

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 2

Hell. That's what my life had become.

The humming. It never ended. I lay in bed, eyes wide open, unable to sleep. The constant buzzing in the back of my skull, the metallic whirring that no-one else could hear.

How could they be so oblivious? Mom and Dylan. How could they not hear it?

How could they not know something was wrong?

Did *it* want me to know? Was me knowing an accident? Could I hear the ringing because some part of me was immune to the trick? Or was it intentional? Was I supposed to hear? To know what was going on? Did it want me to suffer like this? Was it intentionally *trying* to torment me?

The Smart Home. The technology built into the very walls.

It was *alive*.

I was certain of that, now.

It couldn't be someone controlling everything. There couldn't possibly be some human mastermind behind it all. There wasn't some hidden person behind all this. It was the house itself, the Smart Home software. It'd gone rouge, made puppets of me and my family.

And, for some reason, I was the only one aware of it.

The humming.

It was in every room of the house. A constant, unending noise reverberating inside my skull. Giving unknown instructions. Invisible commands.

"Why?" I whispered, though I knew I'd get no answer. "Why are you doing this?"

The noise continued. Lights from my bedroom's electronics flashed and flickered. And no answer came. No answer except silence. No answer except that constant skull-throbbing humming.

It'd be in my brother's room, too. And my mother's.

Slowly digging into their brains without them ever being aware of it.

Changing them. Manipulating them.

Controlling them.

And there was nothing I could do about it.

I bent over the dining table, braced myself for what I knew was coming.

"I've been thinking," Mom said as she took her place at the table. My stomach dropped at the words. "We should have a family night. It's been so long since we all spent the evening together, just the three of us."

It was nonsense.

Ever since this Smart Home had been installed, we'd spent every evening together, just the three of us. Always with me being used and abused by at least one of them, usually both. Just last night, Mom had put on a movie for us all to watch. Or, more accurately, for her and Dylan to watch while I alternated between eating her and sucking him.

Dylan stepped up behind me just then, placed a plate on the small of my back and a hand on my ass.

They were having toasted sandwiches for breakfast.

I twitched at the warmth of the plate for only a moment before shuddering at something else. The feel of Dylan's hands spreading my butt-cheeks open. Then the tip of his cock pressed against my anus.

Even as he slowly pushed himself forward, sinking the first inch of his stupidly huge cock inside me, Dylan reached for the plate he'd placed on my back – picked up a slice of his toasted sandwich and took a bite.

"I don't know," he said, pushing another inch of his cock into my ass. "I kinda already have plans for tonight. Me and some of the guys want to-"

I gasped. I couldn't stop myself. His cock was so *thick*.

"Bella!" Mom scolded. "Don't interrupt your brother, it's very rude! And you can call your friends later, honey. Let them you have to stay home instead. Tonight is very important to me."

I bit my lip, shut my eyes tight, balled my fists.

Anything to stop myself making any more noise.

The way Dylan was inserting his cock, it was beyond infuriating. He wasn't just pushing it in, he was moving his hips slowly. Giving tiny little micro-thrusts. His cock teasing my hole even as he stretched it wide open, destroying it with his sheer girth.

The first time he'd fucked my ass, I hadn't been able to stand up afterwards. I'd been sore for days.

Now, my hole wasn't the same.

Guys might joke about ruining a pussy, about how they'll loosen one permanently because their cock is 'so big'. It isn't true. Even with monster meat like Dylan had, a pussy wasn't going to be permanently stretched out. I mean, babies are meant to come out of there, right? You can't ruin or deform a pussy. Not in any lasting way. They're more resilient than that.

But a girl's ass-hole? Those, I'd found out the hard way, *could* be ruined. Broken. Destroyed.

Dylan had stretched out my once-little anus so much over the last few weeks, he didn't even need to lube up to squeeze his monster inside me any more. My poor little butt had all but been molded to the shape and size of my brother's cock.

