

# THE REMOTE

by Sean Reid Scott

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**NOTE: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for  
ADULTS ONLY.**

**If you are not an *ADULT* who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue.**

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he facade of the old bookstore was plain and uninviting; but I was curious to see what it held. Perhaps it was the tagline under the store's name, which read, "Unique artifacts and collections," that grabbed me.

A bell that dangled at the top of the door announced my arrival. I could see that this place held much more than books. Nicknacks were scattered on the shelves; books, of course; and even small paintings and pieces of furniture.

I thumbed through a few volumes, not really knowing what I was looking for. Occasionally I picked up a bookend, candelabra, or whatever.

The proprietor eyed me quietly—peering over his half-rimmed glasses as he stood behind his large counter, and I couldn't tell if he was more concerned about customers, or shoplifters.

A half hour later, I made it to the rear of the store, where I found a doorway that led to a small room. Above the door, a hand-scribbled sign said, "More," with an arrow pointing downward.

The walls of the room were painted dark red, and the lighting was subdued. More books lined the walls, and more "artifacts" lined the floor and some of the shelves. The glimmer of light reflecting off brass caught my attention, and I moved to an ornate box that was on one shelf. It was the size of a large jewelry box; made of wood, and adorned with fancy, swirling, brass trim. It looked old, despite the shiny condition of the brass.

The clasp on the box was locked. I picked the box up, looking for a key—perhaps it was taped to the bottom? No key was found. As I turned the box over, something inside shifted so I knew the box contained *something*.

I brought the box to the proprietor and placed it on the counter. "Is there a key to this?" I asked.

The old man grunted. Without actually uttering an intelligible word, he pulled open a drawer and began digging. The drawer seemed to be full of junk: Pens, pencils, can openers, bottle openers, lids to jars, and yes—keys. He eventually retrieved a ring with many keys on it. He flipped the keys around the ring, his weathered hands shaking with his age. He came to a key that looked about the right size for the box's lock and attempted to insert it.

No fit.

He tried another key, then another.

Finally, he shrugged and grunted.

That was that.

My curiosity was getting the best of me. "How much?" I asked.

"Twenty," he answered.

"I'll give you 15."

He peered over his eyeglasses, frowning. Without answering, he pressed two keys on his antique cash register, and two tags—one reading \$10, one reading \$5—appeared at the top of the big machine.

I pulled out a 20-dollar bill and gave it to him. He grunted and gave me back a five.

That night, I took the old box out to my workbench and began fiddling. The hinges on the back were easy enough to remove, and after a few minutes I found myself staring at the red, velvet-lined interior of the box. A depression in the middle of the

padding held a fascinating find. There lay an object that was obviously very old. It was metal, and it had ornate designs on it. It looked like it was from the late 1800s, or early 20<sup>th</sup> century. It was the size of a large remote control device, but it was somewhat rounded, like a river stone. It looked like something out of a Jules Verne story.

But the most fascinating aspect of the object were the three buttons on its face. Despite its old appearance, the device had three buttons with very modern icons. The left button was square, with two vertical lines. Under the button was the word, "Pause." The middle button was a triangle facing to the right, with the word underneath, "Play." The button on the right was round with an arrow circling clockwise. Underneath was the word, "Resume."

The device seemed anachronistic to its own design; despite appearing so old, it contained such current, modern icons and words.

I picked it up. It was heavy, as if it were made of solid lead. I turned it over. There were no openings on it—no places at all where one might open it to see what was inside. No opening for batteries—nothing.

It was indeed a fascinating find.

Yet its purpose was unknown.

I pressed the button marked "Pause." Then the music that had been playing on the small radio above my workbench went silent. I sat the device down on the bench and fiddled with the radio. It seemed to be on—the backlight was working. But there was no sound, at any frequency.

I picked up the device again and pressed "Play." Nothing happened. I pressed "Resume," and immediately the music began playing again. Curious, though—the music resumed right where it had left off, not where it would have been had it continued while the radio wasn't working.

Trying the "Pause" and "Resume" buttons again, had the same result—the music stopped, then resumed, just as if the device was causing the whole radio station to pause, then resume.

This was strange. *Really* strange.

I took the device inside the house, where I was to discover—to my disbelief—its true power.

It was raining outside and it looked like it would be a stormy, windy evening. I had my television on in the living room. I lifted the device and pointed it at the TV.

The screen froze.

