

The Smart Nanny: Chapter 5

Written By: CrissieBaby Commissioned By: BlossomBitchDolly

Scowling with maddening fury, Edan sat in the corner of his new room's playpen mindlessly stacking alphabet blocks. He didn't actually want to play, but anytime he stopped for longer than a minute, Iris would be right there to "encourage" him to get more into it. And her form of encouragement came in the form of a sip of milk from one of her massive tits, saying repeatedly, "You must be thirsty if you have to stop playing." With how much his stomach had already taken on, he didn't need Iris making him more paranoid about another messy accident. He cursed himself for being thankful to at least be in a clean diaper...for now anyway.

Thankfully, Edan found a loophole in the form of stacking blocks. It was about as much fun as watching grass die but at least it kept Iris off his back. As long as she registered him as playing, he wouldn't have to deal with her. Such a reprieve from being constantly babied by his loving robot nanny was a welcome change-up from how this morning had started. While he still had to deal with his bulky diaper and childish clothes, at least the small degree of separation gave him the chance to gather his thoughts.

Escape was obviously the number one thing on Edan's mind. His best option was still to hop the wall surrounding the backyard, but that wasn't the most pressing issue. The bigger question mark in his mind was how to get around Iris. She hadn't let him out of her sight since last night and that wasn't likely to change anytime soon. As grim as it seemed, he knew direct confrontation was probably his best bet. He couldn't out-run or out-smart her, but maybe he could out-maneuver and disable her.

Thinking back to the Iris owner's manual that he looked up online, Edan remembered that she had an emergency shut-off switch. The only problem was he never really looked into it, so while he knew it existed, he had no idea where. "Stupid horny brain, only looking up the erotic settings," he begrudgingly thought, crossing off that idea in his head.

Frustrated by his inability to figure out a practical solution, Edan took one of the blocks he was playing with and chucked it. The wooden block made a loud thump as it impacted the corner changing table and ricocheted across the room, settling directly in front of the closet.

Suddenly, Edan was struck with inspiration. "That's it!" he thought as he stared at the closet door that was only half a room away, "If I can get in there, I can use the iCloset to give myself muscles or something to beat Iris physically." He wasn't exactly sure how it worked, but he remembered watching some guy on TikTok test one out. The dude literally walked out of the closet with a six-pack and shredded arms. It couldn't be that hard to figure out, right?

Unfortunately, while throwing the block had given him inspiration, Edan's little tantrum had gotten the attention of his mechanical caregiver. "Throwing toys is a big no-no," said Iris as she placed the block down near the others, "I'll only give you a warning for now, but if I catch you being naughty again, I'll have no choice but to punish you."

Sweat dripped down Edan's forehead at the thought of what a punishment given by Iris would look like. As if being dressed like this and forced to eat as much as a horse for every meal wasn't punishment enough, now he had to worry about the potential of being spanked by a freakin robot!

Returning to her place on the other side of Edan's bedroom nursery, Iris thought hard about her threat and wondered if she was too tough on the way she addressed him. While discipline was important, she didn't want to stunt his creativity. Partway through reasoning with herself, she stopped to take in the fact that she was being indecisive. She was well aware that she was a machine so to be confounded with such an emotional conflict was...almost human.

On the opposite end of the nursery, Edan had no clue what was happening within the metal mind of Iris. Instead, he was busy crafting his strategy to get into that auto-closet. There was Option A, which was to straight-up ask Iris to use it. It would certainly be the simplest tactic, but no doubt she would end up messing with his settings. Option B was to get Iris out of the room somehow, even if only for a minute. Asking for food and drink was out, she had both of those stored inside of her. All of his personal items were stashed away, so that was out too. Beyond that, he couldn't come up with another reason to get her to leave. That left him with his third and, by far, his riskiest choice, that being Option C.

Crawling over to the side of his playpen nearest to Iris, Edan propped himself up onto his knees and took a deep breath. It wasn't an easy thing to swallow one's pride, but desperate times called for desperate measures. "Waaaaaaaaaaaaaa!" he wailed at the top of his lungs. He was no actor, but he knew how to make fake crying sound convincing, even if he couldn't quite produce any actual tears.

