too brother," I responded.
- We each took a drink of the beer in our hands.
- "I just need one more to get 60," I said, unable to believe that my very ambitious goal was within reach.
- "Guys back home won't even believe it if you told them," he said.
- "I know..."
- I was interrupted by some shouting behind us. Two little Filipino guys in police uniforms jogged up to us and took our beers from us.
- "Sirs, we are going to have to take those from you and take you to jail," one of them announced.
- "What? What did we do?" I asked.
- "You can't drink out here," he said motioning to the road.
- We argued with them for a few minutes, and realized it was useless. They put us in the back seat of a little cop car and started driving.
- Then, I knew what was happening. They wanted us to bribe them. I shared my thoughts with THC.
- "Yeah, I think so," he whispered. "How do we do it?"
- "Hey, so can we just pay a fine or something?" I asked the two officers. "We don't have a lot of

time."

The guy acted like he was thinking for a few moments, then they pulled off the main street to an alleyway. I handed one of the officers what amounted to 30 dollars, and a smile showed he was ok with the amount.

"No more drinking in the streets," one of them said before driving off.

THC and I burst out laughing.

"It's not a great trip, unless you have to bribe the cops right!" I said.

"Let's get you your fourth girl of the day," THC was back to business.

"It would be good to get the quadruple up achievement for my 60th lay of the trip!"

"It would be epic!" THC said loudly enough, everybody on the street looked at us.

After cumming three times in the last few hours, I wasn't exactly horny, but I still felt energized and ready to go. It would be great to make my goal of sixty tonight.

A block away, we found a Karaoke bar. We spent the night singing with a big group of Pinay girls, and each tried to pull a girl.

"I can't leave my friends tonight," was the answer we both got.

It was 4 a.m. and the energy I had felt earlier had fled. THC felt the same and we walked the 300 feet back to our hotel rooms. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I was asleep.

One Last Afternoon and One Last Chance for 60

I woke up the next morning feeling sad. This was it, my last day, my flight would depart at 6 p.m. No more insane parties, no more switches with girls we met in the elevator, no more quality time, or triple ups... in a few hours... I would be going home.

I pushed the feeling away. I was on a quest, and I was one notch away from completing it. I still had to find a way to sleep with a new girl in the next 6 hours.

- I checked my phone.
- "Where are you and your friend!?"
- It was from the black girls I had met at the supermarket. I looked at the time. 12:15. Shit! Our double date was supposed to be 15 minutes ago and they were already waiting.
- I went to Scotian's room and started banging on the door.
- A half asleep little Scotian answered. "We got a date man! Let's go." I announced.
- "All right, all right," Scotian said in a sleepy voice. "Give me ten minutes."
- I went back to my room and messaged the girls "We'll be there in 5 minutes."
- When you want a girl to wait, it's always best for them to think you will be arriving soon. That way, they won't just up and leave deciding they won't wait for you to be a half an hour late.
- Twenty minutes later, Scotian and I walked into the restaurant across the street from our hotel and sat at the table with the two girls from Cameroon.
- Scotian spoke fluent French, which kind of sucked because I had no idea what the group was talking about. Scotian would say something in French, and the girls would laugh.
- I was starting to get impatient, this was my last chance to get 60, and I couldn't blow it. I got Scotian's attention on the other side of the table, and mouthed the words "isolate."
- I don't know if he understood, but I went to trying to talk to my thin black girl with the ass. He stopped talking to the group, and focused on his thick girl.
- I tried talking to her in English, but she didn't know enough to be able to really say anything. I had to switch strategies.
- "I want to learn French. What can you teach me?"
- The black girl next to me got excited for the first time. This was something we could do.
- As she taught me simple words, I set my hand on her wrist, then her waist, then her thigh. She didn't stop me, and I knew now was my chance.
- Scotian was saying something in French to his girl, and she was laughing. He was speaking very

- loudly, which usually indicated he was getting drunk, I looked at the beers stacked in front of him, and realized he had drunk more than the other three of us combined.
- "Hey, let's go get a couple of drinks at the hotel," I told the group.
- "Yes, Ok," the thick girl said and looked at him, she wanted her some Scotian.
- The thick girl explained what I said to my girl, and she hesitantly agreed. "Umm ok."
- A walk across the street, and we were at our hotels. I led my girl to my room without a word.
- The two of us lay in my bed. I thought it would be easy at this point, but I was very wrong. I was exhausted from the previous night of partying, I was oversexed from having sex with three girls in the last 24 hours, and I knew this black girl next to me was my last chance to reach my goal of 60.
- I made my moves, but something held her back. As I kissed her, she would stop me. She wouldn't let me escalate any further than a quick make out. Would I make it all the way to 59, just to fail hours before my flight?
- I tried again, this time as I kissed her my hand found its way down to her round ass. It was plump and firm and felt fantastic. Suddenly, my exhaustion had disappeared. My mind cleared, and I knew I didn't just want this girl because it would be my 60th notch of the trip... I just wanted this girl.
- My moves became smooth, my confidence grew, and I sensed she could feel raw sexuality radiating from me.
- I kissed her again, taking control of her the way you can only do when your inner man takes over. From here, my smooth seduction hit a rough patch when I couldn't pull her tight jeans down over her big bubble butt; no jeans were made for an ass like that.
- I finally got the jeans, off, and then came the panties and I had just got my $60^{\mbox{th}}$ notch of the trip!
- Afterwards, I lay in bed looking at the ceiling with a big smile on my face. I'm sure my Cameroon flag was wondering why I was so happy, but at that moment, fireworks were going off in my head... I had just crossed the finish line and not a moment too soon.

