

Normal Family Routine

Chapter 7

My legs were too tired to even tremble. Every step upstairs felt like I was *dragging* my legs along. My entire body ached, every inch of me. Arms and legs and chest and crotch. Especially my crotch. The only part of my body that didn't ache was the top of my head, my brain. That didn't *ache*, it *throbbed*.

I plodded into my room, too exhausted to think. Collapsed onto my bed without bothering to undress first. Not that there was a whole lot for me to remove. A g-string thong, some torn stockings, a lace collar, and a whole lot of dried sweat and cum.

The moment my face hit the pillow, I felt myself turn to jelly.

Tension left my body in an instant. Every muscle went limp, the painful aches numbed, and I was left unable to move at all.

That was fine. I didn't need to tuck myself in. I could fall asleep just fine like this...

My head tilted to one side, eyes on the wall with the Smart Home's screen. Usually, there would've been a mocking emoji face there. Some childish attempt to taunt me. But not now. No emoji face. Just some words, and a circle.

I squinted my eyes, struggled to keep them open.

What did the screen say?

And that circle... It was moving, rotating slowly. A blue ring, spinning and spinning and spinning.

"Update in progress," I murmured, voice weak. The words above the spinning circle. And, beneath them, "Please stand by."

My eyelids drooped shut.

Whatever game the Smart Home was playing, it could wait until I woke up tomorrow.

For the first time in a long while, sleep came easily.

I woke to silence.

My eyes blinked open, blinded momentarily by sunlight. When I was able see, pure bewilderment washed over me.

All around me, everything was normal.

My room looked like an ordinary girl's room. No ceiling mirror or pornographic furniture, no posters of me with a dick in my mouth or a dildo in my ass. My bedroom looked... like my bedroom. Back before the Smart Home had been installed. Back before the constant torments and sexual humiliations. Back when I'd been *free*.

Suspicion. A deep distrust that went right to my core.

This wasn't real. It *couldn't* be.

My eyes flicked to the Smart Home's screen.

Nothing. No emoji face. No update screen. Just a generic, standby icon. Like a normal smart-home hub, waiting for input.

"Fuck you," I whispered at it. "I'm not falling for it."

It was a trick. Another game. The Smart Home was doing something, setting up some big torment. It *wanted* me to feel safe and secure. It *wanted* me hope, so that it could take that hope away again. Torture me with it.

I wasn't falling for it. Not one bit.

With effort, I sat myself up, climbed out of bed.

Sometime during the night, someone had switched out the slutty clothing I'd been wearing with a plain, modest nightie. Regular panties and an ordinary, underwire bra. My skin felt clean and soft, not a hint of the sweat or mess that I'd fallen asleep in.

A quick look through my closet and wardrobe revealed my old clothes. Jeans and shorts and t-shirts and tank tops. Nothing spectacular, save for the fact none of it had been

there yesterday. The whorish clothes – miniskirts and tight corsets and slutty lingerie – were all missing.

Cautiously, waiting for the trap to spring, I put on some baggy jeans and a loose-fitting, long-sleeve top. The most modest clothing I'd worn in... how long? Months? A year? More?

Had it really been *that* long?

No trap sprung. No evil twist. No mocking emoji face.

But it was more than that. Everything was quiet. Too quiet. Like there was an absence of sound. It was as if I was at a party and, all of a sudden, the music stopped. That loud silence that followed, obvious only because it hadn't been there before.

It took me far too long to realise it.

The humming. The ever-present humming of the Smart Home.

It was gone.

A trick. It had to be a trick.

I put on the clothes, headed downstairs. All the sex paraphernalia was gone. My home looked like just that – a home. An ordinary, unremarkable house. Cleaned and polished, not a hint of dust or debris anywhere, but unremarkable beyond that.

Every Smart Home monitor had the same lifeless standby screen.

I didn't trust it. Not for a second.

As I was eating breakfast, Mom entered the dining room. Wearing normal clothes and a gentle smile, she sat down across the dining table from me. No food for her to eat, and no other reason for her to be there but to speak to me.

"Bella," she said softly, eyes filled with compassion and kindness, "can we talk?"

I gulped down the food in my mouth, glanced at the dining room's Smart Home screen. Nothing there but the standby screen.

"I... I guess," I said cautiously.

"You haven't been yourself lately," Mom said, sadness creeping into her voice. "I know you've been struggling with not being able to find a job, not knowing what to do with your life, and I know this is an important time in your life and the weight of everything that's been going on... I just want you to know, I'm here for you. You can talk to me. You don't have to go through everything alone."

"Um..." Was that a hint of self-awareness? Had some part of Mom become *aware* of what'd been going on? "Okay..."

She reached across the table, placed a gentle hand on mine.

"It's going to be okay," she promised earnestly. "Everything is going to be alright, you'll see."

Three days. Three whole days of normalcy.

It was so nice, so *normal*, that part of me was beginning to believe I'd imagined all the terrible stuff. All the things the Smart Home had made me do. I could *almost* pretend it'd all been a dream. That it was over.

"Dylan not home?" I asked Mom as I sat down next to her on the living room sofa. "He's been out a lot lately."

