

3D Modelling.

Winter was just around the corner, and most students had already planned for their winter break. That included a young, 24 years old golden Tiger boy named Thiga.

Thiga was just about to gain his master's degree. Although the young boy was only a bachelor, his master thesis was quite an audacious move to propose. High chances that the examining board would refuse such an idea, even if he were proposing his doctorate degree. The major point behind the Tiger's idea was to use quantum computing power, along with good tons of enegery, to be able to teleport things one day, living things included. Thiga believed that most of the work behind his theory was done and that he just needed more empirical data.

Unfortunately, getting the funds to do such a thing wasn't easy. Since the Tigar failed to convince most people sitting in important in college administration, he was forced to figure out a way by himself with the little scholarship provided for him. And yet, the lack of budge didn't seem to be able to stop him as Thiga managed to put together most of the necessary electronics to come up with a very rude, house-made equipment that could be used to run at least a few empirical attempts on his thesis.

“Hell yeah! Look at this!”

The young Feline spoke to nobody in particular after finishing one more test. A successful one. The goal was simple, Thiga was using a basic 3D world, uploaded from an old video game as a base universe, to teleport things from the material world into his own computer in the attic of his parent's house.

And to think about that, the Tiger could be living comfortably in his own apartment and driving his own car by now if it weren't for this obsession with proving this theory to be true and possible. Meanwhile, the young boy himself wasn't bothered by it; his parents definitely were since they could use the extra room left by his bedroom if the young Tigar didn't happen to be living with them anymore.

"Look! At this! Fantastic! Hey, Snowball! Come here!!"

Thiga spoke to himself while staring at the neighbor's cat, which now materialized as a character inside the video game world his computer was running. Behind the young Tiger, the huge paraphernalia in the shape of a futuristic laser cannon was still glowing

and releasing heat. The college student felt so confident after his first initial attempts, trying with solid objects such as metal bars, passing through more complex stuff, until finally trying out with organic matter such as apples and oranges, coming to the point the potential scientist felt confident enough to try with a living creature. Since their human neighbors' never really cared about keeping their pets from scaping and going into people's houses, the anthropomorphic cat thought it was a good idea to use Snowball as a test subject. But even then, Thiga only did so after being more than 100% the non-anthro Cat could actually make it to the end.

"Ok, let's get you out there, Snowball because now it's my turn to give it a try."

At this point, one could easily say what Thiga was about to do was dangerous and irresponsible. Still, the boy wanted to make sure his project theory could work before buying himself such a big fight with the college heads of staff.

Not having to wait long, the Tiger boy used the same 3D game model where he kept storing the Cat's consciousness to select the Cat, now in the form of a simple character within the game's world, to be rematerialized by his improvised enegery cannon. The whole procedure didn't take much longer than a few minutes. The cannon behind the boy powered up again, and, within seconds, rebuild the quadruped Cat was back to the real, material world and quickly jumping over the window balcony to be gone.

"Well, goodbye, and thanks for participating in my experiment, I guess...."

Thiga spoke, not at all concerned about what his neighbor's Cat could be up to by now, as he focused his attention on his computer and personal project. The boy made sure to recheck all of the date information multiples time to confirm if everything was fine before applying the cannon over himself. In the future, the academic Tiger could easily use this same program setting to send one person from point A to point B. But for now, since he didn't have any point B available to make an actual teleport testing, Thiga will have to conform with hanging around the inner, fictitious world of his 3D game open-world game program.

Upon finally checking and confirming everything was ok. Thiga pressed the enter key on his keyboard. The process took a little more seconds than before, given that the cannon was now working on an eighty-five-meter tall young adult and not on a small quadruped pet. Till finally, Thiga's whole view turned blight white, and he felt a strong and intense tingling over his entire body as his atomic structure was literally being disassembled atom by atom in the speed of light, being turned into ram power all the

while the Ingram pattern of neurons was rebuild within the 3D body of his virtual character in a virtual world.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Thiga's father, Mister Jones, was just finishing a conversation with Thiga's mother about the young boy's future within their house. Their son was about to turn twenty-five years old, yet the boy seemed to have zero plans for living in his parents' house, and his mother didn't like this in the least.

"Alright, alright. I'll talk about it with Thiga before coming downstairs."