Bittersweet Goodbyes

My suitcase and backpack lay in the corner of the dark strip club. It was still afternoon outside, but the windowless building was lit only by florescent lights. Two guys had joined our little group, a friend of Scotian's from back in Canada and another guy, Dash.

I had just gotten my 60th notch and was on top of the world. The five of us laughed and THC, Scotian, and I told the stories of our exploits to the two other guys. I had to keep fighting off a particular stripper who kept trying to sit in my lap as I talked. It was a welcomed annoyance, one I wouldn't be feeling again for a very long time.

It was my last hour in the Philippines; I would go from the strip club straight to the airport.

As I listened to Scotian tell the story of the day, my attention waned. I couldn't hold back a strong feeling of nostalgia; I would really miss this place, the girls, and the friends I had made.

"She kept asking me why I was drinking so much," Scotian told the group. "I wasn't about to tell her it was because she wasn't pretty enough, so I just smiled."

"Come on! She wasn't that bad Scotian," I chimed in.

"I know, I know and those tits were huge!" he agreed.

THC told the story from the day before of "the ol' switcharoo." I had a feeling of melancholy as I listened. He finished the story with the final switch.

"I'm going to miss you guys," I announced the group.

"Me too 20," THC said. "Wish you weren't going back so soon."

"It's been a real fucking good time!" Scotian added. "But we can always meet again."

"This trip really was lengen... wait for it... dary!"

My goodbye was one of the sweetest and saddest and best moments of the trip.

The Philippines Round 2 Summary

The Philippines was and is my favorite country in South East Asia. There is a magic there that every man should experience at least once in his life. The tiny people and their admiration for foreigners is as close to feeling like a rock star as most of us will ever get.

It's a country where you can easily meet girls whether you do it online, at clubs and bars or walking through the streets (just remember to hand them your number).

In general, the best advice I can give you on where to book a hotel is as close to a central mall as possible. The Philippines is hot, so you don't want to do any day dates outside. A mall saves you in this case and, when you want to bounce her home, it's just a quick walk.

If you don't go to Mindanao, which I did, I don't feel like the Philippines is dangerous. The only things to watch out for are scams and pickpockets. Remember to always keep your valuables in your front pockets and to put your hands on your pockets when you go into crowds or when people bump into you. Then, just be careful with girls who don't seem to be particularly interested, those are the ones who could possibly scam you.

My second trip to the Philippines was very different from the first. On my first trip everything was new and it was more about meeting, banging and making connections with girls. My second trip was so different because it was with friends. It turned into a brotherhood type moment where friendships were forged that would survive at least a half a decade later when I'm writing this book. Ideally, you should get both types of these experiences in the Philippines.

If any readers decide to make the same trip I did and they put out the effort I did to meet women and see new place, I can guarantee they will fall in love with this country.

Part VII - Back in America

Depression... Then... Hope

As my plane took off from Manila airport, I opened my journal and for the next 24 hours, I relived as many moments from my trip as I could recall. Every one of the 60 girls I slept with, every story, and anything else my journal, pictures, or brain could come up with.

I came home depressed, depressed because I had found a land that felt like a playground, one meant for single men. Returning home felt like going to back to class and looking out the window wondering when the next recess would be. Was there another way?

There was another playground out there, one where the women were supposed to be just as horny, except prettier with much more ass and tits; a place where adventure would take another step forward. Could there be a place better than South East Asia?

The choice was already made. It wasn't even really a choice, I was addicted; addicted to the lifestyle, addicted to the adventure, but most of all... addicted to the women. Like a cocaine addict, there wasn't really another choice but to get another hit, I was going to Latin America.

Deciding on my next trip brought me out of my depression. I didn't know how I would pay for it or when it would be, but I would find another single guy's playground.

This is the true story of my first real pussy paradise trip. This book came from my journals from a half decade ago. It wasn't the last time I would see THC and Scotian. Since this trip, TravelHardCore and I have written hundreds of stories of our adventures around the world (Scotian makes appearances in many).

Spending the next few years exploring the far corners of the earth searching for the best spots, I learned that living happy can be as Simple as finding the right place to live. My skills with women were never bad as a Mormon, but they shot up after years and years chasing women across the globe. As my skills with women improved, so did the things I was able to accomplish.

All my advice on traveling and women, the stories of my adventures around the world have been written at the website of THC and I. To continue the adventure, check it out: http://www.SwoopTheWorld.com/

Read More

Check out some of my other books as well by my other pen name Nicholas Jack

The Key Logger: A Forbidden Glimpse at the True Nature of Women

Read about how I installed key loggers and got the passwords of exes to learn they weren't anything like I imagined

The Perfect Conversation: Win Any Girl with Words

Learn how to have the perfect conversation with women

The 9 Laws of Attractive Body Language for Men

Everything you need to master body language

<u>Understanding Sexual Attraction: What Makes a Woman Want You</u>

To be attractive to women, you must first know what is attractive to women

120 Body Language Signals that She Likes You

Never get rejected again; this book teaches you how to read a girl's interested

Elite Online Dating: Read. Click. Bang. She's Yours

I am an online dating specialist and I share all my strategies and secrets that have landed me hundreds of girls