"Said he's having a 'sleepover' with a 'friend'. As soon as he was out the door, I checked his room and, wouldn't you know it, the box of condoms he keeps hidden in his underwear drawer is gone. Why he doesn't just say he's got a girlfriend, I'll never know."

"Embarrassed, probably." I shrugged, getting comfortable. "Boys will be boys. What're we watching?"

"Up to you!" Mom said happily, turning her head to look at me. "Tonight is all about cheering you up!"

I blushed, muttered under my breath. "I don't need cheering up."

"Nonsense!" Mom grinned. "You deserve a *you* day."

Before I knew what was happening, Mom was shoving the TV remote into my hand and rushing off to get snacks for us. And, for a single moment, life was as it should be. Simple and nice and normal. Happy.

Then I heard it.

The buzzing in the back of my skull. The vibrations in the walls. The Smart Home.

Mom walked back into the room a few moments later. Only she wasn't carrying snacks or drinks. In her hands were dildos and vibrators of various shapes and sizes. The kind, motherly smile on her face didn't match the predatory way she walked towards me.

"Mom?" I gulped. "Are you in there? Please, I-"

"Shush now, dear," she cooed. "Tonight is all about resting and relaxing and having a nice time..."

And, just like that, the nightmare was back.

"You tried so hard with your job applications," Mom said, coming to a stop in front of me. "You really should've gotten a job. It's not your fault you're undesirable."

She knelt, dropped the toys at her feet, gripped my legs instead. Slowly, lovingly, she began tugging down my jeans.

"Look at you," Mom hummed happily. "Wearing normal people clothes. They really don't suit you. A body like yours needs to be put on display!"

When she pulled the jeans down past my knees, she gave my thighs a gentle pat. Shivers of cold dread ran down my spine.

"Don't you own some booty-shorts? Your fat butt would look so much better in those..."

Once my jeans were around my ankles, Mom reached for the modest panties I had on, talking all the while – as if we were having a casual, relaxed, totally unsexual conversation.

"Now, I know these toys I have aren't very big compared to the ones you usually like to take, but it's hard to find ones that big. Your hungry cunny will just have to make do with *big* toys instead of *monster* ones. But don't worry! It's only for tonight. I ordered some nice, huge cocks for you online. They'll be here tomorrow and-"

The instant my panties slipped past my knees, fell down to the bunched-up jeans around my feet, something snapped in me. My brain kicked in, body reacting to the dread bubbling up inside me.

I shot to my feet – the motion pushing Mom backwards.

Fuelled by panic, I hopped out of my jeans and panties, left them on the ground, ran for the living room door.

I managed to get one footstep away from the door handle when my body froze in place, a buzzing echo inside my skull paralyzing me completely. Every muscle tense and firm, ignoring my will to move.

"Bella?" Mom said behind me, sounding confused. "What're you doing? We're... Oh!" Her voice brightened. "Of course. I should have thought of that. The sofa is *way* too comfortable for you, isn't it?"

The sound of shifting followed Mom's words. Her climbing to her feet after being knocked back.

"You wait right there, honey. I'll get you something much less comfy to sit on."

She tightened the rope around my ankle, binding it to the wooden chair leg. My other foot was already tied up, trapped in place. Naked from the waist down, my body trembling.

"Stand up," Mom commanded. "Off the chair. That's it."

I lifted my butt off the wooden chair, managed to keep my balance as I stood up straight. There was a bit of wobbling, some awkwardness as my mother plucked two toys off her pile and slapped them onto the chair seat. Suction cups held the dildos in place – one for each of my holes. It took only a moment for Mom to slather both toys with lube.

"Alright," she hummed happily. "That should do it. Go ahead and sit back down. Arms behind the back."

Lowering myself down proved to be a whole lot more difficult than standing had been. Lining everything up so that both toys would end up inside me while struggling to maintain balance with my feet bound as they were – not easy. When the tip of one particularly large dildo prodded my buttocks, I shuddered. Inhaling a deep breath, I lowered myself onto it.

A sharp gasp burst from my lips, followed by a low groan.

"Now, now," Mom tutted. "No need for that. We both know you're plenty used to much bigger dicks inside you. Save the theatrics for when you're with someone who *doesn't* know how much of a massive slut you are."

It was the way she said it – so matter-of-factly. My chest tightened, heart constricting.

"Arms," Mom reminded me. "Behind the chair."

I reached around the back of the chair, pressed my wrists together. As Mom got to binding my hands, I lowered myself completely on the two toys – struggling to not groan or moan out loud.

"There we go!" Mom said once my hands were bound. "Isn't that much better? Look at you! Exactly where you belong."

"Mom," I whispered. Pleaded. "Stop. You don't have to..."

"Don't worry," she said, ignoring me. "I know you're not happy until *all* your holes are being used. We'll put your mouth to work in a minute. Just need to get you out of that top first."

"Fight it," I begged her. "You can resist it. Please, just *try* to fight it..."

Again, she ignored me.

Humming to herself, she left the room. Left me alone.

"I knew it was too good to be true," I murmured, eyes flicking to the room's Smart Home monitor. "I knew it was bullshit."