Said mister Jones with a heavy, tired voice. Despite being quite a muscle, there wasn't much the male golden Tiger could do to hide his aging as his body already featured some good strands of white fur around his face, chest, and hair. And the big, curved belly built up of countless cans of beers through the decades.

As Thiga's father was climbing upstairs to the attic, the young Tiger, who still had a vibrating golden fur all over his lean and somewhat toned body, was amazed by the feeling of finding himself inside the virtual reality of a game. Although Thiga was not sure if it was the result of his own memory compensating for the poor graphics of an old video game world from his childhood, everything in this world looked as if it was real. The anthro boy could barely tell the difference between this and the real world.

"It probably is the virtual reality effect where once inside of a virtual, fake world, the observer can't tell the difference from it to the real world because he is inserted inside of the fake reality and all of his perceptions are fake."

Aside from the inability to tell the difference between this world and the real world, Thiga didn't even notice it, but a few seconds in the real world felt like hours in this fake one he was now living inside. And the boy didn't even notice it at first because he thought it could be a good idea to use the opportunity to try and replay the story mode of this game. It shouldn't be difficult as it was one of his favorite games from childhood, and Thiga knew almost all the quests from memory.

"Gosh! I could even drive throughout the streets of this city without using any Waze or maps."

The young Tiger said upon hitting the drive window of a parked car and finding out it was as easy to break as it used to be when watching this game, the main's character did

the same. Even better was the moment to start the car, as Thiga found out that given the poor logic of the old games, all that he had to do was approach his right hand from the ignition with the intent to start the car, and it actually started without the need to touch anything.

"Ahaha!! Too easy!!!"

The Cat spent "hours" driving through highways, revisiting old sights from his childhood, now within a completely different perspective as for being actually inside this world. Another curious detail, just like in the game back in the old days, no matter how much Thiga would drive or deep he would press the metal, the gas tank would never move a centimeter up or down.

"Ahah! I should consider moving here instead; after all, they have infinity gas."

Thiga even thought about visiting the location of some of the famous NPC in the game, but not so long after he pulled the virtual car out of the virtual highway, he heard the booming voice of his dad echoing through the entire world.

"Thiga! Dinner is ready! Also, your mom wants me to have a conversation with you. Thiga?!"

The young academic Tiger immediately figured out he must have left his computer's microphone open, and that sound captured by it was going through the game's simulation.

"Dad?! Oh shit! I must have lost track of time!"

The young boy immediately pulled over the car and got out of it, not even bothering to turn it off as his soul left his body when he realized he had no way to send any commands outside the simulation.

"OH SHIT! I BEING STUCK IN HERE!"

The Tiger boy was starting to panic, although he was trying to control his mind and keep himself focused as much as possible.

"Ok... Ok.. come on, Thiga, just use your useless head and think something...."

Meanwhile, Mister Jones was opening the door leading into the attic to find out the place was a mess.

"THIGA? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO CLEAN YOUR STUFF?"

The old Tiger voice sounded a lot louder now, given he was now in the same environment as the microphone was.

"The save game! Yeah! That is it!"

It took a few virtual seconds, but Thiga remembered that laying down on any bed would allow the player the option of saving the game progress and exiting. *All that he had to do was to lay down on a bed.* Unfortunately, the boy pulled over his car in the middle of the woods; being an open-world game, the game provided the player with various sceneries and places. Even though the game's map was small our days, back then, it was huge, and it is definitely huge now that Thiga was living inside of it.

Not thinking twice, the boy got into his stolen car and pressed down to the metal. Running fast, Thiga was driving back to the city. Although that could the young boy a while, even if speeding, the fact that being an old game, Thiga couldn't just step into any random house and lay down on any bed didn't help him either.

Meanwhile, mister Jones was looking around the mess his son called improvised lab. From the perspective of his old father, much of the cables and electronics scattered all around the tables and floor corners didn't make any sense and left the old man with the impression that his son might have grown up to have become a failure. That until he turned his attention to the computer's screen.

"hmm? A 3D modeling program?"

That was something that Jones could at least relate to. Being an industrial designer, the old man struggled to learn how to deal with new 3D programs. The old-fashioned ways of developing complex designs for huge hydraulics systems to be installed in big factories

were dying. Everybody needed 3D stuff now, which could allow them to see things from any angle and perspective to alter the size and all of their properties.

