

The Adventures of Meili: Remote Control

By Blue Jay

Dared to be a little bolder, Meili takes a wild risk that only gets wilder as the day goes on.

So I decided the second story would be Meili acting on something of a dare in an attempt to come out of her shell, and it comically backfires (I can't help it, I love me some comedy).

Don't try this when not at home.

"You could be a little bolder, you know."

Meili blinked, turning her attention from the latest episode of *Cop Drama* and looked at Thalia.

"What do you mean?"

The hyena munched a fistful of popcorn before answering. "You're always so shut-in, staying away from all the attention that a person your age would normally be seeking. Tell me again how many parties you've gone to where you were mingling with others without being urged to it?"

The snowy filly blushed and looked away, knowing all too well how true her friend's words were. She barely ever went out, and whether at gatherings abroad or at her family's lavish home, she tended to let someone else get all the glory. She did mingle, but she was quieter about it, not calling much attention to herself.

"I'm saying this as a friend, Meili," Thalia told her in a serious tone, "you need more confidence. I'm not saying you should sign up for a BMX tourney or anything, but you could use a little more vivaciousness. Who knows, you might find that being a risk-taker is a huge confidence boost for you."

Meili said nothing, turning her eyes back to the television screen as she took in the herm's advice. A part of her was afraid of getting much attention, everyone always needing her for something or another, but another part of her was hungry for more interaction with the world. She wanted to have more friends, to get phone calls asking what she was up to, and to go clubbing with some girlfriends.

Then and there, the young mare decided she'd indeed be more daring.

Not three days later, Meili managed to accompany her mother into town on an errand. She had practiced and expertly told her dam a lie about needing to find a first-edition copy of a popular author's early work, and that it would most likely be found at a used book store, and so was brought along as the older female did some shopping of her own.

Meili only had to trot a couple of blocks to the local porn shop.

The clerk had been surprised to see her, so unlike the regulars that populated the store, but had accepted her ID (as if someone like her would ever carry a fake) and let her browse his wares. She was powerless to keep her cheeks from burning red right through her white coat, but persisted in her hunt for something—anything—that would get the job done right.

Whips, handcuffs, gags, oils, lingerie, paddles, pornos, dildos, and more met her blue orbs, and she passed them over. Some were tempting (she could have purchased some racy underwear, surely), but they didn't give off the sense of risk that she knew was needed for this. The nipple clips were the most tempting of all, but somehow too risky to be risqué.

And then she found them.

A small gasp issuing from her lips, Meili took a particular box off the display rack and examined it closely. *Far-Out Fingerbanger*, the product read. It contained within its simple confines a skimpy satin thong, a thigh garter to hold the battery pack, and a bullet vibe with accompanying remote control (with a ten-mile radius, no less!). The vibe would tuck into the crotch of the thong, right in front of a female's clit, and the fun would start from there.

Meili didn't bother suppressing the smile that appeared on her face.

This would definitely show Thalia.

"I'm going out for a bit!" Meili announced as she descended the main stairs in the foyer. "I'll just be gone a couple of hours!"

She heard faint acknowledgements from another room, and was about to step out when she started second guessing herself. Perhaps she should take a small step back, so to speak? She was already wearing the thong, bullet vibe tucked teasingly into its tiny pocket in front of her clitoris, and that was already the boldest thing she'd ever done. Maybe it would be better to keep the remote control at home?

Nodding to herself, the filly reached into the pocket of her jeans and removed the item. A little quick thinking and she hid it in plain sight, on the small table next to the couch. There were already several remotes for the TV and various electronics that constituted the entertainment center, and Meili was firm in her belief that her family wouldn't accidentally throw it away (she did want to use it one day, after all).

Feeling better from her decision, the equine left her home for the hustle, bustle, and big crowds of the city.

A while after his sister had left, Lysander got done chatting with his friends online and took a glance at the clock. He needed to get some lunch.

He soon had his favorite sandwich in one hand and a refreshing beverage in the other, and decided to watch some TV and relax before firing up his favorite video game.

"I wonder if there's anything good on right now," he said to himself as he plopped onto the couch. Turning, he reached for the remote and paused, confused by the sight of a new controller. It was a very simplistic design, its casing the palest pink and with only a dial wheel and sliding knob. He picked it up, frowning, and examined it more closely.

