

Spray for Trouble: Chapter 6

By: Firingwall

Trevor's car took an immediate right and pulled into a gas station, nearly sideswiping another car pulling out. The other vehicle blared its horns, but his car pulled right up to the front row of the gas station without pausing or slowing until the last second.

Once the car stopped, a passenger door opened, and Emma stepped out. She turned around and yelled into the vehicle, "What the hell was that about? You almost hit them Trevor!"

"S-sorry!" Trevor replied in his weaker, more feminine voice, "Tina just started yelling and I got sur-surprised an-and..."

"Like, sorry 'nd stuff!" Tina huffed thought, "I just, ya know, it be easier if we pulled in here instead of driving around until we found another gas station."

"We could have easily circled the block," Emma grumbled, rubbing her forehead, "Don't be so impatient, bitch. Ugh, I'll be back in a bit."

"Don't forget sistah!" Anna called out from the middle of the back, "Ah wantz da same brand as you. Don't leave me hangin'! Ah feelz like I could smoke for dayz, gurl!"

"Rrrrrriiiiiiiiiight," the older sister remarked, slamming the car door shut. She stepped away, glancing back when she heard the car windows slowly crack open, smoke seeping out.

No one called back to her, so she merely shrugged and inside, putting out her cigarette in an ashtray outside. The group had made an abrupt and sudden stop to get a bunch of cigarettes. It was Tina's idea after realizing there were so many smokers now and they were going to go through their packs in no time.

While Emma wasn't a fan of the abrupt turn, she did think it was a good idea. She didn't want everyone to be bumming smokes from them all-night, especially her own. Ever since Anna started smoking, new memories had flooded into Emma's mind. She remembered when her sister started smoking herself and gained this nasty, annoying habit of constantly bugging her to get packs or even steal her own.

The new memories brought a certain, bubbling anger within Emma that she wasn't sure what to make of, especially with how natural it felt. Either way, she decided to buy for everyone and just have some time for herself in general.

Stepping inside, she saw the counter right with a young-looking girl working it. She seemed to be around Anna's age, or maybe even just slightly older. Probably was doing this as a job to pay for college or gas money. New memories of her working at some dead-end jobs to afford a motorcycle appeared in Emma's mind just theorizing all of that.

She frowned, another source of frustration bubbling up within her. Even though she never really “worked” at them, she couldn’t help but feel some sort of resentment and passionate anger towards them for being so demand and obnoxious.

Emma shook her head and approached the counter. “Hi,” she flatly said, “I’ll take a couple packs of smoke. A few kinds actually.”

She listed them off and the girl nodded, quickly fetching and placing them onto the counter. The girl, her name tag reading Cameron, answered, “Okay then, I’ll need to see some ID please.”

Emma frowned, her brow furrowing. “What was that?” She asked.

“I’m sorry, but I gotta check ID,” Cameron answered.

“But I’m over 18,” Emma grumbled, leaning in over the counter, “Hell, I’m probably older than you!”

“Sorry, but that’s how it is,” Cameron replied, nervously standing back. Emma was pissed. After all those memories surfacing and now this, she was angry. She had left her purse in the car, just taking a bunch of cash from everybody to pay. It was very, very easy for her to storm out and right back in to fix this issue.

However, she wasn’t going to put up this crap. She reached down to her left pocket, feeling the spray bottle in it. She pulled it out and gripped it tightly in her hand. A voice was yelling in her mind not to do it, but she blew it off.

As Cameron was preparing to put the packs away, Emma quickly raised the spray bottle and aimed it at her face. The young adult flinched and held up her hands to block it just as Emma pressed down. The liquid flew and splattered the girl’s face and hands.

Emma saw the results almost instantly. The girl’s cheekbones rose up and her nose sharpened, losing its button-nose look. Her lips plumped right up, cherry red lipstick coating them up. Her eyelashes grew longer and thicker with a sharp coating of mascara to boot.