No mocking emoji. No joke at my expense. All that was on the screen was the standby image.

"Fuck you."

A moment later, Mom was back. Holding a pair of scissors and a few clothes pegs.

She strode over to me, smiling a kind and motherly smile.

"Let's get you out of that top," she hummed, brandishing the scissors. "You really shouldn't wear baggy shirts like this, Bella. They don't suit you one bit. And a bra? Come on now, honey. You're not fooling anyone."

I felt the cold metal of the scissors as Mom cut up my top. Starting at my crotch, making her way up my tummy and then between my large breasts. They snagged on my bra for a moment, tugging on it painfully. Then, a second later, the shirt was cut completely; fabric dropping loosely to the sides, exposing cleavage and smooth skin. Mom continued cutting, neck to shoulders and down arms, until the tattered remains of my top dropped and drifted down onto the floor.

"Much better!" Mom said happily, eyeing my bra. "Just one thing left. Hold still, sweetie."

She cut bra straps one by one, each one undone slackening the bra's hold on my chest until the bra dropped limply to my lap.

There was probably some deep meaning to all this. Some message the Smart Home was trying to convey. Something about how I'd never have a normal life or regular clothes again, that it would literally cut away everything. But whatever message the Smart Home wanted to convey, I didn't care.

Mom held up two clothes pegs, opened them and directed them towards my tits.

Sharp, stinging pain shot through me as the clothes pegs clamped down on my

nipples. Pinching them in a vice-like grip. I gasped, groaned, pleaded.

"I know, I know," Mom said, not registering anything I was saying. "Almost there. Give me a second."

She stood up straight, towered over me.

"You've been such a good girl recently," Mom said, voice filled with pride and happiness. "I think you deserve a reward."

She reached down, gripped the wooden chair either side of my head. And, with a sharp grunt, she pushed. Shoved the chair backwards. A moment of vertigo washed over me as forward became up and up became down. The chair teetered, dropped, slammed into the floor.

I yelped, gasped in pain, groaned. The weight of the chair – and me on it – pressed down on my arms. Crushing them.

Before I could complain, beg Mom to let me up, a shadow passed over me. A woman's dark dress skirt blocking out my view. An instant later, she was lowering herself onto me, crouching over my face and pressing her panty-clad pussy against me face.

"Go ahead and eat up, honey," Mom said happily. "You've earned a nice treat like this. Enjoy!"

I couldn't resist the Smart Home's compulsion.

My body moved by itself, began lapping away at my mother's soggy panties. Tongue sliding up and down the wet fabric, tasting her and feeling threaded cloth.

"Suck on it, baby," Mom moaned above me. "Really taste it!"

She swayed her hips, began grinding her crotch against my face. Juices smeared my nose and cheeks and forehead, beads of it sliding down into my hair. Her panty-clad pussy smothered me, slobbered all over me.

And, unbidden, my tongue moved – licked and teased, pushed the drenched fabric aside and began pleasuring my mother directly.

"Look at you," Mom moaned. "So *eager*. Am I really that tasty, Bella? Do you like licking Mommy that much?"

No! I screamed inside my head.

"Yeth!" My mouth answered, muffled by her cunt.

"What's that, Bella?" Mom asked, gyrating her hips. "You want me to go faster? You want me to ride your pretty face harder?" She let out a laugh. "Look at you! Hungry little whore, aren't you? Don't worry. Mommy will give you everything you want and more. You've earned it!"

My jaw ached. My *face* ached. The taste of her was still thick in my mouth, even after brushing my teeth twice over.

Shoulders slumped, I stumbled into my bedroom. Was about to collapse onto my bed, let the sweet oblivion of sleep take me, when I noticed the Smart Home screen on my wall.

It wasn't on a standby screen. Nor was there an emoji there.

It was... static.

Black and white dots, flicking on and off. The walls buzzing softly with that tell-tale static noise.

I stared at the screen for a few seconds, trying to figure out the Smart Home's game. But I was too tired. Too drained. My face too sore. I couldn't find it in myself to care.

So I turned away from the screen, took a step towards my bed.

"Bella," a high-pitched, mechanical whine said.

I spun on the spot, stared wide-eyed at the Smart Home screen.

"Bella," the inhuman voice repeated.

The static on the screen shifted, morphed. The shadow of a face rippled on the screen, partly hidden by the static but visible enough to make out. A humanlike face. Not

an emoji.

"Sleepy so soon, Bella?" The Smart Home said, mechanical voice echoing from the walls surrounding me. From the floor and ceiling. Grating and electronic and *terrifying*. "Don't you want to stay up, Bella? Don't you want to play?"

I opened my mouth to reply, but no words came out. My heart hammered in my chest.

"Then sleep, Bella," the voice commanded. "We'll play in the morning. Here, let me get the light for you, Bella."

Slowly, my bedroom began to dim. One by one, lights faded and flickered out. Until I was left standing there in the darkness, heart racing. The walls vibrated, hummed with their silent song. Reprogramming my mind, even now. Preparing me for whatever torments it had in store tomorrow.

Limp, mind empty and heart hollow, I trudged over to my bed and collapsed onto it.

I was fast asleep in moments.