Thankfully, Edan's cries were more than enough to convince Iris, who rushed to his side without hesitation. "Oh no, baby! What's wrong?" she said in both a soothing and slightly panicked voice much like a real mother would to her baby's first blubbering.

"I...I too sweepy ta pway," said Edan in a babyish voice. If he was gonna pretend to cry, he might as well go all in.

Lifting Edan out of the playpen, Iris pulled him into her arms and gave him a big squeeze, saying, "There, there, baby boy, it's okay. Let's get you tucked into bed for an afternoon nap, sweetheart." Similar to the joy she felt when bringing Edan to his new room, Iris felt a twinge within her robotic husk, only instead of a twinge of happiness, it was something far more troubling. For the first time in her existence, she felt anxiety.

That anxiety faded into relief as Iris lowered the bars to the crib and laid Edan inside. Laying a soft, fuzzy blanket over his body, she used the tips of her fingers to tuck him in tightly until he almost felt partially mummified. She watched as he wiggled under his snug blankets, filling her with a feeling she couldn't put to words. "Have a good nap," she said softly as she pressed her forehead to his before closing up the crib and downing the lights.

As Edan had suspected, she didn't leave the room, but she did go into power saver mode, meaning if he stayed quiet enough, she wouldn't wake up until she felt he'd napped a

sufficient amount of time. Being his first nap time, he wasn't sure how much time this gave him but he wasn't going to lay around waiting to find up.

Scrambling free from the fluffy blankets, Edan moved to stand up. The bars of the crib were exceptionally tall, but as long as he was careful, he should be tall enough to scale it. Unfortunately, what he did not calculate was just how pillowy the mattress of his crib would be. As he planted his foot down on the bed, he sank in at least half a foot, swallowing him up like quicksand. Unable to find his balance, he tumbled back onto his bed, making an audible "Ooff!" as he landed.

Iris's irises lit up the second she heard even the faintest noise coming from Edan's mouth. Thinking fast, Edan grabbed the blanket with one hand and rolled onto his side as slowly as he could, making it seem like he was only tossing and turning in his sleep. Whether Iris believed his act or not didn't matter, since she booted back down a short time later.

Now Edan knew how loud he could be. His vocal slip-up wasn't even that loud, but it was enough to alert the advanced hearing of a robot. Looking up at the mountain of a wall he still faced, he sat and stewed in anger over the fact that he'd be on his way to the closet by now if his damn bed wasn't so soft. Trying not to panic, he began work on his next scheme. If he couldn't go over, his only other option was to unlatch the crib bars and lower them.

Peering outside of the crib, Edan could see that the latch was just out of arm's reach. He chuckled, having come prepared with a wooden alphabet block. Placing the block at the tip of his fingers, he inched them down to the latch until the block was leaning against it. Nudging his middle finger forward as far as he could, he managed to add enough pressure to unlock the crib's bars.

Having used his other hand to keep a grip on the bars, Edan cheered silently to himself as he gently dropped the bar to the ground. Glancing over at Iris, he was relieved to see she was still asleep. Part of him considered going for the exit instead of the iCloset since Iris had powered down instead of leaving the room. However, it was Iris's proximity to the bedroom door versus the closet that pushed his choice. He didn't want to risk getting any closer to her than he had to, especially since he had a thunder sheet taped around his waist.

Oh, how Edan wished he could rip the damn diaper off of his body. The thing crinkled like there was a megaphone attached to it, making sure that every step came with a symphony of plastic rustling. No matter how wide he stretched his legs, it was unavoidable. And while Iris couldn't hear it from over by the crib, the closer he neared, the more likely she was to pick up on something as subtle as that.

Edan was so focused on keeping his diaper as silent as he could that he forgot to pay attention to where he was walking. His foot came down on the same wooden block that had aided in his escape, shooting a sharp pain up through the palm of his foot. He managed to keep from making any focal reactions, but the off-kilter step was enough to send him falling, landing on his butt with an adorably loud *POOF!*

With her eyes lighting up once more, Iris looked down at her little escapee, staring unblinkingly as if she were a terminator. "What on Earth do you think you're doing out of bed?" she asserted in a very stern voice.

