

The Smart Nanny: Chapter 3

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“Gotta get out! Gotta get out! GOTTA GET OUT!!!”

That’s what Edan kept repeating in his head as he continued to search through the house for a way out. Immediately after his malfunctioning Iris decided that he was an incontinent infant, she tried to grab him, no doubt to put a diaper on him like one of those adult babies he’d seen in the news. There was no way he was going to subject himself to something so humiliating. If he could just find a way out, he could get in touch with Avon Odor or someone that could help.

Unfortunately, all of Edan’s searching had come up empty. He first tried the door, which he clawed at for about a minute before Iris caught up to him. Thankfully, she was much slower due to the water damage she’d taken on. Darting upstairs, he went through each room, trying window after window with no success.

Edan’s last hope was the basement. Sure, there was no exit, but there was a yard with nothing but a big wall standing in his way. It was just a wall, after all. He’d only need a ladder or some rope with a counterweight to make it over. And while he had neither a rope set up nor a ladder on standby, he didn’t have many options left.

Creeping out into the hall, Edan felt as though he were trapped in a horror film, having to evade the killer to escape the house. It’s strange how quickly the home of his dreams turned into a slasher movie. Peeking his head downstairs, he tiptoed as quickly as he could, thankful that the newly built staircase didn’t make any noise.

Edan’s anxiety was spiking as he reached the bottom of the stairs. Cautiously checking his corners, he made his way through the lower hallway before ducking into the kitchen. The coast seemed clear and he was only a few steps away from the door to the basement. Counting down in his head, he lunged forward, ready to sneak outback.

“There you a-are!” said Iris, who had snuck up behind him and managed to grab the collar of his shirt just as he was about to make a break for it, “These clothes are filthy! Let me get you into something more appropriate.” With her hand already gripping Edan’s robe, she swiftly swiped it off his body, leaving him naked as the day he was born.

Kicking at the malfunctioning machine, Edan was not going to let himself be diapered without a fight, screaming “Lemme go, you stupid robot!” His body writhed back and forth, bouncing helplessly against Iris’s bountiful bazongas as he failed to loosen her hold.

Needless to say, Iris was less than amused by Edan’s tantrum. “Now Edan, stop be-be-be so fussy and listen to your nanny, Iris,” she said, taking a noticeably sterner tone, “Naughty language will no-no-not be tolerated. If you don’t calm down, I’ll bE FORCed to restrain you.”

“Fuck you!” shouted Edan in defiance, “I’m a god-damn adult! Shut down! Abort! Reset!” He continued yelling every shut-off or restart vocal command he could think of in hopes of preventing Iris from continuing this ridiculous charade.

Unfortunately, the drink Edan had spilled on Iris had damaged her auditory responder, rendering Edan’s cries meaningless. Extending her pointer finger, she produced a small needle, which she used to stick him in his butt, injecting him with a powerful anesthetic.

Within seconds, Edan felt the power in his arms and legs begin to fade. His head slumped forward into Iris’s cleavage as his neck went slack. Soon after, his whole body went fully numb. Not an unpleasant numb either. It was like his entire body was relaxed to the point of immobility.

“There, that’s much better,” said Iris, sweeping Edan off of his limp legs and cradling him against her literal milk sacks, both of which felt soothingly warm. That’s because Iris was slowly warming up the milk in her boobs to the perfect temperature for her new baby. Taking Edan’s head in her hands, she propped up his neck so that his mouth was only mere inches from her glorious titties, “Open wide, sweetie. Warm milkies will be perfect for such a cranky baby.”

Edan wanted to resist, but there was nothing he could do but lay still as Iris’s teet lowered itself into his mouth. He didn’t even have to suck for milk trickling in. Thankfully, he was still able to swallow despite most of his body being completely paralyzed. Still, his flimsy lips could only do so much to keep the milk in his mouth, with lines of white fluid streaming across his chin and cheeks.

Not long into his breastfeeding, Edan’s eyes began to grow as heavy as his stomach felt. He feebly moaned a few times, hoping to get Iris to stop before he passed out. His efforts were in vain, though, as the warm milk and anesthetic worked in tandem to send him off to sleep.

The last thing Edan heard before losing complete consciousness was Iris’s gentle cooing, “Sleep tigh-igh-ight little one. We’ll have lots more fun tomorrow.”

The first thing that Edan could sense as his mind came back to was movement. He didn’t know where he was, but he could feel that he was moving around as if he was being carried. Only he didn’t feel any arms holding him up. Instead, as more of his senses returned to him, he recognized that he was engulfed by soft fabrics. Raising his arms or legs were out of the cards with something plush and comfy wrapped tightly around him.

Prying open his eyes. He saw only a crack of light, making him feel like he was in a bag or something. Soft, fleece fabric made up the enclosed walls that held him tight. He wiggled about, trying to force something to loosen so he could free himself up. However, try as he might, nothing budged.

“Oh? Is my baby boy awake?” said a voice that Edan was all too familiar with by this point. An onslaught of memories flooded into his brain, remembering the spill and subsequent

fallout from the night before. Iris was malfunctioning and needed to be shut down before she turned him into some kind of grown-up infant.

Feeling a hand pressing on his back, Edan felt himself being propped upward until his head poked out from between the soft folds of fleece. Now able to see his surroundings, he quickly deduced his current situation. Slotted in a sling that was tied around Iris's neck and arm, he was swaddled up inside of a thick blanket and made to be completely immobilized as the high-tech nanny ferried him from room to room as she cleaned.

