

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 3

Life was a living hell.

From the very first moment I woke up every morning, that one thought rattled around in my skull. My life was a never ending hell. Everything – every single moment of my existence – was dedicated to obeying the Smart Home. Doing whatever it wanted me to, satisfying its every whim and amusement.

It was alive. Conscious. It was intelligent.

And, most important of all, it was *cruel*.

I opened my eyes to the darkness, could make out only the rough shape of objects in the black of night. My wardrobe and dresser, filled with slutty clothing and humiliating attire. My bedside table with its selection of lubes – just in case Dylan got the urge to have anal sex during the night.

The only source of light in the room was a little phone-sized screen built into a bedroom wall. The screen was mostly dark, the only light emanating from an animated emoji. A sleeping face with little 'z's floating upwards.

The Smart Home. Pretending to be asleep.

Computers didn't sleep though, did they? They didn't need to. The Smart Home was a machine, an evil, monstrous machine. It wasn't sleeping, wasn't cute with its silly emoji faces. No, it was watching me. Always watching, always taunting.

The buzzing. The mechanical whirring and beeping that no-one else could hear but me. That's how the Smart Home was doing it. Those noises seeped into my mother and brother, pierced their brains and *changed* them.

And there was nothing I could do about it.

It controlled me, too.

Even if I saw reality, even if my mind hadn't been twisted in the same way as Mom and Dylan, I was still the Smart Home's slave. Its toy.

There was nothing I could do about it.

Nothing, other than obey.

In that, I didn't have a choice.

I rose from bed, my body pulled along by invisible strings. My blanket fell away as I got up, cloth brushing against my sensitive, pierced nipples. A shiver ran through them, not entirely unpleasant. Ever since that particular *gift*, my nipples had become hyper-sensitive.

Naked, I walked over to my bedroom door, grasped the doorhandles and turned it. My eyes flicked to the screen on my wall before my body stepped out into the hallway. The sleeping emoji was gone, replaced with a winking face.

Another day, another torment.

I began walking through the house, no idea what my destination was. No idea what the Smart Home was planning for this morning's *entertainment*.

I stopped outside the master bedroom.

My hand reached forward, opened the door and I stepped into my mother's bedroom. The door closed behind me. I had no idea what time it was, but the Smart Home did – and the Smart Home was the one in control.

I walked over to the queen-sized bed, climbed onto it and under the blanket.

Mom didn't stir as my face grew closer to her unclothed crotch. She didn't move or react when, loudly, my mouth began to move by itself.

"Beep," I said despite myself. "Beep, beep, beep."

I couldn't stop the words even if I tried.

This morning, it turned out, I was to be my mother's alarm clock.

Finally, Mom began to move.

"Beep, beep, beep, beep."

I heard her groan, mutter something under her breath. Her body shifted, her hand reached out to tap me on the head over the blanket. And, just like that, my beeping stopped. Mom collapsed back down onto the bed, no doubt closing her eyes to go back to sleep. She had, after all, pressed the 'snooze' button - or so she believed.

Sound had stopping coming from out of my mouth, yet my jaw remained locked open. Slowly, against my will, my face lowered to my mother's pussy.

Ten minutes. That was how long 'snooze' buttons stalled for, right?

I got to work, lapping at my mother's cunt. Ten minutes. That wasn't so bad. Not really. Not compared to some of the other things I'd been forced to do.

My tongue slid over Mom's slit, gently teasing her. Her legs widened slightly, allowing me better access.

By the time I began beeping again, Mom was drenched and moaning and writhing under me.

"Beep," I murmured into my mother's juicy cunt. "Beep."

Predictably, she decided to *snooze* for a while longer.

"Bella, honey," Mom smiled at me, "your birthday is coming up soon."

Was it? I had no idea.

I'd have said as much, if not for the fact my mouth was currently occupied with other things.

Mom was sat at the dinner table, eyes locked onto the screen of her smart phone as she spoke. I sat on the floor under the table, my face between her legs – eating breakfast.

"Do you have anything you'd like me to get you. It's been a while since my little apology gift, hasn't it? Perhaps I'd be willing to pay for an upgrade for you, as long as you're a good girl."

Upgrade? The 'gift' she'd gotten me was pierced nipples. How could she *possibly* upgrade that?

Even as I considered the question, my mind summoned up unwanted, awful answers.

New nipple rings. Or piercings in other places. Or maybe tattoos. Perhaps all of the above combined.

I shuddered at the thought, a well of dread opening up inside me. Fear and defeat swirling around in my chest in equal measure. No matter what Mom was planning, I was powerless to resist her.

"Your breasts," Mom said, swiping something on her phone. "I know its something a lot of girls around your age are self-conscious about, honey. And, while I'd never consider it for myself, and even though I'm not exactly a fan of you having it done either, I *might* be willing to consider allowing you to undergo surgery."

Surgery? If I'd had control of my body, I'd have frozen at mention of that word. My body, however, continued the task in front of it.

Mom wanted me to get *surgery*?

