Chloe sighed in relief as the elevator doors hissed shut and the subtle hum began. The chaotic cacophony under her clothes settled as well, reduced to a gentle massage. Just enough to keep her sensations heightened, without pushing her any closer to that edge. Her mind did that perfectly on its own.

The whole bus ride, delayed as it was, turned out to be the most exquisite torture. People kept to themselves as usual, but the budding idol could feel eyes glancing her way everytime she made a sound. Which was often. Whenever there was a lot of noise, or a commotion, the tentacles reacted and stimulated her more. They didn’t even stop when the bus got full and someone sat right next to her. She distinctly recalled them pinching and pulling her nipples, whenever her neighbour so much as brushed her elbow.

Now she was wonderfully sore and exhausted. But she only had a little further to go before she could collapse into her chair, then strip, cum, and finally look into what the hell was happening with these things. Just a few more floors.

They sensed her hope. That was the only explanation for their next move, which was to tighten her clothes, compressing around her butt and chest, while lifting up to reveal more thigh and stomach. Chloe ignored it as best she could, focused on the floor count. Just her luck that she lived on the twelth floor. It was only at eight.

A gasp slipped out when she glanced down and found her nipples sticking right out. Like she was in the freezing rain without a bra on. Or rather, more appropriately, like she was some slut about to expose herself to anyone that might be on the otherside of those doors. She clutched at the railing, panting heavier as those thoughts encouraged her new ‘friends’ to be even more daring. A subtle breeze from the air conditioning wafted up and touched her bare lips.

“Fuck!” Chloe squeezed her thighs together for a modicum of diginity, but that just made the tendrils dig into her even harder, eliciting another curse. Floor ten. Just two more to go. The constriction got worse, forcing her to suck in laboured breaths, which just made the humiliatingly small clothes even tighter. They stopped just shy of choking her, but not by much.

Floor eleven. Adventurous limbs slid along the outsides of her labia, squeezing just enough to make her whimper, then they curled around to dip into the lips proper. They were no kinder to her breasts, coiling around her small handfuls, making them bulge over the tendrils. Just a little longer. Just one more floor.

She wasn’t sure if her thoughts were about getting to her apartment, or riding this out that tiny bit longer so she could cum. Oh, it would so hot to cream herself in the elevator, her legs crumbling beneath her so she collapsed into a puddle of her own fem-cum. Then someone stepped in and found her unawares as they took pictures of her depraved state. All those images would definitely get around the internet, even if she wasn’t a big name idol. Or even a small time one. She hadn’t even put out a proper music video just yet.

A chime marked her arrival at floor twelve. Chloe broke from her fantasy - which would definitely be more of a nightmare - and rushed to escape. Only to bump into another person. They yelled in shock and went tumbling forward. Dance training came in handy, allowing Chloe to catch herself easily, and take in just who she’d bumped into. Well… it wasn’t anyone she recognised. But she was HOT.

Chloe didn’t know what to take in first. The shiny, shimmering splendour that was her hair, or those obscenely kissable lips. Their eyes were closed, but she was sure they were this crazy intense blue. Well, her libido made the choice for her when she looked down and saw what she must’ve bumped into first and foremost; the biggest boobs she’d seen IRL. And she’d accidentally used them to catch herself!

And her hand was tiny by comparison. They had to be bigger than her own head, barely contained in this stylish, strapless top that was clearly held by just how tightly stretched it was. Wait, strapless? Chloe moved her hands and saw the small, but no less overt nipples sticking out.

As if jealous her attention would drift, the tentacles pinched her own tits harder, forcing her to arch her back. At the same time, she dug her fingers into the stranger, earning a small moan in response. Oh no. Oh no, oh no, oh no. If this woman opened her eyes, there’d be no way she’d forget Chloe’s face. Or her clothes. Or the fact she looked about to cum while straddling her and groping those huge tits. Which were obviously implants. That meant the spherical shape was a choice.

“Ow, god, what’s your problem?” The woman groaned, sitting up and rubbing her head. She hadn’t looked at Chloe yet. It was now or never.

Chloe shot to her feet and went to step over. The nanobots had other plans. As her unclothed sex appeared over the woman, all the tentacles went into action. Multiple conformed to her pussy, rubbing and squeezing every little facet, while others - no thicker than a hair - coiled around her clit, forcing it into the open. The idol froze in place, twitching as she tried moving any muscle that wasn’t her kegels.

