Chloe forced her eyes open and instantly shut them again with a groan, shielding herself from the daylight. Her voice took a different tone as she turned over in bed, feeling the ache between her legs. Taking a deep breath, the only scent was a deep, musky aroma from her own body. There was another sensation, that of her muscles aching from practice yesterday. She reached out for her phone, brain foggy from way too many orgasms, and felt a small box instead.

“Oh.”

The nice haze vanished as she sat up, contemplating the empty package that *should* have contained her new, full functional nanobots. She flung it into the recycling and got up to deal with her usual morning routine. It usually didn’t feel like time passed at all, but as she thought about all the money she spent, the time she put into that code, only for it to blow up in smoke tainted her every moment. Just the fact her cereal bar wrapper was stubborn made her scowl.

And she always had a smile. That was her whole thing. Optimistic to a fault, but endearing all the same. That’s how Megan wanted to market her and Chloe was more than happy to live up to expectations. Speaking of which, she had a brunch meeting with her in… oh crap, fifteen minutes! How the hell did she waste so much time doing nothing?

Chloe rushed to her wardrobe, looking to put on anything that was clean, but found it empty. She closed the door, hoping when she opened it again that all her clothes would be back. And… they were still gone. Except one. Her idol uniform. Did someone break in and steal everything else? Shit, she should call the police then, right? But why would they leave her most expensive outfit? Ugh! It didn’t matter. She’d just have to make do.

Luckily, it was easy enough to put on. Not too many clasps or belts to do up and it didn’t show too much. A tasteful amount, Megan would say. Though Chloe thought the skirt was a little longer. Now it felt like her butt was one slightly strong breeze away from flashing everyone. Best to put on some panties instead of her usual g-string then.

She still had to rush it, leaving some sections lopsided or ruffled improperly, but a decent job for only taking a couple minutes. The biggest issue was if she ran into people who knew her. She never went out in these clothes, trying to keep her lives separate until she made it big, so running into a neighbour or someone from work would be catatrosphic for her life plans. A dismayed sigh left her as she entered the elevator.

This is so messed up. She could handle if she’d forgotten to wash everything, but for them to inexlicably vanish was just plain freaky. She hadn’t seen any signs of forced entry or that anything else that was stolen. It couldn’t be some perverted fan, since she didn’t have even have a single regular one yet.

Whatever the case, they couldn’t have just left her a camisole or something? She was about to walk into the lobby, then go outside in this flashy getup meant for performing. Everyone would stare. Well, not that was a bad thing necessarily, just… it’d be a little annoying.

Chloe let out a squeak as she felt something moving across her skin. She jumped away, thinking it was from the wall, but the sensation persisted. Looking down, she saw ripples form across her outfit. The colours shifted first, going from the white, navy blues and pinks of her idol attire to the more summery yellow of her favourite camisole. Her legs changed into her usual denim shorts.

Once her civilian outfit was finished, the movement stopped, leaving behind a soft heat. The way everything moved, it was just like the nanobot commercials. She touched her top, feeling nothing but the usual fabric, although it had a slight firmness to it, sort of like thin plastic. She needed to test it later, it’d be far too conspicuous out in the bustling city streets.

And she couldn’t just drop everything. Megan would be so pissed if she did. Few things could steal Chloe’s focus from a new fixation, but her manager’s ire was at the top of that list. It’s largely why she sprinted to catch the last bus. The bistro they were meeting at wasn’t far, and she normally would walk it, but with just under ten minutes left, she couldn’t leave it to chance. Even if she didn’t think Megan would mind if she was a little late.

The ride, while short, did give her a chance to consider what happened. If these were indeed her nanobots, and she wasn’t dreaming, then she had to wonder what brought them back to life. They were supposedly faulty. Perhaps they needed more time to boot up properly? She was so stupid. She hadn’t even tried getting a clean boot before she applied the custom BIOS.

That didn’t explain how they could recreate her usual clothes. Unless they… did they eat her clothes to obtain the necessary data? She’d heard that was an option, but her supplier said it was patched out ages ago. Yet another fault? Well, not like she hadn’t planned on using them to replace her wardrobe anyway. She just would’ve preferred selling the old stuff to recover some finance.

