

## Mini-Story: Reality Remote (Multi TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Steven Marks discovers a remote device with reality bending power. If he turns it on in the presence of someone, everything he says about that person slowly becomes real. He decides to use it on his bullies and professors.*

### Reality Remote

Steven was frustrated. Despite being twenty years old and living on a university campus, nothing had truly changed since high school. He was still bullied for his looks, which were gangly and below-average, and his low grades and lack of confidence in class had led to many professors making their own snide comments about his intelligence and capability. He had hoped that life would become better when he entered upper education, but things had only gotten more hopeless, particularly since his dreams of finding a girl to date had not only not come true, but ended disastrously when a number of women he approached acted like he had the plague. The laughter and rumours had followed him ever since, and even worse after it was discovered that he had a stash of TF and TG content on his laptop when one of his bullies stole it for a time. Now he was freak, all because he had pictured of four-breasts cowgirls and cute naga-ladies on his computer.

But all that changed when he found the reality remote. He had no idea where it had come from. He was simply leaving campus in a depression one day after being bullied by professors and students alike yet again, when he accidentally kicked a shiny metal object lying in a rut in the grass. It might have been sitting there forever; it wasn't easy to see. Picking it up, it was smooth and silvery, and only had one button. It looked cool and sci-fi enough to keep as there was no sign of an owner or greater function. He slipped it into his pocket and went home.

He nearly forgot about it until later that night when he was trying to understand a complex assignment. It was so far beyond him, reminding him of how dumb he was when it came to advanced mathematics. He idly pulled out the remote and began pressing the button, assuming the device was just a stress reliever. As he did so, he mumbled to himself.

"I should be far smarter than this," he complained. "I should be able to understand all these complex equations."

To his surprise, the remote began to buzz. The button lit up red, the light circling like it was a loading bar.

"What the . . ."

He examined it, but couldn't see what it was doing. It soon became evident, however. The light turned orange, then yellow, and then finally dinged green as it completed its own strange calculation. In concert with this, something marvellous happened: Steven began to not only understand the equations in front of him, but solve them with sheer ease! They unfolded in his mind so completely that the only explanation was the remote.

"What else can you do? Let me see, I *said* something I wanted to be true as I pressed the button, so here goes: I am three inches taller, and very strong in the muscle department."

Again the light turned red, and again it had the loading bar effect. This time the sensation of change was much more obvious, though. Over the next few minutes, Steven grunted and groaned as his spine and limbs extended, all while his muscles swelled. After five or so minutes, he now looked far more like a jock than a dweeb. He even had a fully-formed and quite impressive six pack.

"No fucking way. Holy shit! How am I going to explain this when - woah."

He looked at several photos of him on the wall, the ones with his old friends who had since moved away. They were of him in high school, and he should have looked like a weak kid in them. But reality had changed; he now looked pretty damn strong and tall.

"It changes reality. Holy shit. But I guess the person who changed remembers? Or the one holding the remote? And does it just work on me, or does it . . ."

He had to test it on someone else. He had to test it on his primary bully.

"Billy Carter is a hot blonde bombshell of a woman who is totally addicted to my cock."

Nothing happened.

"Damn. Oh, maybe it's a range thing."

He exited his room. His mother was taking a nap on the couch. She was a damn hard worker, being a single mother who kept the household afloat and tried to keep her son's confidence up. He knew that she was very self-conscious about her looks, and the fact that she was an older mother. She had a number of chronic conditions that had made life very stressful for her. He pressed the button on his remote.

"My mother Sandra Marks is not fifty three years old, but only forty years old. She is also very beautiful and doesn't have any arthritis. She has ten - no, twenty times as much in her bank account as she currently has. Oh, and she will never get back aches ever again."

It felt weird to watch, but he was entranced all the same. Right before his eyes, his mother lost thirteen years of age. Her greying hair became dark and magnificent, and her face and body gained an almost elven beauty. She grunted and groaned a little in her sleep, but otherwise remained unconscious. He'd have to convince her of *something* in the morning but for now, Steven was ecstatic.

“I’ve got the power to make everything better for me. And everything worse for those who terrorised me.”

