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Raygun-nomics

By Ziel.

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“You gotta see this” read the text message on Lance’s phone. He had received several such texts in the past, and so by now he knew that it meant that his buddy Elliot was ready to unveil his latest, greatest invention. Some of Elliot’s crackpot ideas were pretty cool, but most of them – like the self-loading salad spinner – were pretty lame. Lance hoped that this would be one of the cooler ones, but he wasn’t about to hold his breath.

It was only a short jog around the block to reach his buddy’s place. It only took him around five minutes to pull on some shoes, trek the distance, and stride on up to his buddy’s garage which served as his workshop. Lance walked through the opened garage door just in time for Elliot to lift his welding mask and turn around with a strange, sci-fi looking pistol in hand.

“Ta-daaaa~” Elliot announced dramatically as he held the small, plastic looking device aloft. It looked more like a toy than an actual invention. The ‘pistol’ – if it could even be called that – was made of purple plastic and had tons of dials, and the barrel of the gun was more like an array of three consecutively smaller satellite dishes stacked one on top of the other. It looked like something that would come out of an old Bucky O’Hare cartoon and not a science lab, but then again Elliot’s designs were often more flair than substance. Lance doubted the newest device would be any different.

“So what is it?” Lance asked.

“Isn’t it obvious?” Elliot asked in return.

“Looks like some kinda cartoon ray gun,” Lance replied.

“So close, yet so far!” Elliot announced dramatically. He once again held the pistol aloft and began his speech. “This little baby is the answer to all life’s little problems! A few knob twists and a point and click and presto. Your little problems suddenly aren’t so little anymore!”

“So what I’m hearing is it turns your little problems into big problems.” Lance replied sarcastically.

“If you want to be a spoil-sport about it, maybe...” Elliot grumbled.

“So are you going to tell me what it does or are you just going to keep grandstanding?” Lance asked.

“Why should I tell you when I can show you?” Replied Elliot. Then, without even waiting for a response from his friend, Elliot turned around, aimed the device at a small, wooden cube on his work bench, and pulled the trigger. A bright blue beam shot forth from the tip of the satellite array and hit the cube head on.

“What the...” Lance murmured in awe as he watched. The beam continued to fire forth from the gun and envelope the wooden cube in blue light, but that wasn’t the most fascinating part. The cube itself was growing! It was ever so slightly at first, but the longer the beam stayed on it, the quicker the growth sped up. The cube went from the size of a small ring box like the kind someone would hide a wedding ring in as they waited for the perfect moment to pop the question, then to the size of a Big Mac box, and then finally it swelled to the size of a microwave!

“Pretty cool, huh?” Elliot asked, but it was clear he wasn’t asking for actual feedback. He was already patting himself on the back for a job well done.

“Does it work on other things?” Lance asked in awe.

“I’ve tested it on everything from apples to zinc. It effects all forms of matter.” Elliot replied with an air of smug superiority.

“Even people?” Lance asked.

Lance was as surprised as Elliot by his own outburst. He wasn't even sure why he said it. Sure, he wouldn't mind a few inches. He'd always been a little on the short side, but to actually have a device that his half-baked inventor friend cooked up willingly turned on him? Was it even worth it? And yet it had worked so well on the cube, and Elliot seemed sure it would work the same on everything else...

“Well, in theory it should be 100% safe, but I haven't tested it on living matter...” Elliot replied.

There was a tense silence as both friends mulled over popping the question. Elliot was obviously eager to test the limits of his device, but Lance's curiosity lied elsewhere. Part of him was excited by the prospects. He could finally stop being so short! It was almost too good to be true! At 5'5 Lance was often the shortest guy in his classes. He was even shorter than most girls. He didn't need much. Just an inch or two to bump him up to average would be fine, but even as he tried to justify it to himself, there was something else at work in the back of his mind. Already he was wondering what it would be like to be even taller than that. He always wondered what it would be like to be as huge as one of those NBA giants who looked down upon everyone they encountered. Just thinking about it caused his heart to skip a beat and the front of his pants to feel a hair tighter. It seemed his dick was even more excited about this idea than the rest of him.

“Would you... want to try it?” Elliot asked.