At least Megan was treating her to lunch.

“Nice of you to arrive,” Megan said, cutting into her fish as she looked over her sharp glasses at Chloe, who huffed from her brisk run over.

“Sorry! Sorry! I’ve no excuse!” Chloe said. She really did, given what transpired last evening and that morning, but saying either of them would only annoy Megan more. Which meant she’d bring out the actual glare.

Not that it was a bad thing really. Megan had a steely beauty to her, one that was only made better when she was angry with someone. While no one that she worked with admitted to it, they definitely fantasised about those looks. Chloe certainly had, and just seeing the flickers of it right in front of her caused tremors between her legs.

She kept that to herself and sat across from her manager, digging into the chicken salad she’d ordered for her. Megan finished her mouthful, then took a deep breath.

“I’ll overlook it this once, since it’s technically your day off.”

“Thank you, Megan.”

“But waste my precious time again and I’ll make you regret it.”

Chloe stiffened and nodded curtly. While Megan never actually got violent, there were plenty of stories about her, rumours mostly, to put the fear in any under her management. Fear and lust that is. There were whispers about Megan’s personal tastes for partners, and when she wore those tall, high-heeled boots with that piercing click when she walked, Chloe didn’t struggle to imagine just what those tastes were. She returned to her meal, hoping her warm cheeks didn’t betray her wayward thoughts.

“Now then, we’re about ready for our big launch. The song is finished, dance routine set and I’ve made all necessary preparations.”

“That’s great,” Chloe said through a mouthful, then blushed at the stern look she received. She swallowed, “That’s great. None of this would’ve been possible without you, Megan.”

“If you want to thank me, then put on a good show tomorrow.”

“I will.”

“But this is only the beginning. You understand that, yes? Even if we make a splash with this retro marketing tactic, then that’s just a foot in the door.”

“Right?”

“What we need is a selling point. Something to really wow the audience.”

Chloe hummed thoughtfully as she ate, unsure what she could offer. They’d thought of everything. Most idols had an extra talent to market, something to separate them from the rest, but some got by with raw good looks or personality. She didn’t have that luck.

Her singing was good. Her dancing was good. Her appearance was good. But just *good*. She tried finding something unique. Maybe she could solve a rubik’s cube super fast? Nope, the one she bought last year was still a mess. Juggling? She gave up after two days. Martial arts? She always got scared of getting hurt. Gaming? She rarely played anything that was a pornographic visual novel, and those were usually turn-based single-player RPGs.

That was just to name a few.

The only thing she was confident she did better than most was… well… masturbation. Absolutely not something she could put out there. Chloe glanced about the bistro, at the people oblivious to her presence. What would they think if she touched herself right there? Or tugged her top down to flash the tops of her nipples?

Her eyes naturally drifted to some of the more attractive people around. That got her mind wandering of course, about how awesome it’d be to get bent over a table in front of people, while a hard cock filled her from one end, and her face was smothered in some thick thighs. Megan would probably be so outraged with her that she’d start pinching and twisting her nipples.

A sigh left her mouth, conveniently disguised by her taking another bite. This wasn’t the time for getting horny. She needed to actually think. Though if Megan was at a loss, then she wasn’t sure how much help she’d be. Much less if she got turned on.

Unfortunately, that wasn’t entirely her decision anymore. Chloe sucked in a sharp breath right as she took a drink, inhaling her water.

“Sorry, wrong hole!” She rasped once she got her couging under control. Megan just smiled and returned to her pondering, leaving Chloe to deal with the weird sensation of something moving under her clothes. She didn’t dare take a peek, for fear of being questioned, instead ignoring it. Or trying to. Whatever was under there had targets in mind, those being her boobs.

She squeezed her legs in as she felt something similar around her thighs. Specifically where the shorts covered her. Chloe reached down while Megan was distracted, brushing at her leg. Surely it was a fly or something? But she didn’t feel anything like that. What she did feel were several winding tubes bulging through her pant legs. Snakes? No that was ridiculous, especially when these things applied pressure perfectly to turn her on.

