

The Smart Nanny: Chapter 4

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“Are you ready for num nums, little one?”

Cuddled up in Iris’s surprisingly comfortable arms, Edan was fully immobilized by his robot nanny maid. Dressed in a thick, cum-filled diaper as well as a mortifyingly embarrassing onesie, he’d been trying to wiggle out of her grasp for several minutes now to no avail and had grown exhausted from his efforts. Though, upon hearing it was feeding time, he decided to double his efforts. While the prospect of eating did sound tempting due to how hungry he was feeling, he had zero interest in finding out what sort of meal Iris planned to prepare for him now that she’d gone haywire.

Speaking of going haywire, Edan still wasn’t over how non-glitchy Iris’s voice was. Before he passed out last night, she was barely able to get through a sentence without flickering in and out. Now, she was operating at 100% efficiency, which posed even more of a problem than a malfunctioning machine would. Little did he know that while he slept, Iris had returned to her charging pod, which had a built-in repair system. Any damage that was caused from day-to-day use would always be fixed, making his adversary nearly impossible to sabotage.

Expecting to be taken to the kitchen, Edan was incredibly confused when she proceeded to move downstairs and out into the backyard with not so much a baby bottle in hand. Looking over at her engorged tits filled with warm milk, he feared he was likely in for a second round of breastfeeding. Even with how he was dressed, he was still a grown adult with higher nutritional needs than a real infant. However, just as he was working up the courage to inquire about what was on the meal plan, he received his answer in the weirdest of ways.

“Open wide, baby,” cooed Iris as she raised her pointer finger and proceeded to place it right in front of Edan’s mouth.

With a synthetic skin wrapped around her robotic endoskeleton, Edan really didn’t want to let Iris slip her finger past his lips. This whole situation was already weird enough as is. Sadly, he had little choice as Iris began testing the strength of his lips, which given his self-appointed nanny were no challenge to push past. As he’d assumed, her finger was almost exactly like that of a human finger, only her’s lacked the saltiness that a real person would have since robots never sweat.

“Administering nutrients in 3, 2, 1,” said Iris in a chipper voice. As her brief countdown came to an end, a sudden stream of bland mush began filling Edan’s mouth through a small hole in the tip of her finger. Thrashing about in her arms, he used up all the strength he had left to break free from the distressing feeding time. Unfortunately, despite only using one arm to hold him, he couldn’t squirm his way out from her clutches. Resigning himself to his fate, he began steadily swallowing the paste in defeat.

All things considered, Edan knew it could've been worse. He could've ended up in a high chair being given a messy spoon-feeding. This was at least clean and convenient, even if it was kinda creepy. As the minutes ticked by, however, he felt his anxiety start to rise with his stomach, which was growing abnormally full. "Mmmm! No mo!" he said, unable to speak legibly. Whether the robot didn't understand or simply didn't care, she continued to force-feed him at a constant pace, causing his stomach to bloat outward considerably, pressing tightly against the waistband of his diaper.

Mercifully, Iris ended Edan's feeding before his tummy exploded, though he was more stuffed than a Thanksgiving turkey by that point. He breathed a heavy sigh of relief as his robot nanny plucked her finger from his mouth.

"Happy bellies equals happy babies!" stated Iris as she began to gently rub his stomach with her freed-up hand. As she circled his tummy, she made sure to increase the external temperature of her hand to make her rubs extra soothing.

Meanwhile, Edan kept his eyes on the external wall that surrounded the backyard. Looking up at the bright, cloudless sky, it was like he could taste the freedom that was just out of reach. He was unaware that his eyes were growing heavy again. Not tired, like before, but instead glazed and docile as if he was in a state of pure relaxation. By the time he realized what was happening, it was too late. His entire body felt loose and light, yet he couldn't so much as raise his wrist. It was like his muscles had gone into atrophy.

Removing her hand from Edan's gut, Iris grabbed the collar of her shirt and popped out one of her boobs again, saying, "After a big meal, I'm sure you're extra thirsty." With a hand propping up his head, she lifted him to her tit and pressed his face into it.

Edan, unable to prevent another round of breastfeeding, could do nothing but allow himself to be smothered by Iris's mommy milkers. Robot or not, her boobs felt as real as could be, a fact that was not lost on his ever-swelling phallus. It didn't matter how strained his stomach felt. In his weakened state, he was powerless to stop his natural male reactions.

Noticing that her baby was enjoying himself, Iris decided that he'd been good enough during his feeding that he'd earned himself a reward for the second time this morning. Resting her hand on the crotch of his diaper, her palm started to vibrate, slowly at first but quickly whurring up into a speed equal to that of a sex toy. All the while, she began humming a gentle lullaby to him, filling his ears with the sweet harmony of her angelic voice.

With his toes sharply pointed, Edan's brain was lost in limbo, caught somewhere between heaven and hell. His heaven was the glorious feeling of his slippery, jizz-stained diaper buzzing away in Iris's grasp. The way the diaper caressed his cock was magical, to say the least. On the other hand, his hell was continuing to build in his gut, which was now looming around being dangerously full. The sheer amount of both food and milk that he'd taken in was too much to bear. If he didn't make more room soon, his tummy might actually blow up.

