

The Smart Nanny: Chapter 2

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Sitting in his top-floor office with his feet kicked up on his desk, Avon Oder was living his best life. As the son of an oil baron, he'd inherited a large sum of money at an early age, and unlike many others who would just take the money and run, he took the two billion dollars he earned from his dad and turned it into almost one hundred billion. No easy task, regardless of what all the haters said about him.

KNOCK KNOCK!

A sudden knock at the door pulled Avon's attention away from his phone. He rolled his eyes and shouted, "What is it?!" His receptionist, Bella, knew not to bother him before noon, so whatever this was had better be good.

"Apologies Mr. Oder," said Bella in a mousy voice. Since Avon was known for firing his assistant at the drop of a hat, she'd been on edge around him since day one. "The governor of Texas is on line one. He says it's urgent."

Sighing, Avon grabbed the landline phone that he had purposely left off the hook and placed it back on. "Go ahead and put him through," he said grumpily. The new governor, Miles Lang, had been on his ass about zoning laws for his new smart homes for several months now. It was like he didn't understand his grand vision for the future. Simple-minded people rarely did.

When the call light came on, Avon pressed the speakerphone option and said, "Miles, hey, what's happening?"

"Again, it's Mr. Lang, and I could be better," said Miles in his trademark passive-aggressive tone, "To put it simply, we're having an energy crisis and your smart homes are at the center of it. This was precisely why I warned you about this last month. Our power grid isn't built to sustain-

"Yeah, yeah, I hear you. Look, I'll send you a check for \$15 million to upgrade your power grids. So can we call this *situation* settled," said Avon, mockingly making air quotes with his hands on the word "situation" to animate his contempt for governmental red tape.

Miles was less than pleased with Avon's suggestion. "No, Avon! This is far from settled! Even with added funding, it will take time to upgrade the-

click!

Bored of the conversation, Avon picked up the phone and set it back down, hanging up on the governor. Whatever other details he needed to work out could be handled by Bella. Small-minded people with no vision, that's what Miles and everyone who stood in his path was to him. He wasn't worried though. Once everyone saw how amazing his smart homes were, no one would ever doubt him again.

Waving his hands across the water's bubbly surface, Edan smiled as he relaxed in the warmth of the hot tub, naked from head to toe. After all, what was the point of a private hot tub if he wasn't going to use it in his birthday suit? It was necessary after the eventful day he'd had. Like a kid in a candy store, he ran around the house testing out as many of the amenities as possible. In just one day, he'd gone bowling, caught a movie that was just released in cinemas, swam 25 laps in the regulation-size pool, and was now finishing the day off with a cocktail prepared by Iris and a warm soak. If every day was going to be just like this, the locks on the door weren't even necessary. This was paradise and he never wanted to leave.

However, while he was in the hot tub to unwind, Edan's mind did anything but. With his cellphone wrapped up in a plastic bag, he continued to read through Iris's digital owner's manual, his smile growing larger with each new detail. Specifically, it was the erotic settings that had him rocking a hard-on beneath the gently sloshing water. Not only was there a slider on her control panel that boosted how sexual she would behave towards her "master", but there were also modifications he could make to her physical appearance.

Having a thing for big-breasted women, Edan was already dreaming of giving his personal robo-maid a pair of outrageously voluptuous knockers. Reaching his right hand beneath the water, he began to stroke himself to the thought of Iris leaning down to his cock and massaging it between her massive mommy milkers. Once her settings were altered, he could have her getting him off several times a day. As he ejaculated into the fizzy water, he felt a sense of power that he'd never known in his entire life. He felt like a king.

Feeling pretty buzzed from the cocktail, Edan decided that now was the perfect time to hop out of the tub and start messing with Iris's settings. The manual made it all look so easy, so why shouldn't he be able to figure it out while tipsy. Crawling up from his relaxing spot in the tub, he moved to grab the fluffy, white robe that the house had provided him with and made his way back upstairs, where Iris was busy prepping dinner.

"Good evening, my master," said Iris, he knew he was there without even looking up from the onions she was chopping. Unbeknownst to Edan was the fact that she knew exactly where he was at all times. If he had strayed further away from the erotic settings of the manual, he might've noticed that she had an in-built tracking system that allowed her to scan and keep track of the entire smart home. If the house was a body, Iris was both its nimble right hand and its brain.

Plopping himself down at the dining table, Edan tilted his chair back and kicked his feet up on the table. "Evening, Iris. What are you making?" he asked, excited to hear what meal her appetite sensor had cooked up for him this time.

"Tonight's meal will be carnitas tacos with diced onions, guacamole, and cilantro, served with a side of Spanish rice and frozen margarita," said Iris, perfectly capturing the exact meal that Edan had at the Mexican restaurant that he used to live across from.

Watching as Iris worked as efficiently as a five-star chef, Edan was beyond impressed with her. One setting he wouldn't dare mess with was her food service. Having someone to know what you craved to eat and when was a luxury that he never wanted to part with again.

It took less than five minutes for Iris to finish up and have Edan's meal in front of him. "Dinner is served," she said in an upbeat, yet still slightly robotic voice.

