

The Metaverse

George Plummer was naked apart from an adult nappy. The room in his penthouse flat in London was warm as he slowly lowered his huge 20 stone body down onto a weary bed which complained with a loud creaking noise. George put on his virtual reality headset and lay back on a dirty pillow. He smiled as his eyes and brain automatically entered the internet and onto his chosen virtual city; one of many in a virtual world. So far, Los Angeles, London, New York, Paris and Mumbai had been established and each by different well known tech companies. Every month, another virtual city (in reality a website) was added to the Metaverse. Google supplied the search engine to establish a link for the consumer. Once the consumer entered a virtual city they could travel virtually to another city, very much like in the physical world, but at internet speed.

George used his microphone and built-in headphones on his VR headset to give voice and hearing to his avatar, which was an ebony coloured 20-year-old, 6-foot gorgeous, brown eyed, female called Samantha with an awesome slim body. Yes, George was a transgender and he was in the Metaverse as Samantha for some fun. In his virtual world, he entered a fantastic Los Angeles with its hyper tube transport, some thirty feet of the ground, which looped around massive skyscrapers.

Digital adverts were all around, on billboards, on the sides of buildings, in fact almost anywhere they could be placed by the tech companies for corporate profit. They flashed up on video screens, and constantly changed their content, to draw the eye of the consumer. On the main broad pedestrian street, there were hundreds of beautiful slim people, and in avatar form, they were socialising together. Some were in the malls shopping and others were sitting at outdoor restaurants and bars.

Back in their homes, their human forms drank and ate to add to the social simulation and stimulation. Samantha waved across the street at some friends and continued to the hyper tube station. Along with others, she sat in a canister, on opulent red leather seats, and was whisked away in the tube at a fantastic speed. Within seconds she had arrived at the Biden Centre, a virtual skyscraper set high on a hill overlooking the city. It stood on the old site of the Hollywood sign and within its walls was a luxury hotel, office spaces and a shopping mall.

Samantha alighted from her cannister and taking the lift, she entered the mall. She briefly stopped to play a Ladbrokes virtual slot machine which was standing near the lift doors. Her hand tapped the payment window and she pulled the lever. Back at his home, George's right hand motioned her movements in mid-air. He was delighted to see through his VR headset that Samantha had won 5 digital bitcoins. A few moments later, his VR headset popped up a second window to his eyes and he saw that his Ladbrokes winnings had been digitally transferred to his digital bitcoin wallet.

Samantha left the slot machine and out of curiosity visited the JP Morgan Chase Lounge where she was greeted by a roaming digital tiger and a digital portrait of the bank's CEO, Jamie Dimon. There was a presentation on the economics of crypto currency but she decided to give it a pass. She left and entered a virtual Amazon supermarket. The shelves were full of virtual foodstuffs, tech gadgets, watches, jewellery, clothes; in fact, everything and virtually anything you could wish for. She used her wrist embedded chip and tapped her hand on the items she required, especially a large cream cake. Samantha selected her food, a new watch and a package of adult nappies.

Back at his home, George's bed was still groaning under his weight but a short time later a robot air drone arrived with his Amazon order and placed his goods in the delivery tube to his house. George smiled, as he heard his order swish through the tube into his kitchen. He shouted for Janice his housewife robot to open it up and bring him the cream cake. George remained in his virtual world with his VR headset on and having left the supermarket, his avatar Samantha took the outside glass lift to the 250th floor and enjoyed the incredible view of Los Angeles and the various virtual backdrops. In the west, she could see a virtual volcano spewing red lava high up into the air and down to a beautiful blue sea. In the east, there were mountains, their sides covered with green forests of trees flanking many meadows where gorgeous flowers of many colours raised their heads in the green grass. Finally, the lift stopped and Samantha entered her office.

She waved at her fellow workers, their avatars sitting at virtual desks. She enjoyed the banter, some jovial remarks and then Samantha sat down at her vdesk to work for the next 4 hours. She enjoyed her job, which was to programme software for a new range of housewife and pleasure robots that the Musk Corporation was developing. Samantha typed away on her virtual keyboard while George lay at home on his bed, his fingers tapping thin air while pausing only to scoff the huge cream cake that Janice had brought him from his Amazon delivery. Her work finished, Samantha left her office and headed to the hotel reception; meanwhile, back with George, his VR headset popped up a second window to his eyes and he saw that his days wages from the Musk Corporation had been digitally transferred to his digital bitcoin wallet.

Samantha booked a virtual room at reception and met up with her boyfriend in the foyer. His name was Rodger, a handsome 6-foot 'Greek God' of a man with a body to die for. His white skin glistened and his blue eyes sparkled their approval of Samantha's body. They had met up a few days before at the 'Zuckerberg Facebook Metaverse Cinema' which was based in virtual London. They had discovered the location by searching the Metaverse using Google. Both had enjoyed a virtual movie 'The Metaverse World According to Jeff Bezos' and conversation at the bar, where Rodger had tweaked Samantha's bottom; not a crime in the Metaverse. Of course, and in reality, Rodger was actually a female called Ismitta, an 8 stone black transgender who lived in a wooden shack in downtown Johannesburg, in South Africa.

Samantha and Rodger went up in the lift to their room and enjoyed a few drinks from the room's fridge before undressing and taking to the bed. What their avatars got up to in that hotel room, is anyone's guess, but I know what their human forms got up to in their individual bedrooms in London and Johannesburg. It wasn't just drink to add to their avatar's simulation and stimulation.

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