

## The Realest Ghostbuster

by Maddox



"I'm sorry, you're too qualified for a position with the Ghostbusters." Yeah right, whatever. It was the last thing I thought I'd hear. Sitting in front of me in the repurposed fire department was Dr. Raymond Stanz of the world famous ghost hunting agency. He seemed distraught, like a good friend giving a good friend some bad news.

"I understand, Ray."

I didn't. I felt my mouth utter those words, but they were empty. I didn't understand how someone so talented could be turned down for having too much of what they're looking for. I wanted to cut myself.

"It's not every day you meet someone who's an expert on parapsychology, spectral forensics and has two masters degrees in phantasmal anthropology," he continued.

Sitting next to him was a cross-armed Egon Spengler. I could tell that Egon felt threatened. But this didn't seem to be about my qualifications. There was something else...

"Ghostbusters, how can I help you?"

Janine, the secretary, picked up the phone abruptly. She dutifully jotted down some notes, nodding and looking over at us.

"Uh-huh. Sure. Well I don't think we can get to that today."

She had the voice of an angel. Janine Melnitz was a scrappy woman with the body of a lean bloodhound and dark burgundy hair. Her hips brushed past my shoulder as she walked over to tell the boys the news. Egon perked up in his seat.

"There's a donut shop on Houston street that needs you."

Egon furrowed his brow.

"Winston and Venkman are on call, it wouldn't be wise to leave the place empty in case of an emergency," Egon huffed.

Janine gave me a glance that can best be described as "elevator eyes." Except she started at the basement, went up to the penthouse, then back down to the basement, taking her time to explore my sweet, sweet suites. She was a tenant looking to rent, and she liked what she saw. Egon watched anxiously.

"What about the new guy?" Janine proposed.

"Absolutely not. I don't think he'd be a right fit here."

"You know what? Today's your lucky day! Why don't you come with us and see how it's done? It'll be fun! We can talk about Togan's spirit guide!"

Ray lit up like a puppy dog. He was my home boy, big-time. I immediately felt like I could trust Ray. This was the start of what would be a long, fruitful friendship. But I didn't know that at this moment. All I knew was that I was finally getting my break. I was a going to become a Real Ghostbuster.

The donut shop looked like it was designed by the stumpy creatures in the rusty hospital from Silent Hill 1. Not that shit-pile Silent Hill 4 with ghosts you can't get

rid of. Talk about need for a ghostbuster. The shop keep was a nervous Indian man who looked and fit every cliché you'd expect to find in a hole-in-the-wall liquor store, except he was hawking fried pastries instead of booze. His two daughters stood behind his wife, who was a ravishing older woman wearing a sari. We shared a glance that was a moment longer than what you'd consider a friendly glance.

"Right this way, look at what the ghosts have done." Apul pointed to a display case that had been slimed.

"Wow, you're right. We need a containment unit for those donuts right away." I said to Apul

"Really?" he replied,

"Yes, I'm afraid they have way too much glaze." I said with a smirk.

Apul's wife got the joke. She smiled bashfully and signaled for her children to go play. Egon was scanning the shelf with his PKE meter, when suddenly a vat of cooking oil started to boil over. Apul's wife stepped back into me just as the vat of oil started shooting scalding-hot donuts all over the store. She turned and grabbed me, clearly mistaking me for her husband. I pushed her aside.

"Not now woman, I have the world to save."

She nodded and mouthed the words "I understand" to me in slow motion. Egon had oil on his glasses and couldn't see. Ray whipped out his proton pack and shot the vat, causing the specter haunting it to emerge. It was a class 5 plasmodial manifestation with a vaguely humanoid face. It screamed and howled, overpowering Ray's beam. I acted quickly and grabbed Egon's proton pack, but just as I was about to pull the trigger, I realized what we were dealing with: this was Slimer, the largely harmless nuisance that the boys have become fond of at the station. Ray cut his beam.

"Slimer!" Ray said, with the delivery of a sitcom police chief.