It was hopeless. She lowered her head, as if seeing herself would somehow spur her into action, but all she saw was the woman’s eyes gawking up under her skirt. They were blue, just like she hoped. And they were staring right at her naked pussy.

That proved to be the final straw. Chloe had been holding in a second orgasm since halfway through the bus ride. She’d hoped to hold it off until she was alone again. The bots decided otherwise and now, there she was, mid-stride over some gorgeous hottie, shaking as she climaxed in their direct view. She only found the strength to move when those blue eyes glanced at her face.

Without a doubt, that was Chloe’s fastest sprint of her whole life. She didn’t even remember the seconds between cumming and reaching her door, or slamming it shut behind her so she could slide down into a heap and ride out her orgasm. The nanobots finally got the idea and retracted, growing her clothes back to something reasonable. She took in a huge gulp of air when her chest was no longer restricted.

“Jesus. Titty-fucking. Christ!”

Her neighbours probably heard that, but she didn’t care. It felt good to finally shout after she had to hold her voice in through two huge orgasms. Both of which were witnessed, though Megan wasn’t aware of it, and the mysterious beauty didn’t know her. Fuck, that was terrifying. And so fucking hot.

It couldn’t happen again. Not in public anyway. She was going to be an idol, that meant keeping a spotless record. She couldn’t risk even one person getting footage of her in such a state, though it would be super fucking sexy to stumble on that kind of video. Then reading all those comments about what they’d do to her. She could just be their personal idol slut for them to watch and use.

“Focus,” Chloe hissed at herself and finally pulled off the outfit.

She expected some resistance, like a symbiote suit in comics, but she just hung it up like normal. That did come with an interesting revelation as she rummaged around. None of her clothes were left. None except the pyjamas she put in for the wash the other day. It was better than nothing, at least then she didn’t have a constant reminder of how *soaked* her pussy felt. A shower was probably in order, however she had a bigger concern; finding out what happened to her bots.

Chloe reclined in her chair, idly clicking around videos to watch. Not of porn, for once, and even did a few random searches, just in case someone in the restaurant noticed her, but found nothing. WIth that taken care of, she could focus on the coming conversation with her supplier.

“Hey, Clyde. Been a while,” she said after a few too many rings for her liking.

“I thought I said not to contact me after our little ‘arrangement’.”

“That’s not very good customer service.”

He sighed, “What is it?”

“Well… this is a hypothetical situation, but what if the bots did an automatic reset?”

“Then they would automatically connect to whatever device available. You could call it an imprinting stage. Normally, you hook them up, they learn everything about you and how best to serve.”

“Hmm, and if they, you know, happened to stumble on some NSFW material?”

“Oh my god, Chloe. Tell me that’s not what happened.”

“No, no. Obviously not. I just noticed some weird behaviours and wanted to check.”

“If they’re acting odd, then you’d best get rid of them. We have a million sci-fi movies about this exact problem.”

“Nanobots learning from porn?”

“You know what I meant.”

“It’s fine. I did a little tinkering and that took care of it. Just wanted to make sure,” Chloe said. The advice to get rid of them was sound. Highly advanced tech acting outside of its typical programming was a bright, crimson flag. However, she didn’t have such a luxury. They’d eaten pretty much all her clothes. She didn’t even know if any of her underwear survived and she definitely didn’t have the funds to restock.

They even ate her idol outfit. That came out of Megan’s pocket. Even if they made it big, she’d never be able to live it down. In other words; she didn’t have any choice but to keep them. At least until she could fix this mess.

Though there was a much more exciting reason to keep them.

“I still say you need to disable and bin them ASAP. But whatever. My customer service policy is one phone call. So bye-bye and you’re gonna get blocked.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

“Oh, one more thing. If I get fired because of this crap, then your ass is grass.” The line went dead.

Not the best parting words from a friend, and definitely not the best lead in to her plans for today, but she’d had worse. Chloe licked her lips, opening her most precious folder, then kicked off her PJs. Her nipples were red, rubbed raw from their earlier treatment. The bots were capable of a lot, but she supposed lubricant was beyond their abilities. Good thing she had plenty of her own.