“Huh? Like, right now?” Lance sputtered in reply. He had hoped Elliot would ask, but now that the offer was on the table, Lance found himself balking. This was after all a relatively untested device, but if it worked...

“Truth be told I was hoping for a willing test subject...” Elliot replied. His voice trailed off expectantly at the end.

“I... I’ll do it...” Lance replied.

“You sure?” Elliot asked.

“No. So hit me fast before I change my mind,” Lance replied.

“Well, alright then...” Elliot responded. Yet despite his seeming reluctance, he already had a finger on the trigger and the device aimed squarely at Lance’s chest. Elliot didn’t even give Lance the chance to change his mind. No sooner had he had the device aimed than he pulled the trigger. Once again, a blue beam shot forth from the tip, but this time instead of hitting a small object on his desk, the beam nailed Lance square in the chest. It all happened so fast that Lance didn’t even have time to brace himself. It felt like a jolt of static electricity had zapped his entire body at once. It didn’t hurt per se, but it was definitely an unsettling feeling.

The burst only lasted a second. Elliot had only just barely tapped the trigger instead of holding it down as he had done with the cube. Lance had barely been exposed to the beam at all, but it was enough to

tell that something had happened. His clothes felt noticeably tighter than they had a moment ago.

“Woah. That was a rush,” Lance exclaimed.

He took a moment to look down at his body and see if he could spot any changes. It was hard to say just by looking, but he did feel a little taller. It wasn't until he looked back up at his pal, though, that he was sure. Elliot had always had a few inches of height on him, but now they were looking eye to eye!

“I-it works!” The two pals said in unison.

“w-wait a second... I thought you said you were sure!?” Lance yelped.

“I was mostly sure. Sure, but you can never be truly sure until you actually try it,” Elliot explained.

“That's not comforting at all,” Lance replied.

“Well, it's all in the past now. The fact of the matter is that we now know it works on people,” Elliot replied smugly.

There was a silence while Elliot basked in his own glory, but the pause had a different feel to it for Lance. His mind was racing. Just a half second added three inches. What would a longer burst do? Could he finally experience life as a NBA certified giant? Or could he get even bigger? It was hard to say why, but the thought intrigued him. There was something exciting about the idea of towering over even the tallest people. He could be a veritable titan!

“H-hey... hit me again.” Lance said.

“Wait what?” Elliot sputtered.

“Yeah. Just a little bit. I want to see what a little more does,” Lance explained.

“I mean, I could always do with a bit more experimentation, but I haven’t devised a de-biggification method yet. If you grow you’ll be stuck that way for a while,” Elliot explained.

Lance’s heart skipped a beat. The growth would be effectively permanent? Just the thought of it made his heart race and his cock stir to life. This was more than a dream come true. He was so excited that his whole body was shaking.

“Come on. I’ve always wanted to be tall. This will be awesome!” Lance exclaimed.

“Well... if you’re sure...” Elliot responded uncertainly. He once again pointed the device at his pal and pulled the trigger.

Lance was once again zapped by the blue light and felt the shock course through his body, and just like before it was over as soon as it started. This time, however, Lance didn’t take a moment to take stock of his height. “More. Give me more.” He said excitedly.

Elliot didn’t even have time to reply. It was tough to say whether it was how insistently his friend had asked, or if it was his own scientific curiosity, or if it was even something more carnal at work, but Elliot didn’t skip a beat. No sooner had Lance asked for more

than Elliot pulled the trigger once more. This time, however, it was not a short, controlled burst. Elliot pulled the trigger and held it.

Lance could once more feel the energy coursing through him. It felt amazing. It felt positively orgasmic! The sensation of his clothes getting tighter around his body and his body stretching and swelling was too amazing to be true, but there was more at work. Now that he had a steady beam on him, he could actually see his buddy's garage workshop shrinking around him. With each passing second, Lance's head got closer to hitting the ceiling. With each passing moment, Elliot became smaller and smaller in front of him. Soon Lance was so tall that instead of seeing eye to eye with his formerly taller buddy, Lance was now so tall that his chin could rest on Elliot's head. Soon Lance was so tall that Elliot was eye level with his pecs, and he actually had pecs! Lance had to feel them to be sure, but sure enough, he had dense, sculpted muscles on his chest. Lance had always been a fairly lean and wiry sort of guy. He had long dreamed of having muscles, but he had never had much luck packing on the pounds at the gym. He just had one of those body types that more easily sheds pounds than gains them no matter how much protein he tried to take in. Those days were in the past now. His skin-tight shirt showcased how thick his pecs and abs had become. Even his shorts strained against his swelling quads, but there was another part in which his shorts struggled to hold back. Lance had gone from having a fairly unremarkably average cock to having something that would make a porn star gawk. Even