Slimer took off through the window and into the sky as Ray helped Egon up to his feet. Apul's wife wanted to have words with me. She got close and said,

"Listen, I don't know how to repay you. If you ever want anything..."

I put my finger to her lips and said,

"Shhhh... I know. But I don't eat donuts."

She smirked and said,

"Some donuts aren't meant to be eaten. Only glazed."

I got a boner.

Later that night at the station, Egon, Ray, Venkman and Winston were sitting around on the couch having a private discussion about whether or not they wanted to hire me. I was leaning against the far wall, but could tell how the conversation was going just by observing their body language. Ray and Venkman were in my court, though Venkman only because he saw my employment as an opportunity for him to take more time off. Winston seemed indifferent, so Egon was the only holdout. Janine walked over to offer me a cup of coffee.

"Coffee?" she murmured.

"Sure."

She opened up a packet of Splenda, but I stopped her just as she was about to pour it in.

"No thanks, Splenda gives you diarrhea. I prefer my sugar raw."

Janine tore open a brown packet and poured it in, stirring my coffee slowly. She handed me the cup.

"Do you have any cinnamon?" I asked.

I love cinnamon and always put it in my coffee. Janine gave me a knowing nod.

"Ohmygosh, I always put cinnamon in my coffee too!" she slapped her hand on my chest as she excitedly said this, letting her fingers linger on my man knockers. I was sprouting some serious chub. She poured a mountain of cinnamon on my coffee, and started expertly folding it in with the foam. By now the boys had finished talking.

"When can you start?" Winston said.

"Tomorrow."

"Welcome aboard, pal!" Ray shouted back.

Egon seemed defeated. Just then the fire alarm rang, and the boys sprang to action. They were out the door and down the street before my coffee cooled enough to sip. It was just me and Janine with the headquarters all to ourselves.

"Congratulations!" Janine said, "what are you gonna do to celebrate?"

"What....? Or who....?" I said back in my deepest, sexiest sailor voice.

Janine started to blush. It was my turn to give her the elevator eyes. I started down at her toes. I'm not a foot guy, but I'll be damned if I didn't think about shrimping some of that toe knuckle for a second or two. Then I came to my senses and moved onto her knees, which were fine as shit. They were pale and smooth, not too sweaty. Her hips were like bass guitar that I just wanted to hump. Her stomach was whatever, just a stomach. No weird outties or anything, so it's all good. Then it was onto her tatas. At this point she could feel my gaze, and blushed, turning away. I put my hand on her chin and turned her face back to me.

"You look like you're in need of a mechanic?"

She looked confused.

"What?"

"An organ mechanic!" I said triumphantly.

Her blush became more intense as she put her finger on my waist and pulled me closer. I could tell her pink dribbler was stewing in a crock-pot, marinating in a broth of pure hormones. Egon definitely wasn't hitting it right.

"What's this?" she asked, looking down at my junk. "A ghost?"

"Yes" I replied, "a ghost in need of a containment unit."

"Oh my!"

We started to pork. It was pretty good I guess. Then after 45 minutes or so, she couldn't take it anymore and screamed,

"SLIME ME!"

Just then I noticed some puffy white hair behind the couch. It was Egon. He'd stayed back all along and was spying on us. And there I was laying pipe with his girlfriend. The next 8 minutes or so were super awkward as I banged Janine while I didn't break gaze with Egon. The harder we porked, the more intensely I gazed at him. He started to cry. I actually felt kind of bad for him until I noticed he

was masturbating. He sobbed quietly and jerked off while I pounded that sloppy lotus. Everyone got a happy ending that day. Afterwards when Janine passed out due to exhaustion, Egon came up to apologize,

"Hey, I just want to say that what I did was immature. I was jealous because Janine was more into you than she was me. I got majorly friend-zoned and took it out on you."

"It's okay," I said, "I understand."

Whatever dude, get away.

"Well I just wanted to say 'I'm sorry' and that I'm proud to call you my colleague any day. Today you became not just a Real Ghostbuster, but the Realest Ghostbuster of all time. I love you."

The End.

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