

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 6

I awoke to a face staring blankly down at me.

For a moment, I didn't react - the daze of sleep slowing my brain to a standstill. Then I jerked in surprise, gaped up at the face that gaped right back at me.

It took me a few seconds to recognise my own face.

Black hair. Brown eyes. Protruding chest. For the longest moment, I was certain it was Mom looking down at me with a shocked expression. But no, that was definitely me. My face. My baggy eyes. My unkept hair. My lips.

There was a mirror on my ceiling. One that hadn't been there when I'd gone to sleep.

The Smart Home. It had done this.

I sat up in bed, rubbed the sleep from my eyes, was confronted with another large mirror. Another reflection of myself, looking every bit as weary as I felt. I turned my head left and right, saw a half dozen more mirrors, all pointed at me. Full body mirrors on mechanical frames.

I shuddered. Tried to look for some place in the room where a mirror wasn't focused on me. But there were none.

Everywhere I looked, I saw the same reflection.

A beautiful, tired, horrified girl.

Shivers ran down my spine, compelled me to get up out of bed quickly. Not that it helped, the mirrors turned, followed me.

At first, I tried walking to my bedroom door.

The whole house couldn't be covered in these creepy mirrors, could it? It had to be only my room. Right?

I made it a whole three steps to the door before my body froze. Muscles cramping up, tensing, refusing to obey me. A faint, barely noticeable buzzing entered my ears.

My body turned on the spot, marched over to my wardrobe.

Like a puppet on strings, I opened the wardrobe door, picked up the only thing contained within. My outfit for the day.

If it could even be called an 'outfit'.

A simple, white tiara. The kind French maids wore. A matching black and white, frilly skirt - so short that it was more like a belt than any reasonable skirt. A bundle of string that *might* be a bra. And a pair of black high heels and slutty white stockings.

The Smart Home made me stare at the scant clothing in my hands for a few seconds, letting it sink in, before forcing me to strip out of my lingerie nightie.

A few moments later, I stood there in the sluttiest maid costume imaginable. Ready to begin a new day of torments.

Everywhere I looked, reflections of myself stared back at me.

A dozen versions of me, all wearing the same shameful expression. The same defeat. No matter where I looked, I couldn't get away from it - my reflection.

Feeling my heart sink, anguish welling up inside me, I strode towards my bedroom door for a second time.

This time, nothing stopped me from leaving.

On a little screen next to the door, a smiling emoji winked at me.

The only warning I had was her footsteps approaching behind me.

Sharp, stinging pain on my butt, followed by the sound of the slap echoing through the kitchen.

I flinched, jumped on the spot, reached around and instinctively rubbed the butt cheek Mom had spanked. Doing my best to ignore the sudden fountain of pain arcing up

my spine.

Mom walked past me without even looking at me. In her mind, I had no doubt, she was completely unaware that she'd just spanked me. Completely oblivious to the Smart Home controlling her actions, her body.

She walked to the fridge, opened it, began looking through the contents.

That was strange.

Usually, it was me who was made to do all the cooking.

What was the Smart Home up to now?

Mom pulled something out of the fridge - some premade salad mix - and finally turned to look my way.

"What?" She snapped, turning her nose up at me. "Why did you stop cleaning? Stop staring at me and get back to work!"

I quickly leaned over the counter again, resumed scrubbing the already-clean surface.

"Useless," Mom muttered under her breath. "Must've been a mix up at the hospital. No way that whore is my daughter, no way. Give her back if I could. Useless, useless, useless..."

My face flushed, a numb pang in my chest.

I watched her out of the corner of my eye as I cleaned, saw her dumping the salad mix into a bowl. She fetched a fork, then left the kitchen with her snack.

And, for a blissful few seconds, I let myself believe it.

Believe that'd be it. Just a simple insult. Nothing more.

"Slut!" My mother's voice called from the dining room. "Come!"

A resigned sigh left my lips.

Before the Smart Home could tug my invisible strings, I stood up straight - went to go see what my mother wanted. Better to do whatever it was of my own volition, that to be controlled.

I left the kitchen, entered the dining room.

Mom sat at the large table, bowl of salad in front of her. To the right of the bowl was a fork. To the left; a big, purple dildo.

"After I'm done eating," Mom said, sounding every bit the commanding, self-righteous bitch. "I plan on having some *recreation* time. Be a good girl and warm this up for me."

She looked from me to the dildo, then back again.

That... wasn't the worst.

She wanted me to 'warm up' a dildo?

I eyed the toy suspiciously, walked around the table to pick it up. Every step, I was certain Mom would say something to stop me - add some depraved twist to this whole thing. But she didn't. I reached her, picked up the toy, blushed.

"Do it on the table," Mom said, reaching for her fork. "I want to be sure you're doing it right."

Fucking myself with a dildo on the dining room table while Mom watched. It was far from the worst thing the Smart Home had made me do. Embarrassing and gross? Sure. But... It could be worse.

I got up on the table, squatted in front of my mother.

