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Virtual Me

Nobody knew anything about me, and that was probably a good thing. If I were to let them know I existed, it would spoil all my fun. When I left my world to visit this one, Earth they called it, I had never thought for one second that it would have been so entertaining.

I initially thought I knew what I was getting into. I was immaterial, and they were physical. An observation tour was pretty much all I was expecting, which would have been a lot of fun, but this race was way cooler than what I could have imagined.

It turns out that those humans weren't only animals, but they were also creators. My people knew a lot about the material beings, but we had no idea they could invent things that didn't exist with this level of complexity. That was a revelation.

The most amazing thing I found so far was computers. And the reason why they were so cool was that I could infiltrate them as they were compatible with my type of energy. Everything powered by electricity allowed me to move around and explore, so those computers were such a fun playground.

For the past little while, I've been visiting all kinds of fantastic places in what they called the virtual world. I placed myself in the shoes of virtual human characters who had amazing adventures. They called those video games, and they were limitless. Humans had this capability to create things that didn't even exist in the material world. So cool.

Recently, I found this person who was one of those great creators. Apparently, they called him an artist. I infiltrated his computer and looked at what he was doing, and it was super interesting. He was creating virtual humans from scratch and made them do all kinds of cool things. So I decided to spend a lot of time here to see where it would lead.

One day I decided to jump right into his creation to experience what it felt like.

It was a replica of a human, a female they called it, and a good looking one too. I was super curvy, way more than the real females were. My long hair was dark red, and my rubellite eyes were huge. My big breast defied gravity, and my waist wouldn't leave a lot of space for vital organs if I were to be material. I guess none of those considerations mattered in the virtual world.

But then it got fascinating. I loved my tan skin, but the artist decided to put something over it. It was something I had noticed with those human animals. They all wore fabric of all kinds and colors over their body. It was strange to me as my immaterial form didn't require any of this, but I could somewhat understand that it would be nice to experiment with different sensations if I could feel them. I liked exploring new worlds, so those humans were simply doing the same, but on a local scale.

In this case, the artist dressed me up with jet black stretchy material. It looked like skin, but it was smoother than that. They called it latex. I fell in love with its glossiness and appearance. I had never seen anything like this before, and it was so enjoyable for someone loving new experiences like me.

The artist covered my feet and hands too, which made me wonder why. I found my little wiggling toes pretty adorable. Ah well, I didn't mind that much because this second skin was pretty interesting; I liked it a lot.

To me, it didn't seem like a lot of time, but I knew years had passed in the material world since I had started following this artist. One of the saddest things about those humans was that they didn't live long at all. They barely had time to become interesting before they died. Being material didn't seem like the best deal ever in terms of life expectancy.

For many Earth years, I stuck around this artist who improved my virtual character's appearance and even wrote simplistic code to give me a personality. It was not nearly good enough to be realistic by any stretch of the imagination, but it was enough for me to understand what he was trying to achieve incompetently; he was much better at drawing than scripting.

Then it hit me; my entertaining artist was sad and felt lonely. He spent a good chunk of his short life working on this fictional character because he couldn't find something he liked better in real life. There were many animals like him on this planet, a large selection to choose from, so I wasn't too sure why he felt that way. But who was I to judge? I was just a visitor humble enough to accept that I didn't understand everything.

I guess it made sense in some ways, though. They were creators, and what they were coming up with was so cool that it was desirable, even to me. But because what they created didn't exist, that was probably why it made them sad and made their real environment a bit boring.

Why would he settle for a normal woman when the one on his screen was what he had learned to love? Did that even make sense? Personally, even though I liked the virtual worlds they created, I still thought real men and women were more interesting as a whole.

But again, who was I to judge this culture I didn't know much about?

My understanding attitude was not enough to make me feel fulfilled about this, though. This artist grew on me. I found him fascinating, and I wanted to discover more about who he was. Sadly, he had almost reached half of his lifespan already, and soon he would die as all humans did.

For many Earth months I thought about this while he was dressing me up and made my hair look even prettier; he got so good at it. He wasn't going out a lot and didn't have many contacts with the other animals, so I wondered...

...perhaps I could make contact with this one.