The girl wiped her face, unknowingly being careful not to smudge her new makeup. She snapped angrily, “What the hell was that?! Why the hell did you...”

The young woman’s voice trailed off as her eyes caught a glimpse of her hands. Her fingernails were much longer and manicured to perfection. They had a vibrant, lovely red coat on them, matching her lips.

“Holy crap!” Cameron remarked, “My nails... they’re so amazing!”

Emma’s rage subsided. Guilt was starting to pour in after she lost her cool and sprayed some random girl. But that feeling quickly dissolved as well, feeling happy with the results. The

girl was very pleased with her nails and Emma had a feeling the girl would feel the same about her face when she eventually saw it

“How... how did you do that?” Cameron asked, looking upon Emma with awe.

“Smokes first,” Emma firmly stated with a smirk, “Then explanation. That’s not going to be a problem, right?”

“Hell no! Anything for you! Smoke inside for all I fucking care!” Cameron quickly put the packs she took back onto the counter and rang her up. Emma, satisfied that things were going well, did pull out another cigarette from one of the packs and lit up.

Handing the money over, Emma took a nice, long drag and blew a smoky puff into the air. She sighed and whatever remained of her frustration simply melting into nothingness. “That looks good,” Cameron remarked, staring awkwardly at Emma, “I don’t know, but I can’t stop thinking about smoking now.”

“Comes with the territory,” Emma shrugged. “You can buy your own pack. I’m not sharing any of mine.”

Cameron bitterly mumbled under her breath, but went and grabbed another pack from the shelf, putting some of her own money into the register. “So,” she mumbled, “Gonna tell me now how the hell you changed my hands and why I got cravin’ for smoking now?”

“H-honestly... I-I I kind of want to know as well, Emma.”

Emma nearly choked on her own cigarette, her entire body jerking around. Right behind her was a sight she was not expecting to see at all, especially during Spring Break.

It was two other students from the same advanced math course she was in. The first one, the one she knew spoke before, was Kimiko Yamamoto. She was a very quiet girl in her class who never talked a lot, with skinny as a twig, and from what Emma could tell, seemed to be the smartest one in class. The other was Kimiko’s friend, Tammy Peterson, who she had seen before with her young Asian woman on campus before. She had fiery red hair and freckles all over her pudgy face.

Emma looked between the two young ladies, staring at her with such confused, baffled looks in their eyes. Even though this wasn’t the most drastic of changes the spray had ever afflicted on someone, she could imagine what they were thinking given everything.

“Ummm,” Emma remarked, “Ahh... what... what do you mean?”

Both girls stared harder at her and even Emma realized that was a stupid as hell thing to say given the situation. *Well*, she thought, taking a long drag from her cigarette, *not like things could get worse at this point and the secret is out with several people already.*

“Okay,” Emma sighed, rubbing her forehead, “Listen up, I’ll keep this short cause I don’t want to explain this damn thing again, got it?” Kimiko and Tammy flinched but nodded their heads. Cameron said nothing, taking a small puff from her smoke.

“And that sums it up,” Emma grumbled, putting her smoke out on the counter, “I know it sounds ridiculous and BS, but I’m not joking. This stuff is for real, as you can see with the Cammy here.”

“It’s Cameron, bitch,” huffed the store clerk, already on her next cigarette.

“Whatever. Do you get it now?” Emma asked, staring harshly at Kimiko and Tammy, who still looked baffled by everything.

Both of them nodded regardless, Kimiko speaking up, “It just seems so... unbelievable.”

“A spray bottle that can transform people and other things,” Tammy remarked, “I’ve just always seen you around as some biker girl, but... this all feels unreal. I guess you wouldn’t lie about something like this... right?”

Emma frowned, taking a long drag. *Looks like they don’t believe me all that much, she thought, I guess I get it and all, but it’s so goddamn annoying! Maybe they start believing if they start smokin’ a pack or two a day.*

Emma paused, slowly blowing out a large cloud of smoke. The two quiet girls smoking it up on campus, dressed up like something else, or acting completely different? Something about that was all too appealing to her.