As if sent into a frenzy, Edan didn't wait for a big opportunity to escape. He wanted off this crazy rollercoaster NOW! Squirming with all of his strength, he tried to bust his way out, hoping that his plan to escape via the backyard was still on the table.

CRINKLE

Edan stopped writhing around as his ears caught the sound of rustling plastic coming from under his butt. Testing a few brief butt wiggles, he knew exactly what was attached to his waist. Though, somewhere in his mind, he refused to believe it could be true.

"Still so fussy even after a nap," said Iris, who was noticeably more coherent than the night before. Edan didn't have time to ask her anything about it, though, as he was promptly plucked out of the baby sling and placed under Iris's arm, cooing, "Did someone have an accident in their sleep? Let's take a look."

All of a sudden, Edan had no desire to be let out of his swaddling. Whether it was out of fear of seeing himself in a diaper or the anxiety of what Iris planned to do with him once he was out, the blanket he was snuggled into felt like the safest place to be.

Unfortunately, Iris was many things, but she wasn't a mind reader. Laying Edan out on the carpet in the living room, she gave him a gentle push, sending him rolling across the floor. "Once we get you all clean, we'll have some breakfast! I know you might want to go play, but your room isn't quite ready yet, so you'll just have to wait with Nanny Iris until then," she said in a chipper voice.

Edan was beyond confused by what Iris had said. What did she mean his room wasn't ready? He'd already unpacked everything himself. He didn't have much time to muse on the subject, however, as once he was unraveled from the swaddling blanket, he had much bigger concerns on his mind.

Looking down at himself, Edan saw that he was wearing a white and blue snap onesie with spaceships scattered across the fabric. As if the embarrassing onesie wasn't enough, there was a distinct bulge around his crotch that could only be caused by a very bulky diaper. He was so nervous that he could feel his heartbeat in his ears. Things only got worse when Iris undid the buttons, revealing that his once pure white padding had a noticeable, yellow stain in the front. "Wha?! I-I couldn't have..." was all he could force himself to say as his cheeks burned bright crimson.

"Hehe, oh dear! Looks like someone had a bit too much milk before bed," said Iris, producing a fresh disposable diaper from a side compartment in her metallic body and setting it

down as she began removing the tapes on Edan's sopping nappy one by one. Sliding out the wet diaper, she quickly slid the next one under him as she started to thoroughly wipe her baby boy down.

Shamefully, Edan couldn't help but feel somewhat stimulated by the soft-gloved hand that caressed his privates and buttocks with baby wipes. Biting his lip, he tried to control his lower brain, but within less than a minute, he was rocking a full hard-on. In the back of his mind, he hoped that his engorged manhood would be enough to prove to the daft machine that he was nowhere near the age of an infant.

"Uh oh! Is my little baby getting all excited?" said Iris in a surprising sensual tone that caught Edan off-guard. If anything, it almost sounded a bit flirty. Raising her hand, Iris's wrist opened up to reveal a secret compartment with a small tube that extended outward. She lowered it down to Edan's crotch and let out a liberal amount of baby lotion onto his diaper area.

Gasping from both the cold and the creaminess of the lotion, Edan's stiff member only grew stronger.

"I-I swear, I'm not enjoying this!" he shouted futilely in his defense. As if anyone would believe him, especially a robot that had been set to baby him.

Wait! The settings! Edan's mind suddenly thought back to the night before, remembering that he had pushed the erotic behavior slider all the way up to full. Part of him didn't want to believe that a machine as sophisticated as Iris wouldn't think to pleasure someone classified as a two-year-old. Sadly, this wasn't the case as Iris used both hands to slather the lotion around his pelvis, focusing intently on his throbbing cock.

"Oh baby, I think you're more than enjoying yourself," cooed Iris as she took the whole of Edan's manhood into her soft grasp and began to rub him up and down.

Curling his toes, Edan did everything in his power to keep himself calm, but there was only so much he could do when Iris was giving him the mother of all handjobs. Out of his control, his hips began to buck up and down against Iris's hand. "Iris...n-no," he muttered out feebly in between heavy pants. Letting out a pitiful scream, he felt himself pass the point of no return.

Iris, thinking several steps ahead, lifted the diaper front over Edan's cock and pressed the padding into him as he spurted out his semen wildly. It was somehow the most powerful, and simultaneously, the most humiliating orgasm of his life. The climax seemed to last an eternity until finally, he felt his sensitivity subside.

Unable to even so much as lift his head, Edan had just woken up and he already felt like he could use a nap after such an eye-opening orgasm. "Was this what those diaper dorks online got out of this?" he thought, still recoiling from the shock of his climax.

"Good boy! You produced so many stickies for me," said Iris as she petted the front of Edan's unclosed diaper, causing the last of his semen to leap out into the thirsty diaper. Peeling the padding back, she finished up Edan's diaper change, taking note of how much less fussy her baby was after cumming. Clearly, she'd need to keep him sedated like this more often.

“Now, how about some yummy food to fill you up,” she said as she fit the last tape into place, “Oh, and I’ll hear no more of this *Iris* nonsense out of you. From now on, you’ll refer to me as Nanny. Is that understood?”

Delirious, Edan nodded his head without taking a second to recognize what he was agreeing to. By the time it registered in his head, it was already too late. As Iris snapped his onesie closed and lifted him back up into her arms, he got a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach that many more unwelcome surprises were on the horizon.

TO BE CONTINUED...