had he not been pushing ten feet in height, his dick would be a sight to behold. At his old height his cock would be nearly a foot long, but now that he towered over everyone his dick was closing in on two feet in length. The massive schlong was easily as thick as his wrist! Then, just as suddenly as it had begun, the beam stopped.

“Hey! What gives!?” Lance asked indignantly.

“You’re already so huge...” Elliot murmured in awe.

“Hell yeah, I am!” Lance shouted excitedly.

“So huge... so hot...” Elliot murmured.

“Huh?” Lance asked.

“Er... nothing... We need to get you out of here before you outgrow the garage,” Elliot quickly stated, but it was clear he was just changing the subject. More to the point though, it made it clear that he had no intention of stopping the growth here. He wanted to see Lance grow almost as much as Lance wanted to grow!

“Hehe. Alright.” Lance replied. He crouched down and stepped out into his pal’s front yard. Stepping out from the garage made it even clearer just how much he had grown. He could almost look into the window of his pal’s bedroom, and that was on the second floor!

“So, how much big-” Lance began to ask, but he didn’t even get a chance to finish his question

before Elliot once again pulled the trigger. Lance was once more growing, and faster than before! He watched as the house began to dwindle before him. He was growing too fast for his clothes to keep up. The sound of cloth shredding split the air. Large tears began to form on his t-shirt. The stitches and seams of his shorts popped and frayed. The stitching around his shoulders began to snap and pop as he grew larger and larger.

“Fascinating. The ray seems to affect different matter at varying rates...” Elliot murmured to himself. He took a mental note of this, but he didn’t take his finger off the trigger.

Finally, Lance’s clothes began to give in completely. His shirt shredded clear down the middle. His pants shredded up the sides leaving them as little more than a loin cloth, but soon even his waistband couldn’t hold back his growth anymore. His waistband snapped like a rubber band, and his shorts fell to the ground. Soon, even what little remained of his t-shirt shredded against his swelling body. The shoulders shredded completely causing the remaining tatters to flutter to the ground like confetti. Lance was left standing fully nude before his tiny pal. Lance’s cock was now so huge that even in its semi-boned state it dangled down towards his knees. The head of his dick was now nearly eye level with his pal who stood only knee high. Lance’s head was now even with the roof of Elliot’s two-story house, and he was still growing!

“Don’t stop now!” Lance cheered. The feeling of growing was exhilarating. Watching the world get smaller and smaller around him was beyond exciting. Watching the trees barely reach his shoulders made him feel powerful, but watching his buddy barely reach his shins made him feel something else. Elliot just looked so tiny. The sheer size difference between them made Lance feel so amazingly hot and sexy. It was as if his size gave him overwhelming raw sexuality, and judging by the wet spot forming on the front of Elliot’s jeans, it was clear that Elliot was thinking something similar.

Finally, Lance’s growth began to taper off and come to a halt. Lance glanced down at his tiny pal as if to ask “what gives?” But Elliot answered before the question even left Lance’s lips.

“It’s out of juice!” Elliot called up to his now colossal pal. By the time his growth had finished, Lance had become so huge that Elliot barely even reached his ankles.

“How long will it take to recharge?” Lance asked, but at his current size his voice was like a roar that could be heard for acres around.

“I dunno, but if I leave it charging overnight it should be good!” Elliot called up to his towering pal. By this point it wasn’t even a question of if he would grow larger, but when. In the meantime, though, there was plenty of fun to be had at Lance’s new size. He wasn’t just taller but more muscular too, and he had a cock that would put even the biggest porn star to shame!

His cock even dwarfed the minivan that was parked out by the street! Even proportionally speaking, Lance's cock was massive. The enormous rod was longer than his arms and as thick as his sculpted midsection. His nuts hung down to his knees. Each enormous orb was larger than his head!