“You know,” Emma remarked, a polite smile forming, “If ya don’t believe me, I can show you with a little demonstration on yourselves.”

The two girls flinched again, Cameron leaning over the counter. “Wait, wait?!” Tammy yipped, “N-n-no way! That seems like a bad idea!”

“Yeah!” Kimiko stuttered, “It’s-it’s n-n-n-not a good idea. I m-mean, y-you said that you-”

“Changed?” Emma shrugged, and responded, “Well yeah, but honestly, it’s for the best. In fact, everyone’s loved it so far, so I don’t see why this would be so bad for you two.”

“But you smoke!” Kimiko snapped.

Emma snorted, blowing a cloud of smoke in their faces. “So what? I like smoking. It feels goddamn great!”

“I dunno,” Tammy remarked, scratching the back of her head, “I’m not sure about this.”

“Don’t be such an ass!” Emma grumbled, “I’m not trying to trick you two into something bad. It’s always worked out well no matter who tries it. Come on, give it a shot!”

Both girls looked at each other, their fears and worries plastered so obviously on their face. After a moment, Tammy looked back at Emma and said, “Okay... I’ll try it.”

“W-w-wait!” Kimiko stuttered, her jaw dropping, “A-are you s-serious?”

“Of course she is, Kim! Now just watch this!” Emma did not wait to see if Tammy changed her mind or protested. She took aim and carefully sprayed her in the face, some of the liquid going into her mouth.

Tammy flinched and jumped back, trying to wipe the substance from her face, but it made no difference. She wiped and wiped, but after a bit, she simply pulled her hands away from her face. Her freckles were mostly gone, her lips a tad plumper, and her eyes bright brown. There was bright red lipstick and thick eyeliner as well, accentuating her facial features more.

Everyone stared at Tammy, who awkwardly stared back. She muttered, her voice a tad gruffier and meaner in a way, “Ummmmm, what are you all looking at me like that? What the hell happened? Someone tell me something right now or...”

“Oh, shut up and just have a smoke,” Emma remarked, taking out her cigarette and shoving it into Tammy’s mouth. The girl flinched and tensed up the second it went in, but after a quick breath of it, she cooled down. Her shoulder drooped, and all tension melted away.

“Hey,” Cameron asked, “Why did you give her one of yours and not me?”

“Because I’m helping someone who needs a little push. Besides, you could easily get your own damn cigarettes.” Emma groaned and looked at Kimiko, asking, “There you go. Now do you believe me?”

Kimiko nodded. Emma asked, “Want to try it?” Kimiko shook her head no.

“You sure?” Emma inquired further, “I won’t even spray your face or anything. I could do your shoes or your hands or maybe even your clothes. Come on, it’s a chance to change things up in your life! Live a little!”

Kimiko shook her head no again, her face redder than before. Emma sighed, lighting up another smoke for herself. *Well fine*, she thought, *I already had enough fun. Better not push my luck or....*

Emma flinched as Tammy suddenly snatched the spray bottle from her hand during her drag. Before she could even react, Tammy sprayed Kimiko right in the face with the bottle, coating the surprised girl way more than Emma did to her.

“What the hell is your goddamn problem?!” Emma yelled, snatching the bottle from Tammy and shoving her against a shelf. “Don’t steal my goddamn stuff, bitch!”

“I was just helping her out like you did with the clerk,” Tammy grumbled, pushing Emma back as well, “Don’t act all high and mighty asshole.”

Emma frowned, but there was no good comeback and honestly, she really was growing to like using the spray on other people. Speaking of which, Emma looked back at Kimiko, curious to see what new changes lied in store.