Lysander couldn't recall his parents buying any new devices, and so he reasoned that it was probably some barebones universal remote. Why else would it only have two bits to it?

Aiming it at the TV produced no results, and he removed the small casing on the back to find nobody had put any batteries in. He rolled his eyes at the lack of thoughtfulness and dug some out from the kitchen's junk drawer, just a couple of AAs and he was good to go.

Again no results.

"Oh come on, these things can't be dead already," he grumbled. He adjusted the settings, moving the knob up to 3 and winding the wheel a third of the way.

Meili was walking down the street when it happened. She was feeling quite a bit more adventurous, strutting about town while wearing the remote vibe panties under a simple pair of jeans, her shirt topping off a nondescript outfit. For nearly half an hour she'd been strolling around town with a small smirk on her face, her secret boldness giving a sprint to her step and a sway to her hips.

Thalia had been right: being a risk-taker was so rewarding!

Glancing at her watch, she deemed it was long enough that she'd had her fun, and moved to a bus stop to get one last circuit around before catching a cab back home.

Bzzt!

Meili gave a startled yelp, practically jumping out of her pelt as her clit was suddenly assailed by her thong. The abrupt activation sent a shock through her like a jolt of electricity, causing her to not only cry out but to lift an inch off the sidewalk. Several people looked at her in bewilderment, and a blushing Meili frantically assured them that a bit of gravel had pressed against the underside of her hoof and everything was fine, nothing to concern themselves with.

What the hell was that? she wondered, forcing herself to try and keep calm as the bus pulled up to the stop. She knew she'd left the remote for the thong at home, without any batteries in it, so it was impossible for them to be accidentally turned on without somebody—

Shit! Meili realized. The remote had been left in plain sight and new batteries must have been put in them. But who would have done such a thing?

Putting the question aside, she willed herself to keep her composure and just get home; everything would be figured out once she was safe behind closed doors.

Getting on the bus, she took her seat and waited as patiently as she could as it pulled away, heading deeper into town. She was practically squirming in place, worried to no end that the toy's teasing was only just beginning.

It didn't go a hundred feet before the vibe struck again.

Stifling a gasp, Meili writhed where she sat, drawing a look of confusion from the old boxer sitting next to her.

"Something the matter, young lady?" he blinked.

She opened her mouth to give an excuse, but the only thing that came forth was a groan of pleasure as her body shuddered in response to the device's renewed wild motions. Several others looked her way, stunned by the sudden outburst, and Meili felt her face blaze red with embarrassment. She was going to kill whoever was doing this to her!

"What's her problem?" a poodle wondered, her muzzle a mix of disgust and befuddlement.

"Maybe she's one of them city-sponsored mobile hookers?" suggested a gopher, who was paying very close attention to the unfortunate filly now that she was grabbing the crotch of her jeans with both hands in a futile attempt to push the bullet vibe into a less-effective position.

Standing up, a male fox declared, "She's in heat! I recognize the signs anywhere!" He started to remove his clothes, unbuttoning his pants and forcing them down. "Everyone stand back! This poor young lady needs a good fucking!"

"Not from you, she doesn't!" retorted a tiger, standing up himself. The crotch of his own pants was sharply tented, and when he unzipped, his cock jutted out like a cherry-red spear. "You're practically half my size, and a mare needs a *real* male to satisfy her! Your tiny dick doesn't cut it!"

The fox, rather than back down, thrust his hips forward, his modest member smacking the feline's. "Back off! I saw her need first!"

Meili was all but oblivious to the feuding pair: the vibrations had increased to the point where she had fallen over onto the canine next to her, hands futilely trying to get her jeans off as she rocked her hips against the air. It was becoming harder and harder to resist the urge to actually have sex with a bus full of total strangers, her arousal was being pushed through the roof; the crotch of her jeans was soaked in her juices, and the smell would have attracted plenty of attention in any other situation.

In hindsight, she should never have listened to Thalia. Next time she saw the hyena, she was definitely going to make clear that this whole thing had been a terrible idea.