But to my horror, the storm outside also froze. The rain! It. Just. Froze! In mid-air! The trees didn't move. *Nothing* moved!

It was as if time itself had stopped!

I pressed "Play," and as before, this button had no effect. Not until I pressed "Resume," did time begin to move again—the rain pounded down, and the television resumed right where it had stopped.

*Okay, I'm having a dream.*

Pinching myself didn't work. I went into the kitchen and splashed my face with cold water. I pinched myself again, then returned to the living room where I tested, and re-tested the device, each time with the same results. "Pause," seemed to stop time altogether. "Play," did nothing. "Resume," made time start up again.

I had to get out of there. My heart raced as I continually tried to wake myself up. My mind reeled.

*This isn't possible!*

I found myself repeating those words many times over the next few hours.

I took the device and jumped in my car. It was around 5:30 so the evening rush hour was in full swing in the city. Being December, it had been dark for almost an hour. I made my way to a freeway overpass and parked. The rain soaked my jacket as I stood, looking down on the slowly moving traffic below. The device was again heavy in my hand. I depressed "Pause," and everything froze. The cars didn't move. The rain stopped mid-air. Everything was stopped in place.

Everything, that is, except me—just as before.

I swirled around, looking in every direction. It was eerily silent. This made absolutely no sense.

There was no noise from anything.

The raindrops that had been progressing downward splashed on my face as I walked through them. Apparently I could move freely through this stopped-time world, despite objects that *weren't* moving. I bent over and picked up a few pieces of gravel, then threw them far. They flew through the air and landed normally. I got back into my car and started the engine, then moved the vehicle a few feet. Everything I wanted to work, worked. I could manipulate objects as if time were still progressing, but outside my own influence, time didn't move.

I turned off the engine and got out again, returning to the edge of the overpass.

Tail lights reflected in the wet pavement. Tail pipes that had been producing puffs of steam and gas now produced only time-frozen puffs. I pressed "Resume," and the

cacophony of life blasted back to normal. It caught me off guard; it had been so *silent* and now it seemed so loud in contrast.

It was well after midnight before I returned home, having tested the device in numerous other places. Every time, it worked flawlessly—except that the “Play,” button didn’t seem to have any effect on anything.

I barely slept at all that night. In fact, still tossing and turning by 4 AM, the thought occurred to me to just freeze time and get a good eight hours “in no time at all.” But I couldn’t bring myself to leave time frozen while I slept. Who knew what might happen....

Exhaustion eventually overcame me; I found myself waking up at 9:00 am. I had missed getting to work on time, but that didn’t matter. I had plans. I considered not even calling in, but I decided to call in sick just to not make them wonder that something was wrong with me.

All the excitement had taken its toll on me. I was tired; and, I was in need of some “release.” That’s usually how I respond to stress—I have to jerk off to let it out.

I masturbated into the bathroom sink, and I have to say—it was one *powerful* orgasm.

It was at that moment I had a fantastic idea. My plans for the day just changed.

An hour later, I pulled up to my gym. My heart was still pounding from the excitement of the device, and now it pounded even more in anticipation of what I was about to do.

Up until now, I had lived a sheltered life. I was firmly in the closet; my sexual fulfillment came solely from jacking off to pictures, videos and Internet presentations of musclemen. Bodybuilders were my life; I lived to jerk off to muscle. But I had never had the nerve to actually hook up with a man. Like I said, I lived a sheltered life; I was a prude on the outside, too scared to let go and explore the possibilities.

I swiped my gym membership card in the reader and pushed my way through the turnstile. The morning was slow—as mornings usually are at the gym; but I was hoping “he” would be there. He often came in in the mornings, probably just because it *was* so slow and uncrowded.

My heart leapt as I caught a glimpse of him in the corner. He was doing dumbbell curls; he was in fine form indeed. He had on a yellow tank top, and his biceps squeezed into baseballs on top of footballs as he went through his reps.

I placed my duffel bag on the floor and retrieved the device—my “*Remote*,” as I now called it.

Approaching the tall bodybuilder, I pressed the "Pause" button, and time stopped. Everything froze. Including him.

His name was Reid. I was a great sleuth, and had discovered quite a bit about him. I was delighted when I found out his name, because his ginger-red hair had been quite a turn-on to me, and I thought it fitting that his name was Reid. The guy was **well** over 6 feet tall, and he was all muscle. Perfectly proportioned, hard, big muscle. His skin was amazing; just warm to look at, and the occasional freckles were really hot.

