

BLKRBT

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Hello. Welcome to the floor

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0 - BLKRBT

BLKRBT

ctrl+a. ctrl+c. ctrl+v.

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“01101000 01110100 01110100 01110000 01110011 00111010 00101111 00101111 01110111  
01110111 01110111 00101110 01111001 01101111 01110101 01110100 01110101 01100010  
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01101100 01111001 01100111 01010110 01001001 01110111 01001101 00111101 01110100  
00111101 00110001 01110011”
```

Zoe hit tab and smashed Enter. She seemed nervous about it. Her face had an expression of shock. The breath that she allowed to escape her lips. Possibly because this was her first post here. She has never posted something like this and the internet could be maliciously unfiltered and cruel. That is the whole waltz of the grand world we call The Internet.

Besides she felt a component of her pc was causing brutal lag spikes on her main game. She needed to allow it to cool off before she worked on it. it was clear she was concerned about the putrid smell. She searched for it online almost daily. A combination of burnt plastic, dust, and electricity. She wasn't sure if it was the RAM or if it was an issue with the graphics card. Some people even suggested that it could be malware but she knew she needed to upgrade her computer parts. She did need to investigate. But the silly girl would rather procrastinate than do the dull process of elimination. So she decided in her downtime to get creative instead.

Raccoons. One of her old online friends loved them. I'm sure she was feeling reminiscent. She had met him in the game and she found it endearing he was obsessed with the red panda. Eventually, he, Joel, started talking about raccoons and branched into bears. Zoe didn't exactly care for them as she was more into cute fuzzy animals like bunnies and ethereal animals such as the deer. However, she thought she would leave the inside joke for him just in case he was lurking from a distance.

Joel, like other online members of her online experience had slipped away. That's just how cyberspace worked. People grow up. They get jobs. They start living their own lives. Zoe never resented him for it or even for the fact that she was still here even though he was moving on. Did he ever think about her? Or was she forgotten in the many lists of friends he had also lost to the abyss of cyberspace? It was only natural. She had lost so many anons in the cyber world. She almost felt like a veteran but it's too cringy to say out loud.

Would people love or hate her post? Would she be valued within this new community? She had never posted to a forum like this one before. Especially one with like-minded individuals who were interested in the basics of coding.

Zoe was a novice but she hoped to be able to produce something cool. People didn't realize coding was interesting and exciting. There was a certain thrill when something worked. You could be creative with it.

If you think about it everything you look at on the internet is coding. It's abhorrent and silly rhetoric to claim otherwise. Zoe. She knew this well. We wouldn't be addicted to the internet if it wasn't creative. Something drew us in about it and it wasn't just blanket coding.

Zoe was incredibly creative. She was good with music. She liked to paint. She wasn't a good cook apparently. Her internet history exposed that. And I liked her voice. I enjoyed watching

her.

If only she knew what was going on with her computer. The malware she had allowed me to install. I already fished enough information from her to gain access. She should have known better than to trust me.

- BLKRBT

1 - Fishing

Zoe reluctantly walked into the cafe. The place that funded her life. It was a job but nothing more. She just needed something to sustain her everyday life. She used to constantly whine about it years ago. I wished this day would be like that time.

When things were quiet she would send people a lot of messages on Chatbear despite her boss's wishes. Technically she was rebellious, sneaking in glances on her phone here and there. The internet was her drug and she was hooked. Clearly, her boss was lenient. However, when it was busy it was radio silence.

"I was wondering is it normal to send pictures like that in emails?" I had asked her that night. She couldn't even look at her messages this morning? I assume she was busy now as she wasn't responding to any of my messages. Or was she trying to ghost me?

She better not be.

If she was she would be sorry.

I explained last time how I had complete access to her. That wasn't entirely true. I only had partial access. I don't know where she lives. I don't know where she works. I only know the basics. What she does as a career. I don't know as much as I'd like to.

I may have access to her PC. But there isn't really much on there. Zoe only has some stuff there. She mainly uses it for her games and Chatbear But nothing really of significance. Why is she ignoring me again? It's far too long now. I noticed my Chatbear icon pinged.

"I don't know," Zoe said. I felt a sense of relief wash over me. I would not become another Joel.

"I suppose you wouldn't," I told her.

"What do you mean by that?" She asked me. The fact she didn't understand what I meant made me uncomfortable.

"You don't seem the type," I told her

"What type do I seem?" Zoe asked amused. I thought about it for a second.

"Well you seem good," I said.

"Am I?" Zoe asked.

"Well I guess we hardly know much about each other," I suppose I was telling half truths. But I really should know more about her. I don't want to fall into the abyss of old friendships.

“What about you? Are you good or evil?” Zoe asked me. I wasn't sure how I felt about the questions. I sat laid down on my bed staring at the question. Was I good or evil?

“I'm Chaotic Neutral,” I said.

“What's that supposed to mean?” Zoe asked

