

RAYGUN

The story of how a loser named Dave Murphy became the most powerful man on planet Earth and destroyed an alien planet and civilization.

A man's story for men by men, no women allowed: Warning, this story is very offensive to the humans species.

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Footlong, Footlong, another planet, civilization and species was completely destroyed all because of a guy Dave never met, a guy he only heard of, a guy with the nick name of Footlong, he started all of this. It was all Footlong's fault and Footlong didn't even know that anything had happened. Footlong was oblivious to what was happening outside the confines and seclusion of his prison cell.

Dave was a loser with a capital L O S E R, there was no other way to put it. The only thing was though Dave became the most powerful man on the planet earth, even more powerful than the President of the United States. Anyone that ever knew Dave Murphy would describe him as a loser. Even though Dave had dreams and aspired to bigger and greater things he could never get further than his stock-boy minimum wage job at the 97.9999 cent store. The store owner, Snidley Snyder, thought he could corner the market on bellow a dollar junk by outselling both the .99 cent store and the dollar store to put them out of business by undercutting their prices. Snyder was going to call it the 97.666 store but decided that was far too satanic and his only customers would be a bunch of Goths and other weirdo's like that.

Stock-boy Murphy, as they called the 49 year old Dave Murphy actually didn't even make the minimum wage since Snidley Snyder's favorite pastime was sitting in his office and shortchanging his employee's hours on their timecards. Dave Murphy was by all definitions a fringe personality, a powerless loser going nowhere and doing nothing with his life. Even Murphy's home life sucked, living with his two roommates in a rented house, with annoying neighbors and their annoying pets.

Dave's roommates were also his coworkers. Caitlin was a hippy dippy chick whose 97.9999 cent store nicknames was poser snake woman for posing to be something she was not, like nice and cool. Her other nickname was Shorty even though she was really tall for a hippy dippy chick. Shorty was a nickname that she given herself for her ability to shortchange customers and keep the money as her tips for working at the 97.9999 store. Caitlin was also expert at kissing the bosses ass while talking shit about her coworkers. This was the basis of her other nick name, Caity two face.

James Billabong, yes that is his real name, was a stock boy like Dave Murphy but did little work and instead left it for Dave to do it all. Billy Bong's main function at the 97.9999 cent store was keeping his boss, store owner Snidley Snider in weed. Bong also sold weed to his co-workers and anyone else that wanted really great chronic.

Dave always did bongs work. Snider would praise Bong for doing such a great job stocking and facing the shelves. Dave didn't mind though so long as Bong made him great deals on AWESOMECHRON, this was Bongs own hybrid strain of weed and it was indeed killer weed as opposed to weed killer.

Dave's other co-workers included Gary who was the cool manager. Trey Best the weasel who took the assistant manager job from Dave. Megan, the beautiful African American assistant manager that Dave had the panting hots for and the other assistant manager that Dave had the obsessive hots for, Stacy. Dave's main and only goal in life centered around a threesome fantasy with Megan and Stacy. They were both very beautiful and seductive. They both had more seductive power than women should be allowed to possess. Dave wanted their sexual power to make him whimper with ecstasy like a little helpless puppy.

Whenever Megan or Stacy would walk past Dave, he would hit them up with one of his favorite pickup lines that never worked but have somehow gotten a lot of traction among the masturbating male dweebs of planet earth.

You know the corny lines like, did it hurt? Did it hurt when you fell from heaven? Yeah, those kind of lines, the lines that make women place you on their, caution this guy smells like a serial killer list.

At least Dave was a good judge of beauty where women were involved. Megan with her beautiful soft sweet sensual woman's face, flawless soft chocolate brown skin, thick raven black hair, tiny waist with flat stomach, PPB's (perfect perky breasts) strong defined muscular legs with a beautiful muscular arch on the front and one of the most perfectly cosmic pronounced behinds a woman has ever been blessed by the cosmos to own.

Stacy was equally bruised when she was dropped to earth from heaven, thought Dave. Stacy was a beautiful contrast to Megan with her radiant and glowing alabaster skin. She had a beautiful and exotic Raquel Welch movie star face and thick luxurious chocolate brown hair. Her supple and natural teardrop PSB's (Perfectly Sized Breasts), followed by a tiny waist attached to BCBH's (Beautiful Child Bearing Hips) and her PRB (Perfectly Round Behind) all combined to create Dave's harmless and probably un-fulfill able obsession for the romantic tryst, the threesome he dreamed of with Megan and Stacy.

Megan and Stacy were Dave's perfect threesome dream girls. They complemented each other. Dave fantasized daily of a puzzle of interlocking Megan, Stacy and him in the eternal bonded bliss of deep debauched fornication.