Sweat dripped down my body, a tickling chill against the heat filling me. I let out a loud pant, my eyes shut tight. My legs ached, thighs screaming at me - not enjoying the position I was in. But I could feel it building inside me. An electrical pressure growing and growing with every thrust of the toy.

Distantly, I was aware of crunching. Mom eating her salad. Watching me as I fucked myself with her purple dildo.

I pushed the thought away. All thoughts. Focused on nothing but the excitement building, the pleasure and heat and pressure and need for release. The orgasm that was inching my way, closer and closer and closer...

The sound of a fork scraping against a bowl. A loud tutting of disappointment. I could *feel* her there, in front of me. Feel her judgment. Her displeasure.

Just a little more... A few more seconds...

"That's enough," my mother said.

My hand slowed down, didn't stop. I kept sliding the toy in and out of myself, eyes creeping open to see her looking at me.

"I'm done eating," Mom said. "You can stop."

My every instinct told me to ignore her. Just a little more and I'd have sweet, orgasmic relief. A few seconds...

But the Smart Home had other plans.

My hand stopped moving despite my best efforts to resist the compulsion. The Smart Home denying me my orgasm. I squatted there, drenched in sweat that was dripping onto the table beneath me. Breathing heavily, panting, shaking.

Slowly, my hand moved by itself - pulled the toy out.

I wanted to scream. But my lips refused to move.

My hand raised the dildo - wet with my juices and cream - and held it out for my mother to take.

She eyed it with disgust.

"You got it dirty," Mom growled. "Filthy creature. If you think I'm going to use that as it is..." She shook her head. "No. You got it dirty, you can clean it."

My hand began to shake, the dildo trembling in my grip.

"Go on," my mother snapped. "I don't have all day! Clean it."

The dildo was drenched, messy with my juices. Creamy white mixed with clear, colourless fluid. As I stared at it, I hear the Smart Home's buzzing. The noise that took hold of my body, forced me to do anything it wanted.

My hand moved, pointing the messy toy at my face. My mouth.

A second later, my jaw slackened - mouth opened wide to receive the dildo.

I clamped my eyes shut as the dildo moved.

What hit me first was the smell. The air, musky and hot and clammy, the faint odour of something sour.

Then the tip of the dildo slid into my mouth, and the scent was replaced by potent flavour. Sour and bitter, feeling slimy in my mouth. My first instinct was to gag, but my body refused that instinct - sliding more and more of the dildo into my mouth.

The flavour doubled the moment it hit the back of my throat.

I'd tasted myself before, tasted so many other women, yet *this* was different somehow. The flavour more potent, the shame so much worse. It was all I could do not to break as my tongue slid over the toy's smooth surface, sucking the mess from every crack and crevice.

I blew that toy more vigorously than I'd ever blown a guy.

It didn't last long. A minute or two. Just long enough for me to 'clean' the mess off the toy, leaving it slathered in saliva.

When I handed it back to Mom, she turned her nose up at me.

"About time," she muttered, taking it.

She stood up, brandishing the dildo and pointing it at me.

"Wash the bowl and fork," she commanded. "And *that* foulness."

I looked down at where Mom was pointing.

Beneath me, on the table, was a small puddle. A pool of sweat and cum. My dessert, apparently.

"You haven't found a job yet," Mom said.

I looked up at her, turned my gaze back down right away. A tiny nod of my head was all it took for my mother to begin tutting.

"Not surprising, given how useless you are," she said, crossing her arms and glaring at me. "But, even so, I would've expected you to have found *something* by now."

"I'm sorry," I whispered.

"You must be doing something wrong."

It didn't matter that I hadn't been allowed to search for a job, that the Smart Home had stopped me from even looking. Nor did it matter that all my time was already filled with cleaning the house, cooking food, doing laundry, taking care of my family's 'needs'. Reality was irrelevant here. All I could do was nod along, hope that whatever torment I was about to endure wouldn't be too bad.

"In your interviews," Mom said. "Do you tell potential employers all the benefits you off?"

"Yes," I sighed.

There hadn't been any interviews.

"And do you offer to *demonstrate* those benefits?"

"I..." I gulped, felt my tongue getting heavy, my throat constricting. "No, I don't."

Mom tutted again, shook her head in disappointment.

"I just don't understand," she said to herself. "How is it possible for one person to be so..."

She didn't finish the thought.

She didn't need to.

"I'm sorry," I said weakly.

"Not good enough!" Mom snapped. "Bad enough that I have to house and feed an ungrateful slut like you. You *will* find a job young lady. You *will* start paying me back for having to put up with you for so long. Whatever it takes, am I clear?"

Street corners, sleezy men, motel rooms. I knew the thoughts Mom was having - the ones the Smart Home was filling her mind with.

Was that what the Smart Home wanted? To turn me into a prostitute, with my own mother as my pimp?

"Yes, Mom."

No. Whatever the Smart Home wanted, it wasn't as simple or mundane as that. This was just a ploy to intimidate me, scare me, torment me.

It *had* to be.

Those thoughts - those images - of me on a street corner picking up Joes. They were far too *real*. Far too *possible*.

It *had* to be a bluff.

