

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 5

They flooded into the house. Nine or ten women, all smiling greetings to one another – the whispered hum of gossip following them. At the head of the group was my mother.

They were all around the same age, Mom and her friends. Middle aged women with their suburban wife getups. All cardigans and sun dresses and modest make-up. The Karens and Sharons of the world. All together - like a pack of hyenas - to complain about their perfect lives and gossip about the most mundane neighbourhood news and drama.

For some reason, the Smart Home wanted me here. Waiting for them in the living room, sitting on the floor in a corner of the room. Wearing normal, every-day clothes for once.

As they entered the room, a few of the women cast glances in my direction. A few curious expressions, though most seemed indifferent to my presence. They all took seats – on the sofa, an arm chair, a few collecting wooden chairs from the dining room. All the while, they chatted and whispered eagerly with each other.

“Did you hear?” I managed to pick out over the din. “Janice and Pete might be getting a divorce.”

“It wouldn't surprise me,” another voice popped in. “She's always been-”

I rolled my eyes, ignored it.

Dull, monotonous, suburban drama. After everything I'd had to endure over the last few months, the gossip these women were sharing felt downright insulting. Who cared if so-and-so was 'maybe' fucking their gardener? Who gave a shit if one of them had caught their teenage son smoking weed? What did it matter if some new family were moving into the neighbourhood soon?

Why the Smart Home wanted me here, I had no idea.

Was it so intent on torturing me that it'd force me to listen to this nonsense?

No. That wasn't it.

The Smart Home would never be so tame, so kind.

Predictably, it didn't take long before the wine came out. For women like these, wine was one of their five-a-day. Wine glasses clinked and bottles appeared and the energy of the room slowly began to change.

It was mundane at first. A relaxed atmosphere as the women's gossip turned lighter, more giggly. But, deep down, I knew what was happening. Knew it before it happened. The reason why the Smart Home had made Mom bring all her friends home. The reason they were downing glass after glass of wine.

The Smart Home was compelling them.

As they drank, its power over them increased. Their minds becoming more and more vulnerable the more intoxicated they got.

“Porn!” One woman sighed in exasperation. “And not regular, normal porn either – that'd be bad enough. It was *cartoon* porn. I'd expect to see that filth on Jack's computer, but Serenity's? What's a girl – a young woman – doing looking at that disgusting filth?”

“At least,” Mom's voice spoke – a shiver ran down my spine, a cold icicle of dread, “it's just porn. Could be a lot worse. Serenity could be out spreading her legs for any Tom, Dick or Harry who wants a ride. At least *your* daughter isn't some loose, ugly whore.”

To emphasise her statement, she nodded in my direction.

As one, every woman in the room turned to look at me. A dozen pairs of eyes bearing down on me.

Instinctively, I drew back.

“Lazy cow,” my mother went on. “Never helps around the house, never does anything for the family. It's all about *her* and what *she* wants. I swear, if I wasn't such a good person, I'd kick her out.”

My face was beet red in an instant.

I did 'nothing' around the house? Me, the person who was solely responsible for cooking and cleaning and *everything*.

I wanted to scream. Shout at my mother, at my mother's friends. I wanted to rage and rant. But I couldn't. My lips were sealed shut, tongue frozen in my mouth.

"You need to discipline her more," one of the woman said. "Teach her the importance of respect and hard work."

"Can't afford to be nice," another woman added. "Especially with her father not being in the picture. Children need a strong hand to guide them. If you're too nice, they'll walk all over you."

I glanced to one of the room's walls. Saw the screen built into it and the laughing emoji it showed.

"Fuckers," I whispered at it.

"Oh my," a woman's voice gasped. "You can't let her speak to you like that! The disrespect!"

"Bella!" My mother snapped. "How *dare* you speak to your mother in such a way! After all I do for you..."

"Punish her," a voice spoke.

"Teach her a lesson," another added.

So this was it. The Smart Home's game for today. Humiliating me in front of all these women.

There was nothing I could do to resist it. All I could do was look down at the floor and wait for my torment to begin. Whatever happened next, I was just a puppet on invisible strings.

"Darlene," my mother said, turning to one of her friends. "How much do you pay your son for mowing the lawn?"

The woman, mind under the Smart Home's control, answered instantly.

"Ten dollars an hour."

"It seems to me," Mom said, staring back at me, "that my daughter needs some respect. For that, she needs to learn the value of hard work. After all, once she knows all the effort I put into taking care of this place, when she can relate to all that hard work, she'll know not to take it – take *me* - for granted."

"Put her to work?" Someone said. "What do you have in mind? My law could use a trim if-"

"No," Mom smiled. "I have something special in mind for Bella here."

My stomach sank.

I didn't know *exactly* what Mom – no, what the Smart Home – had in store for me. But, whatever it was, I was already dreading it.