It was too much. She had to look, but she was tucked right under the table. To properly check, she’d have to pull back, and that would get Megan’s attention. Chloe couldn’t put anymore worries on her shoulders. Not right now.

And it wasn’t like whatever was happening was *bad*. Weird, obviously, but she could handle it, at least until Megan went to the bathroom or something. Oh wait! She could just go herself. Chloe was about to excuse herself, when the things went for her nipples. Her breath was cut off in a strangled whine, one that she stifled enough to avoid attention. They were tiny, able to coil multiple times around her tits and squeeze all her most sensitive points in one rolling motion. It wasn’t just one and done either. They quickly settled into a leisurely rhythm of milking her.

She glanced down at herself, unable to make out any movement. Were they concealing themselves where others could easily see? That implied way too much intelligence to be animals of any kind. That only left one option; the nanobots. As if to reward her deduction, the tentacles crept further up her thighs and brushed the very outer region of her pussy. She masked another moan behind more food, clenching her legs together.

Finding out what was doing this only raised another, much more illusive question; why? They shouldn’t have activated without her direct input. Come to think, they did it earlier too, seemingly in response to her thoughts. Were they reading her body temperature or something?

Once again, she got another, even more daring touch. This time she felt it directly above her snatch. Chloe gripped her fork in a stranglehold, especially as her shorts tightened in just the worst way, pressing the material against her sex. The rhythmic undulations on her breasts got stronger too, not only that, but they ended with a flick of her nipples too.

No, you’ve gotta stop. Chloe thought, hoping they’d read the distress as she looked around and at Megan. If anyone found out she was super horny right now, her nipples rigid as diamonds and her pussy slowly dampening her panties, she’d just die of embarrassment. All those eyes staring straight at her, the thoughts running through their heads as she was made to cum in front of them, the scorn and disapproval and *desire*. Chloe stopped her thighs from rubbing together.

This couldn’t be happening. After spending years keeping her perverted tendencies secret from everyone, even the few partners she’d had, she was going to crack *now*? Well, if she was going to, then it was better to be in front of all these people. Which included Megan. Maybe if the manager saw how hopeless Chloe was, she’d realise making her an idol was pointless and instead train her to be the perfect little, exhibitionist pet. Just think, going out naked, save for a collar, one that marked her as someone’s property. Attached to a leash too. One that could choke her whenever Megan wanted.

In response, the her camisole tightened and squeezed the breath from her lungs. It came so suddenly, she couldn’t stop it coming out as a moan. Chloe glanced down and saw her clothes were skin-tight, leaving literally nothing to the imagination and prevented her from taking even a shallow breath. It only lasted an instant, relaxing when Megan looked straight at her, but the Chloe felt the heat in her face.

“Are you alright?” Megan asked, eyes thinning in that way they did when she was looking through someone.

“I’m fine,” Chloe squeaked, then cleared her throat, “Just getting frustrated trying to think about how to help.”

Megan’s expression softened, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to put more weight on you. It’s my job as your manager to think about this stuff. You just need to focus on being the best Chloe you can.”

“Yeah, but…” Chloe squirmed under her manager’s gaze, the tentacles still working her breasts and thighs, steadily focusing more on her crotch, “I don’t want to be a burden.”

“That’s literally your job where I’m concerned. If you weren’t a burden, I’d have nothing to do.”

“I guess so.” It was so weird for Megan to be gentle with anyone. They all knew her for being steel-faced, but the softer expression was nice too. Chloe’s mind immediately wandered. It meant her manager could absolute destroy someone, then be there for them after, cuddling and carressing the red marks left in her wake. She looked down, feeling a distinct heat trickle from between her legs.

If this kept up, she’d be leaving a puddle by the time they left. Assuming she could even do so without humiliating herself. One well-timed squeeze and she’d fall over, ass up high, with the wetness around her crotch on full display.

Keep it together, Chloe! She shoved more food in her mouth, but that just seemed to incite the tendrils, as they squeezed her senstive parts even harder. She jerked as more of them appeared, this time not on her chest or hips, but at her feet. If she hadn’t trained to master her reactions, she’d have revealed everything. As it was, she still kicked out as the many, winding shapes molded between her toes and around her arch. Then they began massaging her.