There was nothing about this guy that didn't turn me on.

I had mustered the nerve to talk to him a few times, and he seemed pretty nice. I couldn't believe it when he actually came up to me once and started talking. *He must like me!* I thought. Like I said, I was thoroughly ensconced in the closet; and apparently I did an okay job of coming across as straight and non-threatening. Little did Reid know how many times I had sprayed my sink with jizz while fantasizing about his off-the-scale beautiful, hot body.

Now, though, my fantasy was going to come true.

As I neared Reid's frozen body, I placed the *Remote* on a workout bench. I couldn't get my eyes off the guy. The anticipation was palpable; I was literally worried about how fast my heart was pounding. For the first time in my life, I was about to actually *touch* muscle. I mean—touch it for the sexual object that it is.

Standing in front of Reid, I gazed at his gorgeous face. Even slightly scrunched as he was in mid-lift with his left arm, his face was just about the best looking face I had ever seen. I circled him, viewing up-close his amazing physique. I couldn't believe I was so close to this god. He was as beautiful up close as I had fantasied he'd be.

I lifted my hand to his relaxed arm and put it on his big, round shoulder. I nearly came right then and there. Never had I touched a man like this. His skin gave with my touch. It was warm. I fiddled with his tank top, and like everything else, I was able to move it as if time was still moving—which it was, for me. I took his thick forearm in my hand. His right arm was straight, at his side, and it held a 50 pound dumbbell. I pulled on his arm, and it responded to my motion, by moving appropriate to the force I applied.

My cock deposited pre-cum on my shorts as I relished in the realization that I could manipulate Reid any way I desired. I moved to his lifting arm. Gently, I pushed it down until it was straight, as was his right arm. He now stood with both arms down at his sides, holding dumbbells in each hand. I easily pried open one hand and removed the dumbbell, placing it in its spot on the rack. Then I did the same with the other weight.

After racking the second dumbbell, as I was returning to Reid, I was struck with the reality of my situation. With my new *Remote*, I now had the power to have any

muscleman I wanted—any time I wanted. I was no longer destined to fantasize for the rest of my life. From now on, when I *wanted* muscle, I would *get* muscle—not just a fantasy via a video or a picture.

I stood close to Reid now. Very close. I could feel the heat emanating from his body. I smelled him. Delicious. I leaned into him and rested the side of my head against his bulging chest. As I did so, I brought my hands up and began feeling the very-much-alive muscle stud. His hard, warm muscles filled my hands.

Just when my trembling hands got up to Reid's enormous upper arms, I couldn't hold off my climax. Losing all control of my body functions, I involuntarily began to come. I whimpered as I emptied my essence into my gym shorts, feeling Reid's powerful muscles with my worshipping hands.

It was the most erotic thing I had ever experienced, and I made it last as long as I could.

I went into the locker room and cleaned up my milky mess as best I could, then returned to the gym floor. Grabbing the *Remote*, I prepared to press the *Resume* button. The thought occurred to me, though, that this was the first time I had actually really manipulated anything while time was "off." I wondered what would happen when time was turned back on. I was about to find out.

I pressed *Resume*.

Reid's body went all fuzzy-like for just an instant and then in the next instant, he was holding the weights again. They had disappeared from where I had racked them, and were now back in his hands, as he resumed doing his alternate dumbbell curls.

It was as if nothing had happened.

And I guess, nothing *had* happened.

Except, I looked down at my shorts, and the wet stain that I had tried to clean up was still there. Again, my own sphere could be altered while time stood still, but areas that were away from me would return to their previous states.

I was hungry.

I didn't know how "long" it had been since I ate. Apparently, my stomach knew it had been too long.

I left the gym and found a fast-food restaurant that was still serving breakfast. I ordered and paid.

Then I decided to do a test, which had been my original plan for the day. I pressed *Pause* and smiled as the world around me froze. The kid behind the counter had his register open, so I walked around it and took two \$20 bills and one \$10 bill out of

his till—not enough to be noticed right away. I put the money in my hoody pocket and found a table. I pressed *Resume*, and time cranked up once again.

Interestingly, no one seemed to notice that I was instantaneously no longer at the counter, but was now sitting at a table.

I reached into my hoody pocket and pulled out the money. It was mine now.

Suddenly, I realized that I would never have to work again. I had not only discovered a device that would let me live out my sexual desires in “real time,” but I had also won the lottery—a lottery that would provide me with all the money I could ever need or want for the rest of my life.