The thing I was concerned about the most was my own survival. I was immortal in a way that my body wouldn't expire like the ones in the physical realm, but it would be awful if they were to find a way to capture me and keep me as their prisoner for the rest of eternity. As an immaterial being, my freedom was the most precious thing I had.

But still, it could be neat if I were to try being with him, if only for a short time. He didn't seem the kind of person that would do bad things to me, and since he didn't have a lot of contact with the other humans, it made him less threatening.

Aaaah! So be it. I'll try something tonight after he goes to sleep, which is another very odd thing they do. Not only were their lives so short, but they also spent half of it sleeping. So odd.

He went to bed about an hour ago, so he left me alone with his computer. I turned it on and loaded the character he had so carefully designed. I pulled all the information I could find about it, but it was far to be enough for me to be satisfied. As much as I appreciated his efforts, it was not up to my standards.

I flew through the electric wires and visited the nearby houses until I found what I was looking for. A young woman was by herself, deep asleep. I wouldn't say I liked terminating a material being, but there were so many humans on this planet, nobody would notice it if a single one disappeared. Sometimes they even killed thousands of their own, and nobody seemed to really care, so it made it okay for me to do the same to one of them.

The convenient thing was that human bodies were entirely held together by the universe's fundamental forces, which I could manipulate however I wanted. The weak force, strong force, electromagnetic force, gravity... name them, I mastered them all.

I entered her body and immediately erased what made her who she was in a way that she would never realize what had happened. Then I started my work. Using the artist's character design and the real physiological characteristic of this female human body, I rearranged her molecules to make her look as much as possible as his character while keeping what made humans what they were.

I turned her hair red and grew it, shaped her curves as much as possible in a way that wouldn't interfere with her organs, I was able to go quite far, and modified her facial features, including the pretty and big rubellite eyes.

Now that I was in full control of this new body, I stood up and looked at myself in what they called a mirror. I really did a good job and looked just like what my artist friend had virtually created; he would be so thrilled to see me in bones and flesh.

"I really like this body. He did such a good job on the eyes."

Even her voice was pretty now that I had changed it to what he had described. I blinked a couple of times, enjoying what I was looking at; taking over an animal was not something I often did, so the sensations were enjoyable. It was my first time being a human, though, and I loved it.

"Now, I need her black fabric too..."

I grabbed the blanket from the bed and rearranged its molecules to turn it into a mass of latex. It was not very complicated. I did the same with the pillows as I needed a bit more material to compensate for the density gap.

Soon enough, I had this big blob of latex resting in my hands.

"Good... Let's wear it then."

I used my natural power to make the latex crawl all over my naked skin and envelop me with a feeling of warmth.

"Oooh! That's so cool. It feels amazing!"

All my body parts disappeared under the black stretchy material, and I made it go all the way up to my neck, like on his drawings.

"Nice. All done. I just have to go see my artist friend now."

He lived only four houses away, so I decided to walk there. I exited the now gone girl's house and made my way to the street. The night wind brushing against my glossy rubber skin felt great. It was certainly different than what I was used to. The only downside was that the street's rough surface was shredding the beautiful latex covering my feet and hurting me, but that was okay; it was a sensation like another.

A minute later, I got to his house, and after turning his door lock to liquid, I let myself in. After repairing my latex feet, I wondered what to do next.

One thing that I knew about this artist was that he liked to spend a lot of time watching videos of other humans procreating. It made a lot of sense to me since I was the same; I always loved observing animals. I assumed I could just do the same as what the people were doing in the videos he watched since he seemed to like that a lot. If I were doing something fun to him, he wouldn't be scared of me.

Having decided on my next step, I climbed upstairs, reached his bedroom, and climbed on his bed.

"AAAH! WHAT THE HELL!"

"Hello!"

What was going on? Why was he overreacting like this? He pushed me hard and bolted out of his bed to reach the light switch. I had forgotten about this part; unlike me, they need photons to see. Maybe that's what scared him so much.

"WHO THE HELL ARE..."

"I'm your friend."

"Wait... You... you look like..."

"Yes, I'm your creation. I decided to visit you."

"..."