There was a moment of silence while the two pals stared in awe at what had become of Lance's body. He was now a veritable titan. The roof of the nearby houses didn't even reach his waist. His feet were large enough to eclipse entire cars. Lance had never felt more amazingly powerful in his life. It was invigorating and intoxicating. He was already dreaming about getting larger and larger. He couldn't wait to push the limits of his pal's new creation, and the tent in Elliot's pants and the look of pure, unadulterated awe in Elliot's eyes made it clear that he wanted to see how large Lance would get as well. The two of them were both enthralled by the concept.

Elliot stared up and up at his pal's enormous bod. Just standing there between his pal's two colossal feet made him feel so tiny. He was like an ant before a veritable god, and as if Lance were a true god, Elliot wanted to worship every inch of his titanic body. He couldn't wait to get even closer and experience more of Lance's huge body up close and personal. Elliot took a few steps tentatively forward. He held his hand outstretched before him as he slowly approached. His heart pounded in his chest. He was so excited that he couldn't stop shaking. All he wanted to do was lay a hand on the godly figure before him, but somehow

that felt like sacrilege. It was as if even daring to touch the titan was an unpardonable sin, but Elliot couldn't help himself. When his hand finally made contact with his pal's ankle, all Elliot could do was stand there and stroke it in awe. He was less than eye level with even just his pal's ankle! He had to reach up to caress the little lump of bone that now nearly dwarfed his entire body, and yet despite how fascinated he was by his pal's ankle, Elliot's attention was drawn elsewhere. Elliot couldn't help himself. His gaze drifted higher and higher up his pal's titanic leg until he was staring straight up at his pal's colossal nuts. Lance's enormous balls were each large than a car! Even just one of those orbs could eclipse Elliot's entire body. The sack of both combined would completely bury him, and somehow the mere thought of it made Elliot's already rock-hard cock get even harder. He wanted to feel the weight of those massive stones upon him. He wanted to feel the warm flesh envelope him. He wanted to kiss, to worship every inch of that godly sack, but there was something else calling to him.

His gaze continued to drift past Lance's balls and back towards his house. Lance's rigid cock was aimed directly at Elliot's second floor window! The enormous schlong was every bit as long as Elliot's driveway and twice as wide! Just seeing that massive tool made Elliot want to feel it against him even more than he craved to explore Lance's balls. It was then that Elliot had an idea. An idea so perfect that it even broke his trance. He turned and bolted back into his house. He ran up the stairs and into his bedroom and threw open the window. There he stared in awe at the

slit of his pal's colossal cock. The enormous tool was aimed directly at him. Elliot stood and stared in awe at the pre-drooling slit that dribbled pre onto the driveway below. Elliot couldn't help himself. He was beyond thinking rationally at this point. All he wanted to do was worship the titan which now stood before him. Elliot crawled out of the window and onto the roof of his house. He unsteadily got to his feet and placed both hands upon his pal's cock to brace himself. Just feeling his pal's dick against his palms caused Elliot's own cock to twitch with joy. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. He couldn't believe what he was feeling, and he wanted to experience even more! Elliot leaned in and began to lick and suckle every inch of exposed cock head he could reach. He could taste the flavor of Lance's skin. He could feel the warmth of Lance's pre against his tongue as the liquid flooded his mouth. He wanted desperately to experience even more, but what could he do? As tiny as he was it was all he could do to even reach out and touch just the tip. Fortunately, Lance had felt Elliot's touch against his cock and had already begun to move things to the next level.

Lance swiveled his hips so that his cock was no longer aimed at Elliot's window which left his tiny pal crestfallen but only for a moment. Lance sidled up beside the roof and reached a hand down for Elliot to crawl onto which Elliot did excitedly. He practically scampered onto his colossal buddy's palm. Once Elliot was safely in position, Lance began to sit down. The ground rumbled beneath him as his massive, muscular ass made landfall on the sidewalk. The ground

continued to rumble as he laid back. In a matter of mere moments Lance was lying flat on his back with his knees bent. His feet were pressed against the side of Elliot's garage. His ass was against the sidewalk in front of Elliot's house, and his midsection stretched across the road which was wide enough for two lanes of traffic and still had room for cars to park on the sides of the road! His shoulders rested in the yard across the street from Elliot's house, and Lance's head rested against the neighbor's house. Once Lance was lying down, he let gravity have its way with the sheer weight of his colossal cock. His dick came to a rest flat across his sculpted abs. His dick was so huge that the tip of it pointed right at his face. He could easily lean forward just a hair and suck the tip of his own cock, and he had half a mind to do just that, but first he wanted to make sure his little buddy had a front row seat of the action.