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It wasn't until two days later that I finally—accidentally—discovered the purpose of the *Play* button.

I had ventured to a new gym, to see what kind of muscle I might find, and I had indeed found some major-sized dudes. One black guy was just astounding—huge, proportioned, ripped and good looking. I prepared myself to pause the world and enjoy this god of muscle, but what I really wanted now, was a way to enjoy this man while he was conscious and moving—not frozen in time.

It was then that the *Remote* seemed to understand me somehow. I got a sense—or something—about that *Play* button. Something inside me said the word “Play” was to be taken with another meaning.

What I wanted to do was *play* with this huge stud.

I took the *Remote* and paused the world. Everything froze. Then, I pointed the *Remote* at the black stallion. Instantly, he came to life! He looked at me, then at the frozen, motionless people in the gym. Then back at me.

He smiled.

“You want to play, don't you,” he said.

I didn't know what to say—or do. This was almost more eerie than being able to make time stop. The hunk seemed to know exactly what was going on. Which made me once again, believe I was in a dream—a very extensive, detailed dream.

I shook my head, trying to get the bugs out of my brain.

How was it that not only was he aware of time stopping—and not having a problem with that (as unbelievable as that phenomenon would be), but he was also aware



that *I* was the one responsible for the stoppage; *and* he not only knew that I wanted his muscular body, but he ALSO was totally amenable to this idea!

Did the men I wanted to “play” with suddenly become gay when I pressed the button? Or, was this guy gay already—before I stopped time?

I realized that if I allowed myself to be mired in these questions, I would probably lock up and have a breakdown—maybe freeze like a stuck computer. All of these questions were unanswerable, not the least of which was why this *Remote* thingy stopped time in the first place.

The huge muscleman stood still, waiting for me to get my wits together and make the first move. Whenever our eyes met, his twinkled and he smiled patiently.

Finally, I took a step toward him. He was wearing a green tank top that fit perfectly over his bulging pecs, and hugged his narrow lower torso close enough so that you could make out some of his abdominal work—but not so tight as to make everything show. His body was strewn with veins and muscle bulges that made me forget all about the time-strangeness I had been attempting to figure out.

I took another step, and he smiled more broadly. He had been doing dumbbell curls (with 70’s! [31.75kg]); he sat the weights down on the floor, bending downward with straight legs. I glanced into the mirror behind him to watch his tight ass and mammoth upper legs flex into unbelievable size and leanness. He stood upright slowly, and took a step toward me.

We both stopped when we were about 4 feet apart. I looked up into his beautiful brown eyes and just wanted to melt into the floor.

He was so big—I mean, *really* big. His rippling muscles filled my field of vision.

He started to lift the bottom of his tank top, preparing to take it off.

“Wait—” I said.

He stopped moving.

“Leave it on for a minute,” I said.

With that, I stepped up next to his warm, huge body, and placed my hands on his football-sized triceps.

He smiled. I began to squeeze them. He tightened them, and they pushed back against my palms, hardening into rock.

Thus began a five-minute survey of his clothed body. My trembling hands ran up and down, back and forth—slowly—over every exposed muscle: forearm, upper-arm, delts, traps, quads, hams and calves. Then, they ran over the fabric that covered his body: ass, abs, chest (I nearly came when I felt his heaving pecs

through that green fabric). All the while, Mr. Black Stallion of the Galaxy just smiled and responded to my hands with gentle, yet amazingly hard, flexing and moving.

My pants were moist with my pre-cum, and my heart beat a thousand times a minute.

I had to stand on my tiptoes—and he had to bend considerably—for our lips to meet. But when they did, it was with a sensual, erotic, slow passion that I never believed was possible. The musclegod knew how to kiss! Oh god—his tongue explored my mouth like Captain Vancouver exploring the mouth of the Columbia.<sup>1</sup> My hands trembled, cupping his broad, round, hard shoulders. He squeezed my butt, lifting me up an inch or two with ease. Our passion grew and my hard-on pushed against his torso.

As he sat me down, he once again began to lift his tank top up.

This time, I made no objection.

I actually had to sit down on the bench behind me when he did it. I got *that* light-headed. The muscle show was just beginning, and I seriously wondered if I could survive. Before me now, a massive black god stood. His pecs were beyond breathtaking—so big, round, full and thick that his nipples pointed to the ground. The overhang of his chest was so pronounced that it cast a shadow on the twin columns of mounding abdominals below. The rack of his torso narrowed to what I estimated to be a waistline close to 30 inches—*this*, on a man who was easily six-foot-five and well over 275 pounds of solid, contest-ready-muscle. If there was *any* fat on this herculean body, *I* certainly couldn't see it.