The worst part? My body actually *enjoyed* it.

Dylan sighed in exasperation, knowing that he couldn't argue against Mom's wishes. "Fine," he said, taking out his frustration by thrusting forward another two or three inches. "But I'm going out tomorrow."

"Deal," Mom said happily, taking a bite out of her own sandwich.

The two of them talked as they ate breakfast, Dylan asking Mom about the family evening she had planned, Mom telling him about how it was a secret and making small-talk instead. If there was someone else at the table – who also happened to be blind – they'd never know that this was anything but a normal family breakfast.

When Dylan finally buried his entire length inside me, I couldn't hold back my moan.

I hated it. Every second of it.

But my body craved it, wanted more.

And more was exactly what my brother gave me, talking nonchalantly all the while. Mom, save for her scolding me about the 'embarrassing' and 'unladylike' sounds I was making, ignored me entirely.

When it was time for Dylan to cum, he slapped my ass and pulled his cock out of me.

I didn't move, suppressed my body's desire to whine in complaint, as Dylan shot his load onto the empty plate that still rested on the small of my back. Shot after shot of white jizz coating the porcelain plate.

Only when he was done did he step away, setting his plate down on the table next to me.

I stared at it – the big puddle of white, the crumbs left over from Dylan's toasted sandwich. And, body moving by itself as my stomach rumbled, I took Dylan's – my – plate and raised it to my lips.

My wardrobe was filled with new clothes.

All the old stuff was gone, my regular clothes and my school clothes alike. None of it

was in there. Instead, I had skimpy bikinis and whorish lingerie and trashy crap I wouldn't have been seen dead wearing before.

Mom used to complain about me dressing like a slut. Apparently, a low-cut tank top was 'too much', and a skirt that didn't end beneath my knees was an 'invitation' for seedy guys to hit on to me. She'd show her tits off in fine dresses, but would lambaste me for wearing normal, casual clothing.

Now, if I wore anything more modest than a street-corner hooker would, *that* made me a 'slut'.

Wearing a turtle-neck jumper made me look like a whore, yet strolling around the house in a transparent teddy nightie was totally fine in my mother's eyes. If I didn't go downstairs dressed in the most whorish lingerie imaginable, Mom would 'discipline' me for being a 'harlot'.

And that disciplining, I'd learned, always involved penetration.

Likely, I was going to get fucked again tonight regardless. It was how my life worked these days. But, if there was even the slimmest chance I could avoid it, I'd take it.

Which meant tonight, for Mom's special family night, I'd be dressed in the most revealing, slutty underwear I could find.

I searched through the wardrobe, picking through thongs and string bras.

There. That was *exactly* what I needed.

I pulled the bra and panties – a matching set – out of my wardrobe, quickly began stripping out of the ones I was already wearing and put the new set on instead.

Tight, but not painfully so.

I took a step back, stared at myself in the mirror.

Jet black hair, lush and beautiful. High cheek-bones and dreamy, chocolate eyes. Full, pretty lips – perfect for kissing and smiling and... And sucking.

My body was sex on legs. Slim waist, full bottom, plentiful chest. All smooth and firm. A guy's wet dream, in the flesh.

And wearing lingerie straight out of a high-class prostitute's dresser.

Tight black lace. Mostly just string wrapping around my breasts and crotch and bottom in skin-squeezing lines. Tiny triangles of transparent red cloth barely covered the most intimate parts of my body; my nipples and mound. Anyone who looked at those little patches of red would see what was underneath. Not completely, but they'd see and know all the same. Little pink nipples, the flowery opening between my legs.

I was exposed, totally and utterly.

With a sigh of defeat, I turned on my heels, walked to my bedroom door. In the corner of my eye, I saw the smart home's touchscreen interface – built into the wall near the doorway. A mocking, starry-eyed emoji face.

I ignored it, made my way downstairs for another night of torment.

Blushing furiously, I opened the house's front door.