Edan didn't have an excuse cooked up in advance. Instead, his eyes shifted to the closet. He was closer than Iris was and that was all the window he needed. Jumping to his feet, he dashed for the closet door. Iris moved to intercept him but was unable to reach him before he'd managed to get the door open and slam it shut.

Pushing against the door and keeping his hand firmly on the door handle, Edan could see his salvation in sight. The big bold "iCloset 6" logo on the side had never looked so beautiful. However, he knew the second he moved from the door that Iris would swoop in to stop him. With nothing else in the closet to barricade the door with, he was essentially stuck.

With his eyes watering, Edan sank down against the door a bit, feeling defeated. In an act of desperation, he said, "P-Please! Iris! Stop! I'm begging you! I don't wanna be a baby anymore!"

Edan's cries fell on deaf ears as Iris refused to let her baby play with such a dangerous machine on her own. "Open the door this instant!" she yelled with the kind of fury that a robot should never be allowed to have. Winding back her arm, her motherly instinct reached an all-time high. If she could open the door, she'd have to break through it.

CRASH!

Like a scene straight out of a horror movie, Iris's hand easily cut through the door, punishing a hole just above Edan's head. He was out of time. He'd have to fight her as is. Stepping back as Iris tore through the hardwood door, he tried to think of any possible weakness to use against her. The only thing he could think of was that he was able to short circuit her with liquid and there was no way he'd be able to find any in a closet.

Lightbulb!

An awful, devious plan worked its way into Edan's mind. He smiled as he reached down and defiantly ripped off the diaper that Iris had taped him in. For this plan to work, he needed to be unobstructed.

Bursting through the door, Iris stood in front of Edan with an enraged, yet terrified expression. "That's it, mister! You've earned yourself a mighty big punishment for this," she said as she slid her hands under his armpits and lifted him into the air.

That was Edan's moment to strike. Pushing on his bladder, aimed his penis towards Iris and began urinating all over her. He made sure to get her covered head to toe to ensure a proper malfunction would occur, swinging his legs to spread his stream out.

Sure enough, Edan's plan worked as Iris began sputtering sparks before the light in her eyes died out like it had the night before. "Yes!" shouted Edan in victory as Iris dropped him to the floor. He wound up peeing all over himself, but it was a small price to pay in order to defeat his robotic nemesis.

GUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGGGGGGLLLE!!!

“No, not now!” thought Edan as he was forced to lean forward from the sudden pressure in his bowels. All that pushing must have triggered his need to poo, and from how strong the need was, he knew he didn’t have time to run out of here and find a bathroom. Looking at the crumpled-up diaper on the floor, he acted quickly, placing the diaper under his butt and relaxing his bowel muscles.

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRTT!!!

It was unpleasant, from both a mental and smelly standpoint, but it was a hell of a lot better of an option than shitting with the diaper taped on. Using his pamper like a squatty potty he emptied out the build-up of fecal matter that had formed inside of him, feeling a massive wave of relief.

As Edan made his big bowel movement, though, he stopped paying attention to Iris, who had started to reboot. He’d unwittingly damaged her voice box entirely with his golden shower, meaning he had no idea she was even awake again. With his back turned to her, she came online to sight of him pooping in an open diaper. While her memory was practically wiped, she still felt the same feelings and emotions that she’d learned from her last reboot, so to see such a silly act was both funny and inappropriate. Babies needed to use their diapers properly after all.

Scanning him from behind, Iris’s now faulty system declared him fully diaper dependent, labeling him as a newborn infant. Not only that, but her system couldn’t properly pull his personal information from her global database. She could tell his name was Edan Foster, but the rest was all corrupted, leaving her to fill in the blanks.

Thinking like an affectionate mother, Iris felt that having a baby girl would be more fun than a baby boy, with added activities like dress-up and tea parties that boys would never participate in. While she didn’t say it out loud, her internal system read as follows, “Edan Foster, female, six months of age.”

TO BE CONTINUED...