He grinned and flexed his pecs slowly; the resulting hypnotic rolling of these gargantuan muscles somehow drew me up off the bench. My hands rose—with a power that didn't seem their own. They landed gently on the waves of black meat, and as I watched my fingers move up and down against the force of his pecs I began to feel a warmth in my pants. My cock released an orgasmic thrust like I had never experienced. It didn't come in jerks or rhythmic blasts, like usual; no—it spewed out in one continuous, warm, involuntary stream.

Only toward the end of my worshipful orgasm did my flow begin to break into the usual opening-and-closing of my penis. I forced out the last of my jizz; I was light-headed, actually seeing stars.

Mr. Fantasy Galaxy Man grinned down at me. "Don't worry," he smiled. "Happens all the time."

Surprisingly, I quickly forgot about this social faux pas. I'm usually so anal about what others think of me—yet with time stopped, and this god the only one who saw it, I realized that normal conventions had been suspended along with the time.

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<sup>1</sup> Okay—that's a weird metaphor, but you gotta admit it's original.

"I was just finishing my workout," he said. "You want to join me in the shower?"

I picked up the *Remote* and we headed toward the locker room at the back of the gym. We had to step around a few time-frozen people on the way, but fortunately the locker room only held a few motionless men.

Within a few "minutes," we were both naked in the shower area. One man was stationary, in a time-locked stream of water in the corner. He faced away, and I was impressed with his built back. I turned to the black beauty who was my companion and immediately my cock began to stiffen again, despite being still ringed with globs of my fresh cum in my pubic hair.

With each de-layering of clothing this god of a man became more and more insanely compelling. Now totally nude, he was the perfect man. Absolutely perfect. He reached to the wall and turned on a shower head. His raised arm astounded my senses with its lean, ripped size as he moved his hand into the water to test the temperature.

As soon as the water was just right, he stepped into it, turned toward me and smiled me a "come `ere" grin. As I willingly obeyed, he squirted a generous amount of liquid soap into his hand from the dispenser mounted on the wall. When I got to him, he took my hand and pressed all of the slippery stuff into it, smiling.

"Have at it, kid," he smiled.

My boner ached with its hardness. I had never dreamed of such muscle, let alone being able to touch it.

His pecs, once again, called—no *demand*ed—me to touch and wash, and so I did. His warm skin lathered up nicely.

Soon, I was fondling and touching all of his slippery-wet body, nearly in a state of shock at the pleasure.

Eventually, my hands made their way toward his semi-erect cock. Well, maybe we shouldn't call it a "cock;" it was more like an arm! That old stereotype about black guy's cocks? It must've started with this guy.

Somewhere within my being, I found some lucidity, and decided to tease it. I moved my hand so that it just brushed the top of his pubes. Then I moved away and washed his abs again. Then down to the inside of his thigh; up again to his lats; lower, so that I brushed the back of my fingers against it as I traveled down and around to his hamstrings.

Up again, this time actually cupping it for maybe a second—as if it were an accident, or just a natural progression of my hand. No big deal.

Up to wash his slippery pecs, pausing for half a minute to relish again in their mass and breadth. Down to his pubes again; shoulders; forearms; jump in to his abs and caress the shaft on the way down to his inner thighs.

With each pass, I allowed my soapy hand to linger just a tad longer on his ever-growing cock. It seemed Mr. Huge was liking the teasing—even though the anticipation was driving him crazy.

Next pass I first cupped an orange-size ball in my hand, caressed his perineum with the tip of my finger, then slid my open hand down his shaft, only partially wrapping my fingers around it, moving off his genital area and sliding round to his ass.

He closed his eyes and shuddered.

Soon, my hand decided to stay indefinitely, and I was giving him long, slow, slippery strokes. His horse-cock throbbed; it hardened into a tower that pointed right at my face. I masturbated him slowly.

My other soapy hand occasionally tickled his perineum, or moved onto his gigantic, flexing-hard muscles, as needed.

We came at the same time—he with my hand driving his locomotive, me with no stimulation whatsoever. For the second time, I couldn't help but cum—once again in a steady stream. It rivaled my orgasm on the gym floor.