Stocking shelves like a witless drone gave Dave plenty of free time in his void of a brain to come up with names for his interlocking fornication jigsaw puzzle. Dave thought he could make millions of dollars trade marking the names and concepts of his Dave, Megan and Stacy naked jigsaw puzzles with them doing their love thang together. He envisioned franchising the puzzles for other threesomes who could then manufacture their own puzzles to sell.

Dave also envisioned his own rock band with him as lead guitar and singer, even though he couldn't play the guitar or sing. Megan and Stacy would be backup vocals and dancers, maybe topless and maybe bottomless with full frontal nudity, it just depended on how good they looked naked. Besides though Dave it was far overdue that women needed to eliminate body shame by being naked more often.

The many names he came up with for his puzzle with Megan and Stacy, like fornication puzzle, just sounded like a rock band to Dave and besides he always wanted to be a rocker with the groupies offering themselves to him. Dave figured he would start the band and then learn to sing and play the guitar later. Dave figured he could Milli Vanilli it for a while until then.

Dave really liked the first band name he had come up with, DAVEMEGSTA. Wow he thought what a great rock band name. He also thought that once he convinced Megan and Stacy to engage in his unholy trinity that he would legally have his name changed to DAVEMEGSTA MURPHY.

The other names Dave came up with were almost as good as DAVEMEGSTA and it showed that Dave was giving deep thought to each. Dave knew that once you chose a rock band name you needed to stay with it or you would lose your fan base just like Prince and P Diddy did and found out the hard way about losing fans to name change. You don't mess with greatness and as Prince and P Diddy found out, your first instinct is usually your best instinct.

Besides the DAVEMEGSTA rock band name Dave had other variations and ideas. Dave was also fond of the rock band name MEGSTADAVE (This is the name he intended to give to his first love child with Megan or Stacy). MEGSTA-ME, this was going to be Dave's Gangsta Rap name when he branched out into hard core Rap music. STAMEG-ME but Dave thought this sounded too much like a grocery store spice although Dave worried that this association with this name may have been because he just finished stocking and facing the spice shelf at the 97.9999 store. Dave was going to give it some more thought after a cooling off period from the spice isle.

And finally STAMEGDAVE, Dave didn't like this name much because he realized that it was in reverse alphabetical order which Dave and his OCD found abhorrent. Dave always preferred the orderliness of alphabetical order that was demanded by his strict elementary school upbringing.

Yes Dave thought, to maintain order in the universe it will have to be DAVEMEGSTA! DAVEMEGSTA also had a good musical ring to it which was rock band perfect. Dave had to abandon his first instinct for a name for his rock group which was Dave and the Spice Girls. He worried that people might mistake his real Spice Girls, Megan and Stacy, for those other 1990s, now long irrelevant and defunct, British poser lip sync Spice Girls. Dave also considered another great rock band name, Dave and salt and peppa. Dave liked this name a lot but then after thinking about it for a while, his brainless shelf stocking efforts gave him a lot of time for this task, so Dave worried that it might be racially insensitive and maybe even racist and prejudice to make Megan the peppa, just because she was African-American. Wasn't that stereotyping her just because of that beautiful dark chocolate brown color of her skin? And was referring to an African-American woman as peppa just because pepper is black and salt his white, wasn't that just a horribly racially insensitive cliché, maybe even downright racism. No, Dave was afraid of the "R" word and the effects of being labeled with it and the impact it would have on the earning potential of his band. Besides thought Dave, there is white pepper so what nit wit decided that a Caucasian woman was salt and an African-American woman was pepper. Couldn't it be that salt and peppa were too hot Caucasian chicks and one of them was a little bland and salty and the other one, the peppa was kind of hot bitter but spicy?

Yes, Dave put a lot of thought into all of this, he didn't want any mistakes in the formation of his band and he didn't want to be accused of being the "R" word. Dave was generally in a constant state of denial when making his plans that were better suited for a 17-year-old testosterone packed high school kid than a 49-year-old minimum-wage earner with a dead-end brain void job that was addicted to Viagra, pot and masturbation with porn.

All this was about to change, however, Dave was about to become the most powerful man on planet Earth, even more powerful than the POTUS. Whenever Dave thought of the term POTUS to describe the President of the United States, Dave wondered if it really wasn't some form of government mind control delivering the message of smoke more pot in the US. Dave had heard that the US government was the drug dealer of all pot in the U.S., so it made perfect sense to him. He had heard that the government was using all the money from pot sales to overthrow foreign governments, and to keep the fake moon landing looking like it was real. All Dave knew was that the term POTUS had subliminal powers and whenever he heard the term he also had the urge to buy some weed. Since the government controlled news media used the term POTUS all the time Dave had the urge to buy weed a lot. Although really Dave thought that he liked weed so much he may have been reading too much into the Government conspiracy angle.