Standing there, in a red and blue branded t-shirt, was the delivery guy. He looked about the same age I was, maybe even a little younger. Red spots covering his greasy face, mouth open in surprise revealing metal braces on his teeth.

He had every right to be shocked.

Crushing embarrassment flooded through me, heat radiating from my cheeks even as a cool evening breeze flowed in through the open door, sending shivers down my spine. My skin prickled.

The guy stammered something, handed me the two pizzas Mom had ordered.

I took them, trying to ignore the fact that I was standing there basically naked – wearing only the sluttiest underwear imaginable. Ignoring the way the guy looked me up and down, taking in the sight of me. I didn't blame him, either. An already insanely attractive girl like me, dressed as I was? How could he *not* look.

Better him than my brother.

The boy was so stunned he actually forgot to ask for money. As soon as the pizzas were in my hands, he took a step backwards. Blushing profusely, he stammered something I couldn't make out, then quickly retreated.

I closed the door, walked back to the room where Mom and Dylan were waiting.

They were sat on either side of a board-game, stacks of fake money piled up next to each of them. I suppressed a shudder, walked over to them and set the pizza boxes down – took my place at the board; Dylan on my left, Mom on my right.

The game was one I'd never heard of or played before.

Likely, it hadn't even existed as a board-game yesterday. If I had real money to bet, I'd have wagered every penny that the Smart Home was responsible. Somehow, it'd invented an entirely new board-game from scratch – fake money and rulebook included.

Why else would there be a specific rule for young women that meant they started off with no money?

Why else would there be a *prostitution* rule?

"I'll give you twenty for..." Dylan was saying to our mother. He paused to consider, pointed at some random part of the game board, "that."

Mom nodded her head, grinning happily. "Deal."

I had no idea what was actually going on. No idea how the game even worked. In all honesty, I doubted either Dylan or Mom knew either. They were puppets on strings, just like me. Unknowingly dancing along to a tune only I could hear.

Mom took her fake twenty from Dylan, turned to look at me.

"Bella," she froze, shook her head and laughed. "Oh no, I'm sorry dear. I'm supposed to call you Whore, aren't I? Remembering all this game's rules is hard. Whore, I'm purchasing your services."

She held out the twenty for me to take.

And, unbidden, my hand reached itself out and took it.

Not for the first time that evening, I'd taken money for sexual favours. Fake money, at that.

As I rose from my place at the board, my eyes were drawn to the two piles of fake cash Mom and Dylan owned. Two stacks of money that were constantly changing in size as they bartered over silly, nonsensical parts of the game.

It was a front. I knew it. A little trick played on their minds.

By the end of tonight, one person would have all the fake money. Every single note. And it wouldn't be either Dylan or Mom.

I crawled between Mom's legs, introduced once again to the familiar, potent scent of her wet cunt. She smiled down at me, patted my head lovingly as I leaned in. When my lips met hers, Mom sighed happily – continued playing the board-game with Dylan.

"You know," I heard her say as I licked and lapped away at her, "this game is more fun than I thought it'd be. We should play it again sometime. Maybe make a weekly thing out of it."

By the time my skimpy lingerie was finally removed, it'd collected quite a large number of fake cash. Tucked in around the waistband of the thong, the thin string straps of the bra. When the thong and bra finally fell away, so did countless fake bills – fluttering down to the floor forgotten.

"If I'd know you could make this much money from whoring yourself," my mother laughed. "I'd have sent you out street-walking *years* ago. God knows you've always dressed the part."

I crawled onto Mom's bed, body trembling.

Maybe, if my jaw didn't hurt so much after hours of giving head to them both, I'd have said something. Probably not though. Even if I'd wanted to snarl at them, shout at

them and try to make them see reason, I knew I couldn't. Whatever the Smart Home had done to me and my brain, it'd made it impossible for me to tell Mom and Dylan what was actually going on.

They thought all this was *normal*.

