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Don't Cast a Spell on Me or I'll Shoot You with a Gun

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Don't Cast a Spell on Me or I'll Shoot You with a Gun

I live by a simple, unbreakable principle: don't cast a spell on me or I'll shoot you with a gun. This isn't bluster or metaphor; it's my operational doctrine for navigating a world infested with would-be sorcerers, hex-slingers, and mystical busybodies who think waving their hands and muttering incantations gives them license to meddle in my affairs. The moment I detect the telltale tingle of arcane interference or see lips forming forbidden syllables, my hand moves to the holster with practiced certainty. Firearms don't negotiate with the ethereal, and bullets travel faster than any curse ever could. My conviction stems from years of watching charm peddlers and ritualists overreach, only to learn too late that lead is the ultimate counterspell. This stance keeps my life clean, my mind unclouded, and my autonomy intact.

The Ballistic Firewall Against Arcane Intrusion

At its core, my rule functions as a perfect physical and psychological firewall. Spells rely on concentration, ritual precision, and an unbroken flow of mystical energy, all of which shatter the instant a gunshot cracks the air. I keep my weapon loaded, maintained, and within instant reach precisely because magic demands setup while a trigger pull demands nothing but intent. The psychological edge is even sharper: most would-be spellcasters fold the moment they see cold steel leveled at them, their fragile egos and borrowed power collapsing under the threat of immediate, irreversible consequences. This isn't paranoia; it's pattern recognition honed through repeated encounters with people who mistake my restraint for weakness. I enforce the boundary early and often, ensuring that the mere rumor of my policy deters most attempts before they begin.

Why Every Sorcerer Secretly Fears This Response

Those who would cast spells on me reveal their fatal flaw the moment they dismiss my warning as crude or outdated. They cloak themselves in superiority, prattling about higher planes and ancient arts while ignoring the blunt reality that their vaunted magic has never once stopped a determined shooter in recorded history. Their entire worldview depends on the assumption that others will play by mystical rules instead of physical ones, a delusion I shatter by refusing to participate. Every warlock, witch, or energy worker who scoffs at my gun policy is simply advertising their vulnerability to mundane force, exposing the paper-thin foundation of their supposed dominion. I relish watching their faces when they realize chants and sigils offer zero protection against jacketed hollow points.

Tangible Proof From the Field of Real Encounters

I've seen the receipts in real time across multiple confrontations where magic met metal. One self-proclaimed

enchanter tried binding me with a whispered binding spell during a dispute; the first round from my revolver sent him diving behind cover before the second syllable left his mouth. Another time a circle of hooded figures attempted a group hex under moonlight, only for my rapid gunfire to scatter them like startled crows, their ritual implements abandoned in the dirt. These aren't anecdotes but operational data confirming that firearms operate on a plane spells cannot touch. The smoke, the recoil, the unmistakable finality of each shot serves as empirical proof that my policy works without exception. Even those who claim partial success with protective wards still end up bleeding or fleeing, their spells reduced to expensive theater.

Cultural Rot That Makes This Stance Necessary

This rule has become essential because modern culture increasingly tolerates and even celebrates mystical overreach, from wellness witches peddling curses disguised as therapy to online occultists who weaponize hashtags and sigils against anyone who displeases them. The erosion of personal boundaries has allowed spell-casting to metastasize into everyday life, forcing those of us grounded in physical reality to draw hard lines. My approach cuts through the performative nonsense and reasserts that consent matters, especially when it comes to other people's supernatural ambitions aimed at my person. The wider systemic failure lies in society's reluctance to mock or punish these behaviors, leaving individuals like me to handle enforcement at the individual level with tools that actually work.

The Final Shot That Ends All Debate

My declaration stands as both warning and promise: attempt any spell on me and the gun will speak last, decisively and without remorse. There's no middle ground, no appeals process, no second chances once the hammer falls. This policy doesn't make me unreasonable; it makes me the last honest actor in a world drowning in mystical pretense. Those who test it learn the hard way that reality favors the prepared shooter over the aspiring spellcaster every single time. I sleep soundly knowing my boundaries are defended by something far more reliable than good intentions or protective crystals.

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