

Spray for Trouble: Chapter 7 Preview

By: Firingwall

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“We’re here guys!” Tina chimed happily.

“‘Bout daymn time!” Anna groaned, puffing out a large cloud of smoke, “Gurl was gonna go cray-cray sittin’ with ya’ll in here’s all night.”

“Same here,” Madison huffed, the dark-skin young woman blowing a smoke cloud into her friend’s face, “Though I was gettin’ pretty damn sick of listenin’ to your ghetto-ass talk the whole way.”

“Don’t be hatin’,” muttered Anna, giving her bestie the stink-eye, “I’s can’t help tha way I speak, gurl.”

Emma said nothing as the car slowly pulled into the parking lot beside the club. Since leaving the gas station, the young woman was just quiet for the whole car ride. She had a lot on her mind, thinking about all of the craziness that went on today. It was only several hours ago when she met the old woman and got this odd spray bottle.

She shook her head as she took a soft puff of her cigarette. Her eyes fell upon the people in the vehicle. Their new hairstyles, their new voices, and all the big and small changes that happened to their bodies. They all didn’t seem to care as they chatted away and smoked.

Hard to believe no one’s ever smoked before today, Emma thought as she unbuckled her seat belt. Everyone looked like complete naturales, casually puffing and taking drags. It was just a far cry from how anti-smoking they once were.

Stepping out of the car, Emma tossed her cigarette on the ground and stamped it out. Pulling out her pack to get a new smoke, she couldn’t help but pause for a moment. Chuckling in her mind, *then again, here I am, smoking it up... shit, really feels like forever since this afternoon...*

Lighting up her new cigarette and taking a puff from it, the young woman shivered delightfully and her thighs gently rubbed against one another. “Looks like someone’s feelin’ guuud,” giggled Tina, playfully inching up beside her, “Need a little privacy to “relief” yourself?”

Emma gave the bottle blonde a death glare, muttering, “none of your damn business.”

Tina just giggled again and whispered into her ear, “from what I hear, I’m sure there’s plenty of people inside who, like, would totally help ya out.”

Emma was about to push her away when another car pulled in, parking right beside them. Anna puffed out a cloud of smoke and grumbled, looking at her older sister, “des tha girlz yo was talkin’ about?”

“Yeah yeah,” Emma mumbled, “don’t worry; we can ditch their ass somewhere inside.”

The vehicle that pulled in was a striking, black sports car that looked brand new. Before everyone had left the gas station, Emma decided to be nice and spruce up everyone’s cars. The attendant ended up with a nice, almost brand-new Lexus with a fresh red paint job, while Trevor’s vehicle turned into some decent-looking foreign car. Emma didn’t really know much about cars, though her mind seemed to swirl around with motorcycle and bike facts & knowledge nowadays.

From the sports car, out came Kimiko and Tammy. Emma decided to forego getting them new clothes, still put off with them ogling or insulting Trevor before. She instead just gave them some new hairdos and a makeup job. Kimiko ended up with a very long, luscious black hair with neon purple stripes in it. Her makeup was very bright and gaudy with violet shades, lips seeming even larger than before. Tammy had a bright red Mohawk of all things, with dark makeup coating her eyes and lips. If Emma didn’t know them already, she would have sworn the two ran in completely different social circles.

Tammy looked at the girls and Trevor as they walked up, remarking about them, “interesting group of people here.”

“Indeed,” sighed Emma, her stare piercing, “Gonna insult them as well?”

Tammy scowled, Kimiko stepping between the two of them. “Ummm, could we please head inside now? Let’s just have some... fun and stuff.”

Emma rolled her eyes and walked towards the club’s entrance, Anna and Madison exchanging odd looks and wondering what the hell just happened as they followed her.

Despite the popularity of the club, there weren’t many people queuing in line as they thought. The bouncer, a very large, dark-skinned man with tattoos, was quickly going through people in line before letting them in or sending them away. Anyone that spoke up about being turned away got shoved to the ground very easily and scared off.

The group got into the back of the line and waited, nervously anticipating how they would fair. They stood around quietly, taking puffs from their cigarettes and looking between each other. After a moment, Kimiko asked, “so... ummm, what’s different about you all?”

“You’re, like, curious about us? Tina responded.

“I mean, we don’t have much to do but wait now. Just, thought I ask.” Kimiko cooed, licking her lips casually.

Tina smiled brightly, pushing her chest around, “like, I got this cool new hair and stuff, but I got these super awesome boobies now! They’re soooo big.”

“I see,” the young Asian woman remarked, leaning in and looking closely, “You do have some nice titties. Oooo, so many guys are gonna be looking at you.”

Emma rolled her eyes and turned away from them. *Well, they're happy and that's nice and all, but god, did the spray have to turn some people here into annoying bimbos?*

“What’s your deal, sistah?” Anna asked, stepping up close to her, “Don’t be all moopey an’ shit. We ain’t gettin’ into no club with dat attitude.”

Emma frowned, mumbling, “just annoyed by the cock hungry sluts yappin’ is all... among other things honestly.”

“Mmmhmm, I feel ya. Your girlfriend is mad about her big jugs over dere an’ dat other one is craaaay, girl!”

“Not like I can fix that crap. The spray does what the spray wants.”

“Hmmm, maybe dat spray can do one other thing for me. Can ya hook a sistah up with sum better bling dan these?” Anna pointed to the small studs she had in her ears, the jewelry rather fake-looking if one was to look at it closely.

“How about no? I think I’m good for the rest of the damn night not changing anyone else.” Despite the positive feelings that been blooming within her, Emma was getting pretty tired all things considered with using the spray that night. *Changed enough damn things today. Probably should look into this crap this week anyways or try to find that woman again. Probably everyone’s really annoying the crap...*

“Next!” Emma snapped to attention, along with the rest of the group as the bouncer called out loudly to them. Everyone in front of them had already gone, whether inside or were forced away, leaving them the last ones in line surprisingly.

Everyone hurried over, and the bouncer held out his hand, everyone immediately stopping in their tracks. He looked them up and down slowly, one at a time and stroking his chin. They all nervously or anxiously awaited his answer, wondering what he was going to say.

After a few minutes, the bouncer shrugged and pointed at Emma, Kimiko, and Tammy. He said to them, “you three are fine. Clothing could use work, but you’re in. The rest of you can get lost.”