

# The Smart Nanny: Chapter 1

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A large, opaque glass door opened slowly, its glossy white face perfectly matching the white panel walls that lined the entryway. Standing in the doorway with a wide-eyed smile on his face was Edan. He considered himself to be a pretty average guy with a medium build that was neither skinny nor obese, a height that was above average but was just under six feet tall, and dirty blonde hair that was always wavy and tangled. The only odd thing about him was his eyes, which were a perfect shade of gray, never showing any color, no matter the lighting. Having lived in mediocrity all his life, he was shocked when the opportunity of a lifetime came knocking.

“Congratulations, you’ve been selected out of a pool of over two million applied candidates to participate in our Home of the Future test trials!” That’s what the letter that he clutched tightly in his hand said. He was gripping the paper so hard, almost as if he were worried if he let go of it that it would cease to exist.

Setting his bags down in the hall, Edan took a deep breath, his heart rate going crazy with adrenaline. Part of him was nervous that as part of the trial, he wouldn’t be allowed to leave the house for an entire year, but for the most part, he was super excited to start exploring his new digs. He’d been obsessing over the brochure for weeks leading up to today. And yet, somehow this place looked even better than the images had led him to believe. Turning back, he watched as the door closed automatically behind him, locking him inside. There was no turning back now.

Suddenly, one of the white panels shifted from white to black before revealing itself to be a television screen built into the wall near the entrance as a video began to play. “Good afternoon, *Edan*,” said the man on the screen, doing little to hide that someone else’s voice was dubbed in Edan’s name. It was a minor detail, but something that caused Edan to chuckle. He continued to listen, “My name is Avon Oder, and I’m the CEO and founder of SwanTech. I’m proud to welcome you to your new home. Over the next year, you will complete weekly reports and have your time in this house monitored, giving us insight into what changes need to be made before we bring these luxury homes to market. In return, you will be compensated handsomely and will be permitted to keep the house when the trial period is complete at no cost to you.”

Edan’s smile only grew. It was a detail he was well aware of when he signed up. Sure, the idea of being filmed 24/7 for an entire year was a bit daunting, but the fact that he’d never have to worry about renting ever again, which for a 25-year-old in today’s economy was a godsend.

The video transitioned to the next scene, which featured Avon standing in the middle of an upscale home kitchen. Next to him was a sexy, womanly figure that towered over Avon by

nearly two feet. “As an added feature, every smart home comes equipped with Iris, who will be your state-of-the-art personal maid. All you have to do is ask and Iris will take care of it,” he said, before turning his attention from the camera to the large robot, “Iris, could you please make me an iced tea, please?”

“As you wish, Avon,” said Iris in a voice that could only be described as sultry. Edan could feel blood pooling in his naughty bits as he watched the robot maid serve up Avon's order in seconds, knowing that soon enough, it would be him getting served by the attractive-looking machine.

Taking the glass of brownish tea in his hand, Avon took a sip before letting out an exaggerated sigh, “Tastes even better when someone else gets it for you,” he said as both he and Iris turned to look back at the camera, “From all of us here at SwanTech, we offer our sincerest thank yous. See you next year, neighbor!”

The video faded out, returning the wall to its original, white color. Edan couldn't believe how surreal everything was feeling. He had to be the luckiest bastard alive. Kicking off his shoes, he ran through the central corridor and started his exploration.

The first room he happened upon was a living room that looked like something out of the Jetsons. In his questionnaire, he mentioned his affinity for retro decor, having no idea that they would take that idea and run with it. The living room dipped beneath the ground level of the house, with the half-crescent sectional designed to look like it was built into the floor. At its side were two egg-shaped chairs and across from the couch was a massive, wall-to-wall curved television that looked more like it belonged in an Imax dome than a house.

Grabbing the remote and tossing himself onto the extremely comfortable sectional, Edan turned on the TV with a look of wonder in his eye. Seconds later, the humongous screen came to life, showing him an incredibly high definition landscape of an underwater coral reef. It was so vivid and lifelike that it made him feel as if he were scuba diving there himself. He chuckled to himself, “One year is gonna be a piece of cake.”