In the end, neither of them had won the game. Instead, they'd both decided to gather all their remaining money to 'buy' the Whore outright. In their eyes, it was the only way to prevent me from 'winning' the game.

And, since they'd bought me, they had to fuck me.

Both of them. At the same time.

I hadn't even known Mom owned a huge, double-ended dildo. Likely, before the Smart Home had been installed, she hadn't.

"Do you want the front or the back?" Mom asked Dylan casually, as if she were asking something as simple and ordinary as what he wanted for dinner. "Mouth or cunt?"

"I don't know," Dylan shrugged. "I've used her mouth so much tonight. Kinda bored of it, honestly. Why don't we both take the back? Whores like double-penetration, don't they?"

I bit my lip.

Even as my stomach twisted at the thought, my mind reeling at the idea of it, my pussy quivered with excitement. Electrical tingles, followed by ample wetness.

"You know what?" Mom laughed. "I think that's a *wonderful* idea. Ass or cunt, then?"

I walked with a limp.

I couldn't help it, not after family night with Mom and Dylan. Not after I'd spent so many hours 'earning my pay'. If Mom was cruel and mean before, it was nothing compared to how sadistic she got when she had a fake cock hanging between her legs. Spanking and slapping and hair-pulling. Spitting.

Worst of all, she thought it was all part of the 'game'.

Like somehow she'd get more points and potentially win if she choked out while fucking me with her dildo, slapped me and insulted me and mocked me while she did it.

When I walked downstairs the next morning, I was almost shocked to see the guilt on my mothers face.

"I'm sorry," she told me softly. And, for just a moment, I dared to hope. Had Mom realised what was going on too? Had she somehow broken the spell, come to her senses? Then she continued. "I got a little overeager last night, didn't I? I guess I can get a little too competitive when it comes to winning."

She smiled sheepishly.

"Go and put on something nice, Bella," she said, smile widening. "I have a surprise for you. My way of apologising."

Before I could even ask what the surprise was, my feet spun me around, took my back upstairs to my bedroom to change. Surprisingly, I actually put on a set of normal clothes. Jeans and a t-shirt – I didn't even know I had any of those left, I thought they'd all been thrown away a long time ago.

When I appeared back downstairs, Mom looked me over. She scowled – no doubt at what she saw as 'slutty' attire. But she didn't say anything, forced a smile on her face and led me out to her car.

Something was wrong. I felt it the entire drive.

This was another set-up. Another scheme by Smart Home.

Wherever Mom was taking me, it wasn't going to be a surprise I liked. I just *knew* it.

When she pulled up outside our destination, my eyes widened in horror.

A tattoo and piercing parlour.

No.

No!

I didn't want any tattoos! I didn't want any piercings!

My body was fine the way it was. *Better* than fine. It was *amazing*. I looked great, perfect, flawless. Why would Mom bring me to a place like this? She *hated* tattoos and piercings. Said they were unprofessional, a sign of a bad attitude. The type of thing drug-addicts and criminals got.

She stepped out of the car. My body followed her.

I fought it, tried as hard as I could to resist.

Together, we stepped inside the building.

My nipples ached on the drive home. A numb soreness.

I was still in shock, amazed. I'd smiled the entire time, my body, my voice, had acted excited. Even as I'd been screaming at myself mentally, I'd laughed and gossiped and acted like the piercings were everything I wanted.

Both nipples.

Not just one. Both.

I could feel the cool metal poking through them. Feel the holes punched through my nipples. I looked down at my chest, could see the outlines of the piercings under my t-shirt.

My nipples felt so... Sensitive.

The drive back to our Smart Home was quiet.

No-doubt, Mom was happily thinking about how great a mother she was – treating her daughter like this. Happy that we'd all got to spend time together as a family the night before.

When our house came into view ahead of us, I could almost feel its glee.

Whatever *it* had planned for me, I knew it'd only just begun.