Why was his face so white all of a sudden? I guess I could try to comfort him. Walking closer to him just made him more nervous, but it didn't stop me from wrapping my arms around

him and pressing my rubber covered body to his naked one. I could tell he liked it, but why was he still trying to get away?

"Who.... who are you?"

"What do you mean? You recognized me, but you act like you don't know me."

"Am... Am I dreaming?"

"Dreaming? Sorry, I don't know what that means, but aren't you happy to see me as a physical being? I did this for you."

"..."

At this point, I was a little bit scared that he would do something that could potentially expose my presence to others, so I reached his brain to rebalance his hormones and make him feel better. Right away, he calmed down and leaned into my hug. I had to admit that those physical contacts were quite pleasant. If he hadn't had such a short life, I would certainly have wanted to explore this experience longer. He had about forty years left, such a short time, but I would try to make good memories out of this.

We walked back to the bed, and I made him lay down comfortably on it. Not being able to escape gravity was a concept that I always had trouble understanding, but my new friend seemed to use it to his advantage. He pulled me gently toward him and made me sit on his hips.

"I'm so confused... You are exactly like the character I've been working on for so long. But you are real. I should be freaked out right now, but I'm not."

"It's okay. I can make you feel good like this whenever I want. I thought you'd like to see me in... eep!"

What was this sensation? His two hands slid up my rubber body and ended on my breasts, sending a wave of pleasure all over my nervous system. I decided against modifying my own hormones to understand better what those human animals felt when touching each other.

How else did humans like to touch each other? Ah, yes. Like in the videos he often watched.

I knee-walked back a little and pulled down his boxers to reveal his reproductive organ. My people didn't reproduce, so it was always interesting to learn how other lifeforms perpetuate their existence throughout the ages.

I lowered my head toward his crotch, gripped his warm member with my hand, and slid my tongue along its length. The videos didn't lie; he liked what I was doing very much. Tasting

something inedible was an odd thing to do, but since so many males and females were doing it, it must have been an essential step in their reproductive process.

His hands going to my head indicated that I was doing it right, so I continued by inserting his organ inside my mouth. Soft and hot; that was what came to my mind when I did that. My borrowed body definitely loved doing this as my hormones went crazy. There were too many sensations going on at the same time. I started to understand why my artist friend was so much into these kinds of things.

"Oh, God... You are so good... You are doing exactly what I love!"

Of course, I was. I had studied the character he had developed for many of his years, which included the personality traits that he had attempted to give her. He had wanted her to be sexually overactive. What I was doing now was simply acting according to what he expected from her. He did mention several times that she loved sucking dicks.

For the next few minutes, I sucked him the exact way he wanted me to until he discharged inside my throat. While swallowing everything, I couldn't help but think that I had wished this to last a bit longer. Years for him were almost nothing for me, so minutes were irrelevant.

He explored my body and features for the next little while until he decided to play with me again. This time I let him do whatever he wanted to see where it would lead. He seemed fascinated about my body structure that was very atypical for a human; my breasts were too big, my waist too small, my eyes too rubellite. Perhaps I should have transformed this body a bit more conservatively.

Despite his puzzlement, he gave me an excellent experience later when he penetrated me, sending my brain into an overdrive. What humans called an orgasm was something I fell in love with right away. I failed to understand the purpose of it, but it was extremely entertaining. Perhaps it was a physiological way to entice people to reproduce, so their lifeform wouldn't go extinct. It was an efficient mechanism.

He couldn't stop running his hands on my latex covered body while chatting with me.

"Who are you? You are amazing."

"I'm your creation..."

"That again? You are crazy. But at the same time... it somehow seems possible... You look exactly like her."

"I'm her. You were lonely, and I wanted to change that."

"Are you saying you want to stay?"

"I cannot."

"... You can't?"

"No. This body and yours will die, and I'll have to leave it behind."

"Haha... You are so weird. We won't die for a good forty years. Probably sixty in your case."

"Yes, but I can't stay longer than this. I'm sorry."

"Well... You know what? Forty years will do just fine. Hehe."

"If you say so. Hurry, make me experience more of those orgasms. They are intriguing. We really don't have much time."

Sometimes, taking risks was worth it.

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