

Normal Family Routine

Breakfast, as always, was boring. Me, Mom and my brother Dylan sat around the small dining table, a plate of food in front of each of us. Today, it was bacon and sausage and eggs and toast. Neither me or Dylan said anything as Mom told us briefly about the upgrades the house was getting. Something to do with new smart home stuff or something = I wasn't really paying attention.

Dylan and I were both dressed in our school uniforms – him in black trousers and matching blazer with a white shirt underneath, me in a skirt and tights and similar, if slightly cuter blazer. Mom, on the other hand, wore her stay-at-home Mom outfit – white apron and long dress and modest make-up. All the things that screamed 'I'm an attractive housewife, look at me but don't let me know you're looking because I'm spoken for'.

I mean, who was she even dolling herself up for anyway? The tech nerds who'd be coming over to install all the modern 'smart' stuff in the house?

Don't get me wrong. Mom is attractive. I'm not blind. And, if anything, I'm grateful she's so stupidly beautiful – she passed on some mighty fine genes to me. And she has every right to flaunt how good looking she is.

But the way she does it...

It's like fake modesty, you know? Look at me wearing these conservative clothes, I'm a good person. Ignore the fact that I've intentionally let enough cleavage show to make me look hott. It's like having a cake, eating it, then pretending you didn't because that's way too many calories, *of course* you didn't eat it.

Mom was beautiful. That was undeniable.

Long, black hair. Raven and luscious, flowing down her shoulders in perfect waves. Chocolate eyes that'd make any man who stared into them instantly fall in love with her. Full lips and high cheekbones. And a hourglass figure that'd put pornstars and adult models to shame – all natural, too.

Like I said, I inherited good genes. Amazing genes.

I was my mother minus twenty years. While she was just hitting her forties, I was barely past the legal drinking age. Look at a picture of Mom back when she was my age, and you'd think we were the same person. I have her perfect figure, her irresistible face, her racehorse natural fitness.

Yet, whenever I tried to wear something that showed off my amazing looks, Mom always got pissy with me.

She shows her cleavage in a decently modest dress? No problem.

I wear a comfortable tank top? You'd think she'd caught me doing drugs with the fuss she made.

How was I going to get other people to respect me and my body if I didn't respect myself? Did I want guys coming onto me, hitting on me all the time? Did I want to get knocked up at a young age, have my life ruined by screaming brats? Was that why I was dressing like a harlot?

No, Mom, I just liked wearing tank-tops.

Jeez.

Oh, and thanks by the way. You know, for implying that getting knocked up with me ruined your life. Thanks a lot.

She sat, eyes on me the entire breakfast.

No doubt, my school-branded tie was too slack for her, my top shirt button being undone was too 'slutty'. Fucking hypocrite.

When I was finally done eating, I quickly set my plate aside and left the house – off to school early, as usual. I looked to the sky, hoping silently that whatever technobabble gadgets Mom was having installed today would keep her occupied and off my ass for a while.

By the time I got home, everything had already been installed and the technicians who'd installed it all were long gone.

In every room of the house, a new touch-screen monitor had been added – about the same size as a phone, with a camera above it. Those could be used to monitor or control any device in the house – lights, TVs, air-con, the toaster, you name it. All the old electronics we used to have were gone, replaced with modern counterparts. And new devices were installed where none had been before. My bedroom now had high-tech speakers built into the walls for all my music-listening needs.

Mom was rather excited by all of it, using her phone – which was connected to the system – to operate random things in the house.

At one point, I was sitting on the toilet taking care of business when, for no reason, the shower turned itself on.

Mom messing about with her new toys.

I rolled my eyes, did my best to ignore the quiet, mechanical humming that seemed to echo through the house, and headed to my bedroom to do my homework.

A few hours later – clutching my aching head – I climbed into bed and closed my eyes to sleep.

If only I'd known then what was going on.

I'd have ran from the house and never come back.

Dreams. So many dreams, all vague and dark. Memories I couldn't quite recall. They were nightmares though, that much I was certain of. Creepy, dark nightmares.

I woke in a cold sweat, body trembling.

My alarm clock beeped loudly, an instant ringing in my ears.

Blearily, eyes blinking open with the world blurred before me, I reached over – smacked my alarm clock hard. A burst of pain shot from my hand but, thankfully, the loud beeping stopped.

Why did my head ache so much?

Fighting down the urge to close me eyes and go back to sleep, I pushed myself upright.

School. Gotta get ready for school.

It took another few minutes – and more mental fortitude than I knew I had – to finally climb out of bed, make my way to the bathroom with my school uniform in hand. A quick, refreshing shower later and I was wide awake.

I threw on my uniform, did my make-up and hair, went back to my room to collect my school stuff, the headed downstairs for breakfast.

What I found waiting for me at the dining table stunned me stupid.