As the tiger and fox continued to clash, the other passengers expressed a variety of reactions: several took out their phones to record the literal cock fight or to get awkward shots of Meili; a few were openly pawing themselves; and a flustered mother was shielding her child's eyes from the entire debacle.

The driver, obviously having enough of such nonsense, twisted about to face the tiger and fox. "Hey, you two!" he shouted. "No yiffing while the bus is in motion! Don't make me come back there!"

The pair froze in the middle of what looked like a frothing match and stared at the driver. Fractionally their eyes shifted past the grizzled badger, and in unison they pointed and yelled back, "Look out!"

The badger whipped back around and his eyes ballooned as he saw that the bus was now barreling towards a crosswalk. Standing there, unable to move, their faces numb with the fear of being run over by the oncoming mass-transit vehicle, were a Colt Scout and an old female weasel.

Reacting on instinct, the driver turned the steering wheel as far to the side as he could while also slamming both feet on the brakes. The bus's tires screeched in protest as they tried to stop, plumes of dust and smoke jetting out from the wheel wells. Up over the curb the bus jumped, the action throwing most of the passengers from their seats and onto the floor. Pedestrians dove out of the way as newspaper bins and traffic signs were crushed underneath the heavy wheels.

With a roaring crash the bus plowed through the front windows of a street-front store, display mannequins smashed apart and countless wares sent flying. As the engine idled and then sputtered out completely, the clerk of the store cautiously peeked out from behind the counter, staring in total disbelief. All of the hard work he'd spent getting everything set up was now wasted, all of the products either damaged, destroyed, or buried somewhere.

He jumped when the bus's door opened to release a single figure, a familiar-looking white pony stumbling out.

"Um...welcome back?" the clerk greeted. "How are those panties working out for you?"

Her entire face searing, Meili said nothing. She moved with astonishing speed as she got out of her jeans, all but tearing them off, and then pushed down the remote-control thong in the blink of an eye. She threw the latter at the clerk, and it smacked him gently in the face before falling to hang from his muzzle. Meili didn't even care that she'd just exposed her privates, she was so humiliated to have made herself look like a wanton slut in public that traipsing about in her birthday coat hardly made a difference.

Still, she couldn't go home half-naked. A quick return to the bus, ignoring the confused looks and questions from the other passengers as she forcibly relieved another female of her skirt, and then Meili ran back out, past the bewildered pedestrians. She hailed a cab, thankful that she'd zipped a bit of spare cash into the pocket of her jacket, and leaped inside the first yellow car to respond.

"No, see, it isn't attuned," Lysander tried to explain to his girlfriend. "The TV's probably on the wrong setting, must be a button on the receiver box I didn't push or something. You do that while I fiddle with the control."

Thalia shook her head. "I'm telling you, that is not a TV remote. Nobody on Earth would make it so simple and so girly."

"I don't think it looks girly."

She tapped the device with the tip of a claw. "Lysander, it's pink. Completely, utterly pink. And it only has these two bits to it? No way in hell is this a remote for a television." Taking it from his hand, she turned it over, peering closely for any sort of company name. On the bottom, in print barely big enough to see with the naked eye, she found it. "Name looks oddly familiar..."

They heard the front door open and close, looking up to see Meili all but running in from the foyer. Her shirt was wet as if she'd been perspiring a fair bit, and her hair was disheveled.

"When did you get a new skirt?" Lysander asked. "And why are your cheeks red? Did something happen?"

His little sister's face lit up to its greatest degree yet, and she all but pounced on him as she surged forward. Snatching the pink remote control from the hyena, she waved it in the young stallion's face, fixing him with a furious glare.

“Don’t touch things that don’t belong to you!” she snapped before turning upon the herm. “And no more dares! You have no idea how embarrassing that was for me!”

Both of them stared in puzzlement at the mortified filly as she turned on her hoof and hurried away, hooves clacking on the stairs as she dashed up to her room.

When they heard her bedroom door slamming shut, the speckled equine turned to Thalia and asked what that was all about.

“I have no idea,” she told him. Her expression slowly changed from one of bemusement to dawning realization. “Oh crap, I think I know what she was talking about...”

Lysander blinked. “So...this *isn’t* my fault?”

The End