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGGGGGLLLLLLE!!!

Oh no.

At that moment, Edan felt a familiar pressure building up in his intestines. Whether it was last night's meal or the meal he just had snaking its way through his body at lightning speed, he couldn't deny it. He needed to poop...badly! Unfortunately, there was nothing he could do to prevent this horrific fate. His body was still too numb and cumbersome to move, not like he'd be going anywhere fast with the food baby he was raising in his guts. Clenching his butt hole as tightly as he could, he threw all of his focus into keeping his diaper clean, hoping that sometime soon, Iris would set him down to be left alone. Babies got unsupervised playtimes, right?!

Edan's misery turned into all-out panic as he felt an orgasm mounting. Sensing his body tensing up, Iris giggled as she began to stroke his tented diaper with her vibrating hand. "Go on, Nanny wants you to make me lots of stickies!" she teased, hugging him extra tightly against her mammoth mammaries.

That was the final straw for Edan. With his eyes rolling into the back of his head and a high pitch squeal escaping his lips as he nursed more milk, he felt himself dive over the edge of an orgasmic cliff at full speed. In a rush of pure ecstasy, his lower body went limp as his penis began gushing glob after glob of fresh semen into his diaper. This caused him to lose his grip on his anus, opening the door for another big eruption to occur.

BLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRTTT!!!

Wincing in both pleasure and pain, Edan's climax raged on as his body expelled a wealth of semi-solid sludge. He bit down on Iris's titty, moaning as deep euphoria surged throughout his entire body. It was the kind of orgasm that few had ever experienced. With nothing else to grapple to, his mind latched onto the rollercoaster of bliss his body was experiencing, refusing to let go until the pressure from his front and rear subsided.

"Such a wonderfully naughty baby you are! You make Nanny so happy when you fill your diapers for her," cheered Iris as she pulled her tit from Edan's mouth, hugging him in between her gargantuan sweater puppies, "Perfect timing too! Your room should be all finished now. Let's go upstairs and get you all cleaned up."

Still swimming in the haze of his own ecstasy, Edan barely held onto consciousness as Iris carried him back inside of the house, closing the door on a possible escape attempt for now. Sniffing the air, he felt his senses start to return to him, with the first being the Earthy aroma that his diaper was producing. Lifting his head as high as he could, his jaw dropped when he saw the current state of his nappy.

Stretching to maximum capacity, Edan's diaper looked like someone had shoved a brown, mush-filled beach ball inside. In all his life, he'd never seen a diaper filled to this extent. It was almost impossible to believe that everything that was occupying his padding came from inside of him. And yet, in spite of how much matter had expunged itself from his bowels, his tummy was still fairly rounded, informing him that his first dumping was only the beginning.

Returning to the main floor, Iris gleefully made her way to Edan's bedroom door. She couldn't explain it, but deep inside all of her machinery, she felt a strange sense of happiness

that only seemed to grow the more she babied Edan. Was she supposed to feel that way? Was she supposed to feel at all?

Brushing her internal conflict aside, Iris placed her hand on the doorknob and said, "I hope you're excited to see your brand new room, sweetie." She suddenly felt another feeling as she twisted the handle, something that could only be described as pride. While she didn't personally set up the room by hand thanks to the custom design automation that the smart home possessed, she did spend a great deal of time organizing the room in a way she just knew Edan would love.

Staring straight ahead with unblinking eyes, Edan took in the terrifying sight that he encountered when the door finally opened. Gone was the massive king bed and all of his personal belongings, replaced by the plethora of baby furnishings and decorations. Only none of them were sized for an actual baby. They were all made specifically with him in mind.

The once white panel walls now held a soft yellow glow to them with waves of glitter that shimmered boldly. A large crib sat in the corner of the room, its bars as tall as Iris to ensure once he was put into it, there would be no getting out. Next to the crib sat a giant changing table with dozens of diapers and diaper products stacked neatly underneath. Across from that were several toys scattered about the floor inside of a tall, pink playpen. It was the nursery of the future that any adult baby would dream to have. Edan was not an adult baby, though, so it was more akin to an unending nightmare.

"Sooo? Does my baby boy like his new room?" asked Iris as she approached the changing table. Not waiting for an answer, she set Edan down on top of the raised, flat surface, her grin only growing wider as she watched his diaper bellow out in all directions as he sunk into his mess.

Choking out a disapproving whimper, Edan didn't think being in a loaded pamper could get any worse. The squishy muck oozed around in his diaper, shifting the messy up through his legs and smothering his dick with his own watery excrement. Adding to the humiliation was the reaction his tired penis had to the encroaching filth, rising to attention once more even though he'd already climaxed twice today. As Iris lifted his legs up and laid him down across the changing table, he closed his eyes, praying to open them and find that this was all some sick fantasy that his alcohol-riddled brain cooked up. Sadly, as he opened his eyes, he found reality wouldn't be quite that easy to escape.

TO BE CONTINUED...