The young Asian woman’s face was mostly the same, except for a few “adjustments”. Her lips were much plumper, looking almost collagen injected and coated in thick, dark purple lipstick, giving her a real, seductive pout. Her eyelashes were much longer with thick blush and mascara covering her face. Her hair was also sleeker, longer, and had a cheap purple hair dye look to it.

“Ooooh man,” Kimiko moaned, rubbing her head. Her voice was utterly sensual and erotic, oozing sex and desire in how she pronounced each word. “I feel... odd.”

Kimiko rubbed her thighs together and licked her lips, very slowly and with a half-daze and hungry look in her eyes. Emma sighed and gave away another cigarette of hers, mumbling, “Here you, maybe this will fix you.”

Kimiko looked at the cigarette and took it, staring at it blankly, like a confused puppy. She slowly brought it to her lips, slowly sticking it between the plump masses. She shivered as it went in, the shaking only intensifying as she began to take a drag from it.

Her hands shook as she breathed it in, taking in as much as she could stand. Eventually, she slid the cig out and pushed her lips out and making a big o-face, smoke escaping ever so slowly and softly. She quivered further, one hand gripping her jeans, but it all came to a close as the last of the fumes left her.

“Wow,” cooed Kimiko, eyeing the cigarette again. The look held less confusion and more excitement. “This was goooooood. The smoke, the feeling, having something between my lips... it’s all amazing.”

“See? Like you said, it always works out,” Tammy remarked, smiling away.

“Can I get another spray?” Cameron interjected, still watching and smoking from behind the counter, “Preferably for my flat-ass chest?”

Emma took a small drag and was about to answer when the front door slid open. Much to her surprise, in walked Trevor. “H-hey,” he asked, his voice so dainty and quiet, “Are-are you almost done h-here? Everyone is wait-”

His eyes fell upon the spray bottle in Emma’s hand and his eyes slowly gazed around the room. He looked at Kimiko, Tammy, and Cameron carefully, before turning to Emma once again. “Umm,” he spoke softly, “Did... did you just...”

Emma blew out her smoke and responded casually, “Ummm, yeah. Kind of happened.”

“Who’s this crossdressing freak?” Tammy bluntly spoke, looking at Trevor with a dismissive, unimpressed look.

Emma shot daggers at the girl, snapping, “A friend asshole, not a freak. Watch what you say, or I’ll shove that goddamn cigarette down your throat.” Tammy flinched, backing away a bit as Trevor blushed up a storm.

Emma looked to Trevor, giving him a satisfied smile. “Ignore her. She’s full of it.”

Trevor looked down at himself and his own purse that he held in his hand. He gulped and asked her, “Ummm, I’m not a freak, right?”

“Of course not! Again, ignore that asshole. Let’s just get the smokes and beat it.”

“...listen, since you’re spraying people already, mind doing it for me? I... I really like the way I look now, but... I think I could use a bit more adjustments.”

Emma frowned. She absolutely hated that Tammy put him off so much. She herself wasn’t so sure about his new look at first, but she was beginning to like it, in a way she didn’t quite understand. However, seeing him act like this, she knew she needed to help out.

“Well alright,” Emma sighed, “Anything you want in particular fixed up?”

“Ummmm, it’s doesn’t really matter. Just anything to fix up my look, okay?” Emma looked at him carefully, looking over every bit of him from his heels to his hair to even his makeup job. She liked everything about it and wasn’t sure what to really add to it.

However, Cameron spoke up, “You know, why not do the face? Everyone’s getting a face lift, why not him too?”

Emma looked back at Trevor and studied his face carefully. His handsome, rugged good looks were lying beneath a layer of half-hearted applied makeup. She liked them, but thinking about it further, it felt like the best option to her.

“Alright then, close your eyes Trev.” He nodded and she took careful aim, applying the liquid gently to his face, much more than any of the other girls.

His facial features quickly shifted. His nose shrunk to a slim figure as his brow lost its protruding, thickness. His jaws and chin shrunk as his cheekbones rose. His eyelashes grew ever so slightly, and his eyebrows thinned. Even his lips plumped up. While certainly there was a male-ish feel to his face, it was far more feminine than before.

