

Spray for Trouble: Chapter 9

By: Firingwall

Emma trudged nervously down the steps and into the living room. No one was there.

She looked in the kitchen. Still no one.

Then she glanced into the dining room. “There you are. We need to talk about your behavior, young lady.”

Emma shivered. She never heard her mom use that tone of voice or that phrasing with her personally, having been a goody two-shoes all her life. However, memories, both of mind and muscle, came pouring into the brain almost immediately.

She gulped and slowly trudged into the room, taking a seat across from her. “Hey mom,” she spoke, fingers twitching and foot nervously tapping the wooden flooring. She really needed a cigarette right about now, but she knew there was no way lighting up was going to help her situation.

“Emma,” her mom spoke, leaning in across the table. Her stare was stern and hard, but still with a hint of concern to it. Emma’s body shook again as her mother continued, “Last night, you and your friends went out for dinner, inviting Anna and her friend along. That was very nice of you...”

So that was the excuse Anna pulled out of her ass to avoid getting yelled, Emma thought frustratedly.

“...however, what was not nice was coming home drunk. Emma, sweetie, you promised me you quit drinking.” Memories came flowing up to the forefront of the young woman’s mind. She now recalled drinking a LOT, even before she was drinking age. Though, soon as she hit twenty-one, she was constantly drinking all the time. A lot of nights of being drunk, a lot of puke, and a lot of nasty hangovers.

She also remembered her mom getting completely fed up with her behavior as well. However, instead of getting mad, for the first time in her new, rebellious and wild memories, she sided with her mom. She cut back on all of her drinking to try and please her.

Emma sank into her chair, looking at the ground. Her hands clenched the top of her knees, longer fingernails sinking into the denim jeans she tossed on. She muttered, “I-I did... I did and I fucked up, okay?”

“Language dear.”

Emma frowned, mumbling, “Sorry...”

“You promised me you wouldn’t drink again. What happened?”

“Nothing mom. Just... just a frustrating night, alright? Some asshole grabbed my ass and everyone-”

“Oh goodness me!” Her mom gasped, her eyes widening, and her hands covering her mouth. “Are you okay, baby? Did he hurt you? What happened?”

Emma twitched, sinking lower into the chair. *Craaaaaap*, she thought, irritation rising, *I shouldn't have brought that up.*

Regardless, she cleared her throat and looked her mother in the eyes, “It’s nothing mom, I handled it, alright? I punched his face and it was over.”

Her mom stared at her long and hard, flinching when she heard that last sentence. “Oh dear,” she mumbled, “Well... I approve of you handling that situation as best as you could, but was violence really the only solution?”

“Dammit mom! I don’t need this! I fucked up! I’m sorry I’m not perfect, but I’m trying my goddamn best here! Just... just lay off of me, alright?!” Her mom flinched again, gasping loudly. She looked like she was going to fall right out of her seat at that remark.

At that moment, Emma knew she screwed up. Without another word, she rushed from her seat and charged out of the room. Her mom tried to stop her, but Emma just hurried by her.

She scrambled out the front door, slamming it behind her. However, she made no attempt to go further beyond the porch. She stopped at the first step, her heart racing, and her cheeks flushed. She panted softly, gripping her forehead.

“Dammit dammit dammit!” she grumbled, sitting down on the step, “Way to fucking go Emma. That’ll make things easier on you. Goddammit...”

She reached into her pockets and yanked out her pack of smokes and lighter, lighting up a stick right away. She took a quick drag and tried her best to relax. It wasn’t too easy though, already way too worked up after storming out like this.

I get it; I get it mom, she thought frustratedly, smoking harder and faster, *I get why you're upset and so concerned, but dammit, I don't need this right now! Just... just wish you would get off my back already!*

The whole time she thought this, more and more memories of her worried-as-hell mother hovering over her and complaining filled her mind. Her motorcycle riding, her smoking, her drinking, partying with her newly enhanced busty friend, and more. She understood why she was worried and everything, but Emma’s new self and attitude... just couldn’t stand any of it.

Dammit dammit, she thought, snapping her cigarette in half, *just... just wish I could-*

“Oh, there you are gurl, whatcha sittin’ out here for?”

Emma flinched, her aggravation skyrocketing once again. She looked over her shoulders and saw Anna leaning against the front door. She wasn't wearing that t-shirt anymore, but it still didn't really make things any better.

Grumbling, Anna took a long drag off her cigarette and huffed, "What do you want fake ghetto stereotype?"

Anna frowned, shooting her a nasty look. However, it didn't stop her from walking over and sitting right beside her on the porch anyways. "Just checkin' on a mah big sistah," she explained, "Daymn gurl, ya smokin' like a chimney out here? It didn't go dat bad, did it?"

"What do you think?" growled Emma, taking another long drag. Her hand gripped her knee tightly, her body trembling. She turned and looked her sister directly in the face, blowing smoke into it before asking, "What the hell do you want?"