Lance tilted his palm and dropped his tiny pal right atop his titanic, swollen cock head. Watching his tiny pal seated atop his dick made Lance feel even more massive than he had before which caused his cock to give a lurch of delight. The shudder knocked Elliot flat on his ass. Lance couldn't help but chuckle. Even just a twitch of his dick was so powerful that it was enough to knock his tiny pal off his feet. The feeling of raw power that came with his size just made him feel even hornier than before. Lance couldn't keep his hands off his cock even if he wanted to. He reached forward and gripped his cock with both hands. His dick was so huge that he couldn't even get his hands all the way around it. It was more like gripping another

person that stroking his own cock, but that just made him even hornier. He was not only so huge, but he was so burly and hung as well! He truly was a titan! Lance began to stroke his dick with all his might. The steady pumping caused his foreskin to roll back and forth across his cock head which sent Elliot sprawling once more. Even just his foreskin was enough to send his tiny pal toppling! Lance could barely believe what he was seeing and he could believe even less how damn horny it made him! He was so horny that he needed to do more than just feel his cock. He needed to taste it too!

Lance leaned in ever so slightly so that his lips reached the tip of his cock. He tasted the own bitter tang of his own pre and somehow that drove him absolutely wild. He wanted more. He needed more! He licked and lapped at his own cock, all the while fervent stroking his dick. His cock shuddered. His body trembled, and poor Elliot was along for the ride. With each stroke it seemed like Lance stroked further up his cock causing his foreskin to creep further and further along his cock head until it was threatening to crowd out the tiny Elliot from his precarious perch. Finally, the mix of the trembling and the nudging from his pal's thick foreskin was enough to send Elliot slipping and sliding from the tip of his pal's dick onto Lance's eager tongue below.

Lance felt his buddy make landfall on his tongue and recognized the sensation for what it was instantly. He had his pal on his tongue! Lance was so massive that even just his tongue was like a luxuriously

huge mattress for Elliot to rest on, but Elliot wasn't getting any rest at the moment. He was being mashed against his pal's cock with each lick and lap that Lance took of his own cock. Feeling Elliot pinned between his tongue and his cock made Lance even hornier than he already was! He was so horny that he could barely stem the tide any longer. It was clear that he was going to be cumming soon, and Lance was more than happy to do so. Lance dug his feet in. He arched his back. He let out one last, loud low, moan, and fired thick wads of spunk into his own mouth. Meanwhile Elliot was still along for the ride atop Lance's tongue.

Jizz flooded Lance's mouth. Elliot was soon drowning in spunk, and with more and more loads firing into Lance's mouth, it seemed like Elliot was caught in a wash cycle of a very sticky washing machine. He lost track of up and down as jizz cascaded all around him. He finally started to make heads or tails of what was up and what was down when he felt Lance's mouth close down around him. Lance's tongue suddenly pinned him to the roof of the titan's mouth, and then suddenly the jizz started rushing past him. It was hard to make sense of what was going on, but Elliot soon figured it out.

Lance swallowed hard. He was never one for the taste of his own spunk, but he was so horny at the moment that he didn't care, and feeling his tiny friend wriggling against his tongue made him even hornier. Even in his most hormone addled state, though, Lance would never let any harm come to his pal. The feeling of Elliot wriggling against his tongue not only filled him

with a sense of power and horniness, but it also let him know that Elliot was still alive and kicking. Finally, when Lance had swallowed the last of his spunk he reached his hand in front of his face and stuck out his tongue, letting his tiny pal slide down his tongue and onto his outstretched palm.

Both pals were exhausted, both from the ordeal they had gone through and the afterglow of their mutual climaxes, but that didn't stop them from sharing a few more words before their exhaustion overtook them.

"We'll get you even bigger tomorrow." Elliot said.

"I like the sound of that," Lance replied.