Could nanobots replicate such a thing? Static materials were easy, even the earliest models were capable of that, however these were the latest and greatest. Surely there was a way. She’d look into it after her ‘date’. She opened her closet, now barren save for one ensemble. The feel was incredibly accurate. Which surely meant they could replicate other clothing materials. Like… say…

“Latex?” Chloe said. She didn’t know how exactly to trigger a change in them, since they’d been acting off their own accord, and she wasn’t about to risk connecting them to her PC again. Fortunately, her voice worked. A shimmer ran across the clothing, the fabric turning nice and glossy. It didn’t stay the same outfit though, becoming a gorgeous one-piece that looked a good five sizes too small for her. She gave a testing pull and bit her lip at the sound of rubber stretching, even if it was a little too easy.

“Let’s save that for a little later. Give me something… cute.”

Again, it morphed before her eyes. There was something creepy about the sight, like witnessing the uncanny valley up close. It was creepy enough through a screen, but to have it at arm’s length like was almost too much. Fortunately, it didn’t last long and she donned her ‘cute’ outfit. Though it was more just a top and a skirt with a nice pink and white gradient. Once had it on, she shudered at the strange sensation of the clothes *flowing* down her legs to form thigh-high socks of the same colours.

“One more test. Then we get to the fun. Hmm, what to choose? Oh, how about… no. Ugh! Why is it still so hard to choose an outfit? Ya know what? Surprise me.”

She said it as she plopped back into chair, already reaching for the bottle of lube. A shimmy ran through her outfit, followed by a ripple, before her skirt retreated up her thighs until barely an inch covered her sex, while her shirt dipped into a low V and her breasts were pushed together by a just barely tolerable bra. A sailor scarf wove around her neck, while her wrists were adorned in a set of garish jewellery and, to her surprise, her nails extended with the loudest nails she could imagine. She almost grabbed at her hair when she felt it moving as well, only stopping because of the lube on her hand.

Chloe pulled up her camera app to get a look and gasped; she was the spitting image of a shameless gyaru from any number of hentai she’d seen. The only difference was her pale skin and lack of makeup. That seemed like the limit. Good to know. Although, she would’ve preferred it if she had a little more up top to really sell the harlot look.

Still, it was a perfect outfit to masturbate in. Her pussy was readily available, and she could easily reach under her sailor shirt to get her boobs all nice and lubed up, prepared for the inevitable groping they’d endure. Without the fear of sabotaging her career before it even took off, she could just lay back and enjoy the fun.

She leaned back, legs spreading as she clicked on the first of many, many videos she planned to enjoy. The earlier fun, stressful though it was, put her in the mood for some tentacles. Chloe’s breath hitched as the action began, bright red limbs sliding under the character’s clothes and tearing them to pieces. They gasped, then moaned as half a dozen more snapped around their bared tits, squeezing so tight her lovely mounds bulged between their coils. So lucky, the idol thought and gave a mindful squeeze of her own chest.

It wouldn’t be that way forever. Once her career took off and she was making serious cash, she could - maybe - look into getting some enhancements. What would people think of a seemingly flawless idol disappearing for a couple weeks, only to return with some big ol’ bolt-ons that made all her outfits ill-fitting. Megan would never allow it.

But maybe just a boost up to B or C cup? Definitely not match for the fine-ass ‘victim’ on her screen, though anything was better than the large A cup she sometimes wore. Boobs like hers didn’t need bras all that often.

Her touching seemed to trigger her perverted nanobots. Her sailor shirt fluttered as multiple thin ropes moved across her chest, winding around her minimal offerings and squeezing deeply. She gasped in time with the character, whose DDs were being pulled every which-way. The nipples especially were treated rough, getting yanked around as if to remove them. That pain just made the animated beauty whine and moan delightfully.

The groping of her own tits got harsher to match it. Were her bots somehow watching it? No, she’d have seen the notification that they connected. They must’ve been reading her reactions. If they were watching, they’d have started touching her pussy now. And her arms would be pulled above her, legs spread up and out like she was in stirrups. She bit her lip. It was such an erotic pose, revealing everything without even a hint of dignity. Just a plaything for the slimy tentacles.

What she wouldn’t give for them to have that same feeling. The lube on her tits compensated well enough, allowing them to slip and slide all over, but it only did so much. The anime woman’s folds were pulled open, leaving her open to getting poked and stroked. It got rougher after every touch, causing her hips to buck to and fro, fighting both to escape and feel more. Chloe slid a couple fingers along her own lips, still damp from earlier, only to jerk back as thigh-highs came alive.

