

Spray for Trouble

By: Firingwall

Finally, Emma thought happily, time to relax and have some fun!

Spring Break was upon the young college girl and Emma was going to make the most of it as best as she could. She couldn't afford to leave town like a lot of her friends did, so she was intent on trying to find something fun and new to do with her time off from homework, papers, and all sorts of frustrating projects.

Biking home from class, she cut through the park, her mind still off on trying to figure out what she could do. *Could finally try running in that marathon coming up, she pondered, but I could also maybe volunteer for the week at the shelter. Man, I just don't know what I...*

As she rode, her eyes fell upon a curious old woman, the only person in the park that fine day it felt like. She was looking around, checking behind bushes or fussing about in place. She seemed distressed and worried, biting at her nails.

Curious, Emma stopped and hopped off her bike. Walking over with it, she called to the old lady, "Excuse me miss, are you alright?"

The lady looked to her, adjusting her glasses and stammering, "M-m-my l-little precious! H-he-he ran away! I w-was just talking him for his afternoon walk an-and I-I w-wasn't holding the leash t-tight enough and..."

Emma nodded and patted the woman on the shoulder, giving her a small smile. "I understand and it's okay," the college girl spoke, "I had something like this happen to me with my dog too. I'll help you look and we'll find your precious in no time."

The lady nodded, gently smiling back. "You're a good girl," she remarked quietly.

"Here you are!" Emma brightly spoke, handing the small lapdog to the older woman, "He's a bit dirty, but okay!"

About an hour has passed and after searching long and hard, the young lady found the missing pooch. The little dog had run off a good distance away from his master and ended up getting its leash tangled in some bushes on the other side of the park.

Emma met up with the older lady at the exit after they split up to search. The woman was absolutely ecstatic to have her dog back, kissing it repeatedly over the face and crushing it in some uncomfortable-looking hugs.

Either way, the woman said cheerfully, "Thank you so much for finding him! I hope he wasn't a bother."

“Not at all!” Emma answered with a smile, leaving out the fact that the dog tried to nip at her earlier.

“You’re such a good girl,” the lady said, carefully setting her dog down and gripping the leash tightly, “Not many people would be so nice to help out a poor woman like me. I simply must give you something for your troubles!”

“Oh! You don’t need to. It was nothing really.”

“No, I insist young lady!” The woman began rummaging through her purse around her shoulder, digging deep into it. The lady muttered under her breath as she searched, “should be... no... that’s not... how strange... I was sure I had one in here... oh well. This will have to do.”

The dog owner yanked out what appeared to be a pepper spray bottle, much to Emma’s utter confusion and bewilderment. “Umm,” Emma mumbled, brushing some of her short brown hair from eyes, “I’m not sure if I really need that and again, I don’t...”

“No no no,” the woman answered sweetly, “I know what you’re thinking, but you’re wrong. This is something that’s sure to make your life a bit more interesting. It’ll be sure to make it cool and hip as they say these day. Just one simple spray to anything and it’ll be improved for you!”

The woman placed the bottle into the young lady’s hands and smiled again. “Just give it a try on your bike,” she told Emma, “and you’ll see the results right away.”

“Ah... sure?” Emma wasn’t sure what to make of this situation she gotten into. The woman was very nice and kind, but maybe a bit off in the head as well given this development. However, she decided to humor her anyway so she could get going.

Emma placed her bike against the fenced gate of the park and carefully aimed the bottle at the bike’s tires. With a deep breath, she gave her ride a small spray.

The results were almost instantaneous and jaw-dropping. Happening so fast that she almost couldn’t make it out, she watched as her bicycle grew wider, longer, and bulkier. Mechanical parts just sprouted out of nowhere as she jumped back.

In just about ten seconds, her bike had transformed into a full-on, brand new motorcycle.

“HOLY SHIT!” Emma yelled, “What the hell was...” Much to her surprise as well, the woman and her dog had vanished, leaving her all alone on that quiet street.

“This can’t be real,” she mumbled to herself, looking back at the bike. Her heart was racing, still completely shocked by the new ride before her. Deep down, she’s always wanted to try riding a motorcycle. They always seemed cool to her, but now she just wasn’t sure what to think about this.

She walked over the bike carefully, sliding her hand across the seat and up to the handlebars. There was a slight burst of static shock, her hand snapping back. Her body felt tingling and strangely excited. Looking at it, she felt as if she already knew how to use it and was raring for a ride.