Already, some very vindictive plans were forming in his head. For once, he was excited to be on campus tomorrow.

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It took some explaining to his mother, but in the end she believed him. He hadn’t told her that it was specifically a remote, just a ‘strange device’ he found that caused strange effects, and that he didn’t want to play with it again until he knew more. It mollified her, and she was too over the moon about her changed reality. As he’d suspected, they both knew of the changes, but when she messaged her friends with little hints about looking different, they messaged back that she looked ‘amazing as always.’

Which meant that he was going to have a lot of fun changing reality in strange ways. The first stop on campus was near the entrance. For the past several months, a gross loner named Barry Steelwald always threw out an ugly comment about his height. He was a freak, and would have been mocked by everyone too, but Steven was now the one to mock.

“How’s it going, freaky boy?” Barry sneered. “Just because you’re built like a linebacker doesn’t mean you’re not a weirdo for all the creepy shit on your computer. I’ve seen the images.”

Steven just smirked. He pressed the button on the remote, keeping it hidden from view, and whispered under his breath.

“Barry Steelwald is a four foot tall goblin woman, complete with long ears, sharp teeth, and a shortstack body. She literally can’t dress in more than a loincloth and fur bra, and she is always, *always* super aroused when conscious.”

By the time he’d left Barry’s presence, the amused loner was starting to look a bit green, and feeling his ears in confusion. They were starting to look quite long, while he was looking quite short.

The next target came to him. This was a good one too. Stacey Jobs was the campus gossip, and she had been the one to really spread around that he was a weirdo. She hadn’t liked him before either, calling him an ‘insect.’ Sure enough, she did so now.

“Well, if it isn’t the little insect. Got any more pictures of those bug-girls you’re so obsessed with? Honestly, I can’t believe you even show your face around here knowing what you’re into! All those egg-laying photos are the grossest drawings I’ve ever seen.”

But nothing could phase Steven now. He just politely chuckled, and spoke under his breath, still concealing the remote.

“Stacey Jobs is and has always been a bug-girl. She has blue skin, void-black eyes, and cute antennae. Her wings keep her body cool but don’t make her capable of flight, since she has a huge ovipositor that is always making new eggs. *Always*. She has to lay, like, a dozen a day.”

Stacey was about to say something else when she froze up. Her hand went to her bottom even as she flushed blue.

“Woah, I f-feel a b-bit weird. I might need . . . ohhhhhh.”

“Oh indeed,” he said cryptically, walking past her. “Just be careful Stacey. Sometimes we become what we make fun of. Nice ass, by the way.”

“You creep! How dare you - ahhhh!”

She doubled over. Her chest was expanding, becoming fuller, while her hands were becoming more useless, losing their digits so that they had insect-like pointers. She screamed, but no one else paid attention for now. She had, after all, always been like this. Steven hit the button again to test if he could add further changes.

“Stacey Jobs is also compelled to lay her eggs in public places. Today she will do so in Lecture Theatre Nine during block three.”

The light flashed green. He looked forward to seeing the spectacle later during his psychology class. For now though, he headed to his first lecture, which was his mathematics one. He understood all the contents easily now thanks to the remote, and cared little for how boring the actual speaker was. Professor Brown occasionally looked his way. He was a tall, serious man with male pattern baldness and thick glasses. He rolled his eyes at Steven being late.

“Arriving leisurely as always, Mr Marks. How predictable. Come, take a seat. Just because you’re a math whiz doesn’t mean you aren’t in the grip of a pig-like laziness.”

“I’ll show you pig-like,” he muttered under his breath, but he decided to hold off for a bit. The professor’s change would gather a lot of attention, and there were many present that were currently sniggering at Steven. He could already see Harry Ober putting together a spitballer to shoot his way. He was a gross bully who always catered to the lowest denominator. His humour was all about bodily fluids, which disgusted Steven since *he* was made fun of just because of a few of his leaked images having lactation fetishes. At least he wasn’t spitting on people for laughs!

“Harry Ober is a sexy dancer who *literally* can’t wear more than a sexy set of lingerie and a see-through coat - only the latter if it’s winter. She is compelled to get work at trashy clubs and loves having men spit on her during sex, as well as cum on her sexy body.”

