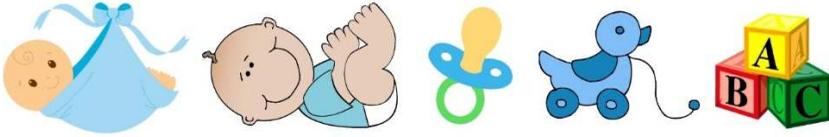


AN AB DISCOVERY SHORT STORY

THE COMPUTER VIRUS

TERRY MASTERS



We Meet Stan

Stan loved to read pornography. His computer was filled with text files of every sexual act imaginable. But, by far his favorite were stories about people being manipulated sexually through hypnosis or other techniques. A friend of his on a local website offered to upload some hypnosis text files for him. Her handle was Anna, but for some reason, everyone referred to her as “Mistress Anna.” Stan just figured that her name was just for fun and had no bearing on her actual personality.

Stan was thrilled one morning to find that the promised text files had been uploaded onto a local webpage by Anna. He quickly downloaded the files, anxious to add more stories about hypnosis and sex to his collection. After logging off, he shut the door to his private office and began reading through his newly discovered gems.

After reading through the files for what seemed to be a few minutes, Stan decided that it was time to get some work done. Just then, Stan realized that something was wrong. He was sitting at his desk completely naked! Stan was completely perplexed. He didn't remember taking off his clothes. What was worse, his clothes were nowhere to be found.

After frantically searching his office, he looked down into his wastepaper basket and received his next shock. The basket was filled with his clothes, or more to the point what used to be his clothes. His shirt, pants, tie, underwear, and socks had been neatly cut into one-inch strips and put into the basket. Now he was really stuck!

Stan called a local chat group in hopes of finding someone who could bail him out of his predicament. Logging on, Stan saw that Anna was one of those on the system. He quickly entered the

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teleconference area where she seemed to be waiting for him.

“Hello, Stan,” typed Anna, “I thought you might decide to log on here.”

“Anna,” typed Stan, not paying attention to her words that came across his screen, “Boy am I glad to see you! Something weird has happened here, and I need your help.”

“Ah... I'll bet you're NIFOC,” typed Anna.

“NIFOC?” questioned Stan.

“Yes, NIFOC... Naked in front of the computer. Probably playing with yourself too, I'll bet,” typed Anna.

Stan hadn't noticed it, but his hand had gravitated to his penis, and he was gently stroking it.

“Yes, actually I am,” typed Stan, “I was just sitting here reading those files you sent me, and then suddenly I found myself naked, and my clothes cut to shreds in the garbage. You're the only one that can help me!”

“That's true,” typed Anna cryptically, “I really am the only one who can help you... more than you realize.”

“Huh?” typed Stan, “What do you mean?”

“Basically, you are the victim of a new computer virus,” typed Anna.

“A computer virus?” typed Stan.

“Yes, during the Desert Storm buildup, our scientists decided to come up with a way of destroying Iraq from within, in order to save the lives of our soldiers,” typed Anna, “They developed a special technique for inserting subliminal text into what looks to be plain text files. A double agent was given a computer disk that supposedly contained secret information.

The agent delivered the disk to the Iraqis, only to discover to his amazement that they finished reading the disk, and then went into the operating system and typed the command to reformat the hard drive and the floppy disk that the agent had given him. Although the agent saw the Iraqi type the command, he was shocked to hear

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the Iraqi cursing moments later. He accused the agent of giving him a disk that contained a computer virus that erased his hard drive.

And since he also erased the floppy disk, the Iraqi computer experts were unable to discover the nature of the virus. Basically, the text files on the floppy disk contained subliminal messages that instructed the reader to reformat the floppy and his hard disk drive. The agent reported what had occurred to the CIA.

Of course, they weren't baffled by the incident. They were elated. The experiment had been a complete success. The CIA continued to use this method to destroy the entire infrastructure of Iraq. And best of all, the Iraqis were doing the destroying themselves!"

"But what does that have to do with my predicament?" typed Stan.

"It has EVERYTHING to do with your little, ah, situation," typed Anna, "It explains why you are naked, why your clothes are cut up, why you are jerking off, and why you are now tracing little circles around your nipples with the tips of your fingers."

Stan looked down. He had one hand on his penis, while his other hand was playing with his left nipple.

"How did you know..." Stan began to type.

"I used to be a secretary for the CIA," typed Anna. "When I accidentally discovered the way the CIA developed this computer virus, I thought I might be able to use it to my advantage. Using the computer program that the CIA used to encrypt the subliminal messages to the Iraqis, I've been able to build my own little kingdom with unsuspecting users like you.