Please let it be a bluff.

"Slut!" Mom shouted from downstairs. "Come!"

I tensed, a chill running down my spine. What little resistance and resolve I had left in me flared up, tried convincing me to ignore her. To run. To find a way out.

The screen embedded in the wall next to my door put an end to those thoughts. The emoji watching me with a smile.

I couldn't get away. Not while *it* was watching.

And it was *always* watching.

So I stood, left the room, headed downstairs to see what my mother - what the Smart Home - wanted from me now.

I found her in the dining room, sitting opposite a woman I didn't recognise. A middle-aged woman with a stern, unforgiving air about her. Clad in a business suit, hair done neatly, lips pressed into a thin line.

As I entered, both women looked at me.

"Tardy," Mom tutted. "And dressed like a cheap whore too."

I glanced down at myself, at the miniskirt and tube top I'd been given to wear today. By the Smart Home's standards, this was *modest*. Usually, Mom would've looked at me wearing something like this and mocked me for being a 'prude' who 'dressed like a nun' and that I 'wasn't fooling anyone'.

"This," my mother said, standing from her chair, "is Mrs Becket. She's an old friend of mine who owns several businesses around the country."

The woman, Mrs Becket, inclined her head.

"I've invited Mrs Becket here today in the hopes that she'll set logic and common sense aside and offer you a job."

I gulped, glanced from Mom to Mrs Becket.

The woman looked me up and down, frowned distastefully, shook her head.

"Sit down," Mom ordered. "Mrs Becket is going to interview you."

From the look in Mrs Becket's eyes, I already knew what the result of any 'interview' would be. But that was the game, wasn't it? This woman wasn't here to actually interview me or give me a job, she was here to add to the mockery and humiliation.

She was just another prop in the Smart Home's plays.

I did the only thing I could in this situation, I walked over to the chair Mom had been in - the one opposite Mrs Becket - and sat down on it.

"This is your last chance," Mom said from her corner. "Don't fuck it up. I'll be watching."

Silence followed.

I stared at Mrs Becket, and she stared at me. Gaze unwavering, face betraying no emotion. Unsettling eyes made all the more spine-tingling by the face my mother was also staring at me, judging me.

"Bella," Mrs Becket finally said. "Is that correct?"

"Uh," I nodded my head. "Yes ma'am."

"I have a position opening up soon," she said, sounding every bit the arrogant boss. "Low skill, which is perfect for someone... like you. Tell me, do you have any experience working as a secretary or personal aide?"

"I-"

"No," my mother cut in before I could speak. "The only 'experience' Bella has is laying on her back with her legs spread open, if you get my meaning."

"Yes," Mrs Becket frowned at me. "You look like that type."

"I was top of my class in almost every subject," I said quickly. "I have references from my teachers and-"

"Please," Mrs Becket interrupted. "Do I look like a fool to you? Your mother has informed me of your *relations* with your teachers. I know the only reason you had good grades was because you whored yourself out for them. Attempting to deceive me, feigning intelligence, will not work. Do you understand?"

I opened my mouth to deny it, to tell her the truth. But no words came. Just more judgemental silence. I shut my mouth, nodded my head.

"Yes ma'am."

"So, no experience and no meaningful qualifications. What about work ethic? Do you consider yourself to be a hard worker Bella?"

In her little corner, Mom snorted derisively.

"Yes," I blushed. "Ma'am."

"Liar," Mom spat. "I've seen tables with more enthusiasm than her. Lazy lay-about. Unless it had a cock attached, don't expect her to want to do anything."

Mrs Becket nodded her head, taking my mother's words as fact.

"Quite the conundrum," the woman said, shaking her head. "To hire you would be to

throw money down the drain. Undereducated, unqualified, unmotivated. As far as I can see, Bella, your only redeeming qualities are your face and tits. And even those are diminished by your whore-like aesthetic."

"Like I told you," Mom chimed in. "Unemployable. The sooner she starts turning tricks on some street corner somewhere, the better for everyone. Any other work is beyond her."

My heart sank. Even knowing beforehand what this 'interview' would be, some tiny part of me had still held out hope. Hope for a job, hope for an escape - a way out.

"Now, now," Mrs Becket smiled. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves here."

That smile. There was something predatory in it. Dangerous.

"Several of the operations I have a hand in are, shall we say, *high stakes*. Having a girl like Bella here around to help the men relieve stress might be just the thing I need. I'm sure my *employees* wouldn't mind the trailer-trash look. In fact, I'm sure they'll appreciate it."

I shuddered. A cold chill spreading throughout my body.

"Bella," the woman said, hungry smile in place, "on a scale of one to ten, how highly would you rate your carnal prowess?"

My mouth opened, the Smart Home compelling me to speak a single word.

"Ten."

Mrs Becket let out a soft chuckle.

"Confident. Good." She shifted on her chair, leaned back and spread her legs open. "But I'll need more than your word on that, Bella. I'm going to need a demonstration from you."

My body, tugged along by invisible hands, slid down off my chair. Crawled under the table and between the woman's legs.