Mister Jones felt excited to see his son's computer running a 3D modeling program and decided to sit by the computer's screen to look at what Thiga was working on.

All the while, the young boy was finally out of the wood and approaching the city when a police patrol saw him in his speeding stolen car and immediately persecution.

"Ah, you got to be kidding me. I don't have time to be arrested now!"

Worse, Thiga remembered that in this game, the police never arrested the player; they only killed the player. The boy stepped deep into the metal, trying to speed even more his vehicle. Lucky, the Tiger boy stole one of the game's faster cars by chance which gave him a good advantage. However, by ignoring the NPC commands, the boy only managed to raise his wanted level to the point he had now to deal with a police helicopter shooting his car every now and then, trying to hit him in the head.

The Tiger boy quickly found that these games are not as fun as they seemed once you are the one living in the main character's skin. Being forced to drive in zick zack to avoid the bullets coming from the sniper in the sky above, the young author eventually ended up crashing his sport couper into the wall of a grocery store meanwhile two police cars were closing in.

At least Thiga hasn't hurt. He didn't even feel pain at all, but he noticed his life bar was down to a quarter. However, the young academic remembered that he could hide from the police in the interior of grocery stores, as the NPCs couldn't follow him there. Getting out of the crashed car that was about to get on fire, the wanted Tiger ran into the grocery, simply jumping inside and letting the door close behind me the moment the police cars were parking on the street right in front. A quite sinister sensation as at the moment the door closed, it felt like he was transported to another dimension. Even the sound from the street outside couldn't be heard anymore.

By the time Thiga stepped inside that grocery store, his old dad was sitting on his chair at his computer.

"UH?! WHAT IS IT? A 3D MODEL OF THE INTERIOR OF A GROCERY STORE? INTERESTING. WAIT, IS THAT THIGA?"

The boy's soul left his body for a moment upon hearing his father's booming voice. This time it became clear that his dad was not only inside of place but also messing around with his stuff.

"Dad! Please don't touch anything!"

The virtual Tiger tries to communicate with his father; unfortunately, none of what he says is prevalent for the game's logic and programming, so his voice would never be allowed to leave the simulated world.

"OH, WELL, THAT CHARACTER LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THIGA. THAT IS A GOOD MODELLING JOB. I WONDER IF I COULD; OH, THERE WE GO. SOME EDITING TOOLS!"

"What?! No! Dad doesn't touch it!"

Useless; meanwhile, the boy was trapped inside that grocery store and inside the virtual world; there wasn't much he could do. He was at the mercy of his layman, old dad.

Mister Jones opened up that edit tab within the modeling program and selected his soon. At that very moment, Thiga felt his whole body static stiff, forming the shape of a start while he was left helpless, hovering over the empty store floor.

At first, the old, muscle, and a little chubby Tiger would just zoom into his son's face, checking details about what was believed to be nothing but a model of Thiga.

"LOOKS QUITE ACCURATE. MAYBE I COULD ASK THIGA TO TEACH ME HOW TO MODEL SUCH THINGS."

Thiga could only hear the booming voice of his dad, and he had no idea what his father was actually doing since there was no indicator showing any camera zooming all around his body.

Mister Jones would move the camera down to face the lower part of his son's "model," surprised by the fact that the model had genitalia.

"OH! IF THAT MODEL IS ACTUALLY THAT ACCURATE, IT LOOKS LIKE AT LEAST ONE THING YOU INHERITED FROM ME~."

The old man would click at his son's dick as the program would show some pre-selected options.

"wow!! Wow! Wait! That is my private... huh...."

But before Thiga could even finish that sentence, for absolutely no reason, all of a sudden, the young boy felt an explosion of arousal running through his body, making his flaccid dick go from fully flaccid to fully hard rock in an instant. What really happened was that his old dad was playing with him, switching the pre-selected options offered to interact with his son's genitalia and switching the penis from flaccid to erect. He was completely unaware that he was causing his real son to have an instantaneous erection.

"OH! HE IS ACTUALLY QUITE THICK. THAT IS INTERESTING."