Of course, Dave liked weed and in reality smoked copious amounts of the stuff to escape the realities of being a 49-year-old minimum-wage shelf stocker. Dave also like playing video games, so Dave constantly struggled with the question of whether the government is making him smoke weed and play video games or whether he smoked a lot of weed and played video games just because he liked being high and shooting people.

Even more than weed mind control that bothered Dave is what he had heard about his videogame addiction. Was Dave's videogame addiction really another genius government program as well? Dave was convinced that he knew that it was. He had heard through the videogame grape vine that video games were invented by the Pentagon to train an amazing cadre of American teenage assassins who could destroy enemy troops, cold bloodedly at will. Dave was told that this is why the government had eliminated the military draft. Why spend all that money training and equipping troops when you can simply addict teenagers to violent video games and have a ready force of violent testosterone charged teen boys to squash any country you wish. The only problem was that the Pentagon didn't anticipate was that video games would be translated into other languages and other countries that now had their own army's of cold blooded teen killers.

So, finally the Pentagon gave up on the idea and said kings X to video killer training after they had unleashed the coldest blooded fighting force on the world since the Nazi SS and Star Wars storm troopers. Yes, loser Dave was about to become the most powerful man that ever lived this side of Jesus Christ. But, like the old Star Wars warning to Luke, could Dave use it wisely?

Dave's transition into the most powerful man on the planet strangely began with a weed fueled conversation he had with Billy Bong while at work, on the subject of urinating in public. Strange that such a simple conversation such as urinating in public can lead to a series of events that would change a life forever and the lives of those around Dave as well as an alien planet.

Dave and Bong had just shared a giant fatty of AWESOMECHRON in the stock room and now Dave was stocking shelves in the store while Bong watched and talked and texted drug deals for AWESOMECHRON. Man, said Dave, we drank so much beer last night I had to pull over on my way home and piss, I almost pissed my pants. I must have pissed for 5 minutes. Oh dude, replied Billy Bong, I hope you walked over off the road and got undercover where the drones, satellites, and cop Google Earth couldn't see you. No man, I barely got out of the car, like I said I almost peed my pants, why, replied Dave. Oh dude, you might end up as a sex offender now and have to register wherever you live and go tell all your neighbors, then you are on the perv list and then you will be on Facebook as a weenie wagger.

Dave was starting to lose his AWESOMECHRON buzz when he remembered to just move down wind of Bong to refresh his buzz. Dave didn't mind Bong not helping stocking because having him stand near him was giving Dave a decent contact high from all the THC that was evaporating off of Bongs clothes and body. Dave remembered that Bong never had trouble meeting women because they all liked the chronic train wreck perfume that emanated off of Bongs body. Women would say they got an extreme high whenever they gave Bong a blow job from all of the THC that his body and crotch secreted.

You may get a notice in the mail now, that's a bummer, said Bong. What are you talking about Bong, asked Dave? Well man, Bong replied, I know this dude, his nickname is Footlong, you know. It's not because he eats at Subway sandwiches, you know. Well, he does like Subway sandwiches but that's not why they call him Footlong but it's because of other reasons you know, yeah, he does like Subway sandwiches, you know, who doesn't but that's not why they call him Footlong. So now man, his new nickname is Footlong RSO. RSO asked Dave? You see man it's an actual Footlong even when it's cold out. They also called him club sandwich because his thing looks like a big fucking club attached to his body. You know kinda like those cave man clubs in the cave man cartoons in the Sunday funnies.

Oh yeah man and he aint named Footlong either cause his feet are 12 inches either man added Bong. In fact he actually has real small dinky feet, like size 7 and little girl hands added Bong. Well said Dave, so much for the big hands big feet big meat myth. Yeah man replied Bong.