On its own, that’d be quite nice. With her arousal bubbling over, it might as well have been someone making out with her. She chewed rapidly, trying to disguise her increasing arousal. When would they stop? When she came, probably, but with them focusing everywhere but her pussy itself, she had no idea when that’d be. Hopefully after the meeting. Cumming in front of Megan would so hot, but so fucking wrong.

Yet another moan was barely stifled when a choice limb slid around the outside of her pussy, completing a circuit before dipping into the folds. The attention on her nipples got stronger, practically milking her at that point. While she kept her noises down, it clearly showed on her face.

“Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Ye-up!” Chloe chirped, the response poorly timed as a second tendril tasted her.

Megan thinned her eyes, “It’s normal to be stressed before a release. Especially the first official one of your career. Maybe you should finish and head home? Get some rest.”

“Y-yeah. I’ll do that.” Chloe only had about a third of her meal left. Surely she could finish it before her clothes made her cream herself in front of the most important person to her career. Right as she took another mouthful, the massage of her thighs and feet stepped up another notch, becoming almost aggressive.

Just focus on eating. If she did that, then she could excuse herself and maybe enjoy this properly. Not that she could deny how good it felt already. It wasn’t like she hadn’t gotten herself worked so quickly before, but it’d never happened under someone else’s ‘hand’. Granted, these were her belongings so she was still technically masturbating. Just entirely out of her own control.

Kind of like the porn she was watching yesterday. Her eyes widended in both realisation and at the sharp pinch of her nipples. Is that where these things got the idea from? But she never connected them to her WiFi. Unless they somehow got that information from when she plugged them in. Were they really that advanced? Her contact never said anything about that.

All her thinking went askew as their ministrations around her pussy got worse. Chloe couldn’t tell if it was a reward, a punishment or a display of power. Her hand quivered as she got another mouthful. They were rubbing her folds now, getting faster and smoother as they were covered in her juices, with more coming as they realised her thighs weren’t as sensitive. Her shorts got tighter the more tentacles formed, her snatch covered in their winding forms.

She tried keeping her breaths even. Like when she did at practice, but it was impossible with her top also getting tight. They were no longer content with just her breasts, moving down to explore her belly as well. While that wasn’t nearly as pleasurable, it was ticklish and made it hard to stay composed. Harder still when they pushed into her belly button. That wasn’t something she’d explored before, but it was oddly pleasant.

Then Megan’s phone rang. She glanced at it, then sighed, “I have to take this. Be back in a few minutes.”

Chloe just nodded, pretending to stil be chewing. She didn’t trust her voice not to give away just how turned on she felt at that moment. Once Megan was out of sight, and no one was looking directly at her, Chloe pulled her camisole away from her body. The tentacles just extended to make up for it, not bothering to stop or even slow down now that they’d been caught. Not that she did anything to stop them really either.

It was oddly hypnotic. Long, slender fingers made of chrome coiled around her breasts. She didn’t have much flesh there, but they were sleek enough to wrap around a couple times, even positioning themselves to press down on her areolae as they choked her nipples. Rather than be stifled by her discovery, they squeezed harder. With how her flesh bulged between their coils, she could almost believe she had C-cups. Maybe someday. If Megan thought implants would be good for her career.

She couldn’t look any further than that. Peering down one’s top wasn’t too unusual, but leaning back and checking out her crotch would turn some heads. But not more than if they saw what was happening to her. She glanced around; no one was looking, but she imagined it anyway. All eyes on her as she was groped by mechanical tentacles. And they’d still be nonethewiser of her pussy being rubbed into a sloppy mess.

A subtle squelch reached her ears when she squeezed her legs together. Fuck, she was so wet. And these things were only making it worse. It was like they’d learned all her weakest areas around the outside and were mercilessly attacking them now. She released her camisole to clap a hand over her mouth as the first few entered her hole. It was like they knew her meeting was coming to an end, her plate almost finished, and now raced toward a proper climax. Chloe saw Megan meandering just outside, looking close to finishing her phone call.