When you see people referring to me as Mistress Anna, they mean it. Now assume the position, as we continue our little conversation."

Stan was no longer sitting on his chair. He was now on his knees next to his desk and keyboard.

"Yes, Mistress Anna," typed Stan.

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“Good,” typed Anna. “Now the real fun can begin.”

Stan's Programming Begins:

Stan's mind raced. His love for pornography had really gotten him in trouble this time. He was in his private office, kneeling naked at the keyboard. Subliminal messages put into an X-rated computer text file had turned him into "Mistress" Anna's computer playtoy. Even if it weren't for the subliminal desire to obey her, Stan was totally dependent on her, since his clothing was torn into little pieces in the wastepaper basket.

"Mistress Anna," typed Stan, "This is fun, but how am I going to get home now that my clothes are ripped to shreds?"

"A messenger will be dropping something off in a few minutes that will help you with that little problem," typed Anna.

Anna's words had just appeared on his screen when someone knocked on his door.

"Yes," said Stan nervously, painfully aware of his present condition.

"Delivery," said a man outside the door.

"Just slip it under the door," said Stan.

"I can't," said the man, "it's too big. Besides, I need to get your signature for this."

Stan was beside himself. He didn't know what to do. He appealed to Anna for advice.

"I think your delivery is here, Mistress Anna," typed Stan, "But he wants me to open the door and sign for it."

"Well, do as the man says," typed Anna, "And don't forget to thank him properly. I believe that sucking his cock would be a proper tip for the messenger. And that's not just a suggestion, that's an order. Go give the nice man a blow job, Stan."

Stan was horrified. Yet, he had no choice. Not only was his back against the wall, but he also felt strangely compelled to obey Anna's order.

Sheepishly, he got off his knees, walked to the door, and

opened it.

The messenger was a young kid, who couldn't have been more than 18 years old. His eyes opened wide at the sight of Stan's nakedness.

"Er... please sign here, Sir," said the boy, trying to act as though nothing was wrong.

"Please come in for a second so I can close the door," said Stan, "I know this seems odd, but my clothing was destroyed in an er... accident, and this package contains my change of clothes. You're a real life saver. I'd like to thank you for your trouble by sucking your cock."

"Er... I don't know, I'm not a fag or anything," said the boy.

"Neither am I, son," said Stan, "It's just something I... er... want to do for you."

Stan was frantic. Not only did Anna's order make him ask the boy if he wanted a blow job, but somehow, he needed to suck his penis. He started rubbing the boy's cock through his jeans in an attempt to arouse him into accepting his offer.

"No... please stop," groaned the boy. But it was too late, Stan had already unzipped the boy's pants and started sucking on his penis.

Soon the boy had forgotten his objections and began fucking Stan's face, while Stan furiously sucked his penis until cum spurted out in Stan's mouth and dribbled down his chin.

"Thanks for the tip," said the boy, as he quickly zipped up his pants and all but ran from the office.

Stan went back to the computer.

"I did as you ordered, Mistress Anna," typed Stan.

"Very good, my little cocksucker," typed Anna, "Now let's have some more fun. Open the package that I sent you."

Stan opened the package and looked at its contents in horror. Instead of finding the change of clothing he had hoped for, the package contained a large adult cloth diaper, a little frilly hat, and a

t-shirt that said, "I'm a little baby."

"But, Mistress, these are baby clothes!" typed Stan.

"Yes, my little Stan Stan," typed Anna, "These are your new clothes, or would you prefer to walk home stark naked?"

"No, no," typed Stan, painfully aware that Anna could get him to do just that, "I'm just surprised, that's all."

"Well, get into your little outfit, little boy," typed Anna.

Stan complied and put on the diaper, the T-shirt, and the little hat.

"You can go home now, little Stanley," typed Anna, "Go home and go online at 8 PM tonight, and we'll have some more fun."

"Yes, Mistress Anna," Stan typed.

After logging off the computer, Stan nervously emerged from his office, clad in his diaper. He successfully got down the stairs without anyone seeing him, but once outside, he couldn't prevent the passersby on the sidewalk from gawking.

Men, women, and children all pointed and laughed at his predicament as he traveled the ten blocks to his home. He had never been so humiliated in all his life. Little did he know that this episode would pale in comparison to what Anna had in mind for him next!

Intense Humiliation Begins:

Finally, in the safety of his home, Stan vowed he'd never again use his modem and connect to the internet. This had been the most humiliating, degrading day of his life.

