

Text Message Says Liek OMG

By: Firingwall

“And that should be everything on AkuOreo,” mumbled Silvie as she typed away. She cracked her neck and stretched her shoulders, the stiffness in them fading.

The older woman was working away on a big project, *The Hitchhiker's Guide to DeviantArt Transformations*. She had been commissioned to undertake a huge guidebook to some of the popular artists and writers within the DeviantArt community and do a write up on each of them. She had just finish the report on AkuOreo and had a ton of work still ahead of her that day.

Hitting the save button, the sharply dressed woman leaned back in her seat and stretched out her arms this time. Wiggling her fingers a bit, she sighed, “that one was a doozy. That young lady had so much information and history. I hope it came across well.”

Blinking her eyes a few times and do a few more stretches in her office chair, she pushed herself back up to her desk again. *Back to it then*, she thought, grabbing the mouse and opening the file containing all of her notes, *next person should not be quite...*

BZZZZZZZZZZ! Silvie’s jacket pocket let out a low buzzing noise.

She reached in her stylish jacket and pulled out her cellphone from it. She turned it on, thinking, *I wonder who texted me. Did Daniel want to touch base with...*

Flipping open to her text message app, she was greeted by a incredibly weird text: *Yo dawg gal~ What ya wearing? LOLZ!* Wrapping it all together was a winking face emoji.

Silvie frowned and texted back without a second thought: *I believe you have the wrong number. Do not text me again.*

There was no response. Silvie smiled and pocketed her phone back into her jacket, cracking her fingers and returning to her work. She checked her notes file and proceeded to open another document, ready to start typing away.

BZZZZZZZZZZ! Silvie’s jacket pocket was buzzing once again.

She let out a low sigh and pulled out her phone again. Much to her frustration, it was the mysterious texter again. This time, he texted out to her: *ya'llz super grump OMG! Liek TOTES CHILLZ~*

Following that was another emoji, the laughing crying one. Silvie rolled her eyes and grumbled, “what is with this person? I’m going to give them a piece of...”

Her typing ceased to a grinding halt, her eyes widening and her jaw drooping. The hand holding her cellphone, in particular her fingertips... they were bright yellow.

A yellow similar to that of the emoji icon. A shiver ran up her back and she bit down on her lower lip. She shifted the phone into her other hand and brought the yellow one closer. Sure enough, the pigment in her skin had turned a sunny yellow.

“What is this nonsense?!” Silvie yelled, frantically looking her hand up and down, “Why is this...” She looked closely at her fingers, watching as the yellow pigment moved to her hands.

“Oh no! It’s spreading! I got to...” She shut up almost as quickly as before. Looking at the hand now holding the phone, she could see the color of it turning yellow as well.

Before she could even react that, another text popped right up on the screen: *Hellloooo? Ya there?~*

She huffed and was prepared to ignore the obnoxious texter, but her hands had other plans. As her hands and arms up to her elbows turned completely yellow, they began to move on their own. Her digits moved by themselves, typing out, *Yaaaaasss! Totes here!*

Silvie’s jaw dropped even further than it had before, her eyes going wider than they ever had before in her life. She cried out, “LIEK OMG! Me loooser! Totes bad 4 ME! LOL!”

Regaining her control of her free hand again, she slapped it right over her mouth. *Holy crap*, she thought panicky, *where... where did that come from?!*

BZZZZZZZZZZ! A new text came in: *Good~ Liek, totes sad & worried 4 sec! LOL~*

Her hands snapped back to her phone and began typing a response back to the mysterious messenger. With each press of the button, the yellow pigmentation swept up her arms and to her torso, quickly painting her skin in the bright color. The coloring stopped once the changes had stretched all the way down to her toes, stopping right at her neck.

Y’ALLZ SO SAD! U miss mah self? ROFL~ That was the message that Silvie had just finished typing out onto herself. She wanted to delete it. It looked so ugly and juvenile, but yet, she couldn’t stop herself. Her hands moved on their own, hitting the send button.

FWOMP! Her waist pushed in super thin, almost to the size Jessica Rabbit had. Her torso extended upwards as her inner physiology changed, becoming something more suitable for the form she was about to take on. Her chest pushed outward and her bottom grey shirt vanished, leaving her only wearing her bra and grey jacket for her top now.

“LIEK OMG!” Silvie giggled with a big grin, “He leik SO SAD! He totes worried abut me! Soooo QT & adorbs!”

She quickly shook her head, her face twisting into worry again as she stuttered out, “OMG! Soooo not KEWL! Mah SPK is all wrong! TOTES NOT KEWL! 100% MAD!”

She didn’t even seem to notice what she said that time, now deciding to text something by herself. She quickly punched in, *TOTES MAD! Y am turning adorbs & hawt? LOL~*

Finishing that up, her body quivered subtly once more. Her stockings disappeared and her business-like skirt shrank from her knees all the way to her thighs. Her yellow legs were fully exposed, showing off their plastic-like smoothness and sheen.

Feeling strangely calmer and more relaxed, Silvie leaned back into her seat and crossed a leg over another. Doing so, her lower half quivered and inflated right up. Her thighs thickened and turned tender, her hips widening by several inches to match. Her own rear inflated as well, swelling into big, basketball size buttocks that poked out the bottom of her skirt.

BZZZZZZZZZ! Silvie's head snapped downward and she looked excitedly at her newest text. Her breasts swelled in response as well, growing to a size D and showing off a lot of cleavage in her jacket top.

U always hawt & adorbs! Y 4get? ROFL!! Following that was a string of laughing crying emojis that filled up the screen. Seeing it all like that, laid out before her, Silvie wasn't mad or angry. She wasn't confused or frightened.

She just felt like laughing. "HAHAHAHA!" She bellowed out, her breasts swelling to the size of basketballs, almost as spherical with her jacket conforming around them, "ROFL! LOL~ CSL! ROFL! HAHAHA!"

It was then that her yellow skin pigment started to rise again, crawling up her neck and reaching her chin. Her head shivered and wobbled as it began to inflate like a balloon, Silvie continuously laughing the whole time. Her whole face turned pudgy, her head turning as round as a beachball and almost as big.

Her nose and ears sank into her plastic yellow skin as her noggin looked more inhuman. Her hair remained the same in style, growing a bit to keep with her oversized, ball-shaped head. With her chin sunk in, her face began to shift. Her eyebrows turned brown and looked as if they were painted on, her eyes looking the same as they clenched shut. Her mouth grew wider, freezing into an excited, happy expression that showed her front teeth and tongue.

Wrapping it all together, big white tear marks drooped right out of her eyes, stretching down her face. However, they did not completely fall off, freezing in place as well. With that, Silvie had become the living embodiment of the Laugh Crying Emoji.

U still there? The person texted back, sending another one immediately afterwards, *can I get a selfie?*

Silvie giggled, her face still frozen but acting as if it wasn't. She brought her phone up, pushing out her big basketball breasts, and snapped a quick shot. She added a quick text to that as she sent it, *U LEIK? ROFL!*

The response came back quickly, though the tone of the texter had changed. The text read: *Looks great! Send it to your friends and use tons of emojis! Everyone loves emojis!*

The emoji girl giggled and immediately sent the picture to everyone she knew, shoving in as many emojis as she could. She hoped they liked the pic as much as this stranger she did! If she wasn't laugh crying so much, she would almost wonder how this person got her number.

THE END