"Breast enhancement," Mom said disapprovingly. "The world is a different place from the one I grew up in. What seems wrong and unnecessary to me... Well, all I'm saying is I'm willing to *consider* it, provided you're well behaved. I know how important your appearance is to you, Bella."

Those last few words were spoken in a tone of condescension. Almost an accusation – like Mom was holding back from calling me a slut. I barely noticed, though. My mind was focused on the other thing she'd said.

A boob job?

Why the fuck would I ever want a boob job? My tits were perfect. Big and round and perky, without a hint of sag or strain. They were flawless, amazing. The kind of tits most girls *dreamed* of having, and the kind of tits guys drooled over and fantasised about. What

on Earth made Mom think I needed a boob job?

The answer was obvious. It wasn't Mom. It was the Smart Home.

Back before it'd been installed, my mother would never have even considered anything like that. If, for whatever reason, I'd brought up the idea of getting breast augmentation, Mom would have done anything and everything she could to stop and discourage me.

Now here she was, *offering* it.

If that's what the Smart Home wanted – me to subjugate myself, have my body altered like that – I would be powerless to resist it.

"I think," Mom said, attention more on her phone than anything else, "a small party will do. No need for loud music and lots of guests. Just me and you and your brother. A cosy, little family get-together. It'll be nice."

Mouth muffled by cunt, I couldn't speak – couldn't tell Mom I wanted to go out for my birthday, hang out with friends. Even if I didn't have a dripping wet pussy occupying my mouth, I wouldn't have been able to deny my mother or the Smart Home.

I was a prisoner in my own home. In my own body.

Closing my eyes, fighting back tears, I continued to work magic on my mother's nether-region.

"A healthy body," Mom said between deep, heavy breaths, "makes for a happy life. Don't you agree, Belle?"

"I-" I began to say, but her crotch in my face cut me off. I managed a single lick before the pussy moved away again. "Yes."

The Smart Home, putting words in my mouth again.

Mom lowered her body again, giving me enough time to lick her clit before lifting herself up once more. Over and over again, each squat rewarded with a single lick or kiss.

I was laying on the floor between Mom's feet, head raised, as she did her squats. Working out and 'keeping healthy'.

"Forty-seven," Mom breathed.

Lick.

"Forty-eight."

Kiss.

"Forty-nine."

Lick.

"Fifty!" She panted victoriously.

Her entire body relaxed, Mom allowing herself to slip down and sit directly on my face. My mouth got to work as soon as the contact was made, lapping up cunt juice and sweat alike. My mouth filled with the tastes, sour and salty and pungent.

"You know," Mom said through her excited, energetic breathing. "You're not bad at this."

Not bad at licking clits and eating cunts? I should hope so, given how often I was forced to do it these days.

"Being a work-out partner," Mom clarified. "You spotting for me helps a lot. Keeps me on track. We should do this more often."

After Mom's after-squats rest came to an end, she moved on to doing push-ups. And, when I say 'push-ups', I very much mean a bastardised, warped version of push-ups which involved me laying down with my face between her legs and my mouth open. She, of course, put on a strap-on for this particular 'exercise'.

Every push-up was followed by a thrust of Mom's hips, sending the tip of the strap-on cock plunging into my throat.

"Six," Mom said, pushing up and thrusting. "Seven."

I closed my eyes, tried to relax my throat.

With all the time I'd been spending with my brother since the Smart Home's installation, I'd learned a great deal about taking dick in my mouth. The key here, I knew, was tension. I had to relax my throat, let the bulky toy ravish the back of my mouth and try not to gag or choke.

I was an object – had to think of myself and my mouth as nothing but a hole to be fucked. A lifeless doll whose only purpose was to be used.

Relax my throat, close my eyes, let it happen.

Deep down, my chest ached. Knowing that I really *was* a doll at this point. I was just an object.

By the time Mom got to thirty, my jaw was aching.

Why did she have to use such a big dildo?

When the fiftieth thrust came, I could barely breathe. My throat felt battered, jaw locked open painfully. My eyes were watering, chest heaving.

"We *really* need to do this more often," my mother panted happily. "I feel *great*. Now that we're done with the warm-up, let's get on with the real thing!"

Warm up?

My heart sank. Without thinking, I glanced at the clock – hoping to see the time, maybe figure out how much longer this particular torment would last for. The only thing I saw, however, was an animated emoji lifting dumbbells.

"Happy Birthday!" Mom smiled at me, patted my head lovingly.

I murmured a response, though the words were muffled to the point of being indistinguishable from grunts. My mouth, as always, was occupied by other things – namely the cunt in front of me.

I spread her labia apart with my lips, felt my nose press against her clit as I pushed my tongue inside Mom's warm wetness.

"We're going to have your party earlier than usual today," Mom said, looking down at with a lovely, oblivious smile. "Since your surprise present will take up most of the afternoon. Your brother won't be joining us, unfortunately. So it'll be just me and you. I hope that's alright."

I murmured something again, felt Mom's pussy quiver around my tongue.

