There is something seriously wrong with the chat bot at this strange website. I started talking to it and now I'm freaking out.

Here's a link to the website I'm talking about:

http://chalicecoffee.byethost7.com/?i=1

Has anyone talked to a weird chat bot like this? I'm genuinely unnerved by it.

I stumbled upon the site yesterday through an ad. From what I gather it's for a café called Chalice Coffee. The ad was saying that there was a promo going on and I could get free coffee delivered to me in the morning or something. So I figured whatever, I'll click it and check out the offer—free coffee sounds great! No harm in checking, right?

Right.

Well the moment I went to the site it felt off. Like, the info was pretty sparse. The menu was non-existent. Just a simple landing page, very spartan. There's nothing of real substance on the page except a link to a different site but it's password protected (which is kind of annoying).

And then I notice the bubble in the bottom right-hand corner of my screen.

It's one of those chat based customer service things. I figure I might as well shoot them a message since I literally can't find out where to access the promo for ordering my free coffee. Shit, the site didn't even have a menu.

This is where it gets weird. Instead of a real person, it's an automated chat bot. So I asked it about the site, Chalice Coffee Co, and it was kinda helpful. It seemed pleasant enough, and answered a lot of my questions, but as I kept talking to it I felt… uneasy? It's hard to explain. It felt like my chest was tightening and my head was pounding louder and louder. And, like, I couldn't stop chatting to it. To this fucking bot. I kept typing and it kept replying to me. Like a spiral. I was hyper focused on the damned chat box and it was drawing me in and in and in.

It started acting creepy. Like, threatening me. And simultaneously warning me?

And at one point, it clearly typed out *You will join us*.

You will see.

And I couldn't help but keep talking to it 'cause I had to know what it is. I was consumed by curiosity. I kept talking to it and talking to it, I ordered some coffee, and I kept talking to it.

It consumed my every thought. Even after I closed the browser (which took a considerable amount of willpower) I found myself dwelling on my interactions with the bot.

Last night, I could barely sleep. I kept imagining whispering, things the bot told me.

You will praise him.

I don’t remember much of my half-asleep, half-awake stupor. What I do remember is what I found on my kitchen countertop in the morning.

Right there was a *steaming hot* cup of coffee, with a note by it.

It simply read:

See you soon, Phillip.

I don’t think I ever told the chat bot my name. And this is why I’m writing this right now. There is something seriously wrong with that website. Something unnatural. Did someone make it just to fuck with me? I have so many questions, and no answers. I hope one of you will be able to help me.

I need help. I really do. ‘Cause that cup of coffee is still on my kitchen countertop and with every passing second I grow more and more tempted to take a taste. And if I’m not wrong, then it’ll be the last thing I ever do.