They were definitely reacting to her, as they attacked her pussy with a gentle lust. Well, it was gentle at first. As she voiced her pleasure, mimicking the woman on screen - whose butt was being explored as well - they got rougher. Her lips were pushed around, pulled apart, and her womanhood touched from top to bottom.

Unfortunately, the scene came to an end as it so often did. For whatever reason, hentai saw fit to have the so-called ‘victim’ saved by some boring guy, just so they could have vanilla sex later. Chloe couldn’t speak for the character, but she knows she’d be so fucking disappointed. All that teasing, only to get what amounted maybe six-inches of dick? Instead of the seemingly endless tentacles. Sure they were thin, but group them up and there was so limit to how good she could get stretched.

But she already a program in place for that. It skipped through, slowing briefly to let her see the characters magnificent tits bouncing as she fucked doggy-style, then it was back to the good stuff. It was like the tentacles were just as frustrated as she was, as their newest captive had her arms bound behind her back, chest forced to arch out as her tits were delightfully mauled. They hadn’t even bothered disrobing her as they groped her thighs and pussy as well.

Something in Chloe’s response told the tentacles act similarly. Her pussy leaked as they treated her roughly, though they didn’t bind her arms, allowing her to also touch and feel herself as the many limbs stimulated her. Oh wait, it was *this* scene. She needed a toy. Chloe got up, almost collapsing when the bots pinched nipples and clit at the same time. They seemed upset by her moving about. A grin lifted her cheeks as she stumbled to her bed, reaching underneath to retrieve her box of toys.

If she figured out the programming, could her bots replicate all of these too? Then she could try so much more. Chloe giggled to herself, practically drooling over the possibilities, and took a couple dildos back to her desk. Just in time too, as several tendrils coiled together and plunged into her mouth.

Not to be outdone, Chloe took her smaller dildo, and crammed it into her mouth. She doubted the taste was one-to-one, but flavour was secondary to feeling here, and having her body stimulated with her mouth full was pure delight.

She’d watched this scene dozens of times, and reenacted the oral stuff just as often, so it was second nature that she shoved the plastic prick down her throat. And that she gagged like the woman.The thing that had always been missing, was having her pussy spread apart and roughly taken by a giant, tentacle-cock. Well, the giant part couldn’t happen, but her bots could definitely do the cock part. And they did. Amazingly in time with the scene.

They even moved in tandem. Her cunt quivered in delight, her walls stretching around its girth, then contracting and shaking when it pulled out. Ear-tingling squelches filled her room, even drowning out the video. She still wanted more. Chloe picked up her second dildo, a fair bit larger than the first, and aimed at her pussy. Before she could put it in, tentacles snatched it and finished the job for her. She leaned her head back, lips pressing into the base of her sex toy, and howled in release.

Her bots moved the toy and themselves at different times, doubling their tempo. Just like the tentacles on screen. Both Chloe’s and the woman’s juices splashed from their cunts as they were stuffed and made to cum. All the while, her tits were groped as if she wasn’t halfway to flatsville.

Alas, the scene ended all too soon, though it was a spectacular climax. The tentacles all bulged and undulated with their load, pumping into and onto the buxom, mind-broken slut. Her mouth overflowed, mixing with the streams leaking from her nostrils, while her belly inflated into a smooth dome that looked several months pregnant. Chloe couldn’t replicate that, however her second orgasm was more than worth it.

She was prepared to stop and take a break, removing the dildo from her throat. Some water was important, and her boobs probably needed another coating of lube. The next video came on before she hit pause, revealing a woman that was technically fully-dressed, if one counted a skin-tight, black latex cat-suit. Her nipples stuck out loud and proud, and her arms were bound behind her as well, leaving her entirely at the mercy of the other women that would soon come on screen.

Chloe bit her lip and began standing once more. She’d definitely want to be hydrated for this bit.

That plan fell through immediately as the bots went into overdrive, driving her over-stimunlated cunt to a third climax in record time. She tried commanding them not to, however their speed and power ruined her voice. All she could let out was a warbling, “Nooooo!” as they pounded her.

At the same time, the video resumed. Not only that, but multiple other windows opened. Oh fuck, did her program mess up again? Some fucking update must’ve screwed it up. Chloe’s shaking hand went to close them. Her bracelets shimmered, surfaces melting as they became serpents, which shot to one another. Her wrists were bound together within the same second. Much like on one of the videos.