“:.)” It's all I could think to respond.

“The police are talking about the black rabbit case at work,” Zoe said.

“Oh, you're a cop?” I joked. I knew that wasn't the case but maybe it would make her smile.

“If only. That would be more interesting than what I actually do,” She said.

“What do you do?” Zoe had told me a while ago about that she had a bad day working at the cafe in the past, but she didn't really go into it. That was a while ago. I wondered if she even remembered mentioning that detail to me.

“I am a waitress. What about you?” Zoe asked.

“:),” I wasn't sure if I should even tell her what I did as a career this early on in our relationship. We would have many years to come for that I didn't want to scare her away. “So what did the cops say?”

“They don't think things will go that far,” Zoe said.

“Who knows? They could be right.” I told her. I feel like she would hate me if she knew how involved I was with things. I hoped I could get her so entwined with me before that side of me was exposed to her. I need to know more about who she is and more specifically where she is.

“The younger cop seemed to think otherwise,” Zoe said.

“What do the cops wear there?” I asked. It was risky but maybe I can at least identify the area she lives in.

“Navy blue mostly,” she said.

“You should send me a picture.” Pictures can speak a thousand words. I would be able to see a lot of details from just one photo.

“Of the cops?” Zoe asked. “I can't just take a photo of them.” I thought about it. Maybe if I got her to take a picture of herself I could potentially see a work uniform.

“Take a selfie from the chin down if you are worried about me seeing your face. Have them next to your left shoulder. No one will know the wiser ;p,” I asked hoping she would comply.

“Why?” Damn. I hoped that I hadn't made her feel awkward. Maybe I just need to give her something in return.

“I'll tell you my career if you do it :)” I suggested “I'm just curious.”

Zoe stopped talking. I felt a pit in my stomach. Had I ruined things?

I needed to get ready for work. I will deal with this later, I told myself. I had my ways and I knew how to look into accounts. But I really wanted to avoid breaching her trust. I put on my white work shirt and selected a gold tie. I tended to wear suits because of my job mostly. It was just more professional. Besides I looked somewhat younger than I was despite my height. I did everything in my power to be taken more seriously. As I tightened my tie I heard the apps ping. I walked over to my phone. I had never felt this anxious.

“There. So what do you do?” Zoe asked. She sent a picture of herself in a cafe. I recognized it instantly. I must have some kind of luck. I looked out my window peering down at the cafe across the road. I felt a combination of warmth and anxiety. She was always this close and I had no idea. She deserved something back for this.

“I'm a penetration tester,” I told her.

“What's that?” Zoe asked.

“I get paid by companies to find exploits in their systems,” I explained.

“oh, that's interesting,” Zoe said.

“So is your work uniform :)” I instantly regretted saying that. What if she took it as flirting? Was it? “So you do waitress at a coffee shop.”I tried to save face.

“what's wrong with that?” Zoe asked. I sat on my bed. shoot. Was she offended? I had to fix this.

“Nothing really. I have just heard it's hard to make a living there,” I explained. Cafe work tends to be minimum wage. I wondered if she was struggling financially. If I went there I would have to make sure I tipped her. But how much would be too much? I threw myself back onto the bed groaning in frustration. At least I knew where she worked.

“Not that it's any of your business but I make enough to live,” she was definitely mad. What if I had ruined this?

“I don't mean to offend you or anything, Vanilla,” I explained. I sighed and looked back at her picture. I wished she had sent an image of her face. But at least she had sent me something. “Your name is Zoe right?” I sent her hoping for any reaction. Depending on how she responded depended on my next move.

-blkRbt

2 - Not Augmented Reality

I (M) have recently found myself drawn to someone (let's call her Z, F) I've been chatting with online. We've had some engaging conversations about politics and a lot of topics that we both enjoy in common. I find her so fascinating and stimulating. Things feel easy when I talk to her. However, I've been trying to learn more about her life and background and I am not sure if I'm crossing boundaries. I didn't think I was but she hasn't spoken to me in a few hours so I'm really worried. I think I offended her by implying her income wasn't sustainable. I didn't mean to judge her and I hope to be able to provide for her fully.

Z and I have been chatting on an online platform, and I've noticed that she spends a lot of time there, even during her work hours. I've become curious about her job and her daily life, so I've asked her about it. I've also asked her to share pictures of her workplace and her work uniform because I want to get a better sense of her environment.

Where I may be the AH: I looked into her details. Her image showed me where she worked, her name, and other things. I also have some access to her PC due to her leaving Anydesk open. I was helping her with a situation as her games had significant lag spikes. I did have a harmless snoop through her computer and even tweaked a few things. I don't think it's that bad since I did help her. Technically I had consent due to her letting me in. Surely she wanted me to access this because she never shut the program off when she went to bed.

When we talk I've tried to keep the conversations light and fun, but I can't shake the feeling that I might be coming off as too nosy or intrusive. I don't want her to think that way about me especially since I have a lot of plans for our future. I've also asked her about sending some more images and information, but I'm not sure if that was appropriate or not.