RSO, asked Dave, what the hell is that man? Oh yeah responded Bong, Registered Sexting Offencer or something like that. So what's that got to do taking a piss outside your car asked Dave ? Well, yeah man, this Footlong dude got popped by the cops for pissin in public and now he's on Facebook as a weenie waggin perv, well a footlong weenie waggin perv that is and he's in prison doing time for waggin in public in a school penis free zone. I heard that that's why the cops came down on him so hard and charged him with a felony instead of a misdemeanor. That schlongasourous of his caught him a felony conviction, if it had been me or you we would have been charged with misdemeanors only, on account of our inoffensive sized junk. So what's Google got to do with this, asked Dave? Oh yeah so Footlong is taken a piss at the gas station, see and the wind blows the door open and bam bang. Bam Bang, the cops, asked Dave? No man, the wind but Footlong, he turns around all a sudden, like because it startled him. He said he thought it was the task force again to take his weed like before and he turns around to see, you know. Yeah but it's just the wind right asked Dave? Yeah, it was just the wind blew the door open said Bong. So what about Google asked Dave? I'm getting to that, so when Footlong is pissin, he's gets one of those piss hard on's you know like you get in the morning normally, but Footlong gets em all the time I guess, on account he's got high blood pressure. At least that's what I hear or maybe he's just horny a lot. Man he needs high blood pressure to keep from passing out added Bong. Foot-long becomes really lightheaded when he has an erection, well lightheadeder more than his norm on account of it lowers his blood pressure so much, you know on account of that foot-long plus dick of his draining all the blood from his body and brain. The poor guy can't think straight when he's got the big wood and he didn't think fast enough this time said Bong. That should have been his defense in court added Bong.

Yeah, then what happened asked Dave, what, Google Earth drives by with its Street view photo car or something? Yeah, sort of man, so he turns around and now with his big ole piss hard on which is more like foot and a half long or 17 inch long or foot five point zero long or whatever the mathematics guys figure it to be you know. Yeah and then what asked Dave? So, he stands there with this big monster cock in his hand and this dumb deer in the headlights lights blank stare, like the task force just kicked the door again but foot-long, you know, he's got one of those goofy all the time smilely faces, you know, because the shape of his mouth all the time looking like its smiling, you know like the Joker in Batman or like Tom Hanks is trying to pull off a dramatic role, you know, like saving Pvt. Ryan and he's killing krauts and Hank's is smiling the whole time like he is getting off on it. Although, maybe killing krauts should make you smile. But, you know, it just doesn't work for drama, and he's got one of those natural smiley faces. Okay, so Footlong is in the doorway, holding monster cock, I mean Foot and a half long, is in the doorway with that Tom Hanks, I can't even act but look at the kind of money they pay me to make this shit, kind of smirk look on his face. Then what asked Dave? Then what, replied Bong, bad timing is what happened man, foot-long, his new nickname is foot-long RSO, yeah bad

timing man. Bad timing, what do you mean by bad timing, asked Dave? Did the cops drive by asked Dave? No worse man, picture this man, foot-long who is now foot and a half long with full male potency man, standing in front of the doorway, holding dearly onto his monster cock with that perverted Tom Hanks orgasmic look on his face and it was time for recess. Recess asked Dave, what do you mean by that?

I don't get that Hanks guy, continued Bong. You know that Hanks smiley face ever present smirk, in Saving Private Ryan he's slaughtering Germans, he's smiling, he's getting his own man slaughtered, he's smiling, he's getting slaughtered himself and he's still smiling, what's wrong with that Hanks guy anyhow? He has a face designed for comedy and not drama I guess replied Dave.

I don't know man replied Bong, Hanks was born of a naturally happy face I guess, yeah but it does make it really unrealistic and just plain bad casting when he's killing Krauts or surviving Apollo 13 when he really has the natural face that should've played the Joker in Batman.

So what about Footlong and Google earth asked Dave? Bad timing man, it was recess at the Montessori school across the street. The playground is packed with little kids and teachers Replied Bong. Oh shit, so foot-long, erect monster 18 inch cock schlongasourous in hand, with that perve Tom Hanks smirk on his face, open door, and an audience of little kids and teachers next door at the school, does that some it up asked Dave? Well, not quite, replied Bong. So when Footlong sees all the kids and teachers he freezes, rather than turning away, you know, like the horror films were the chick freezes so the head cutter won't see her standing there, like not moving is going to make you invisible or something. Then what, asked an eager Dave? Nothing said Bong. Nothing, asked Dave? Yeah nothing replied bong, Footlong just stands there for 5 minutes holding that huge pecker with the movie star smiley look on his face like it's one of those Mexican standoffs from the movies, you know like the ending of Good, the Bad and the Ugly but with a penis instead of a gun, his junk stays hard the entire 5 minutes so maybe he is just a perv. So the kids and the teachers just stand there staring also, they said you could hear a pin drop. One teacher told the cops it was like a stare down contest with a one eyed monster. One eyed monster cock Dave interrupted. Yeah, that's the same thing the cop said, replied Bong. Then what asked Dave? Divine intervention, said Bong.

