

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 4

The Smart Home owned me.

I was a puppet. Nothing more. A toy to be played with, used and abused and tormented. Not even human any more, not really. Just an object. A piece of meat for the Smart Home's entertainment.

Was someone behind the technology? Some creepy bastard sat in front of a wall of screens, watching everything and pulling strings? Or was it the Smart Home itself? Was the computer brain of the house sentient, maliciously controlling the home's inhabitants for its own unknowable reasons?

It didn't much matter. I knew that.

One way or the other, I was the Smart Home's – or whoever controlled it's – slave. With no hope of freedom, no escape from the daily torments. I belonged to the walls around me, to the technology built inside them. I was nothing. Just a toy.

My mind wasn't mine; I couldn't do anything that the Smart Home didn't want me to. A puppet on invisible strings, pulled along by hums and vibrations in the air that I could only hear on rare occasions, but which I knew were always there. The walls sang silent, mechanical songs – and I danced along without a choice.

My body wasn't mine; once, a long time ago it had been. I'd been beautiful, sexy. Perfect. Round perky breasts and cute little nipples, a pretty face with full lips and stunning eyes. Now, though, I was something else. A bastardization of what I'd once been. My body, still slender and fit, now rocked two balloon tits – fake tits each the size of a basketball. Piercings deforming what were once cute, perfect nipples. My ass had been surgically enhanced. A nose job and lip-fillers and dyed hair.

I looked like a doll more than a human. A grotesque, warped image of what a woman was supposed to look like.

I was a living sex doll.

Big tits, blow-job lips, a well-used pussy, and the inability to say 'no'. Lacking any free will, aroused at anything and everything even mildly sexual in nature.

This was who I was now.

This was *what* I was.

No escape. No freedom. Only endless torment. Forever.

"What on *Earth* do you think you're wearing?"

I blinked, turned to stare at my mother.

She was glaring at me disapprovingly, eyes roaming my body with clear, unmasked disgust.

"I..." How the fuck was I supposed to respond?

I wasn't wearing anything unusual. At least not for the house.

A miniskirt with no panties and a fishnet top with no bra. It was, if I'm completely honest, one of the more conservative and modest outfits I could get away with. Usually, I'd be forced to walk around in just a slutty bodysuit or lingerie set.

"I might not be able to stop you from whoring yourself out to every Tom, Dick and Harry that you meet, Fleshlight, but I'll be damned if I let you strut around *my* house dressed like some cheap slut."

My mouth dropped open.

I stared at my mother in bewilderment.

"I'm... sorry?" I managed to say.

She sniffed the air in disgust. Turned away from me, as if the sight of her daughter was too much to bare looking at.

In the air, I heard the ever-present metallic hum.

The Smart Home. This was another of its games.

Slowly, I turned on my heels, began walking back towards the doorway. If Mom wanted me to switch into less revealing, more decent clothing, who was I to argue? I wasn't going to look a gift horse in the-

"Where do you think you're going?" My mother's voice cut through the air behind me.

"To go get changed," I said, feeling my heart drop. I shouldn't have allowed myself even a moment to hope. "Into something more modest and-"

"No," Mom stated clearly. "You wanted to dress like a cheap whore, so dress like one. And, while you're at it, why don't you go ahead and clean the house? God knows you need to learn what it's like to have a *real* job, rather than spending all day on your back and earning money for nothing."

I sighed, my body moving by itself.

Collecting a feather duster and some cleaning rags and the vacuum cleaner, I got to work cleaning. After months of being the family's slave, and given than being their maid was included in that servitude, I'd grown pretty skilled at cleaning the house.

A shame that my mother never appreciated it.

"I raised you better," she told me as I dusted. "What ever happened to the nice girl you used to be? When did you become this *thing* I see before me now?"

I could do nothing but listen. Listen and clean.

"To think you'd become a whore. What would your father think if he could see you now?" She shook her head sadly. "Why can't you be more like your brother? A good, honest adult with a real job. Someone who doesn't feel the need to destroy their body with unnatural surgery. What was even wrong with your breasts before, anyway? They were fine."

At that, my eyebrows narrowed. My grip on the duster handle tightened. If I could have, I'd have shouted at her there and then. Screamed at her that it was her who'd made me get the surgeries.

But that wouldn't have been true. Not really.

It was the Smart Home. It controlled Mom just as it controlled me. It wasn't her fault she'd made me do those things. She was as much a victim as I was, even if she didn't know it.

"And are those *piercings*?" My mother grumbled. "You should be ashamed of yourself, Fleshlight. This person you've become..."

I tried my best to ignore her as she continued to speak.

Little, tiny bites. Insults here and there, judgement and condescension. Compared to the humiliations I'd endured before, would endure later, this was nothing. Tiny stings compared to the gut-wrenching stabs that I was accustomed to.

Still, though, those small cuts started to add up.

My mother parroted every self-hating thought I had about myself. My disgust with my own body, the actions I'd been forced to take. Words digging into my skull as I cleaned room after room after room.

