

# FAMILY VALUES

*by* Dennis Hiatt

They are good kids, and I think they actually more or less like me. I've always made a point of treating them with respect, and I let them know I'm grateful that they've consented to couple with me. I respect their space both physically (I don't go in their rooms) and mentally

(I don't pry into their lives). We talk. Cynthia and I are practically friends. Veronica, the most standoffish of the three, has taken over the cooking, and we submit to her dictatorship of the veggies.

Everyone treats Spookie like she's the baby.

If Spookie's the baby, I guess that would make me the father and, of course, intellectual Cyn would be the mother. Veronica's place would be the cool, competent eldest sister. I guess that is a fair description of our family if I add the disclaimer that the girls are whores and we don't have much in common.

But you'd be surprised what comes down when four people live together for any length of time. I mean, the girls sell me their pussies, right? That should make me the boss...right? Well, to tell the truth I'm pussy-whipped. That's right. They gang up on me. If I want to go out for Italian food, and Cyn and Veronica are in the mood for Chinese (Spookie will eat anything as long as she can get meat, and she always sides with the girls), you can bet we'll eat Chinese that night.

They all go to school in the day and carry full loads. Spookie takes eighteen hours, and Cyn and Veronica bust their butts with twenty-four. At the end of the first term that our little generation-w family was together, they all brought me their grades home. I rudely observed that they could be better, so the girls demanded I hire a house cleaner so that they could spend more time on their homework.

I did, and Spookie started to pretend that she'd have an orgasm when we had sex. At least I think her orgasms are fake. I'm too embarrassed to ask if you want to know the truth. Neither Cyn nor Veronica bothers faking orgasm. Once in a while, one or the other will say that the sex was nice that time. And I've told all three of them if it bugs them we can skip the foreplay. But no, they tell me that the foreplay's okay. They'd be dry, and it would hurt if I didn't take the time, they say.

Does that make our sex real? I skipped the foreplay with Spookie once, and she cried afterward and said that I'd made her feel cheap. I spent a long time holding her and kissing her, and telling her that I thought the world of her, and that I'd just been so turned on by her youth and beauty that I'd been dying to be inside her. She started spending the night with me after that.

Last month, I asked Cyn if she'd like to spend the night with me. She shrugged and asked me if I wanted her to. I shrugged back and said that I wouldn't mind. So she spent the night, and I held her. But the next time we had sex, she told me she hadn't sleep real well, so that was that.

While long, cool Veronica is easily the most beautiful and the most skillful lover, I would never ask her to cuddle the night away. Don't get me wrong, Veronica is a neat woman, and I admire her.

Whenever I need a date for something, I usually take Veronica. She's charming, witty and cheerful, and she likes meeting the people I know on a professional level. I always introduce her as my friend, and she acts the part. That is to say, she's friendly, comfortable and relaxed with the people I know professionally. Seeing us side by side at a party, they'd never be able to guess that she's a whore and I'm her trick. That's the way it is.

The girls fight sometimes. Cyn smokes, and it bugs Veronica. Spookie is softhearted and wants to bring every stray cat she finds home, and that gets on Cyn's nerves. Spookie gets sick of Veronica's veggie surprises and will sometimes bring red meat home and cook it. Veronica doesn't say anything. But you can tell she's doing a slow burn over the meat smells in her kitchen.

Do we have a home, the whores and me? Or is it just a house where we happen to live? I wonder about that sometimes. I think the whores do think of my place as home. They'll say things like 'I'll be late getting home tonight, so start supper without me', or 'If you get home before me, feed the cats', or 'I'm soooo glad to be home. You wouldn't believe how bad my day was'.

If time means anything, we've spent two pleasant years together. Spookie's a sophomore, Veronica's a junior, and Cyn will graduate, with honors, this spring. I've told Cyn that I'll give her fifty thousand dollars and a round trip plane ticket anywhere in the world for her going away present. That pleased her no end. But then she joked and asked if that meant I was kicking her out to get a new model. I asked her seriously if she wanted to keep our arrangement up after she graduated and, to my very real surprise, she said yes, but she wanted the summer off to travel. She said she'd find a summer replacement for herself but, yes, she wanted to stay on because it would give her a chance to save some money and really decide what she wanted to do with her life. I know that's true as far as it goes. Cyn's already banked about a hundred thousand dollars. But I think that she'd really miss Veronica. And I'm willing to bet when Veronica leaves, so will Cyn.

Veronica has made it plain that she can't wait to leave. She wants to live in New York and put her school days behind her. I know people in the Big Apple and I've told her when she goes, I'll open as many doors as I can for her. And I will. Veronica will never disappoint me with the people I know in New York. Veronica is a pro.

Spookie? Who knows about Spookie. Sometimes, she acts like she's my girlfriend. Sometimes, she acts like I'm her father and sometimes, she daydreams out loud about living in a cottage at the beach and being in tie-dye touch with Mother Earth.

Spookie started a large garden last year and spent the summer puttering in it. Veronica helped her choose the veggies to plant, but didn't work in the garden. Cyn spent the summer tanning and reading all the great Russian novels. The girls looked so great lying around the back yard last summer, I took to having sex with them

during the day.

It stared when I asked Cyn to blow me while I watched Veronica and Spookie sunbathe in the nude. I could tell it made Cyn mad to have her reading interrupted. But I don't ask her to do much, and she knows it, so she did it. And after that, once or twice a week, I'd do one of the girls in the back yard while she sunbathed.

Having sex in front of each other wasn't anything new. On occasion, I'd have sex with two of the girls at the same time, or even all three. If I was having sex with one of them, and one of the others wanted something from my room, they'd come in without knocking and ignore us. Well, that isn't always true. Oddly enough cool, standoffish Veronica likes to watch. She doesn't make any excuses about it either. If she's in the mood, she walks right in, turns the lights on, pulls up a chair and masturbates. After she did that a few times, I tried getting closer to her, but it was no go. Veronica likes things just that way they are.