Chloe struggled, but it was hopeless. They’d merged into perfect handcuffs, leaving no wiggle room. Fine! Her PC had face and eye-tracking. If she made the right expression while looking at something, it was the same as a mouse click.

And once again, the bots were ahead of her. Right as the cursor moved, her face was covered.

“Hey, what the MMPH!” They even accounted for her voice, as the dildo she’d just removed was shoved back in, the throat-slime already on it oozing over her lips. A soft gag pushed it out a little, but they were insistent and pressed it firmly to the base. All she could smell was the warm plastic, and a hint of her pussy.

Once her failsafes had… failed, the bots were free to do as they pleased. And what they pleased was to convert her highschool gyaru outfit into something tight. She could just about breathe through her nose, but all the air came rushing out as it squeezed her chest, then relaxed a little. Once they did, Chloe breathing was only slightly more restricted by, oh god, by a latex bodysuit. She shudded as the material crawled up her thighs, leaving her legs bare.

If she had to guess, she was dressed in a one-piece swinsuit of sorts. The bots must’ve taken it from some of the hentai she watched, then applied the bondage stuff. Her wrists were still bound together in front of her, but she could move her arms. For now.

Then she heard movement. Did someone walk into her apartment? Fuck. Shit! She had to hide, she had to call the cops, or at least get the bots to understand that she was in danger here. But they didn’t. They analysed her racing heart and determined she wanted stimulation. Her skin-tight garment undulated around her tits and hips as many, tiny limbs wriggled against her. A soft moan escaped her despite the situation.

There was some rustling beside her. The intruder was in her room. Oh god, they could see her. Totally helpless. At the mercy of her own fucking nanobots. With something as tight as this, they could probably see the tendrils squeezing her tits and pussy. Fuck, the latex sliding against her labia as they pleased her was so hot.

A few moments later and the rustling stopped. Did they find what they were after? Not like she had many things of value. Her PC and bots were the nicest things she owned. That and some of her sex toys were pretty high-end. Like those bullet vibrators. A lecherous shiver went down her spine, echoing through her pussy. There was one time she actually had the audacity to go outside with them strapped to her, hidden under a baggy sweater and a long skirt. No one suspected a thing. Except, maybe, when she had a surprise orgasm on a park bench as a dog-walker passed by.

Chloe jerked as cool air touched her nipples. Were they deactivating? No, there were still tentacles toying with her nubs, they’d just made an opening for some reason. Same with her pussy. What’s going on? Much as the sudden bondage unnerved her, mostly for the lack of safeguards she had, she was still turned on. Even with the fear of a tresspasser in her home, but then she hadn’t heard anything since the rustling. Maybe they’d just wandered into the wrong place?

Something firm and cool pressed against her nipple. It wasn’t big, a little smaller than an egg, and very familiar. She was just thinking about this wasn’t she? Fuck, she couldn’t think with all the tentacles playing with her, becoming rougher by the minute. Some of them had even dug out her clit again. They were so small, they actually around the tiny button. And there were several more just rubbing along her labia, manipulating her folds to maximise pleasure. If they kept this up, she’d be cumming in no time.

Her breathing ramped up as the latex sealed over her nipples again. That strange object mashed into them, held in place by the garment, while the tentacles slid all over her stomach and around her hips. It was a subtle pleasure, but no less enticing. They had total reign over her body right now, free to explore and mess with her at their whims.

She contemplated what was next. Would they keep her there until she was on the cusp, then pull away, edging her over and over until all it took was one errant breeze to set her off? Or perhaps they’d focus on fucking her pussy? She couldn’t imagine what it’d be like to have dozens of them inside her pussy, stretching and feeling her every little nook and cranny. Or they could try hijacking her legs, make her walk out into the hall so her neighbours could see her, a budding young idol, at the mercy of her own purchase. Maybe if an equally perverted girl happened by, they’d open Chloe up to them.

Any number of possibilities made her pussy twitch in longing.

Then she gagged on her dildo as they surprised her once again. Those objects on her tits suddenly came alive, vibrating fiercely and forcing her to arch as her whole body shook in release. Chloe thrust her hips out and groaned hoarsely, muffled by her gag. Dozens of tentacles appeared at her pussy at the height of her sensitivity, writhing against and within her. Her body jerked about, folding in on itself. They were relentless.