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After a long stroll through the house, Edan was on cloud nine. Dashing through the labyrinth of hallways, he found that this place had three bedrooms, including a master bedroom fit for a king with a walk-in closet the size of his old apartment's bedroom, a private bath, and an Alaskan King bed that he practically sunk into. Inside the walk-in closet with the iCloset 6, the latest personal dresser model that only went to market a few weeks ago. It was so high-tech that it could even make minor alterations to a person's body. For example, if someone gained a bit of weight, the machine could actually shrink a person's stomach to fit. And now, such a marvelous and innovative piece of technology was standing before him. “I wonder if this can make my dick bigger,” he thought to himself shamelessly.

Edan also discovered a basement with an indoor pool and hot tub, as well as a two-lane bowling alley. Along the basement's walls were a set of double doors that led out to a backyard and patio. The backyard was surrounded by high cement walls that match the exterior of the house, making sure that no one could break in through the yard.

Growing hungry by this point in his domicile odyssey, Edan decided it was time to find the kitchen and fix himself up some grub. Entering the kitchen, he was a little underwhelmed to find that it looked just like a normal, upper-middle-class kitchen. Given the ridiculous levels of luxury shown in every room, it was honestly a bit shocking to see such a normal room. Still, a year of having all of his favorite foods stocked up definitely made the boring layout an afterthought.

B-Lining straight to the pantry, Edan opened it up, expecting to see row upon row of delicious snacks. However, there wasn't a speck of food in sight. Instead, he looked up at the eight-foot-tall female robot standing on top of a charging platform.

Iris, Edan's new robot housemaid, was dressed to look like the spitting image of a 50's housewife, with big hair, a green and white tea-length dress, and a pair of metallic high heels that covered the omni-wheels that helped her maneuver around the house. Instantly, Edan felt his pants tent out, responding to his preference for taller, bustier women. And busty she very much was. She had to be rocking E- No, F-cups. Reaching up, he gave one a squeeze, shocked by how much they felt like the real thing. In fact, almost all of her felt like the real thing.

Pulling Iris out of the closet, Edan looked her up and down before grabbing her hand to confirm that, despite her status as a robot, her skin felt damn near close to actual human flesh. Really, the only tell-tale signs that she was a robot were the wheels under her heels and the control panel that was located on her back.

Opening Iris's back, Edan's eyes went cross looking at the myriad of buttons, switches, and sliders. Thankfully, there was a big switch off to the side of the panel labeled "Power" which at least made turning her on easy. Flipping the switch, he stepped back quickly as Iris's internal mechanics came to life.

Turning to face Edan, Iris's uncanny face shifted into a smile. "Hello, my name is Iris and I am here to serve you, my master," she said, bowing her head slightly, "Please hold still while I scan your biometrics." Suddenly, her eyes went red as a bright laser fanned out and proceeded to move up and down Edan's body. After a few seconds of scanning, the robot returned to its neutral state. "Edan Foster, male, age 25. My appetite sensor detects you would like a Reuben on rye and an ice tea, which you have been craving since seeing Avon Oder be served the same."

"Wow!" said Edan, who was both super impressed and a little creeped out at how accurate Iris was. He watched as the voluptuous robot moved through the kitchen with ease and purpose. Within a minute, she had a full sandwich and glass of tea ready for him at the table. Iris stepped aside as she pulled out a chair at the breakfast bar for Edan. "Please, have a seat, master," she said, her voice sounding almost provocative.

Edan hated to admit it, but he was already having naughty ideas about his new maid. It was like they'd specifically designed her to be his perfect woman...well, besides the fact that she wasn't actually human. Sitting at the table, Edan picked up the meaty sandwich in between his hands and took a big bite out of it, savoring the juicy flavor. "Mmmmm! It's sho good!" he muttered in between chews.

"I'm happy it's to your liking, Master," said Iris, "Please let me know if you need anything else," Moving to the sink, she began to wash up the dishes she had used to prepare his meal with expert efficiency.

Just watching Iris's work was mesmerizing to Edan. Pulling out his phone, he looked up information on his new robo-maid, excited to find out all of the exciting customizations he could do. Personally, he was hoping there was a way to change the "my master " thing to another nickname. He wasn't really vibing with it.

However, Edan's eyes went wide as he read through all the different settings and adjustments he could make to his Iris. Continuing to read, his heart nearly dropped as he found a header section of the digital manual labeled, "Erotic Settings." Feeling a stirring in his pants once more, he looked up at his dutiful maid. "This day really has gone from good to great to legendary," he said to himself before taking a long sip from his tea.

TO BE CONTINUED...