The mouthwatering meal was scarfed down in the blink of an eye. The tacos tasted just like the ones from the restaurant, and yet, they were better in almost every way. Edan assumed that Iris must have access to better ingredients or something because this was the greatest meal he'd ever eaten since...well, since this afternoon. "Iris? Can you come over here?" he said as he wiped his mouth off with a cloth napkin.

"Did you enjoy your meal?" asked Iris, her warm voice getting Edan even more excited.

Standing up from his chair, Edan walked up to Iris and said, "Initiate standby mode." Having skimmed through the manual, he'd figured out how to get her to power down so that he could easily adjust her settings. Apparently, the current Iris models didn't like it when settings were shifted while operating.

Opening the hatch on her back, Edan looked at the plethora of switches and dials greedily. All of the buttons were labeled with letters and numbers, so he had the manual up on his phone to help guide him. Instantly, his hand moved to the slider labeled "X69", which controlled how erotic his Iris would behave. The letter and number designation caused him to chuckle.

Next on Edan's checklist were the nurturing settings. After testing the waters with her appetite scanner, he was excited to see how much farther he could take her ability to sense what he needed. According to the manual, she was able to do so much more than just cooking and housekeeping. She could pick his clothes, bathe him, and even feed him if he so desired. That last one did seem a bit much, so he made sure to only turn that dial up a couple of clicks.

The last thing he wanted to adjust before diving into physical modifications was her subservience. While being called master wasn't really for him, that didn't mean he didn't enjoy being treated like a master. And with the erotic settings cranked up to full, making her more submissive to him would be like the cherry on top of a delectable hot fudge sundae. "Ooh, I think I'll ask for a sundae when Iris wakes back up," he said to himself, drunk on both power and tequila.

Moving to the physical modifications, this was where things got a little tricky. She couldn't just make her boobs bigger out of thin air. The manual recommended using a gel that was sold by the same development team as Iris. However, the manual did not account for the fact that Edan couldn't leave his house whatsoever, so even if he got the over-priced gel delivered to his front door, he'd still be locked up and wouldn't have access to it.

Pursuing through a few online forums, Edan found that you could fill your Iris up with just about any fluid and get basically the same result. He even found a video of a dude online using basic tap water to add to his Iris's curves. The process seemed easy enough, only instead of

water, Edan had a humorous idea. Opening the designated hatch to add extra fluid, Edan proceeded to pour in an entire carton of whole milk. What better place to store milk than in the titties after all. As he poured, he watched with eager eyes as her boobs began to slowly inflate. Already possessing a girthy cup size, each tit was as big as a basketball by the time the carton was emptied.

Closing the hatch and rounding to the front of his Iris, Edan proceeded to caress and grope Iris's fake boobs. Their weight and moldability felt as close to real boobs as one could get. He couldn't wait to nuzzle his face in between them as she stroked his fat cock. Excited to get started living his even better best life, he shouted, "Iris on!" and stepped back, taking a sip from his half-full margarita glass.

However, she didn't return to life at that moment, remaining powered down. He turned his head sideways, confused by what the issue could be. Thumping himself on the forehead, he realized that he had left her back panel open, which prevented her from starting back up. Rushing over to her back once more, he quickly reached for the swinging door that covered the panel.

At that moment, though, the power suddenly went out in the house, causing the entire kitchen to go pitch black. In his hastiness, Edan tripped over his own feet and collided with Iris from behind. He blindly tried to grab onto something to stop his fall and, in the process, spilled the contents of his frozen margarita all over her exposed panel. Adding to the already problematic situation, his clumsy open hand failed to make contact with Iris's shoulder. Instead, his palm slammed against the many buttons and switches that made up her numerous settings, unwittingly turning the nurturing dial all the way up to full and nudging the submissive slider to the dominant side.

Edan heard the panel door slam shut as he crashed onto the floor. For some reason, his crotch was suddenly damp and freezing. As the lights finally came back on after the brief blackout, he found that his margarita had spilled all over his lower half, coating the bottom of his robe in the icy, yellow mixed drink. That was the least of Edan's worries, though, as only seconds later, Iris powered back up without him giving her instruction to do so.

Turning around and looking down at the prone Edan laying on his stomach. "Hell-llo, my name is Iris and I am he-he-he serve you, my master," she said, her vocals glitching out all over the place.

Something was clearly wrong and Edan knew it. "Iris! Initiate stand-by mode!" he groaned, still recoiling from his fall.

Unfortunately, Iris had no intentions of obeying like the good robot she was built to be. With her submissive slider locked on dominant, she only had to listen to orders that she wanted to, and having just woken up, she had no desire to return to sleep. She instead proceeded with her hardwired protocol as bright red lasers shot out of her eyes. "Please hold still while I scan your biometrics," she said, her voice sounding like a hollow shell thanks to the water damage her vocals had taken.

Lying motionless, Edan didn't know what to do. For some reason, Iris neither recognized who he was nor did she listen to him. His heart filled with anxiety as something was very visibly wrong.

"Edan Foster, male, age unclear," she said, looking down at him before registering his soaked crotch, "Accident detected. User will be labeled as incontinent."

Edan didn't like the sound of that. He didn't know what this robot was planning, but he'd be damned if she was going to deem him incontinent and force him into some stupid diaper.

TO BE CONTINUED...