The next thing Thiga felt was a cold breeze blowing at the surface of his exposed dick head glands; his dad had pulled his foreskin entirely, letting the head open to the wind, all with the click of a mouse.

But then, right after that, Thiga felt strong vertigo; meanwhile, the entire surrounding him grew bigger and bigger. Within less than a millisecond, the Tiger boy found himself to be the size of an action figure while still hovering static in the air and unable to move a muscle, feeling very horny and having his minuscule dick twitching hard rock.

"Oh gosh... dad, stop messing around with it!"

"OH, OOPS! THAT WASN'T WHAT I WAS LOOKING AFTER. LET ME SEE IF I CAN SCALE IT BACK TO NORMAL SIZE AGAIN..."

The voice of old Tiger boomed throughout the empty, massively large grocery store before Mister Jones would slide the mouse's scroll all the back and beyond. Accidentally the "model" that represented his son was scaled a thousand times his original size!

Thiga would find his body growing and expanding in all directions faster than the eye could blink, crushing some of the objects inside of the store that had physical applied, threatening to non-clipping into the dark void of emptiness outside of it until the tip of one his limbs touched the exit point at the front door.

"OH NO! I HOPE I DIDN'T BREAK IT!"

However, at this moment, Miss Jones called the attention of the old husband from downstairs. The slightly chubby Tiger would turn his face from the computer's screen for a second to face the door, not realizing that the game would be loud in the open-world scenery and leaving his son free from the static position imposed by the editing tool.

Thiga could barely stand up without crushing countless vehicles, destroying as many objects as the game would have allowed destroying, and without even being able to see any of the NPCs down below. The young Tiger was simply too far away up from the ground for the game to render them, exposing a massive hard member that could have easily ended multiple neighborhoods.

"Oh no! What Dad did to me! How am I going to find a house with a bed for me to lay on now?.."

The young academic spoke while allowing his tail to sway behind his body, blowing away countless tiny little cars, NPCs, and vehicles. Almost crashing the game. And it was only thanks to that action a crashing warning popped up on the computer's screen, getting the attention of the distracted dad once more.

"HE DID WHAT? AGAIN! AH! THIS BOY IS GETTING UNDER MY SKIN WITH THIS IRRESPONSIBILITY. HE GOT MONEY TO BUY ALL OF THIS STUFF, BUT HE FORGOT TO PAY THE WATER DISTRIBUTOR AGAIN!"

"Oh shit! The water bill! I did forget about that!..."

The young spoke, meanwhile noticing how angry his dad was speaking at his computer.

"I'M GOING DOWN; THIGA ISN'T HERE!"

And at that moment, the young Feline let a relieved sigh thinking that without his dad messing around with the game and the modeling program, he would be able to finally fix this mess and get himself out of this virtual world.

"I got to lock the door next time I try something like this."

Unfortunately, Thiga didn't know that yet, but there would be no next time.

"I'M GONNA KILL THAT LITTLE PRICK WHEN I FIND HIM. BUT FIRST, LET ME DELETE THIS SHITTY MODEL OF HIM."

Thiga's heart almost jumped out of his throat upon hearing his dad speaking that last sentence, but before being even able to speak anything, his dad had already hit the delete key on the keyboard. The young Feline would immediately non-clip out of the open-world map of the game into the completely empty dark void. It didn't take much for him to realize that he didn't even have a body anymore, just what seemed to be his conscious flooding in the middle of the vastest and total empty nothingness.

Making matters worse, Mister Jones hit the delete key twice accidentally, giving the commando to delete not only his son's "model" but the whole game world itself.

Thiga's mind would be filled with a loud booming, robotic voice repeating the same error message repeatedly.

"Delete in progress!"

“Delete..... in.... progress!.....”

“De.....le.....te in..... pro.....are.....ss!”

With each passing second, the voice sounded slower, distorted, and booming. What took less than a second in the real world, the deletion of a file within a program felt like countless Millenium of pure, slowly torturing painful death to what was left of Thiga's consciousness until finally, the young Tiger boy was no more.

His parents never truly learned what happened to their kid, thinking that he went missing or was kidnapped. Eventually, selling his PC in a garage sale to different people to have their pieces reconditioned and used in different ways for a couple of extra years until finally finding their way into the next landfill where they set for decades to come...

The end.