She placed her hand upon the leather seat again, stroking its top gently. She gulped and murmured, "I... I wonder if this... if this..."

She removed her bike helmet from her head and set it on the seat. Aiming carefully, she gave the helmet a spray and was soon gazing upon a motorcycle helmet. It was black as night with a dark visor to it and flames painted on its sides. It looked like a perfect fit for her too.

"This is so unreal," she mumbled, her voice tiny and almost silent as she took the helmet, "This spray bottle is crazy. I can't believe this..." She stood there silently, looking at the headwear and her new bike. There were keys already in the engine, so she was basically ready to go.

After a moment, a small, sly-ish smile appeared and she wondered, "well... it... it would be a shame not to have a matching outfit or anything."

She carefully removed her jacket and also put it on the bike. She shivered slightly but pushed on through it and gave her pinkish outfit a spray now. Pink was slathered in black almost the second the substance hit the fabric. The coat's material turned to a tough leather, fitting the night color perfectly. Embroidered across the back as a bonus was the phrase, "Biker Bitch".

"Well it's sort of cool," Emma embarrassingly admitted, looking at the curious jacket and tossing it on, "Maybe would have gone with a nicer phrase, but whatever..."

As the jacket was tossed on, her body tingled and her cheeks turned rosy. Wearing the outfit felt good. It felt so right and just the thought of people saying the words on her back made her smirk.

The tingling died down and she shook her head, focusing on the helmet and putting it on. It felt comfortable, fitting her perfectly like she thought. With her outfit on, she carefully got onto the bike and revved it up. The roar of the engine sent chills down her spine and goosebumps across her body. Now sitting on it, the bike felt just right for her.

She turned her attention on the road ahead of her, lifting the kickstand up and started moving forward. She was soon driving along without issue or problem at all. It was like she had been driving for a while or at least knew instinctively what to do.

Emma made it home in no time, parking her motorcycle carefully behind her mom's van. The young college girl still lived at home with her parents and her high school aged sister, Anna. While dorm life was an option, she did prefer the comforts and bonuses that came with living at home.

Setting up the kickstand and turning off the engine, Emma carefully removed her helmet and hopped off. She let out a small sigh, her stomach feeling awkward as she stared at the house. *This is it, she thought, not sure how I'll explain this to everyone but... here goes nothing...*

She unlocked the front door and stepped inside, casually kicking off her shoes by throw rug. She glanced around and peered into the living room, seeing her dad watching something on TV and Anna busy reading some random textbook from her school. *She has the week off*, Emma thought, taking off her backpack, *I don't know why she doesn't just take a break from...*

“Hey honey,” her dad called to her, “I heard you pull up. I thought you would have been home by now.”

“Huh?” Emma reacted, her head snapping to attention.

“Oh come on,” Anna added, looking up for a split second from her book before returning to it, “We heard you coming almost a mile away with the “hog”, if you will.”

“Wait,” started Emma, trying to piece things together, “You know about the motorcy...”

“There you are!” Emma’s mom said cheerfully, stepping in. She was wearing an apron and smelted of roasted chicken as she wiped her hands with a paper towel. She gave her eldest daughter a kiss on the cheek. “Safe and sound, if a bit late. I wish you would’ve called. I keep getting so worried that you’re gonna get into an accident on your new bike. They’re just not safe.”

“Well maybe they’re safer for a “Biker Bitch”?” Joked Anna, adjusting her glasses.

“Language dear,” huffed the mom, before returning to Emma, “But seriously, I don’t know why you got that jacket as well. It’s just so crude.”

Wait a minute... do they... do they really not notice anything wrong with any of this? Nothing here... seems off to anyone? Emma glanced at her pocket that held the spray bottle. What kind of item did she get?

Tossing her backpack and jacket on her bed, Emma fell onto its soft mattress, staring up at the ceiling. Her lips were grimacing and her brow was furrowed as she pondered everything since she came home.

She let out a sigh and mumbled to herself, “No one thinks anything is wrong... so the spray doesn’t just change things, it changes people’s memories too.”

She pulled out the spray bottle from her pocket and looked it over. It looked like an unmarked pepper spray bottle, with nothing out of the ordinary about it.

“I should probably get rid of this thing,” Emma mumbled again.