Divine intervention asked Dave? Yeah, the wind comes up and the door slams shut by itself finally. The cops spent an hour grilling him about who his perv accomplice was that slammed the

door. Footlong tells them that it was Jesus, they were all Mormon Cops and didn't like that. Really, foot-long wasn't a perv he was just a victim of circumstances, added Bong. Victim of circumstances, asked Dave? Yeah answered Bong, circumstances, you know the wind and an act of God, that's what got him sent to prison. Act of God asked Dave, you mean the wind? No man, replied Bong, act of God how he was hung man, that's what people refer to him as being born gifted. You're not one of those atheist nonbelievers are you, asked Bong? No replied Dave. So man, continued Bong, since his arrest was in the newspapers porno production companies have been trying to recruit him into the industry, when he gets out of the joint he's gonna be raking in the dough.

So, I don't get Google, asked Dave? Oh yeah, so the cops show up and they got to have the kids identify him and well you know, during the entire 5 minutes, no one looked at his face because, you know, it was like going to the freak show at the circus or driving by a car wreck, you are just so surprised by how freakish it looks that you just can't look away. Penis envy, I know what you're talking about said Dave. Exactly, said Bong. The teachers that saw it said they were sure it was a dildo. When the cops told them it was real all the teacher chicks and some of the teacher dudes asked if Footlong is on Facebook. So, Google, asks Dave? Coming to that, responds Bong. So to identify foot-long, the cops have to do this photographic lineup thing and the kids have to pick him out of six different photographs to identify him. So you know what happens right, asked bong? No one looked at his face, responded Dave. Yeah man, cops said it was the first time they ever did a dick lineup. But, Footlong says they cheated, put all these 4 1/2 inchers up against his, well kids all know what supersize is from McDonald's. So they point to foot-longs as the culprit. Footlong says, he thinks some of the competition in the photo lineup where the cops taking photos of their own junk just to be perv. And also, added Bong, the cops they are envious because Footlong is BDT. BDT asked Dave, what's that he asked? You know, replied Bong, Big Dick theory, that's when a guy never has to ask a girl out on a date. Oh, well, except the very first time.

What do you mean asked Dave? You know, if you've got a real big Dick like Footlong once you go on your first date and bang a chick she then goes to her friends about her new boyfriend and brags about what a big Dick he has. Then the news spreads like wildfire and every chick that hears about it, throws herself at him hoping to ride the one eyed monster cock. Oh yeah, I knew one of those guys, said Dave. Foot-long, you know that guy doesn't have to look for girls to date there's a waiting list of women looking to ride that pony, or Clydesdale I guess I mean. The word is out among women about his monster cock and they're lined up like hens in the henhouse, waiting for the cock to crow, the monster cock that is, Bong said.

Yeah continued Bong, so the cops were jealous you know and those poor kids who spent 5 minutes, shit that must have felt like five years looking at that nasty looking thing, so they'll have to go through therapy for seeing that nasty donkey Dick attached to a human being. They were all diagnosed with posttraumatic stress disorder. Man, them boys that saw Footlong's Gigantasourous are going to grow up feeling inadequate and wondering how come they don't have a monster cock like foot longs, you know. Like when you watch porno and think you got genetically shortchanged. You know, you ask the great one, why ain't I gifted Lord. Yeah, thanks for nothing mom and dad, damn you genetics! Even worse, Bong continued, all those girls will grow up feeling shortchanged by their boyfriends like the boyfriends are some mini dick freaks that belong in a mini dick circus sideshow. They will spend the rest of their lives looking for foot long sized dicks. But, foot sized peckers are an extreme minority in the population so female competition for them is fierce, chicks cat fight over the damn things, they are highly prized among very competitive women.

There's a lot of little girls that will grow up unhappy, unfulfilled women all because 5 minutes viewing Footlong. So, I don't get the Google connection, asked Dave? Yeah man, I'm coming to that, I needed to cover everything else first. So the cop tells Footlong" hey perv we got cop drones in the sky, we got cop satellites in outer space and we got cop Google Earth so we get a picture of you with your pecker out urinating in public you automatically become a registered sex offender. The cop told foot-long if we get you on film with your cock hanging out we own your ass, and your Dick as well. The cop tells him, that's going to follow you for life and on Face book. After that you aint getting no Christmas job at Toys R Us or work as Santa Claus with the kids straddling that big tube snake. Foot-long asked the cop but what about my civil rights? The cop told him he didn't have civil rights because he's a perv and that civil rights was so 1970s. Wow, they can catch you with your dick out on Google Earth, that's shit man, said Dave. Yeah so if you gotta Pee outside replied Bong, you better get in some trees where the drones, satellites, and cop Google earth can't spot you man. Thanks for the advice Bong, said Dave, I didn't know that.

Hey Bong I was wondering asked Dave? Yeah man replied Bong. So I wonder how a guy with a 12 inch dong sits on the toilet without his dong hanging in the water, asked Dave? I don't know, never thought of it replied Bong maybe he ties it in a knot to keep it out of the water, wow you got a real abstract mind Dave added Bong.