He was pleased with that, especially since Harry suddenly went rigid and gritted his teeth, writhing in his seat as two breasts grew out on his chest. Steven opted to go quickly through several more targets as quickly as he could before leaving. He turned to another

cruel individual: Dana Lee. She was a cute Asian girl who he'd asked out, and she had rejected him quite cruelly. 'Plenty of fish in the sea,' she'd teased, 'but not for thee! I doubt even a fish would take you, Steven.'

"Dana Lee is a hot mermaid with a blue tail and cute little fins of the same colour along her arms. She wears a seashell bra for her now Double-D cup breasts, and can't wear anything else. She can breathe out of water and in, but feels a draw to live in water most of the time."

Another girl he'd also asked out. He would have been fine with her if she'd rejected him nicely, but instead Scarlet Foster had gone around the entire campus making up stories about his advance and acting like he'd been cruel to her. There had even been a brief investigation before she admitted lying, and she hadn't been punished. She weaved stories like a spider weaved webs, and got away with it because of her gorgeous looks and attractive red hair. Not anymore. Even as Dana found her legs strangely shifting together and her t-shirt shrinking, he began to speak.

"Scarlet Foster is and has always been a drider. That is to say, her lower half is that of a big-butt spider - a redback, to be precise, since her hair is still very red. She makes webs from her ass, and even lays eggs if she gets laid. Her upper half is still very attractive but her skin is now grey and she has eight eyes."

He quickly moved onto several more. Alan Sitter had stolen work from him once like a total copycat. It was the one time Steven had actually done a good job on an assignment, and he'd been the one punished for plagiarism.

"Alan Sitter is now an actual copycat. What I mean is that he is a sexy catgirl with dark grey fur and a sexy tail. She is attracted to men - hell, she's attracted to *me* - and loves chasing shiny things. Oh, and she loves being petted almost as much as she loves being bred."

Three girls in the corner had mocked his figure, all because they were popular cheerleaders.

"Sophia Meris, Faith Abigail, and Chuyun Kamat are all joined now as a three-headed amazonian woman. They are tall, tough, and intimidating, but recognise me as their master."

He had said that last part without thinking, but it was true to what he wanted. Why not? He was finally making reality karmic, and why couldn't he make some of his own fetishes come true? He looked back at the professor. He'd intended to just make him a pig, but now he changed his mind.

"Professor Brown is sexy and curvaceous pig-woman with a gorgeous little snorting snout and cute pig-ears. She has six big E-cup breasts that lactate a thick creamy milk, and a cute little curly tail. Her hips are impressively wide, and she has a strong instinct to not just

pass me with flying colours, but also please me in all the ways I want. She loves food, and is a damn great cook.”

By the time Steven left the theatre, the Professor was groaning as his gut expanded and his hair become long, ears moving up the sides of his head and flattening out. He groaned as six breasts split his button shirt wide open, full and flushed a pig-like pink. The others were completing their changes, shrieking and terrified. Scarlet in particular was trying to get a grip on her eight legs. Meanwhile, the unchanged students looked on in confusion.

“What do you mean, Dana?” one said. “You were born a mermaid, remember? Just like Scarlet’s always been a spider-girl!”

“WHAT!?”

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Other changes occurred. Sporty jocks that mistreated him become sexy kangaroo ladies or furry mama bears. A girl who had mocked him for the picture that circulated of a milky cowgirl became that in truth: Heather Mertles now had four massive breasts each bigger than her head, and a massive beachball-sized udder that was constantly dribbling milk. Her fur was that of a holstein’s, and he loved her new horns and slight snout, as well as her ropey tail and hooves. He’d made it so that she *needed* others to drink from her, as well as making her very fertile. At the last second, he’d made another change to add to his growing future harem: she was *very* much into him and knew it.