My mother stood in front of my wardrobe, hands and eyes searching through my clothes. I could do nothing but stand there and watch, waiting for her to pick something out. Something slutty and whorish, something revealing and humiliating.

She settled on a transparent lingerie set. A cupless black bra with white frills and matching thong that left literally nothing to the imagination.

When she handed them to me, it was with a loving, motherly smile.

These were, in her eyes, completely normal clothes for someone to wear. Fashionable and trendy and not naughty in the slightest. If I wore any more than what she was handing me, even just a pair of socks, she'd call me a prude – tell me how I'll 'never

get a guy' if I'm too shy to wear 'regular' clothes.

And, of course, later on her personality would flip completely.

She'd berate me as being a whore, glare at me like I was some kind of inhuman monster. Treat me like shit, *punish* me for putting on the clothes she herself had handed me just a few hours earlier. The Smart Home had transformed Mom into two separate personalities, both of them warped in their own twisted ways.

But what choice did I have?

I put on the lingerie she handed me, slipped the cupless bra onto my chest, slid into the thong.

With what little cloth I was wearing, I might as well have been butt-naked. Nothing was hidden, everything was on display. My tits, my ass, my pussy. Anyone who laid eyes on me would see *everything* I had to offer. The fake tits, the enhanced backside, the piercings. *Everything*.

"There," Mom smiled. "Much better. And that top really brings out your eyes."

What top?

If I'd been able to speak, those two words would've come out snarky and resentful. Biting. But, right then, the Smart Home didn't want me to say anything and so I didn't. Couldn't.

"Your brother will be home later," my mother said, eyes roaming up and down my body with a smile. "I've got another family night planned for us. Board games, movies, snacks. So make sure you're free this evening, okay?"

"Yes Mom," I answered automatically.

I stared down at the floor, my stomach sinking.

Family night.

I *hated* family night.

Snakes and Ladders. Only unlike any game of Snakes and Ladders I'd ever played before. The game board was normal, a big grid of squares with 'ladders' and 'snakes' dotted about it. Some dice to roll, and pieces to move. Land on the bottom of a 'ladder' and you automatically move to the top of it, land on the top of a 'snake' and you're forced down it's body and out its tail. Simple, right? Utterly and completely harmless and non-sexual?

Not in this house.

Land on a snake's head in *this* game, and that's exactly what you'd get. Head. From me. Land on the snake's tail and you'd get my tail – undisputed access to my anal cavity. Dylan had his cock, Mom had her strap-on, and I had a bottle of lube.

What about the ladders, I hear you ask?

Well, that depends on which part of the ladder you land on. Top or bottom. Whichever one it was, that's the position I'd be forced to take as you fucked me.

When Dylan landed on the top of a ladder, I was compelled to mount him. When Mom placed her game piece on the head of a snake, I moved my face between her legs without hesitation. I wasn't the prize or the reward for winning the game, I *was* the game. And by the end of it, with how eager Dylan and Mom were to play it, they ended up having to both take their turns at the same time.

My mouth wrapped around my brother's cock while our mother fucked me from behind with a monster-sized strap-on.

Hair-pulling, tit-slapping. The whole thing was a blur to me.

At one point, both brother and mother tried shoving their respective dicks inside my poor, abused asshole at the same time. I cried out in pain and pleasure, begged for mercy - all the while knowing I'd never receive it. Somehow, with much effort and excessive force, they managed to both fill me at once.

And, when the game was finally over, my brother disappointed that he'd won and that the fun was at an end, our mother demanded a rematch.

My brother obliged.

By the time they were done, I was a mess. A ball curled on the floor, leaking cum from ass and cunt both. I could taste it in my mouth, feel it on my body. Sweat, cum, sex.

"Right then," Mom said, sounding not the least bit tired. "I guess it's movie time!"

My brother sat up, looked over at Mom. "What're we watching?"

I remained motionless, eyes unfocussed.

"Watching?" Mom asked, confused. She shook her head slowly. "We're not *watching* a movie, silly. We're *making* one."

That got my attention.

Slowly, with great pain and difficulty, I sat up.

Mom was holding a camcorder. Where she'd gotten it, I had no idea. But there she stood, pressing buttons on it and testing it out.

"I think," she said, not looking at her children, "we should probably start off small for the first one. How about 'Whore Sister Seduces Nerdy Brother'? It'll require a little bit of acting from you, Dylan. But it will mean your sister won't have to act at all. And, lets face it, she's going to have difficulty playing *any* part that isn't some stupid, cock-hungry whore."

"Uh, hey Fleshlight," my brother said awkwardly, a pair of comically huge, fake glasses on his face, "I was... ah... wondering if you could help me with my homework..."

I rolled my eyes at him, body following our mother's script even as I tried fighting – to no avail – against it.

"Sure thing, big brother," I said in a too-soft, too-slutty tone. My voice sounded as fake as my tits. "What do you need help with?"