So his longasourous is hanging down in the toilet water, I mean your poopin on your own pecker. How does he handle that just give it a good antibacterial wipe after or what, asked Dave? Tie it in a knot so it doesn't drown itself I guess answered Bong?

It wasn't long after the foot-long conversation that Dave became the most powerful man on earth and it directly resulted from Bongs warning, so Bong should share some of the credit or infamy for making Dave the most powerful man on earth and an alien planet. Could Dave use his new powers wisely?

Dave was driving home after his shift stocking shelves at the 97.9999 cent store. He and the other employees that handle the store closing enjoy their usual closing routine of sharing a case of cheap beer and smoking some AWESOMECHRON, not to be confused with Bongs new and improved hybrid chronic, AWESOMECHRONBONG. So when Dave was driving home he had an explosive urge to pee. Shit, Dave thought, drones, satellites and Google Earth made it almost impossible to pee anywhere out in the open even at night in the dark the nightvision cameras can see, Dave thought.

Dave was suffering from weed induced paranoia and drove down a rural road to find some trees that would give him cover from all the cameras flying on and around the planet. Dave finally found a place to pull off into the trees where he felt safe from big brother. Dave thought, under these trees big brother couldn't get a Dick pic of him while he is draining his lizard, as Dave was fond of saying when he urinated. Dave walked into the woods and found a place he thought would be safe. Finally, Dave felt the relief of the draining of his lizard. AH, ah, Dave drunkenly mumbled to himself, a good pee feels really good he thought. Then, in the middle of his peeing, Dave saw flashing lights through the trees directly in front of him. This freaked Dave out. Shit had he thought, the cops have forest cams as well. Dave ducked and turned while still peeing covering his own shoes in a liberal coating of drug and alcohol saturated urine.

Dave thought he had good enough cover to not be picked up by the police forest cams but he also in his drug and drunken haze felt that he would take the sex registrant conviction just to drain the second half of his bladder. Then it occurred to Dave that the flashing multicolored lights in the forest up ahead might just be his trip on the magic mushrooms he had ingested at the beginning of the shift at the 97.9999 cent store. Oh what a relief thought Dave as he walked back to his car forgetting about the colored lights. At his car he grabbed another beer from his cooler and opened it taking a chug. Now, he could hear noise coming from the area of the colored lights. The noise was a sound that was familiar to him. It was clearly the sound of laser tag guns. Cool man, Dave said to himself, people doing laser tag at night, what a trip.

Dave took his longneck beer and made his way through the forest to watch a little bit of the nighttime laser tag game in the forest. Dave came to a clearing and saw a full game in play. The players were even dressed as aliens and were dodging and taking cover from each other in full laser tag tactical glory. Then Dave witnessed something that he thought was probably the result of the magic mushrooms, weed, alcohol and Molly or a combination thereof. One of the laser taggers fired at his, her, or its opponent and the opponent disappeared just like in the old Star Trek TV show. Dave thought he was not seeing right when in short succession the players continued to disappear after being laser tagged until there only two facing each other. The player on Dave's left fired but missed. The player on Dave's right jumped out from behind a rock and made ready to fire when he, she, or it, slipped on a fallen tree branch dropping the laser tag pistol. Then he, she, or it, on Dave's left, fired again vaporizing, the he, she, or it on Dave's right. The game was over. The player on the left began walking back into the woods. Just as he, she, or it, began to make way into the woods a bright light from deep inside the woods appeared and an alien looking spacecraft raised the sole survivor into the ship and then boogied away out into space. After a few minutes another bright light appeared and a second ship rose out of the woods and fled into the night sky. Dave watched as it went up into the sky faster than is possible for any aircraft and then turn two perfect 90° angles, then it disappeared into the stars at light speed. Dave saw a small light from where the vaporized alien had slipped on the tree branch. Dave went over to the light and picked up what looked like an old flip cell phone.

Dave thought it might be dangerous and he was afraid he might hurt himself with it so he kept the long ends pointed away from his body. Dave said out loud to himself, what the shit, how does this thing work? Then, a screen on the device came on and displayed something that resembled gibberish to Dave. The screen then went blank. How does this damn thing work asked Dave, out loud. Again the screen came on, this time it showed a picture with data of the he, she, or it, that was the last thing standing in the alien gunfight that David witnessed.

Dave took a risk and held the device with the picture in the screen oriented as it would be on a cell phone. Dave said okay how can I figure this thing out? The screen came on again and began displaying the gibberish until finally the rolling gibberish stopped and the screen said Earth English, with a question mark. Dave replied yes.