Emma bit down on her big lips, fidgeting slightly as she gazed at him. Trevor nervously asked, seeing her off expression, “Ummm... is everything okay?”

“Oh! Nothing! Nothing at all. In fact, you look pretty good.” She answered, nodding her head.

“Look a lot better if ya ask me,” Tammy remarked. Emma shot her a look and she immediately quieted down.

Kimiko, silent the whole time, looked at Trevor curiously. More specifically, her eyes seem to stare quite a bit at his crotch. After taking a long drag, she sighed and licked at her lips. “Soooo, ummmm... you up to anything?”

Trevor blushed, noticing her off-putting stares and replied, “Just ah... taking my sister and her friends to a club.”

“D-doing anything afterwards?” Kimiko asked with a coo, rubbing her thin thighs together.

Emma stepped in, annoyed by her stares as well, and answered for him, “He’s gonna be with us all night at Club Fascinations and...”

“Club Fascinations?” Tammy remarked, looking excited, “I’ve always wanted to go there! Sounds like a real bitchin’ place to be, especially with all those hot studs there!”

Kimiko flinched, her face blushing. “Hot studs?” The young Asian woman quietly spoke, looking as if she was deep in thought. “That sounds... interesting. Any chance we could come with you?”

“Ummm, no!” Emma remarked, “We already got enough people and we can’t fit anymore into the damn car.”

“We can follow behind you, asshole,” grumbled Tammy, folding her arms, “We got a car. How the hell did you think we got here in the first place?”

“B-besides,” Kimiko remarked, her head tilting to the side, “The more the merrier, right? Always could have more, you know. Can’t handle all those hot studs by yourselves, right?”

“Well someone’s feelin’ frisky!” Her friend chuckled, “I like this new attitude!”

Emma pouted, folding her own arms as she took a deep drag from her cig. While she did enjoy helping people out and liked that she “improved” these two, they were also really getting on her nerves with how they were treating Trevor. The last thing she wanted was these two getting in the way, especially when she was going to have to babysit her sister, her sister’s friend, and her best friend so they didn’t do anything goddamn stupid.

“I-I don’t see wh-why not...” Emma turned and looked at Trevor, blushing up a storm and looking at her with a sort of, attempting at least to be serious face. “I’m sure it would be fine if they came. I think... more people would be great and everyone would like it.”

“For real?” Emma huffed, “Have you seen these two?”

“Come on!” he answered back, a bit more forceful than his voice sounded, “This... if... if we’re going to go to the club, why not have some more people? Plus, you can ditch and leave them there when we’re done if it makes you feel better.”

The black-haired woman frowned, glancing back at Kimiko and Tammy. They seemed pleased with Trevor’s words, grinning and smoking away. Emma just groaned and mumbled, “Well fine, I guess they can come if they don’t get in the way or bug any of us.”

“Great!” Tammy remarked.

“Wonderful,” cooed Kimiko, licking her plump lips again.

Trevor turned around and looked at Cameron, already on her third cigarette and still watching the events unfold quietly. He asked, “Did you wanna come too?”

“Couldn’t get into the club if I want to,” Cameron remarked, stretching her arms, “You four go have your fun. I’m fine here. Plus, I got this damn job I gotta do. Need to save up for a good car so I don’t need to keep using the hand-me-down shit-mobile anymore.”

“Well,” Emma suggested, “What if I fix that car of yours?”

“That be fucking awesome, but I’d still need to stay. Probably save up for something else then, like more cigarettes! These are so damn good!”

“Well alright.” Emma shrugged and turned back to the other girls. “Guess you two are coming after al. But first, we’re going to need to fix some things. You’ll need to look a hell of a lot better than that to get in.”

“What do you have in mind?” Tammy asked.

“Beats me, it’s whatever the spray decides.”