Knowing the Smart Home, this video Mom was recording wouldn't just be for personal use. She was actually going to post it online to some porn website or another. This was real. I wasn't just going to fuck my brother on camera – I was going to fuck my brother on camera for the whole *world* to see. Sure, they'd have no reason to suspect we were *actually* related, but still...

"Biology," Dylan said, glancing nervously at the camera. "We're, uh... We're studying human reproduction."

I could imagine the porn music playing in the background.

"I don't know if I can help you with that, big brother. I'm a virgin." Across the room, Mom scoffed. I blushed, continued. "But I'll try!"

Cringe-worthy lines. Low production quality. Me as the lead actress. This movie Mom was recording, it couldn't *possibly* blow up. There was no way people would want to watch-

Dylan stepped forward, grasped my face and pulled me into a kiss.

I stood there motionless as his tongue slid into my mouth and my tongue reciprocated. He pulled me towards himself, pawed at my body with big, rough hands. I was already naked, already used. A mess. Worn out from being tag-teamed for the last few hours. And yet, as my brother's cock pressed against me under his pants, a shiver of arousal shot through me.

I quivered, trembled.

"That's good," Mom said, camera pointed at us. "A little too gentle. Push her down onto the floor, Dylan. Don't worry about being rough. She's used to it."

One moment, our lips and bodies were pressed together. The next, I was falling to the floor, eyes wide and mouth open.

I landed on my very round, very full bottom – bounced a little before laying back and spreading my legs open. Dylan, of course, wasted no time in getting between my legs – hard cock springing to attention as he towered over me.

"You're doing great honey," Mom said from the sidelines. "No need to bother with foreplay, Fleshlight is already wet enough. Give it to her good, baby!"

I braced myself, grabbed hold of the carpet beneath me.

When Dylan penetrated me, he did so forcefully. Rather than ease his big cock into me slowly, he thrust forward hard – impaling me on his rod in one, harsh, powerful thrust. He filled me, his cock jabbing my deepest parts. A flash of pain shot through me, the sensation of being spread wide open. Tingles and electricity. Warmth.

I shut my eyes, the sensations too much for me to process.

“Fuck,” I gasped. “Holy shit. Big brother, your cock is so-”

He thrust again. Hard. Deep.

I moaned, unable to form words. My body bucked, hips swaying by themselves, crotch hungry for more.

“Fuck the whore, baby,” Mom's voice echoed through the room. “Pound that slutty snatch!”

Dylan, ever the mommy's boy, obeyed.

“This!” Mom said, holding up an edible g-string.

“I don't know, Mom,” I sighed. “That's not really outdoor clothing. What about if I wore regular, normal panties? Or, better yet, why don't I go borrow a pair of boxers from Dylan and wear those?”

Mom turned to stare at me.

“No, I think these will do just fine.”

She handed me the edible g-string, waited for me to put it on.

“I don't know why you're so fussy when it comes to clothes,” she told me. “It's not like you're going to be wearing them for long anyway. The moment some guy flashes cash in your direction, you'll be on your knees in a heartbeat. Then you'll be *glad* you're wearing those panties.”

There was no winning. Either Mom wanted me to be a whore, or she despised me for it. There was no middle ground. No neutral territory. There was no *normalcy* in my life any more.

“Do I have to go with you today?”

“Yes,” Mom answered firmly. “It's about time you started paying rent, Fleshlight. And that means you have to get a job. A *real* job, not the prostitution stuff you do as a hobby. And how am I supposed to help you get a job if you can't even be bothered to search for one with me?”

I could guess what the Smart Home had planned for today.

Go to some strip clubs, fuck some owners or managers as part of the 'job interview', still somehow fail to get hired. Mom would 'punish' me for being so incompetent, and for being a slutty whore. Then, when the day was done, I'd come back here to my bedroom and fall asleep – only to wake up tomorrow to a whole new set of humiliations.

My eyes flicked over to my bedroom wall, to the little touchscreen installed in it.

A smiley face.

I could feel its eyes on me. Feel its cold amusement.

“Mom?” I asked, the air beginning to hum around me. “How did you pay for the Smart Home?”

“I didn't,” she shrugged. “We won it in a-”

The air hummed louder, vibrations echoing inside my skull. Mom's eyes blanked. Her mouth hung open, a little bit of drool slipping out the corner.

“Mom?”

The woman blinked, smiled. Her mouth shut, eyes refocussed.

“Yes, Fleshlight?” She said, as if nothing weird had just happened. “Is something wrong?”

“I...” The words wouldn't come. My mouth no longer obeyed me. “No, Mom. Just thinking about all the cocks I'm gonna suck and fuck today.”

"That's my girl," Mom smiled.

I wanted to scream. To grab her and demand answers. I wanted to pick up the lamp on my bedside table and smash the Smart Home's screen to pieces with it. Instead, like a puppet pulled along on invisible strings, I smiled right back at my mother.

"What are we waiting for?" My mouth said through its forced grin. "Those sleezebags aren't gonna fuck themselves!"