First, he sits there jerking off with one hand, while Mistress Anna teases him about his uncontrollable need to jerk off and rub his nipples, then he destroys all his clothes and sucks off a young messenger boy who is delivering a parcel Anna has ordered for him, and finally walks all the way home wearing a ridiculous baby diaper, bonnet, and babyish T-shirt.

Damn, he'd never do that again! Besides, these subliminal message things couldn't really be effective, especially for very long. He just wouldn't dial up her site again.

Anna sat musing at her computer screen, thinking "My, he sure was an easy one. Just three weeks of reading my special stories and he's already hooked and completely under my terminal's control. I wonder where I filed those 'special' computer animation files. I've got two that should do just the thing for little Stan, or maybe I'll change his name. Yeah. Something much cuter, and definitely more feminine. Let's see. That's it. Samantha. Samantha, it is. Let's see how much fun we can have with little Samantha this evening, and then when she connects tomorrow morning after watching the movies, we'll just finalize our little arrangements."

She was laughing to herself as she looked up the MPV files and began embedding the new subliminal messages in them. The mental picture of Stan walking home dressed in just the huge floppy cloth diaper, paper baby bonnet, and little T-Shirt with the logo "Little Pisser" on the front almost made her wet her pants she was laughing so hard.

As she finished preparations for the computer movies, she thought, "I think I'll even have him call me on the voice line. It should be very interesting to have verbal control over him. If I send him my

GIF picture then he'll be able to recognize me anywhere, and I will have him completely under my control."

As the evening progressed, Stan began to feel more and more uncomfortable. He was dying of thirst by 7:00 o'clock and had been drinking glass after glass of water. As 7:30 rolled past, he began thinking "Maybe I WILL just dial up and give her a piece of my mind. I just wish I could figure out how to get this stupid diaper off. The damn thing doesn't seem to have any fastenings."

By 7:55 he'd made up his mind. Yessir, he was going to tell her off, then hang up on her and that would be that. Dutifully, Stan started up his system and began the communication program to dial her board.

"Oh no, it's busy!" he exclaimed in frustration.

Again he dialed, and again. And finally, at 8:02 he connected. It took 3 attempts to connect. He was so nervous and upset about being late, and finally, he got the logon screens and entered the command to join the special adult area.

Seeing Anna's by now familiar logon for her very "special" adult area, he typed "Baby Stanley's waiting, Mistress Anna. I am ready." and waited for her to enter Chat mode and address him.

He was REALLY nervous now, as the minutes rolled by, but finally, he saw the screen sort of melt and a great computer sex movie started playing on his screen.

He was enthralled. It was kind of small to get a lot of detail, but he could see a man on his knees in front of a woman and could tell he was eating her pussy and bringing her to ecstasy. Then the screen dissolved, and he could see what he was sure was a woman, on her knees sucking off two guys at once, but she was still wearing her pants, or at least shorts or something with a kind of lace on the back, and had some sort of hat on that hid the back of her head.

He was getting quite aroused and began stroking his cock thru the diaper and was just about to cum when his computer beeped, and the screen turned to soft pink, with Anna's familiar CHAT mode

screen, and he saw her typing, "Stop that you dirty little boy. Put your hands on the keyboard and address me."

"Yes, Mistress Anna. I am ready."

"You were late. That's extra punishment for you tonight. Are you still dressed up in your silly baby outfit?"

Realizing he was indeed still wearing the huge, cloth diaper, bonnet, and T-shirt, he entered "Yes mistress. I am still wearing my ridiculous baby outfit."

"Good. You're going to need it and lots more like it. Are you dry?" typed Anna.

Stan started to enter "Yes, mistress" when he felt his bladder emptying uncontrollably and started entering "No, mistress. I peeped my baby diapers."

"Well, of course, you did. You *are* a sucky little diaper-peeing baby after all. Does it feel good to pee in your diapers, sucky baby?"

Stan was shocked. Of course, if didn't feel good, and typed "Yes, mistress. It feels really good to peepee in my sucky baby diapers."

"Well then let's just make it feel really good. Pick up the phone in 10 seconds and assume the position."

Stan was stunned.

"What was going to happen now ??" he fretted, as he lifted the receiver to his ear and got on his knees, saying "Yes, mistress. I am ready."

"Good. My, you do have a sweet little voice, Samantha," said Mistress Anna in a husky soft stern voice.

"I think I've definitely developed a good program for you. Would you like to cum, Samantha?"

"Uh, uh... yes, Mistress. But who is Samantha?"

"Why you are, silly. After all, you just sucked off the messenger boy this afternoon, and you *have* been thinking about it all day. Only a big diaper peeing, sucky sissy baby girl, would suck off a young boy like that."