He burst shot after fucking shot of his jizz into the air; he yelled out twice as his body shook from the force of his ejaculations, then settled into a series of moans, expletives and grunts as his phallus blasted squirts of jizz that *each* had to measure over a teaspoon. His hardened muscles froze under my worshipping hands.

I nearly collapsed as I finished. Mr. Muscles just smiled down at me as I fell into him. A combination of our semen sloshed between our bodies as we embraced. We kissed for a few minutes, then washed each other off.

As we emerged from the showers, we each took a towel from the fresh stack provided by the gym, and dried off. I followed him to his locker and watched him dress, as I put my own clothes back on. I had placed the *Remote* with my clothes, and now sat it on the locker room bench as I continued dressing.

"Can I see it?" Mr. Galaxy Dude asked.

There wasn't anything in the world I wouldn't give to this man.

I handed it to him and he examined it, turning it over and over his his big hands. He studied it, thoughtfully. Then, he squeezed it with one hand. His forearm muscles rippled and I noticed a grimace on his face. The solid, heavy *Remote* couldn't be dented.

But Hunk Stallion wasn't deterred.

I sat on the bench, now fully dressed, and amazingly began to harden again, in my pants, as I watched this beast take both hands and squeeze on the *Remote*. I watched in awe as his arms rippled with wild snakes of muscle as he struggled.

Oh, and he struggled!

God in heaven, he struggled.

The sight was too much for me. Seeing all that mammoth size—that beautiful, black, fucking-gigantic muscle struggle so mightily, it was over-the-top.

As my cock burst again, for the third time, in my pants, Mr. Giant squeezed for all he was worth.

Then, he froze.

No—I mean, he literally *froze*.

His grunting had stopped, and he was as still as the other two dudes in the corner of the locker room.

My cock, however, was clearly *not* frozen, and it continued to spew my essence into my briefs, despite the almost comical reality before me. The guy was beyond erotically powerful. Yet he was frozen right in the middle of trying to crack the lead rock in his hands.

As soon as I could control my body though, I had to address the question of *why* he had frozen. Evidently, I mused, as he wrestled with the *Remote*, he must have pressed one of the buttons, freezing himself in the process.

I stood and put my hands on his. As before, I found that I could manipulate “frozen” objects with ease, so I peeled his fingers from their gripping state and removed the *Remote*.

As I pressed the *Play* button to bring my Muscleman back into my timeless state, I noticed that the *Remote* shifted in my hand. It didn’t seem as solid as it had before.

I examined it closely, not paying attention to the fact that the *Play* button had been ineffective.

A long crack ran up one side of the device. I turned it over and over in my hand, examining it for any other damage. I came back to the crack. To my surprise, I was able to pull it apart just a bit. The crack deepened. I put my finger nail inside it and pulled it apart more. It opened a fraction more. Then more.

Amazed, I opened it farther, exposing some of its insides. Expecting to find a mass of wires and circuits, I was shocked—then horrified, to find...well...how should I describe it?

It looked like a *glob* of something. Like some kind of human organ. There were no wires. No chips. No transistors. No electronics of any kind.

The innards were squishy and grey; it almost looked like some kind of brain or something.

Immediately, I tried to push it closed. I turned it over and pressed the *Play* button again.

Nothing.

The giant didn't move. His squinting face and body maintained their frozen position.

I pressed *Resume*.

And to my horror: Nothing.

My heart began to race. *Nothing?* I turned to the motionless guys in the corner and pointed the *Remote* at them, pressing each button separately, then together, then two at a time.

Nothing.

I shook the *Remote*, and pressed *Resume*.

Nothing.

*Play*.

No effect.

In a panic, I moved out of the locker room. Once again I turned the *Remote* over in my hand, hoping I could figure out how to fix it. I tried to squeeze it closed again. I even put it on the floor and rested some weights on top of it, pushing with my foot to get its guts all the way sealed again.

The buttons were dead. The *Remote* was dead.

I grabbed it and ran out of the gym, into the parking lot. There, cars were motionless; people were frozen in time as they walked toward the front doors of the gym, their duffel bags in hand.

Up in the sky, a plane was hanging as it had stopped on its approach to the airport.

I pushed the buttons again.

I ran up to a motionless person and tried to get him to wake up.

I dropped the *Remote* on the blacktop and fell to my knees, then dropped my forehead to the ground, sobbing.

## The Remote

*by Sean Reid Scott*



**Your comments are encouraged.**

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