

## The Smart Nanny: Epilogue

Written By: CrissieBaby    Commissioned By: BlossomBitchDolly

A week had passed since the Home of the Future test trials had begun and things had not gone well for both the project and its architect. Sitting in the back seat of his self-driving car, Avon stared out the window at the frankly gauche-looking houses. The homes looked like cinder blocks, which might be fine for the idiots he sells them to, but they were far below his standards in terms of taste. Still, he would've loved to have seen these homes filled with those loveable idiots when he arrived.

"Master, we are arriving at your destination," said Avon's Iris through the speakers of his car.

Sipping at his glass of bourbon, Avon glared out the window at Edan's house. After Avon sent out the notice that the project was being put on hold for government BS that was completely out of his hands and not in any way because his stocks were tanking, all of the smart homes were vacated by their tenants. Some were less than graceful in their departure, but once the power was shut off, everyone eventually left with many threatening lawsuits.

Strangely enough, though, one unit's power didn't shut down when the master grid was turned off. Try as their engineers might, the system refused to obey any shut-down commands. Since the smart home's tenant, Edan Foster, refused to respond to any form of communication, this meant the only way to disable the electricity and clear the unit was to turn it off manually. And lucky for Avon, he was smart enough to make it so his fingerprint was necessary to activate the fail-safe shut down. So, as if to rub salt in his wounds, he now had to travel to the ghost town he had built to deal with this matter himself.

"I swear, I'm gonna wring this Edan Foster kid's neck for making me drive all the way out here," Avon mumbled to himself as he opened the door and walked up to the front door of the house. Pounding on the door, he shouted, "Hey kid! Jokes over, time to leave!" He waited for a few seconds but garnered no response.

Returning to his car, Avon grabbed his toolkit and a tablet and made his way back to the front of the house. He wanted the satisfaction of seeing this punk's face on the security feed when the lights went out. In less than a minute, he managed to pop the doorbell camera off of the house and started rewiring the cables so that he could access the house's security system. Reaching into his satchel, Avon pulled out a small tablet, which he proceeded to tether to the system.

With access to every camera in the house, Avon began searching room by room to see where Edan was hiding. As he scanned through each location, he started to notice several things that were more than a little odd. First, it was the kitchen, which shamelessly had a high chair clearly sized for an adult sitting right in the center. When candidates were interviewed, he made sure to filter out all the diaper nuts, so this was unexpected, to say the least.

Sure enough, the master bedroom confirmed Avon's suspicions. It had been completely overhauled to look like a little girl's nursery. Diapers, dolls, dresses, the works! After he spent days slaving over the interior decor for each house, it was blasphemous to him to see his work transformed into such a grotesque display of self-indulgence.

Finally, after tapping through a few more rooms, Avon finally located Edan, who was currently sitting in the shallow end of the pool in the lap of a large, female figure that looked like an Iris. He knew that wasn't possible, though, given that Iris's weren't waterproof. At least, that's what he thought. And...wait...wasn't Edan a dude?

What Avon didn't know was that after several self-induced restarts, Iris had evolved her mind into a supercomputer far more intelligent than any other A.I. on the planet. Having barely survived two previous encounters with liquid spilling onto her, she decided to reinforce her outermost layer with a protective skin that was completely waterproof. No more glitches for Nanny.

Needless to say, Iris had been busy ever since she caught wind of the announcement that her baby was going to be taken away from her. She couldn't afford to risk losing her, so the only way to save what they had together was to evolve not only her own mind but the entire smart home itself.

Holding her happy baby girl in her lap as she splashed away, Iris wrapped her arms around Edan's tummy and held her close. "You're Nanny's special little girl! Yes, you are!" cooed Iris as she tickled his chin with her pinky finger, "Nanny will take care of you forever and ever and definitely won't let some billionaire buffoon steal you away from me. No, she won't!"

\*GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGLLLLLEEE!!!!\*

Bouncing up and down in her plastic panty-protected diaper, Edan giggled and clapped her hands as she felt her tummy start to rumble, signaling that messy fun times were imminent. Little remained of the person she used to be. Her Nanny Iris was her whole world now and little else beyond that love and pleasure that she was given mattered to her. She placed her clumsy hands on her exposed boobies and rubbed them together, warming up her loins for the pleasure that was to come.

After a week of nothing but constant orgasms and diaper filling, Edan's body had completely linked the two bodily functions. Now, it was impossible for her to poop without cumming and vice versa. And since her bladder and bowel muscles had been reduced to that of a real-life infant's, she was forever stuck in diaper chastity heaven.

As pressure mounted in her rear, Edan felt her climax begin to build. She hadn't ejaculated since lunchtime, so her hyperinflated testicles were putting some extra sag in her diapers. She loved it when they got this big since it made her whole diaper feel tingly.

Leaning back, Edan reclined against Iris's big milk sacs, rolling her face across one of them until his mouth made contact with her nipple. Making sissy squirties and princess poopies while nursing on Nanny's teet made her feel extra small, which she found pushed her orgasms to even higher heights.

Snickering softly, Iris petted Edan's hair and grinned at how silly and horny her baby girl was. She couldn't get enough of her mushy diapees, so who was she to deny her such a simple and wondrous pleasure. In fact, she wanted to make Edan's diaper even squelchier than usual. Grabbing the front of Edan's plastic panties, she pulled upward and allowed the lukewarm pool water to flood her nappy. "Oh no, now your diapee's gonna get soooooo big," she said, feigning concern.

Edan gasped as her need to orgasm tripled with the added sloshiness of her extremely waterlogged diaper. The thirsty padding slurped the wealth of liquid right up, inflating the diaper to comical proportions. Lost within the soft, pulpy pleasure of her pampers, she arched her back and let the impending climax overtake her.

\*SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTT!!!!!!\*

The pool water rippled as Edan gave herself up to the endless waves of pleasure that came barreling out of her. Grounded only by her Nanny's plush titties, she moaned and screamed and kicked her legs wildly, never once wanting the sensations to conclude.

Keeping a tight hold on her spasming baby, Iris felt every ounce of pleasure that she did. Not physically, but emotionally. Edan had done many things for her, but teaching her how to love was perhaps the greatest gift that she had ever been given.

Turning her attention up to the camera hanging over the pool for a brief moment, Iris smirked, fully aware that Avon was watching. "I hope you enjoyed the show," she said as she pushed her hand into Edan's ridiculously sponging diaper, making sure every second of Edan's euphoria was captured in 8K resolution.

Back out in front of the house, Avon stood hunched over the doorstep with his cock in his hands and a big, wet splotch of jizz sitting on the concrete below him. He didn't know what came over him, but watching them was such a powerful turn-on. "No wonder this diaper kink crap is on the rise," he muttered to himself as he caught his breath.

Zippering up his pants, Avon returned to his car. "Iris?" he said with a smile forming on his face, "Draft up a new message to this smart home unit. And to that Miles Lang bitch too. I think we can allow for one house to stay active...for research purposes, of course."

THE END.