After a moment, she sat up and glanced at her desk. On it, she spotted a case of lip gloss. Lips twisting again, she thought, *well... it wouldn't hurt to see what else it can do, right?*

She sat up and walked over, snatching the tube right up. Looking it over, she placed the small item in the middle of her room, away from everything else. Emma carefully took aim with her bottle and gave the lip gloss a quick spray.

A second later, the lip gloss turned into a bright bronze tube of lipstick. "Okay," she muttered, picking it back up, "Wasn't expecting that, but I wonder..."

Opening it open, its color was pitch black, like outer space. Her eyebrows raised in surprise but drooped soon after. Any sense of surprise went away as she felt rather relaxed looking at the item. She didn't usually wear makeup, but she rather liked the color of it.

Pleasantly, Emma applied the makeup to her lips without a second, as if she had done it a million times before in the past. She took out her phone and checked herself with the camera, puckering out her rather plump lips. *Damn*, she thought, smiling, *I... I look good with this!*

Putting the lipstick back onto the table and pocketing her cellphone, Emma felt a bit excited, but also nervous. Looking back her pepper spray bottle, she thought, *this stuff is really amazing like that lady said. I'm liking this a lot, but... should I keep going?*

...let's try something else. As questionable and strange as things were, Emma just had to see what else she could do with the bottle.

Grabbed her backpack and opened it up, pulling out two packets of gum from the side pockets. "Wonder what I'll get with these?" she muttered, setting them on the ground now, "Mascara? Eyeshadow?"

She soon got her answer, much to her horror the split second after spraying the two packets. In their place, two new items sat: a lighter and a packet of cigarettes.

"Oh crap oh crap!" Emma panicked, dropping the bottle onto the floor, "This is not what I wanted at all! Crapcrapcrapcrap!!"

"Is something wrong honey?" Emma's heart skipped a beat. Her mom was at her door and turning the knob. How the hell was she going to explain this to her?!

The door swung open and Emma lunged for the items, trying to stuff them into her pockets as quickly as possible. However, she only managed to get them into her hands before her mom came in. Stuttering, Emma, tried vainly to hide them before her back and said, "O-oh, hey mom! Sorry, just ah... dropped something..."

Her mom gave her a strange look and sighed, "I still cannot, for the life of me, get used to the idea of you smoking. I thought you'd be smarter than that."

"...what?"

“If you must smoke, please do it in your room or outside. The rest of us do not need to be subjected to your secondhand smoke. Between the motorcycle and the smoking, I'm going to worry myself to death.”

With those words, the mom closed the door and walked away. Emma stood there with the pack and lighter in both hands, looking stunned. She had to know her mom wouldn't be surprised given that she didn't react to the motorcycle, but on the flipside, she wished she did.

Gulping, Emma looked at both items in her grasp and mumbled, “does... does this mean I'm... I'm a...”

She quickly shook her head and nervously chuckled, “n-no way. It can't be that. I'll... I'll even try one and prove otherwise.”

She yanked out one of the cigarettes and put it between her lips, tossing the packet onto the bed. She lit it up and set the lighter down carefully. With it set, she took a small drag off of it.

It was like heaven. Her body tingled and shivered with delight, worries and concerns melting off of her back. Tension dropped to zero within her and a soft, dopey smile emerged across her face. She let the smoke linger within her lungs before elegantly blowing it out between her plump lips.

“Holy crap,” Emma moaned, dropping onto her bed and taking another drag from her cig. Her body shivered again as she released the fumes, sighing, “that... that's amazing...”

She grabbed the bottle off the ground and looked back at her desk. On it, there laid a cereal bowl she had left out from that morning. A small smirk came to Emma's face and a moment later, she had herself a new ashtray.

Emma spent the next few minutes smoking her cigarette, savoring every second of it. Even though she never smoked before in her life, it felt so familiar to her and so wonderful. Her body and mind loved every second of it.

Putting out the butt once she was done, Emma lit up another cigarette to smoke it as well. Casually, she thought, *well, I guess I'm a smoker now. Gees, don't even know what I was worrying about. All of those stupid “say no to smoking” PSAs I got stuck with in school didn't know what the hell they were talking about!*

The door opened again, but this time, it was Anna. She waved some of the smoke from her face, frowning and muttering, “Hey Smokey, dinner is almost done! Mom and dad want you downstairs in a bit.”