If she was going to cum anyway, then she’d best do it away from Megan. Plan set, Chloe lowered a covert hand to her crotch, intending to get herself off. Only for her clothes to deny entry. No matter how she tried worming her fingers under the waistband, or tugged on them, she couldn’t get in. But that triggered them to attack even more. She grabbed the table as her shorts thinned out, the fabric biting into her legs now, and several more tendrils dove into her pussy.

Inidividually, they were small, but pleasant. Together, they stretched out her walls in just about every direction, writhing chaotically but with purpose. That being to make her bit her lip to try and avoid bringing attention to herself. Her breathing came faster, the way it did when she got close. Just a little more. She rocked her hips, arching her back to apply as much pressure with her pussy as possible.

‘Just a little more’ became her mantra as she all but galloped to her release. That’s when she saw Megan walking back in. Chloe needed to cum. Fast! For once, the bots were on her side, as they further thinned her shorts to create another limb. This one slithered between her ass cheeks. Unlike the others, it didn’t take its time to tease her. Instead, it found her pucker and slipped inside. The random sensation, the extra bit of tightness in her pussy, was finally enough.

But it came at the worst possible time as Megan sat back down across from her.

Chloe went rigid, not daring to move even a single muscle for fear that she’d reveal everything. She didn’t even breathe. She made sure to keep her eyes open and fixed upon Megan, who explained the call - not that Chloe retained any of that information. It was about all she could do to feign consciousness, while her whole body was suddenly set alight. The tendrils pulled her pussy open from both inside and out, while her nipples were yanked as if to pull them from her body. She dared a glance down and they were plainly obvious through her top.

Not that those were her biggest issue. She was cumming! And so fucking hard at that. The tentacles had no issue with still moving either, teasing and prolonging her pleasure. All while she stared at Megan’s cool and sharp features, watching her lips move but hearing nothing except her own heartbeat. Spasms rocked through her body, but she kept still through nothing but raw determination.

Even as her pussy gushed all over the chair. Even as a bundle of tendrils converged on her clit and vacuumed onto it. Even as her anus was explored, despite her rarely testing it herself. Even as her nipples were pinched and milked.

Worse yet, she was barely wearing a thong at that point. The bots had devoted all their resources to fucking her. Her top was tight against her chest, any slack being devoted to the machines, but they at least padded her chest to give some cover. Though she could see the subtle movements from the corner of her eye.

“You not gonna finish?” Megan asked suddenly.

Chloe swallowed hard, deafening in her ears, and shook her head. She made a noise, just loud enough to get her heart racing even faster, but Megan seemed unaware. Her manager just shrugged, content that Chloe had eaten most of the meal. She seemed distracted by something else, much to the unintentional pervert’s relief.

Mercifully, the tentacles slowed, then came to a stop as her orgasm dwindled. They withdrew from her lower-body, almost coaxing another moan as her ass and pussy were freed. Being quite small, she didn’t feel their absence like she would with ‘Ol Faithful, though she still missed it. Their presence remained, however, continuing with their gentle massage of her breasts. Maybe she’d finally grow a bit?

She relaxed once the worst was over, slouching low. Megan paid for their meal and thus the meeting was adjourned. Chloe stumbled a little, but explained it as catching her foot on the table, while hidng another shudder as she felt her juices leak out. She made covert glances at her legs, fearing that she’d leak, but not a drop escaped her shorts. Well, it was the least the bots could do when they made her cum like that.

The bus was fine at first. Not too crowded, so she could sit at the back, alone, as her tits were continually stimulated. Then people starting boarding en masse, requiring all the space. She was mashed against the window by a group of cute women, who were more preoccupied talking amongst themselves. Chloe plugged her earphones in to give them privacy, but that just made her imagine what they were talking about.

Namely, her. She imagined they knew what was happening under her top, or that they could smell the orgasm on her. And, of course, her mind didn’t just go into the gutter, it plummetted into the ravine. Which seemed like the cue for her nanobots to resume where they left off.

That’s fine. The ride wasn’t long. She could handle it.

Then she saw the roadwork signs and the mile-long line of cars ahead of them. A groan escaped right as a minute tendril curled around her clit.