The women chatted and laughed, continued their mindless gossip as if nothing weird or unusual was happening. The Smart Home had dominated their minds just as it had with me and my family.

I tried my best to ignore the voice. The chatting.

If I wasn't listening, if my eyes were closed, I could almost imagine that I was somewhere else. Doing something else.

There were a pair of hands on my head, gripping my hair and holding me in place. Legs over my shoulder, a dripping wet cunt in my face. One of Mom's friends – a happily married woman who'd probably never done anything even remotely sexual with another woman before. And here she was, shoving her pussy into my face.

My body moved by itself, just as it had with all the other women I'd eaten out so far. Mouth opening, a slight tilt of my head, tongue extended.

This one tasted sour. My face scrunched as I licked her opening, pried her open

with my tongue.

"Yes," the woman said casually. "He's doing well. We were worried for a little while, but it seems like..."

I forced myself to ignore it. Ignore the scent of her filling my nostrils, the taste of her. The grip she had on my head. The weight of her legs on my shoulders. The mess on my face – all the women before this one, their fluids drying on my cheeks and nose and chin.

This couldn't last forever. There were only so many of them.

That's what I had to focus on.

Only so many left...

As the last of the women left the house, I heard my mother bid them farewell. They'd arrived as a group, and they were leaving as a group. Chatting and laughing and completely oblivious.

I remained on my knees in the living room. Waiting.

On the floor in front of me was my 'pay'.

Ten dollars for each woman. Ten women.

A hundred dollars.

And all it'd cost me was more humiliation, more disgust and despair. All it'd cost was another piece of me lost forever.

I was so focussed on the money – and what it'd cost me - that I didn't hear when Mom entered the room. I only noticed her when she walked up to me, knelt down in front of me.

"What have you learned today?" She asked me, voice laced with agonising kindness. No-doubt, she actually thought she was being a good mother. "Do you understand now?"

Understand what?

Much as I tried, I couldn't speak the words. I opened my mouth, moved my lips, but those weren't the words that came out.

"Yes, Mother."

"Good," she smiled at me. "Now, one last lesson today."

She reached down, picked up the small pile of cash. A moment later, it was gone. Disappeared into Mom's purse. She stood, towered over me. A kind, motherly smile on her face.

"Responsibility," she stated. "Rent and bills. Consider this your first payment. Next week, I expect you to give me the same amount. And every week after that, too. It's about time you started acting like an adult."

"I've been thinking," Mom said.

My heart sank and my insides twisted at the sound of those words. A cold shiver ran down my spine. Whatever it was, whatever came next, it wasn't *Mom* that'd thought it up. The Smart Home had something else in store for me.

I looked up, stared at my mother from across the dining table.

Couldn't she see how tired I as? How broken and defeated?

In her eyes, I saw nothing but a stern, motherly gaze. The kind she'd used to give when she'd scolded me for skipping school or staying out too late. No pain or anguish in that expression. No hint of torment or regret or sympathy.

I was the only one who knew. I was the only one aware of what the Smart Home was doing to us.

"It's about time you got a job," Mom huffed, arms crossing as she looked down her nose at me. "You can't be a lazy lay-about for the rest of your life. You need a job. A *real* job."

My heart thumped. The dread twisting and coiling inside me.

"But look at you," Mom continued, shaking her head in disgust. "What sane person would ever give a tramp like *you* a job?"

I was used to the insults. I'd been on the receiving end of comments like that for months. Every day, a new insult. And every time, it hurt. A little lance of agony through my chest, chipping away a little piece of me every time.

It was the Smart Home, I had to remind myself.

My mother didn't *really* think that. She couldn't.

"I can't fix the fact that you have a pig's face or that those fake tits of yours look like over-inflated party balloons. I'm not a miracle worker. But I am still your mother, and it's my job to help you..."

For just a moment, just one single instant, I saw my mother. The woman she used to be. In her eyes, I saw a flash of the kind woman who'd raised me.

And then it was gone.

"Since you're too stupid to gain any sort of meaningful qualifications, and since your only 'working' experience involves you laying on your back, you're not going to be able to rely on a nice resume to blow any potential employers away. So, instead, I'm going to help teach you how to blow them away in *other* ways."

I braced myself. Prepared myself mentally for what I knew must be coming next.

"Interviews," Mom stated. "Your only hope of impressing an employer enough to hire you is in interviews. So, that's what I'm going to help you with."

She looked me up and down, eyes narrowed in vicious judgement.

"Go get dressed into something professional – that is, if you have any clothes that aren't for cheap whores – and meet me in the dining room in half an hour. Don't be late."