The device then said instructions to operate multiphase disruptor and storage device required? Yes said Dave, excitedly. The device then gave instructions that the mpdasd4500 works by absorbing neural brain waves to instruct it what you wish moleculeized. Once you think of the object and the object appears on the screen place your thumb on the item display on screen and

the mpdasd4500 will dematerialize the item. Dave instantly thought of Megsta's bras and panties which showed on the screen.

Dave then chugged the rest of his beer, tossed the bottle on the dirt and then thought about it. A display of the bottle came on screen and Dave touched it. Zap, the bottle was gone. Oh hell yeah Dave thought, just think of the possibilities? Dave made his way home with his still drug and alcohol loaded brain going over what he could do with this amazing device that divine providence had delivered into his hands. Dave didn't know it yet but the device was going to complicate his life more than he could ever think. On his way home Dave looked for another test subject for the mpdasd4500 device. Dave saw a cottontail bunny rabbit along the side of the road, no he thought, that would be cruel and besides he already knew the device worked on beings since he witnessed the he, she, or it being vaporized. What to do, what to do, thought Dave.

Dave didn't consider the moneymaking ability of the device but couldn't get the sexual potential of it out of his mind. Dave was excited to try the device out in Starbucks which was usually busy this time of the evening. Dave entered Starbucks and ordered a coffee. He spotted a beautiful blonde with big natural breasts seated at a bistro table with a female friend. The blonde was wearing a sheer top with a black bra underneath. Dave got into position so the woman wouldn't see the beam from the device. Bra he thought to himself, and then the device displayed a picture of the bra. Dave pressed the picture on the device, and the device did its job. Instantly the beautiful blonde's nipples appeared as though they were going to tear through the cream-colored sheer blouse that she was wearing. Dave could see that her nipples were dark chocolate brown color. Dave thought that her blonde hair must be a bleach job. Then they heard the blonde's friend say, Jennifer, your high beams are on. Jennifer looked down her blouse and replied: I know I put a bra on tonight it must've popped off, as she reached around her blouse feeling for her bra.

Dave next set his sights on a woman with an amazing ass wearing white pants that fit her body and ass flawlessly as though they were painted on. Dave didn't like the fact that her panties were ruining the view. Zap, the panty lines were gone. Dave was very happy with the device's ability to take clothing off without a woman being able to feel it. Dave knew he could put the mpdasd4500 to good use not to mention having a lot of fun with it. Dave was enjoying his coffee when one of the two twenty something's next him saw the mpdasd4500 in his hand and said sarcastically, hey old-timer, that flip phone is so 90s you should upgrade. The two twenty something's both laughed at Dave. Dave took his time finishing his coffee.

The two twenty something's continued to chat and giggle and look at Dave. Dave nonchalantly held the mpdasd4500 under the table and thought of the two women's clothing, from the waist down and then, zap. Dave almost regretted this because the sarcastic nasty one had really beautiful lady parts and was also nasty looking in a good way. The two twenty something's didn't notice their missing clothes from the waist down since they were sitting up next to the bistro table. Dave heard the nasty one remark, it sure is cold in here. Dave thought about leaving without watching what happened then felt a surge of power and the necessity to see his experiment through. Dave went up to the manager while preparing himself what to say as Dave was normally a passive doormat kind of guy.

Dave put on his angry face of indignation and went to the manager and said hey man what the hell is with this disgusting place. What's wrong sir the manager asked? Your sign on the door says, no shoes, no shirt, no service. So this disgusting coffee shop doesn't care if you don't wear pants? What the hell is this a Starbucks for swingers or something? What do you have an orgy room in the back or something? I bring my kids here for God's sake, ranted Dave. I'm sorry sir, what's the problem, the manager asked? Those two disgusting women at that table are not wearing anything from the waist down. This place is disgusting, I'm reporting this to the health department and I hope it gets you closed down, yelled Dave while making a big scene. All the customers in Starbucks then quit talking and turned to Dave. Dave got even louder those two ugly chicks at that table have their disgusting naked and unsanitary ass cracks on the chairs that everyone else sits on, you will need to burn those chairs now, I will never come here again yelled Dave. Just then, the two twenty something's stood up and began screaming while covering their lady parts. Dave exited the Starbucks with a new found power and sense of justice. The manager threw the women out of the store. As they rushed past Dave he said to the sarcastic one: do you need to use my old flip phone to call for some pants you disgusting slut.

When Dave got home he had now transitioned from a beer, weed, psilocybin and coffee high to an adrenaline power high, the high of the Ray gun. Dave was high on power and vengeful happiness and he didn't sleep at all. Dave spent the entire night formulating plans of what to do with the mpdasd4500 Ray Gun. Dave thought the possibilities were endless. Dave thought mainly about using the Ray Gun to see women naked.

