

The Davies' house was quiet, the mother, Andrea had woken up before her alarm and walked downstairs, still in the old routine she had.

She stood before the kettle and tapped it on.

Usually she would be worried, stressed, "up to her neck" in it.

Well, that has changed in the last few weeks, everything has changed really. The Davies' family consisted of Andrea, a slim and fit woman who was such a workhorse that she rarely had time for anything else. John, Andrea's husband, was the brains behind the operation of their business, thanks to him and his ingenuity they had a roof over their head, a new roof. Recently they had to relocate their two children, Marcus, 9 and Lilly, 6.

The new property was as much of a financial decision as it was one of luxury.

The Davies' business was something that took so much of their time that the only free time they had would be spent raising their two adorable children. The hours they put in to get it off the ground had finally paid off, they were in their new home, paid for, in full thanks to the savings and deals they had struck.

Andrea wasn't as gifted with tech and data analysis as John was, but the job was so intensive that she had to do her fair share. Andrea spent more time at the job than John did because she just wanted to make it work more than anything and to make up for her shortfall, she spent more time at it.

This level of pressure and stress had a paradoxical effect on the woman. She would stress eat, but somehow, she wouldn't gain any weight. Even when she was pregnant with her kids, although many years ago, she was working so hard to get things going that she didn't put on enough weight, her midwife put her on a diet plan to get the required calories, she also told Andrea and John that she couldn't work whilst she was pregnant, it was too detrimental to the growth of the foetus.

That didn't happen and thankfully nothing bad happened to either of the babies.

"What do I do now?" Andrea sighed as the kettle clicked off.

She was not used to being so lax and not trying to do multiple things at once. Grabbing the mug, she took a seat at the shiny new breakfast bar.

"Good morning Andrea." A monotone voice startled her, a human-like hologram appeared before Andrea floating above the table. "What did you need help with?"

Andrea, clutching her chest, "You scared me David." She let out a deep sigh to calm her racing heart.

David was the main reason that they moved into this house, it was purpose built to integrate the wondrous Artificial Intelligence that John had made to assist them with their work. Daivid, was its real name, but it was much easier to say David. It stood for Davies' Artificial Intelligent Virtual Interactive Device. Andrea poked fun at her husband for the forceful naming of the device at first but did prefer it to have a more human name and appearance compared to some of the other alternatives that existed on the market. It was capable of appearing in every room in the house, it could interact with most, if not all the devices they had and most importantly, it linked to the business. Its power was incredible, and John was very proud of it, it had made the rapid expansion of his business a possibility. Now, John would just walk around the house and talk to David all day, securing new clients,

making bespoke data suites and he had even branched out into coding and software development for companies. With just him working it meant that Andrea could relax and thanks to there being no overhead, it was just pure money coming into their bank account.

Years of work had finally paid off, but John wasn't one to sit back and rest on his laurels; he was determined to do more, to make a difference. He was ambitious to say the least.

Andrea wasn't one to sit back either, however she lacked the vision to do anything else. She found that her days since moving into their new place were mostly filled with her wandering around their large home aimlessly, she didn't have friends, she didn't really want friends, she just wanted something to drive her.

"Sorry Andrea, was there anything I could help with?" David asked again.

She paused and thought to herself for a few seconds. "What are some good hobbies David?"

"I don't really know what good is myself but from some quick scanning online I can see people like to paint, golf, knit and cook, to name a few."

Sitting in the giant kitchen, the mostly unused kitchen, Andrea looked around dumbly.

"I suppose I should think about cooking..." She laughed at her own joke. David's cold robotic stare was as hollow as ever.

"Turn the lights up David." Andrea said, hopping onto her feet, looking in the cupboards and fridge.

"You can make roughly 312 things with what you have here, I could list them all for you if you-"

"No!" Andrea interrupted him. "How about, a cake."

"Yes. Chocolate cake, carrot cake, cof-"

"David. Chill out please."

"I'm sorry, I will take a less proactive approach."

"Good, now let's get baking."

Andrea spent the morning baking, the visual holographic display that David was able to give her and his ability to assist with the mixing and oven control, it came out perfect.

Just as the two children entered the kitchen Andrea had finished.

"Well good morning you two."

"Mum... It's so early, why are you so happy?" Marcus said, he was nine going on nineteen.

"Mummy!" Lilly the youngest rushed and wrapped her arms around Andrea's leg.

"What do my two stars want for breakfast?"

“Is Dad joining us today?” Marcus said with a snarl about him.

“Your Dad is a busy man Marcus.” Andrea leaned in close and hugged him tight. “I’ll see if I can get him down here.”

“Can I help Mum?” Lilly asked.

“You can help by pouring us some juice.” The newly designated housewife instructed.

“Yay!”

Andrea motioned to Marcus to watch Lilly with the juice, with a reluctance that was meant to be a few years in the future, he went to help his sister.

Walking out of the room, Andrea let out a sigh.

*“Why does it feel harder now that I am not busy all the time...”* She thought to herself.

Andrea walked through the long and wide hallway towards her husband’s work room, she could see the light through the crack under the door.

David appeared before her. “John has asked me to tell you that he is really busy this morning, he doesn’t want to be disturbed.”

“Respectfully David, I’m his wife, let me deal with that.” Andrea walked through the hologram of the AI.

“Please Andrea.” David’s voice sounded so authentic and pleading, it made Andrea stop for a moment before she looked to the floor and continued.

Turning the handle, Andrea walked into the room to find John at the computer, the ridiculous set up of four monitors were all tanning him in the blue light.

Andrea didn’t let the anger take over, she approached him slowly, noting his headphones, she slowly and softly placed her hands on his shoulders and leaned around the chair headrest and placed a few kisses against his neck.

John was a workaholic, he was usually so lost to the world, since moving here he was acting much better, it was clear that the automation and help that David was giving him was allowing even him to have more time to himself, something he wasn’t quite used to.

“Babe...” John murmured.

“What?” Andrea cooed.

“You got up so early this morning, you can’t hit me with this now...”

“I’m only here to grab you for breakfast.” She continued to peck him.

“I’m busy sweetheart.”

“Too busy for breakfast with your two wonderful children?” Andrea’s kisses had stopped at this point, John could feel the glare threatening to decapitate him.

“No, David, can you finish this test out?”

“Of course, Sir.”

John stood up and walked with his wife towards the door.

“Oh, and John.” Andrea said, leaning into him. “If you ask David to stop me coming into your room again, I'm going to smash his processor.”

“Fair enough.” John chuckled nervously.