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“Yes, mistress. I guess I am a big sucky baby girl, then. Yes, mistress Anna, I really would like to cum.”

“Fine then. But you mustn't make a mess anywhere. Are you wearing your pissy baby diaper, Samantha? The one you just peed in like a pissy little sucky baby.”

“Yes, mistress Anna. I am wearing my pissy baby diapers I just pee peed in.”

“Good. Start rubbing your ridiculous little wee wee in your pissy little diapers.”

Stan was stunned. This was ridiculous. He was going to tell her off, yet here he was on his knees cradling the telephone in one hand while he jacked off in his pissy wet diapers.

As he started to breathe harder, nearing his climax, he heard “That's it. Tell me what you're doing, Samantha. Are you jacking off in your pissy diapers you bad little slut. You pissy diapered sucky baby.”

“Yes, mistress. I am jacking off in my pissy baby slut diapers... I'm jacking... Oh, oh, oh... Oh, it feels so good. Oh, I'm cumming, I'm cumming. I can't stop. Oh...”

“Well of course you can't stop. You can't stop cumming any more than you can stop pissing your pants or rather your pissy little sucky baby diapers. Go on you pissy little slut. Fill your diapers, slut. Just like you pissed in them, you can't stop filling them with your sticky, sweet cum.”

As Stan began to come down from his orgasmic high, he heard Anna say “Well, you certainly are a nasty little slut. Jacking off in pissy diapers. And now you've made them all sticky and full of your disgusting cum, haven't you?”

As Stan felt the gooey, hot mess in the front of his diapers, he couldn't help saying “Yes, mistress. I have made a sticky awful mess in my pissy baby diapers. I'm sorry. I couldn't help it.”

“Well, I know you can't help it. You can't help doing anything I tell you to do.

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Now after we finish our little games tonight, I want you to download SAMANTHA.ZIP and PISSY.ZIP and watch them both 3 times tonight. Tomorrow morning, log on at 9:00 o'clock and join the Slaves Conference. Your instructions will be waiting. Run Samantha.exe and watch it all the way through. Now, you nasty little slut. You have to clean out that messy diaper. Gently take it off by undoing the two snaps at each hip. Put it on your chair with the front part on the seat of your chair. Then, lick all your disgusting cum off the diaper. When it's good and clean, put it back on securely and answer the door when you hear a knock. The messenger will have another package for you. Put on the other diaper and the plastic panties after you give the messenger the usual tip. I think he'll really enjoy his 'special' tip, being sucked off by a nasty little slut like you who's wearing pissy diapers. Watch your very private movies as I told you earlier then go to bed."

As Stan obediently said, "Yes, mistress," he heard the click as Anna hung up.

Even as he thought, "No way I'm going to lick my cum out of my pissy diapers" he was gently removing the diaper and placing it on the chair in front of him. Slowly his face lowered to the hot, pungent diaper and his tongue tentatively began reaching out to taste his cum, shining there in great globs all over the front of his pee-soaked diapers.

As he began slowly, then more hungrily licking his cum from the front of his diapers, his face was pressing into the puddle of pee and he was lost in a world of salty, sticky flavors, pungent aromas, and warm wetness as he heard the knock at the door.

Quickly he said, "Just a minute. I'm not dressed yet," and quickly fastened the cold, wet diaper around his hips and waist and answered the door dressed in his now clean, wet diaper, baby bonnet, and T-shirt.

As he signed for the package, he tentatively began stroking the new messenger's cock thru his jeans, and soon had his fly open, and

his cock out and ready for his hungry mouth.

As he slid to his knees to get more of the boy's cock in his mouth, longing for the hot cum to jet into his waiting mouth, he was thinking "Why, am I doing this? What's happening to me?"

Finally, dressed in the second diaper that was even thicker and bigger than the first, and to make it worse had little prints of kittens, and bunnies and the words Anna's Diaper Slut stenciled across the seat and front, and the ridiculously large, frilly plastic panties, Stan, now Samantha the diaper slut, downloaded the two files and began watching them.

As the second file ended its third run-through, Samantha finished her sixth glass of water and crawled into bed. Drifting off to sleep she felt her bladder empty for the second time since she'd put on the new diapers and panties, and tasted the sticky, salty taste of the messenger's cum as she came in her diapers for the second time that night, and gingerly scooped out her cum onto her fingers that automatically found their way to her mouth.

Sleeping soundly, Samantha, born Stanley, was the picture of innocence, lying on her side, curled in a fetal position, sucking her cum covered fingers, as her diaper began leaking from the third emptying of her bladder.

The End

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