

## Spray for Trouble: Chapter 6 Preview

By: Firingwall

Stepping the gas station, 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 smokes 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 as well, 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 ran her up. Emma, satisfied that things were going well, did pull out another cigarette from one of her existing 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 mumbled something 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.