The next day Dave thought about the battery life left in the Ray gun and hoped to didn't poop out on him before he could accomplish what he had planned for it. Like Yoda said, Dave would have to choose wisely how to best use the alien device.

The next day Dave was stocking and facing shelves when he saw one of his tormentors shopping in the store. This woman in her 60s was cursed with an ugly unloved face and unloved body with especially nasty looking sagging boobs that were only held above her waist line with an industrial strength bra. Nasty tits, as the store employees had nicknamed her (there were several other customers with nasty tits names that the employees had given classification to such as gross nasty tits, wrinkled nasty tits, wart covered nasty tits, skin tag covered nasty tits, smelly nasty tits and many other nicknames in a similar light), would go through the shelves picking up items and then placing them in different locations in the store. She also would fill her basket and then when she got to the checkout line she would say: oh I don't want that or that or that. Frequently she would do this after the item was rung up so manager had to be called to delete the transaction thereby keeping everyone in line waiting. Nasty tits also enjoyed trying the deodorant and then replacing it on the wrong shelf, opening the perfume, using some of it and placing it back on the shelf, always without putting it back in the box and always replacing it on the wrong shelf. Nasty tits also sampled food, or would eat an entire bag or box of something and leave it somewhere in the store and she would also consume drinks and leave these inside the store without paying. Nasty tits reasoning was that it was not stealing since the barcode on the package remained in the store.

The employees ignored nasty tits stealing because they were constantly shortchanged hours by owner Snidely Snyder, so much that they liked seeing him lose product to thieves. Nasty tits really liked wearing a blouse that showed off her repulsive midriff and stomach fat rolls, stretch marks, and discussing growths. You know someone like nasty tits, sure you do.

Dave formulated a plan. He took the Ray gun and set it for bra removal. Dave got into position with the Ray gun and fired on nasty tits. Then her repulsive nasty tits drop down below her waist and revealed to the world just how nasty they really were. Dave then went to the intercom at the register and called for the owner Snidely Snyder declaring a store emergency. Snidely Snyder came up to Dave and asked him what's the emergency? Sorry boss, Dave said but I thought you would want to know, that customer over there is showing off her nasty tits in the store, there's kids and you know boss she's going to hurt your business and get you sued also.

Holy shit, replied Snyder, I will throw her and her nasty tits out of here right now. It was satisfying for Dave to get rid of the shelf disrupting and product thieving, nasty tits. Strike another blow for democracy thanks to the Ray gun. Vengeance is mine saith Dave.

Dave thought it interesting Snyder had come up with the same nickname for nasty tits as the other store employees had. Dave thought that probably even her own parents called her nasty tits as a pet name. All Dave heard of Snyder's conversation with nasty tits was that she was banned for life and nasty tits replying that she was a long-term customer and that someone had stolen her bra while in the store and to call the police. Snyder responded those nasty things probably rotted the bra off of your body; now get your nasty self and your nasty tits out of my store.

Dave felt like a superhero avenger after taking care of nasty tits. Dave immediately went to Megan and told her what happened leaving out the part about his use of the Ray gun. While Dave was talking to Megan he wondered what she looked like naked. Oh yeah thought Dave, she had to look amazing naked but since he had never seen her without clothes on, just how amazing is she, Dave wondered? As he talked to her another part of his brain was multitasking to figure out how to Ray gun off Megan's clothes without getting her fired.

Well, there was still time Dave thought. He would also have to use the same technique on Stacy to determine her naked value. Dave went home and smoked some AWESOMECHRON and went to sleep dreaming of all the wonderful things the Ray gun would bring him such as nude Megan and nude Stacy.

The next day Dave was off work so he used the time to formulate plans for the use his new powers. His only worries were that the Ray gun would run out of battery life and quit working. He thought to himself that he may have wasted some shots with the device on the two twenty something's and nasty tits. Dave noticed a scale on the Ray gun display. It had room on it and if it was the battery life it looked like it had not even moved. If this was the battery life Dave would have thousands of things he could accomplish with the device that he lovingly nicknamed his Ray gun.

When Dave finally got out of bed Caitlin, his roommate and coworker, was at the kitchen table counting the money she had shortchanged her customers. Shortchange Cait was her nickname at the store. Caitlin had shortchanging customers down to a fine science. She would take a \$20 bill from a customer transaction which totaled less than \$10 in merchandise and then give the customer change as though they had given her a \$10 bill instead of a 20. She seldom got caught and if the customer did catch on she would merely tell them that her dog, peace love muffin, had been run over by a car and was at the vet and she was waiting to hear back to see if peace love muffin was going to live so she was distracted. This always worked. Caitlin could use this

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