“N-no! This isn’t me! I’m not moo-eant to be, like, super attracted to Steven Moo-arks! I don’t like him, even though *he’s so fucking sexy! God, I need him to moo-ate with me!*”

The thought made him hard, but he couldn’t engage with her milky promises just yet, no matter how hot her boobs and udder were. He was going after Barry Steelwald, the man who had stolen his laptop in the first place and nearly ruined his life. He was, as ever, on the football field, and he was smug as ever as well when Steven approached.

“Well, if it isn’t the weird freak. Just because you’re jacked as hell doesn’t mean you can take me, man.”

“Oh, I can take you very much, actually,” Steven said, brandishing the remote before the tall, dark-haired man. “You’re the only one I’m going to let see this. You’re the only one I’m going to let know that I’m the one who’s been changing everyone.”

“Changing who? This campus is a weird place with freaks on it like Scarlet the spider girl and Professor Pig, but no one’s changed.”

“Really?” Steven said with a grin. “You tried to ruin my life, Barry. Now, I’m going to give you a new life. I won’t ruin it - you might even come to like it. But consider it just

desserts. As I recall, there was one photo in particular you liked to make fun of that I had, right?"

Barry chuckled. "That's right! The one with that fucking pregnant octopus girl with all the tentacles. Like some Japanese hentai shit. She had huge tits. Man, you are such a fucking freak, dude. I'd kill myself if I was ever caught with a picture like that."

Steven just smiled, unphased. "Barry Steelwald is my octo-girlfriend, compelled to be totally devoted to me. She has eight pink tentacles instead of legs for her lower half, and big J-cup breasts that are deeply sensitive. She has the perfect looks in my head, and can use her tentacles in all sorts of hot ways to help around the house and to please me. Also, she is the only other person who knows about all the other changes, not just the ones done to him."

Barry stepped forward. He was no longer smirking. Clearly, he was taking this as some kind of insult. But even as he readied his fist to teach Steven - now his physical equal - a lesson, he halted.

"Wh-why can't I do this? Why can't I - ahhh!"

The change began, slowly but surely. Steven relished every moment. He knew that he was a freak. He knew that his fetish for monster girls and transformations and TG content was strange. But the truth was, it was totally harmless, really. It was the rest of the world that had been the true freaks by trying to make him feel bad about himself. And Barry had been the worst of all. Now, the former jock was feminising, his hair growing long and gorgeous, his shoulders slimming, his feet splitting into numerous tentacles. His chest grew outwards to form two colossal breasts, and even as it occurred Steven used the remote to make some final adjustments.

"My new Billie always wakes me up using her tentacles on my cock to please me. She is never be able to tell anyone about the remote, only me in private. In public, she can only act like my devoted octo-girlfriend, and even in private she is often overwhelmed with an instinctual attraction to me. She is also, like the octo-girl in the picture she once made fun of, *very fertile.*"

"N-no! You have to stop this!" Barry cried. "I'm not 'Billie'! I won't be your *super sexy octo-girl lover who always uses her many parts to make you happy.* Ohhhh, why did I say that? Why is my voice like this? Ohhhh, it sounds s-so good!"

And soon she was looking good, her manhood replaced by a feminine slit, her upper half that of a very petite yet heavily busty young woman. She looked at Steven with something approaching awe, her mental changes kicking in.

"This is s-so weird. I have to hate you. You've made me a f-fucking freak. Ohhh, but I need to kiss you!"

Without thinking, she moved on her strong tentacles easily, wrapping herself around her new boyfriend. Steven kissed her, loving the way her breasts pressed against his chest. They were so large and soft.

“I’m liking the new you already, Billie,” he said.

She moaned, caught between hatred and humiliation and sheer, unbridled pleasure.

“I can’t believe you d-did this. You made me a freak.”

Steven just chuckled and patted the remote. “We’re all freaks in the end, Billie. In fact . . .”

He brought out the controller and hit the button.

“The people I’ve already changed into sexy monster girls and other bombshells all live together with me in a fantastic mansion at the edge of town. And they all have a strong attraction to me.”

Billie gasped. “No! You can’t! You can’t - *share with me! I want you all to myself!*”

But Steven wanted to enjoy this newfound power, at least for a while. And now that so many others were changed into his own personal fantasies, perhaps he could help them realise *exactly* how fun his fantasies could be.

**The End**