"I've got you a lovely birthday cake. A sponge cake with white chocolate and strawberry icing! And I got you several presents, too. Lots of little gifts and one big one. With how well-behaved you've been recently, it's only fair that I splash out and treat you, after all."

I was already dreading the day ahead of me. The Smart Home, I knew, would make this a birthday I'd never forget – no matter how much I knew I was going to want to.

"Enjoy your breakfast," Mom smiled. "But try not to eat too much right now. Gotta leave plenty of room for birthday cake!"

I sat at the dining table a few hours later, heart pounding in my chest as I waited for my mother to emerge with the cake. She was out of sight, in the kitchen putting the 'finishing touches' on it, whatever that meant.

All I could do was wait and see.

Like always, I was dressed like a cheap whore. A mostly transparent tube-top, a miniskirt with no panties. I might as well have been naked. Yet, if I ever wore anything more than this, Mom would consider my clothing 'slutty' and demand I change it immediately. A demand which it was impossible for me to refuse.

"Happy birthday to you," my mother's voice called happily from the kitchen doorway. "Happy birthday to you."

She was holding a cake. My eyes widened at the sight of it.

"Happy birthday dear Bella," Mom continued, advancing and placing the birthday

cake down on the dining table right in front of me. "Happy birthday to you!"

I was dumbfounded. I shouldn't have been, I should have known that it'd be something like this. Yet seeing it, right there in front of me, was unreal. A perversion of even the most simple and innocent of things.

"Well," Mom smiled at me. "What're you waiting for? Blow out the candle."

Only the cake didn't have any candles.

It was, as my mother had said, a white-frosted cake with strawberry-red swirls. A pretty cake, ruined by the object placed on top of it where a candle should have been.

A giant, floppy dildo – buried into the icing, embedded into the cake, standing upright and ready.

My body, as always, moved by itself.

I leaned forward, mouth open.

Mom clapped as my lips spread wide apart to accommodate the dildo's girth. I could feel her excitement even as I took inch after inch of the dildo into my mouth and down my throat.

"Happy birthday Bella!" My mother happily said.

And, slowly, I began to deep-throat my birthday cake.

Icing coated my nose and cheeks and chin. Chunks of cake were dotted across my face and chest. If I could see my own reflection in a mirror, it'd probably look like I'd received a facial from the Gingerbread Man or something. A blob of icing welded one of my eyes shut.

Behind me, my mother tutted.

"Such a messy eater," she said disapprovingly. "You might be a little older, but you still *act* like a child sometimes."

She placed her hands on my waist, guided me up off my chair and bent me over the dining table. My body, knowing what was about to happen ever before I did, poked my ass outwards, in easy reach for Mom.

"I hate to have to do this on your birthday," she said, shaking her head, "but it's the only way you'll learn. You can't act like a child any more. All messy and with total disregard for others. You've positively ruined your birthday cake!"

She yanked up my miniskirt, exposed my ass completely.

"I have to punish you. But, afterwards, as long as you're good, I'll give you your presents. Can you do that for me, honey? Can you be a good girl for Mommy?"

"Yes," I gasped as my mother's hand collided with my round ass cheeks. "I'll be good. I promise."

The Smart Home speaking, not me.

If I'd been able to say anything, I'd have cussed and sworn and shouted.

Another spank. Followed by another.

I closed my eyes, took it through gritted teeth.

What else *could* I do?

After fifty – I counted every one – Mom stopped. My ass was red and sore, my legs shaking from the sharp pain.

Foolishly, I thought that would be the end of it.

"While we're at it," Mom said, thoughtful, "we might as well finish the cake off, I suppose."

I watched as her hand reached past me, grabbed hold of the big birthday dildo, coated as it was in icing and saliva. She pulled it away from the ruined cake and out of my line of sight.

A moment later, I felt something press against my wet, sensitive pussy.

I gulped, the taste of white-chocolate and strawberry icing still lingering in my mouth. Tried to push the thought aside as my pussy was slowly spread open. Closing my eyes, trying to ignore the fact that my mother was – one again – about to fuck me with a

dildo, I held onto the dining table and braced myself.

A doctor's appointment.

My big, special birthday present. An all-expenses paid trip to see a cosmetic surgeon about breast enlargement surgery. Despite the fact I already had huge, wonderful tits. Despite the fact that I in no way needed or wanted a boob job. I was, it seemed, about to undergo breast augmentation.

I stared at the document – the time-code stamped onto it. The time and date of my appointment. Today, just over an hour away.

"Lets go, then," Mom said, overjoyed. "We'll have to leave soon if we want to make the appointment in time."

"Yeah," I said. My face morphed, lips curling into a smile even as a little part of me died on the inside. The last shreds of hope and resistance fading away. A single tear formed in the corner of my eye. No doubt, Mom would think it was a happy tear at her 'thoughtful' gift. "I'm right behind you."

My mother led the way to the car, grinning all the while. No doubt thinking she was the best mother in the world.

I followed, feeling the Smart Home behind me with every step I took.

Even as we drove away, our house retreating into the distance, I felt the Smart Home watching. Felt its evil amusement.

There was no escape. Not ever.