I realised Z's workplace was coincidentally across from my apartment complex. When I noticed this detail it made me feel warm. I was actually really excited. Anxious even. I haven't told her.

I genuinely care about Z and feel like this could be the start of a relationship I could love and cherish and want to get to know her better, but I'm unsure if my actions are respectful and if I'm overstepping boundaries. Am I the asshole for trying to learn more about someone I'm interested in? Is it so wrong that I want her to be all mine?

Only serious advice here please or beware of my wrath.

I stared at my computer. It was my main portal into her world. I could see everything she was doing. I started looking into what the media was saying about the [REDACTED] Case. I launched my Onion to see how things were going.

"So how did today's operation go?" I asked B1. He was launching the operation today. We all took turns trying to keep the cops off our tails.

"Splendid. We're about to launch things now. You in?" He said

"Launch it," I said. I looked over to my other monitor where I was watching Z's desktop. What would she think about me doing this? Would she be impressed? Would she detest me? That concerned me. However, I noticed something more concerning. A user named K was in the same room as her. Should I ask K about it? No. Surely lots of users could be called K. It is the chemical identification for

potassium after all.

K posted an image. We had only just launched the political and lewd memes a second ago. How would he have been able to take an image so quickly? No. This must be my K. But I knew I should keep quiet about it. I can't have K knowing about Z. Almost as if it had been designed to distract me from my thoughts I saw Z type to me.

She better love me. Eventually.

I promise. I'm not unhinged. I just want her to understand we are supposed to be together.

K, B2, B1, L, T and I just want to make the world a better place.

-R

4 - Hello!

It took her a while to respond. At first, I wasn't confident she would. I lay on my bed staring at the ceiling. This couldn't be it. If it was then I didn't know what I would do. Surely she was about to get home soon. I had watched her leave the cafe a while ago. Either way, I had to do something. I opened her photo on my phone. Zoe. It was a perfect name. I decided to message her despite my anxiety.

“Your name is Zoe right?” I sent. I knew it was risky. She may have thought I was strange. But I was hoping for any reaction.

“What makes you think that?” Zoe asked. I couldn't tell her tone. Did she find me too pressing? Was I overstepping boundaries?

“Your badge on your uniform :)” I tried to play it off as if it was just friend banter

“It is,” she said.

“So Zoe how was work?” I asked. She had opened the door to that kind of conversation. If she didn't want me to know about her workplace she wouldn't have opened the dialogue.

“It's not fair. You know so much about me and I know nothing about you,” she said. I smiled. She wanted to know about me. I wanted to tell her so much but I don't think I'm ready. Not yet. I need to make sure that she won't try and run off or leave me on read.

“What do you want to know?” I questioned. I felt the support of an army of butterflies within my abdominal area. She wants to know about me.

“What's your name?” she asked. I couldn't tell her that yet. I lifted up my phone and took a photo, excluding my face. Maybe this will temporarily satisfy her until I figure things out. I want to meet her and I want us to be together. But I want it to be perfect,

“I'm not telling you that. But I'll show you one thing about me. You showed me a photo of your surroundings and so here is mine :)” I sent it.

“So you like satin sheets?” Zoe joked. I smiled. Her tone was definitely positive. I was glad. A lot of the time people's tones don't translate through text and I would have hated for a miscommunication like that to happen to us.

“What sheets do you like Zoe?” I asked. She sent an image of a sheet with cartoonist white rabbits. I smiled at the irony. How perfect were we? She was the white rabbit. A pure mirror image of myself.

“Mine are better than yours,” Zoe said.

“They look cheap,” They did. I could make sure she didn't sleep on cheap sheets ever again. I would make sure of it.. “Maybe I should send you some XD.”

“My sheets are fantastic,” Zoe said.

“You'd look better in my sheets,” I regretted it as soon as I sent it.

“What do you mean?” Zoe asked. frack. I needed to think of how I could recover that. Clearly, that was too much.

I hopped onto my computer. It was my portal into her world. I could see everything she was doing. I started looking into what the media is saying about the blkrbt. I launched my Onion to see how things were going.

“So how did today's operation go?” I asked.

“Splendid. We're about to launch things now. You in?”

“Launch it,” I said. I looked over to my other monitor where I was watching Zoe's desktop. What would she think about me doing this? However, I noticed something more concerning. A user named K was in the same room as her. Should I ask K about it? No Surely lots of users may be called K. It is the chemical identification for potassium after all. K posted an image. We had only just launched the political and lewd memes a second ago. How would he have been able to take an image so quickly? No. That must be my K. But I knew I should keep quiet about it. I can't have K know about Zoe. Almost as if it had been designed to distract me from my thoughts I saw Zoe type to me.

“Did you see the billboards,” Zoe messaged. She sent me an image of billboards filled with lewd hentai censored with our logo, government memes, and memes clearly done in paint.

“I did,” I told her. I still felt really awkward about it before.

“And you didn't tell me?” Zoe said acting as if I didn't say anything.

“What's there to say,” I said. I'm really putting my foot in it.

:)