Spookie doesn't. Or at least, she goes on a pout once a week to get her own way. One week, it's because she'll puke if she sees another veggie surprise; the next, it's because Cyn won't let her borrow a pale blue dress; and the week after that, she can't stand my smoker's breath when we kiss. We all tactfully put up with Spookie's bitching. I guess because she's so predictable and gets over it within the hour with a little kissy-kissy, poor baby. Except for the ciggies and her veggie thing, Veronica's never shown that she cares much what goes down. Cyn and she pal around and spend a lot of time in their rooms together. But I don't pry, so I don't know what they talk about.

It's kind of weird having three young drop-dead gorgeous whores around all the time. We don't have a schedule on who has sex with me. We tried that, but it didn't work. Like normal people, the whores have their own lives. They like going out whenever they want, and I don't feel like having sex every night anyway. I averaged it out that I have sex four times a week with them. Sometimes, it's even one of them who instigates it. Since I've been keeping track of it, I've figured that Cyn instigates sex with me twice for every time

Spookie does, and three times for Veronica's one.

Veronica is the most likely to join in, however, and will actually make it with the other girls. A number of times last summer, when I had sex with Cyn or Spookie in the grass, or by the pool, Veronica would go down on the other, fingering her own long lovely clit while she did it. Veronica has never acted like she came from any of this though. Cyn tells me that Veronica never makes a pass at either her or Spookie when they're alone with her. I asked Veronica once if it bothered her that the girls never did sex things back to her, and she just shrugged. After all, her sex life is really none of my business. Our cleaning lady is Mrs. Morales, a hard working Mexican lady of early middle age. Mrs. Morales does not approve of what we do. And if one of the girls walks around less than modest, she's obviously offended and spends the day muttering under her breath in Spanish and knocking things about. She is, however, happy to take veggies home from Spookie's garden. She likes helping Cyn with her Spanish and will spend hours chatting with Veronica about cooking and her one million kid troubles.

I never actually explained to Mrs. M what was what, but Spookie did when Mrs. Morales tried setting The Spook up with her youngest son, Juan. I'd guess that Mrs. M thought the girls were my daughters, or something like that. She hasn't been what you'd call friendly to me since then. But she's a hard worker, and I love the salsa she brings.

Spookie did go out with Juan once. Fucked him too. But he never called for a second date, and that hurt her feelings. Veronica dates an intelligent looking, blond guy, named Steve, pretty regularly. I asked her once if she was serious about him, but she just shrugged as if to say, 'what's it to you?' Cyn goes out once or twice a month. I'd guess she dates the least, but goes out the most with her friends. Spookie never spends Friday or Saturday night home. But she can't seem to keep a guy more than a month or six weeks. I try to tell her not to worry about that. She's young and should play the field at her age. But it still troubles her, and she's taking a class to improve her pair-bonding skills.

The girls are all on the pill, and they insist that their male friends use a rubber. I don't. But I don't worry about getting AIDs either, because they like each other too much to practice unsafe sex. Maybe I'm at greater risk than I think, but I like the feel of their bodies, so that's that. If one of the whores gave me AIDS I guess I'll have gotten some kind of karma pay back.

I like to think that I don't treat the girls like they're whores. But when it comes right down to it, I do. They fuck me whenever I want. They fuck me however I want. And that includes anal sex. Spookie cried the first three times I screwed her in the ass. But that didn't stop me. And now, whenever I want some of her backside, she at least acts like she's into it. Veronica, ever the pro, took an enema, and lubed herself with K-Y jelly the first time I wanted to take her in the stern tube. And 'take' is the right term. I take the girls sexually. They consent. And I know sometimes they enjoy it, but I use them first and foremost. What's more, I get a kick out of it. I pay for the privilege, and they pretend. If they're mad at me for some reason, they let me know it's just pretend. Cyn smokes cigarettes while we have sex until I make right whatever's wrong. Sometimes, it's no more than an apology in front of the other girls. Once, it cost me eighteen thousand dollars (health insurance for them). Spookie cries before, during, and after, but has never cost me much money. When she's pissed, Veronica insists on carrying on conversations while we have sex. If I won't talk, she'll monologue about her classes, like she's brushing up for a test. Because of this, I have learned several interesting things I otherwise wouldn't know: like the English Reform Bills of 1832 were passed by Earl Grey's Whig ministry. After that time, I asked Veronica if she was making the stuff up. I mean, isn't Earl Grey a tea? She assured me she wasn't, and that I could speak with confidence on the English Reform Bills. Still, I looked it up. After all, I'd just hosed her in the ass and had her swallow my semen without washing my penis before hammering it in her lovely, young mouth.

Does stuff like that stop us from being a family? Maybe. But, for what it's worth, the whores spend their holidays with me, not their

real families. They ask my opinion about the problems they have in their lives, not their mothers or fathers. Tough, icy Veronica has more than once stood up for me at a party when my professional rivals have tried to trash me. When Spookie's hurt or afraid, she comes to me first, even if it means waking me up in the middle of the night. Cyn and I go out for coffee three or four times a week, and we really talk about what's on our mind. And come Christmas morning, the girls will be up before dawn, bouncing around our beautiful tree, eyes bright, smiles real. They'll take turns showing off their presents and kiss each other and me, while Spookie's new puppy celebrates it's first Christmas by doing awful puppy things on my thick white carpet. The whores and I had a great Christmas last year, and I think this one is going to be better. The whores think so too. So, I'd better get my shopping done. I don't want to disappoint them.