“No problem!” Emma replied with a smile, “Just gotta finish this.”

“Of course you do,” mumbled Anna, rolling her eyes, “Gees... feel like I gotta shower now after talking to you.”

Anna slammed the door and walked off, Emma hearing her sister heading down the steps. The elder sister sighed, taking another drag from her cigarette. *She's always so stuck up, she thought, I wish she loosen up a bit...*

She glanced to the side of her bed where she put the spray bottle. Blowing out another puff, she mumbled, "I would if I could help her out a bit..."

A few minutes later after finishing, Emma peered into her sister's room across the hall. It was full of bookshelves, study material, and her own personal laptop. However, Anna was nowhere to be seen much to her relief.

"Alright then." Emma mumbled, closing the door behind her, "Let's see..." She loved her sister dearly and despite wanting to help her out, she didn't want to change anything of Anna's too much. Just enough to spice her life up.

She glanced at one of Anna's large study guides for a second and then at one of her trophies from one of those science competitions that she's always in. However, she looked away and focused in on Anna's running shoes. Her sister loved track and field, somehow cramming it into her already large, hectic schedule.

"Maybe this will spruce them up a bit?" Pondered Emma, spraying the dirty old shoes.

It certainly did just that, but not exactly in the way she was expecting either. The shoes quickly morphed shape, stretching longer, changing fabric and color into something much more luscious. They turned into a pair of bright red, three-inch, high heels.

"Okay," Emma mumbled, "that's new. Well... I guess wearing heels won't be bad for her." She turned towards something else in the room, the large dresser.

Emma walked over and opened it right up. All of her sister's undergarments, sweatpants, shorts, and such were kept in there, folded up neatly and in some kind of organizational way. It certainly was a lot better kept than how Emma dealt with her own clothes.

Probably should just stick with one thing, Emma thought, nothing too serious here.

She carefully lifted out one of Anna's pairs of cotton underwear and gently set it on top of the dresser. She gave it a quick spray and a second later, a thong laid there in its place. Emma's right eyebrow cocked and she mumbled, "well... I guess that's something. It's like this spray stuff is trying to..."

That's when she saw it. In the drawer, all of Anna's underwear had been replaced by skimpy, black or red thongs. Some of them even seemed made for a size bigger than Anna was already. "Crap!" Emma muttered, shoving the bottle into her pocket, "It even changed the rest of her underwear! I better stop with..."

Just as she put the thong away, the door opened. Emma quickly shut the drawer just as Anna walked in. Her younger sister twitched in surprise, but sighed. “Dammit,” Anna mumbled, “Don’t surprise me like that... wait, why are you in my room?”

“N-n-no reason,” Emma blurted out, not sure what to even say.

Anna walked up, hands on her hips and her eyes narrowing. “Are you snooping or something?” She asked, “I don’t do that with your room, you know!”

“It-it doesn’t matter,” Emma stated, “Let’s just go have some dinner, alright?”

Anna pouted, folding her arms. “Fine,” she said, “but don’t come back into my room again. You’ll just stink the whole place up.”

She turned around and headed for the exit. Emma was about to sigh a breath of relief that she wormed her way out of that, but that feeling quickly disappeared.

Looking closely at Anna, Emma saw new to her; something quite sensual as well. Her sweatpants were stretched in the back, despite usually baggy on her. Anna’s hips were wider and her butt rounder. As she walked, she had a natural sway to her hips, shaking her rear from side to side.

Wrenching her eyes away from her sister’s butt, Emma saw other new additions. Peeking right out of her sweatpants, there was a red thong that seemed to fit her perfectly now. On her feet, instead of her usual cat slippers, she was strutting in black high-heels, which only added to her sensual sway and walk now.

Emma’s face turned beet red and she bit down on her bottom lips. *It’s not just the underwear, she thought, following her out, I changed a lot more about her than I thought... this pepper spray is... is something else...*

Within the poor college girl now was a hurricane of emotions. Looking at the sight of her sister, she felt a truckload of guilt. She only wanted to give her a few new things, like maybe just the heels, but not the insanely curvy bottom she supported.

...but on the other hand, Emma did feel something else. Something... quite nice and thrilling. A feeling that she never felt before. A feeling of power and control over her life and perhaps, others now.

THE END FOR NOW...