Mom, stood there in a lacy, half-transparent nightgown. The fabric was sheer, see-through in most places. The only parts that were opaque were over Mom's chest – hiding her breasts from view. The fabric was a hot, sexy pink with black trimmings and, underneath the lingerie nightgown, she wore a sleek, black thong and, from what I could see, nothing else.

Dylan, sat casually in one of the chairs, appearing completely naked – muscled torso in full view. With the angle I was at, I couldn't see if he was wearing any underwear or not.

I froze at the sight before me, at the risque clothing Mom was wearing and the near-nudity of my brother. I stared dumbfounded at their uninterested, plain expressions. From the looks on their faces, this was a totally normal, everyday breakfast.

And, when my feet began to move again, walk me over to my usual spot at the table, I felt my heart begin to pound in my chest.

"Breakfast's almost ready," Mom said, totally unconcerned by how she was dressed.

"What do you want to drink with it? Water? Juice?"

"Milk please," Dylan smiled. "Do we still have the banana?"

"No milkshake for breakfast," Mom stated, rolling her eyes.

"Just milk then," Dylan blushed. "Thank you."

Mom's eyes turned to me. She looked me over, scowled, said nothing.

I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came out. Mom turned from me, not bothering to listen to what drink I wanted, and walked out of the dining area – off to collect breakfast from the kitchen.

"What the fuck," I breathed, "is going on?"

Dylan shrugged at me.

"You okay, sis? You seem kinda off right now," he said, then gave me the same once-over Mom had. "What are you *wearing*?"

I glanced down at myself, at my school uniform.

Dylan shook his head. "You feeling alright, Bella?"

I opened my mouth to say something – ask why he was practically naked, why Mom was dressed like a lingerie model – but, again, no words came out.

My stomach twisted, heart beginning to race in my chest.

What the *fuck* was going on?

To say something felt off would've been an understatement. It was like I'd woken up in an alternate reality, where everyone dressed like they were about to get down and dirty. Why was Mom wearing something so naughty? I hadn't even known she *owned* something like that. And Dylan, what was up with his nonchalant near-nudity?

Mom appeared, holding two steaming plates of breakfast. One she set down in front of her seat, the other in front of Dylan. She left the room again, was back a moment later with two drinks – milk and coffee.

I stared down at the empty spot in front of me as Mom and Dylan began eating.

"Uh," I found myself saying, blinking at Mom in her slutty, totally-not-modest nightie. "Mom? Where's my-"

Mom's narrowed eyes shot to me.

"Well?" She said. "What're you waiting for? Eat up."

If I could have, I'd have questioned why she hadn't made breakfast for me, what it was she wanted me to eat exactly. Hell, if I'd been able, I'd have asked her what the hell she was wearing and why her and Dylan were being so strange.

Before I could say anything, however, my body moved on its own.

I slipped off my chair, slid down the the floor and crawled under the dining table.

In front of me, two barely-clothed crotches. Mom's and Dylan's.

Without wanting to, trying to resist my body's movements to no avail, I leaned forward – touched my brother's groin.

He was wearing black boxers. Though that did nothing to hide the monster cock he apparently had. It was hard; long and thick and terrifying. The head and half the shaft poked out above the waistband of the boxers, a tower of meat bigger than any cock I'd ever seen before.

My hands ran over the fabric of Dylan's boxers, trailed the outline of his wide shaft and bulging balls. And, to my horror, my fingers reached up, took hold of my brother's boxer waistband and began tugging them down.

The lower the boxers fell, the freer Dylan's cock became – dropping down and landing on my face, warm and hard and *disgusting*.

Heart racing, fighting back with everything I had in me, I tried to push away - to scream or shout or escape whatever was making my body move against my will. I fought, summoned every inch of resistance I could. I reached into wells of resolve I never new I had, battled the invisible strings tugging me along like a puppet.

Somehow, I knew what they wanted me to do. Knew that, if I didn't fight it here and

now, I'd be lost forever.

Dylan was my brother! I was *not* going to-

My mouth opened.

No! I could fight it! I *had* to fight it! I wasn't refused to-

My hands wrapped around Dylan's cock, pointed it directly at my face.

Fight it! I silently screamed at myself.

My head leaned forward.

NO!

Flavour.

The taste of skin and sweat. Smooth. And something salty and faintly sour. And warmth, heat radiating from it. More than anything, it was the girth – spreading my mouth wide open to accommodate the sheer *thickness* of it.

My lips slid down my brother's shaft with difficulty, battling and straining to take every inch of his impressive length.

"So," Mom said above the table, either oblivious to the fact her daughter was sucking off her son, or simply uncaring. "How do you like the house's upgrades?"

"They're cool, I guess," Dylan's muffled voice replied, his mouth obviously stuffed with food.

"You guess?" Mom scoffed. "Smart Home, fill the kitchen sink with soapy water please."

Distantly, I heard the sound of a tap being turned on, of water running – almost inaudible over the sound of slurping and gagging and choking.

"What's *not* 'cool' about being able to do that, huh?" Mom asked, voice filled with its usual smugness. "Bella, slow down with that sausage before you suffocate yourself. Have something to drink for Christ's sake."