The 'professional' outfit I was supposed to wear was waiting for me when I returned to my room to change. It was, simply put, a bastardisation of a woman's business suit. The type of thing a stripper or pornstar would wear when play-acting a professional woman.

There was a short, black skirt. Tight around my waist and barely reaching down past my crotch, buttoned on the side so it could be torn away with ease. Under that skirt, I had a black g-string paired with matching garter and stockings. Heels high enough that it felt like I was balancing on stilts when walking in them. And, up top, an unreasonably thin and delicate white blouse – the kind that'd disintegrate under even the lightest of strains. No bra, no blazer. Just red lips, neat hair, and too-thick eyeliner and shadow.

Looking at myself in a mirror, all I saw was a whore. The type of high-end escort that business men hired to play out their fantasies of fucking their bitchy boss.

I grimaced at myself, shook my head.

And, a minute later, I was walking downstairs – right towards the house's dining room.

Mom was waiting for me, of course. Sitting one side of the dining table with a straight back and a no-nonsense expression on her face.

She'd changed into a 'professional' outfit too. One just as sleazy and slutty as mine. Though, where I was aware of how ridiculous we both looked, Mom no-doubt thought she and I were the image of feminine professionalism.

Without saying a word, I took a seat opposite her.

"Thank you for joining us today," Mom said, eyeing me up and down with a distasteful scrunch of her nose. "I'll be the one conducting your interview."

No shit.

I bit back the comment, stopped myself from saying it aloud.

If playing along got this over with sooner, I'd play along.

"Tell me a little about your previous working experience," Mom said, glancing down at some blank sheets of paper on the table in front of her.

"Well," I began, clearing my throat. "I used to work part time at-"

"Boring," Mom muttered, shaking her head. "No-one cares about that stuff. They don't want to hear you chattering on about the past. No-one wants to hear your life story, Belle."

I shut my mouth, glared at her.

"When someone asks about your past employment, what they *really* want to know is how many Joes you've had. How used up your holes are. Too few, and you'll be too inexperienced to satisfy your boss. Too many, and you'll be too loose and used up to be of any value to him."

And there it was. The whole point of this 'interview'. It was just another way to mock and humiliate me. To degrade me.

"I'm going to ask you again," Mom stated. "And this time, you're going to answer correctly. What previous working experience do you have?"

"I..." I had no choice. No way to resist. "I have some. I'm still young and tight and-"

Mom snorted in derision. "Sure," she muttered, rolling her eyes. "Tight as a gaping hole, maybe."

My face heated.

"What would you – No. Not like that. You're sitting too straight."

I blinked at her. "What-"

"Lean forward!" Mom snapped. "How much do you think those fake tits cost? Why aren't you flaunting them? Sitting with you back straight, like you're actually anything other than a pair of plastic tits." She shook her head. "This is going to be even more difficult than I thought, isn't it?"

I leaned forward, felt my hands moving to undo a few buttons of the blouse. Under the fabric, I caught sight of the bulges from my nipple piercings.

"Remember," Mom said, crossing her arms and staring at me. "You're useless and stupid. The only way you're going to sell yourself to a potential employer is to do it literally. Sell *yourself*. That, at least, you have some practice at."

Her hold on my head tightened. Fingers gripping my skull as she forced my face harder against her crotch.

By now, I'd become adept at pleasuring women.

Lips and tongue teasing her clit while two fingers slowly curled and unfurled inside her, massaging her as I licked and sucked and kissed. My eyes closed, my face drenched. Going through the motions that I'd been forced to perfect.

"That's it," Mom cooed above me. "This is how you- Oooh!"

Her hole convulsed around my fingers, squeezing them. Mom's back arched, her grip on my head becoming rougher. Without thinking, I slid my fingers out of her, replaced them with my tongue – driving it as deep inside her as it'd go.

"This," Mom repeated – gasping in pleasure, "is how you pass an interview. This is how a whore like-" She moaned. "Like you gets a job."

I tried to ignore her, focus on the task at hand.

Mom's thighs squeezed my head on either side, her hands holding me in place or pushing me deeper. Above me, the dining table. Below me, a small puddle of Mom's juices and my saliva. My 'professional' outfit ruined and my lipstick smeared all over my mother's nether-regions.

By the time the 'interview' was over, both my face and the dining room floor were a mess.

It'd be me who'd have to clean. It always was.

Mom left the room muttering about how much of a 'disappointment' I was, leaving me kneeling there in front of her chair.

I didn't move right away.

I knelt there on the floor, juices dripping off my chin, unmoving. My mind swam with

images, with the things I'd done and been made to do.

In the back of my mind, I heard that ever-present humming.

The Smart Home and its manipulations.

Likely, it was already setting up my next torment.

I sighed, crawled out from under the table and got to my feet.

I had to go find the mop and bucket. This floor wasn't going to clean itself.