And it only got worse. She didn’t have just two bullet vibes. Chloe’s comedown was interrupted by the air on her vagina, before she felt the same object touch it on all sides. The latex sealed in. Her breath caught in her throat. The vibrations on her nipples remained as intense as ever. She could barely think anymore, just waiting, drooling from both ends, for the inevitable.

All the dozens of tendrils slid between her vibrators, messing with her pussy, and dipping inside. She gagged as they spread her hole. Her only saveing grace was the latex covering her, otherwise her snatch would be on full display, right down to her very core. She gagged softly as they slid around inside her, gently exploring.

More and more piled in, until they filled her from wall to wall. Then they froze. She was stuffed to the brink, just before her limit, able to feel every last one of them. Chloe sputtered around her gag and rolled her hips, trying to get that final bit of pleasure to push herself over the edge, but it wasn’t enough. Even as she bore down on them, her upper walls and g-spot grinding into the unnaturally smooth tendrils, the peak wouldn’t come any closer.

If she could just use her hands, Chloe could get herself off. Yank her nipples, pinch her clit, stuff her already full cunt past its threshold. To her surprise, they acquiesed. The bonds holding her wrists together melted away. Her first impulse was to reach up and free her face, but stopped just shy. She *could* get some air and see what was happening. Or she could finish.

It was a questionable move, but she slid her fingers along the front of her latex garb. How did they know how to recreate it so perfectly? She didn’t own anything of the material after all. But fuck it, she felt so good in it. It clung so tight to her trim little belly, painfully maintained through raw discipline. More importantly, none of her stretched out pussy was left to the imagination. She might as well have been naked, however that wouldn’t have been nearly as exciting.

The tentacles remained frozen even as she touched them through it. At that point, they more resembled a dildo made of a dozen little fingers. She didn’t plan on dislodging them before she came again, she just wanted to give herself that final nudge. Or a full-on shove.

Chloe opened her fingers as she came to her labia. It was stretched nicely, with a hint of give, just the way her best toys did. That made it easy to find her clit, the hood peeled back by other bots to expose her sensitive button. She gave it an experimental poke first, recoiling from the touch and how engorged she’d become. Her fingers hovered, unsure what to expect from this. Her every facet sizzled, ready to burst into flames any second.

This would be one hell of an orgasm.

Slurping on her dildo as if to derive some courage, the budding idol slapped her clit. Her whole body jerked at the sharp bliss sent racing up her spine. Juices sputtered from her full snatch, dripping down and pooling between her thighs. She choked on the dildo as well, drooling all over herself.

But it wasn’t an orgasm. Just the tip of one. Chloe grunted and mashed her whole palm against her clit, fingers sliding around her tight lips. There was plenty of lube, she was wetter than she’d been in ages - without some help that is - and the latex felt fucking divine the way it both clung to and slid all around her cunt. Her other hand went to her nipples, still entrapped in frozen tentacles, and pinched it hard.

The usual strike of lightning singed her senses, yet no further. Frustration mounted faster than her pleasure, until she pulled away with a dissatisfied grunt. Was her earlier climax too much or something? A slight tremor rocked through her bodysuit, pinching her nipples and stirring her pussy. Wait… why was she trying to get herself off when she had the perfect sex-toys literally wrapped around her body?

The second her thoughts passed, her taut pussy stretched even further. She didn’t know what entered her, shrouded as it was in the other tentacles, but it was big enough to make her feel some pain. The best kind. Chloe arched her back, tits getting mauled now, and howled around her gag, spewing spittle all over her cheeks and chin. Whatever was going inside her kept pushing, until it was right against her cervix.

Then it slid out, taking its sweet time to drag the tentacles with it. She already missed feeling so full, however the bots were eager to fill her right back up. This repeated several times, each one more impactful than the last, as if to brute force more insisde her. Chloe bit into her dildo-gag and came at long fucking last.

The bots sensed her dazed state. Their master was barely aware of their continued motions, which meant they had plenty of time to further refine their practices. A single tendril formed a USB and connected to her computer. From there, they systematically analysed the videos playing. It quickly became clear they’d require far more mass to fulfil her wishes accordingly. Fortunately, she had a whole box of plastic for their consumption.

More importantly, how were they to recreate the fluid substances seen in all these videos? And in such drastic amounts too.