Finally, my eyes watering, tear-trails running down my cheeks, my body pulled away from Dylan's cock. I choked on the air, gasped for breath. My body trembled, saliva running down the corners of my mouth and dripping on to my school uniform.

For the briefest of moments, I thought my hell might be over.

That, somehow, I'd managed to fight off whatever force was controlling my body – making me do that sick, horrible thing with my own brother.

Then my body turned towards Mom, my hands finding themselves on her knees – sliding up her legs, taking the hem of her naughty nightgown with them. A moment later, I was confronted with a too-close view of my mother's black thong.

Why the fuck was it *wet*?

Before I could think on that fact, my hands pushed her legs apart, tugged her black thong aside.

The pungent aroma struck me as I leaned forward, tongue extended.

My mother moaned softly.

And, as she'd told me to, I drank.

"What *are* you wearing?" Mom rolled her eyes at me, shook her head in exasperation. "Really, I don't know where I went wrong raising you, Bella. Take those silly clothes off, no daughter of mine is going to walk around dressed like a harlot."

I was still in my school uniform. Save for the saliva and cum coating my shirt and tie, it was the exact same uniform I wore every day to school.

But I couldn't argue that. Couldn't even force myself to walk to the nearest bathroom and wash the fluids off my face.

Instead, I began stripping – body moving on its own.

When Mom saw my bra and panties, she scoffed at me, told me how 'ugly' and 'unladylike' they were. But they weren't. Not really. They were just a plain, ordinary, boring set of undies and a bland, uninteresting bra.

I plodded upstairs, my brothers cum in my hair, my mother's juices coating my mouth and jaw.

What the hell was going on?

Mom and Dylan didn't even seem to be aware that any of what'd just happened was strange or unusual. They were acting like me sucking off my brother and tongue-fucking my mother for breakfast was a totally normal, everyday occurrence.

And me? I couldn't control myself. Couldn't control my body.

What the *fuck* was going on?

I stepped into my bedroom, closed the door behind myself and began walking to my wardrobe – resigned to my fate.

Then something caught my eye.

I froze mid-step, turned to face the newly-installed mini-monitor on my wall. In the back of my skull, I could still hear the soft, persistent humming. The never-ending buzzing that I'd tried to ignore all of yesterday.

"It's you," I said aloud, staring dumbfounded at the little screen. "You did this."

It was true. Deep down, I knew it was.

Somehow, all the smart home shit Mom'd bought was behind it. *It* was the reason I couldn't control my body – why I'd done those things to Mom and Dylan and why they didn't seem to be aware of how fucked up it'd been.

On the screen, an emoji appeared. A winky face.

"How?" I choked out. "*Why?*"

The emoji disappeared, replaced with a new one with its tongue poking out.

"What-" I shuddered. "What else are you going to do to us?"

Again, the emoji vanished and a new one appeared. A smiling devil face.

The ringing inside my head changed, tune morphing.

My body turned, pulled by invisible strings. I walked to my wardrobe, opened it and pulled out the naughtiest lingerie I owned. A matching red and black set, bra and thong. The type of undies I'd worn whenever I planned on seducing my now-ex boyfriend.

I pulled off the bra and panties I was wearing, slipped into the sexy lingerie set.

And then I returned downstairs, where Mom and Dylan were waiting.

We were being homeschooled.

That's what Mom told us. From now on, we'd learn everything we needed to know from her, or so she said.

I expected our first 'lesson' to be on something perverted or sexual, that the whole 'homeschooling' thing would be some kind of pretence for the Smart Home system – or whoever controlled it – to get me and my family into some porn-like situations.

But no, there was no 'today we'll be learning about blowjobs' bullshit. Mom stood at one side of the room, a projector painting mathematics equations on the wall, while she explained – in surprising detail – how to solve problems. She acted like a normal teacher would.

If not for the fact that I had to sit on my brother's lap for the lesson, it'd *almost* be normal.

Every now and then, his hands would wander to my chest, start teasing and toying with my breasts. But, each time, Mom would scold him.

"Put your toys away," she'd say, in the same tone as if he'd pulled out his phone during class. "You can play with them later."

All the while, my mind raced – hoping that, on some level, Mom or Dylan would realise what was happening, that they'd be able to resist the invisible slavery that'd been enforced on our family.

But it wasn't to be.

As our first 'homeschooled' lesson came to an end, Mom took a seat and spread

her legs wide apart.

“Well,” she smiled. “That wasn’t too bad. We need to work on your concentration and lack of focus, Dylan. But, for the most part, I think that was a success. Lets take a few minutes break before we move onto the next subject. Dylan, Bella, why don’t you have something to drink, restore some of that energy?”

Instantly, my body rose from my brother’s lap, began walking over to Mom. Behind me, Dylan took a sip of water from a bottle.

I dropped to my knees in front of our mother, knowing exactly what’d happen next.