Her younger sister casually fanned the smoke away, remarking, "Ya know, I was just thinkin' I could help ya with ya problem, but ah guess ya just not dat interested."

"Help me?! How the hell can you help me?"

Anna rolled her eyes and answered, her tone going serious once more, "I was just thinking since mom needs to chill out a bit about everything, right? She chills out, and she won't chew your ass out again."

"...okay? So, what? You just gonna go in there and do something stupid so she focuses on your stupid ass problems instead of mine or sumthing?"

Anna shook her head, sighing. "No, I'm just saying that maybe you can help her... relax and ease up a little. Maybe help her change her mind about things."

"Change her mind? How am I supposed to do tha-" That's when it clicked inside Emma's mind. A rushing, pleasurable chill ran up her spine as new thoughts and ideas filled her up. It was something that she never considered before. It was bad... really bad.

However, she gulped and asked, "W-wait... y-you mind... the spray bottle... mom?!"

Anna smiled, taking a cigarette from Emma's pack and lighting it up as well. She took her own puff, shivering happily as she did. She nodded her head and explained, "Of course."

"N-n-no way," Emma stammered, shaking her head furiously, "It was already insane enough with using it on you and everyone else, but there's no way in hell that I'm gonna just use this shit on mom."

"Why not? She loosens up and she gets off her back. Heck, she'll probably get off my back now as well so I can start smoking too."

“So, it’s all about you and what you can get out of it. Bitch.” Emma blew another big cloud of smoke into her sister’s face.

Anna took it in stride, blowing a puff of smoke into Emma’s in response. “Sure, I can get someding outta this, but gurl, ah know ya wanna see mom chill out a little. One quick spray and she’ll just get dat stick outta her flat ass.”

Emma opened her mouth to say something, anything in response. However, deep within, part of her shook. Part of her shivered. Part of her wanted. As much as she loved her mom, part of her, one that felt like it was growing more and more in control... wouldn’t mind a little fixing.

The two sisters glanced into the living room. There was their mom, casually watching one of her morning soaps with a cup of coffee like always. Not much different than usual, wearing her sweatpants and sweatshirt with no inclination that she’ll be getting ready to leave the house anytime soon.

The two pulled back and looked at each other. Anna looked eager and relaxed, though a touch annoyed as she glanced at Emma’s hands. In them was the spray bottle, their grip tight around it.

“I’m sure we could do diss thang easier if we just give her a spray straight up,” Anna remarked, “No dancing around this crap.”

“If we do this, we’re doing it my damn way,” Emma snapped, glaring at her sister. The two had talked things over a bit and after a bit of forcing, Emma managed to twist Anna into going along with her plan.

The two peered around the corner again and looked in the living room. Their mom stood up and walked away, a commercial having come on. The two watched her leave the room through a different doorway and head towards the kitchen, leaving the room empty.

Emma sneaked into the living room carefully, just in case the mother returned. She headed straight over to the coffee and took aim at it. Pressing down on it soft, a light haze sprayed from the bottle and into the coffee.

Satisfied, Emma stuffed the bottle back into her pocket and turned to leave. That would be enough given past events. However, she paused in mid-turn when she noticed something off. The liquid in the cup began brightening, turning a tad clearer and foamier in way.

The dark, rich color brighten to a golden yellow, white foam forming around the inside ring of the mug. The strong, kind of noxious scent of her mother’s coffee faded out, replacing by something more palatable within her mind. The mug stretched upwards by a few inches, the blue ceramic casing turning to a clear, glass shell.

Emma shook rubbed her eyes quickly and eyed the drink once more. It had turned into a full, almost commercial-esque beer mug, its contents rising just a tad, as if new beer was pouring

into it. The young woman could feel her heartbeat raising, her eyes glancing back to her sister, still watching from around the corner.

Anna's own jaw had dropped, surprised by the sudden turn as well. She looked at her elder sister and shrugged, fully baffled by this outcome. Both the two could say anything, the creaking of footsteps could be heard, sending chills up their spines. Without another word, Emma bolted from the living room as sneakily as she could.

Pamela yawned as she returned to the living room, a bowl of her cereal in hand. She took a seat on the couch and placed the bowl down on the table beside the mug. She eyed the foamy beer for a moment, before returning to her soap opera.

It was still on a commercial break, now showing an ad for some random product that Pamela had no interest in. However, the ad was about a young girl, and her mother bonding together over something. The sight brought a frown and a sunken heart to the older woman.

She sighed, rubbing her forehead. *I was too harsh on Emma, she thought, I mean, I need to be firm and harsh when she slips up. It's for her own good, but I shouldn't have snapped at her hitting that guy for touching her wrong. I... I can't really blame her...*

Pamela looked towards the left armrest of the sofa and onto small table there. It showed a picture of her with Emma when she was just a small girl, playing on her bike after getting the training wheels off. *Heh, she really insisted on black... so much more different than I was when I was young. Where have the years gone?*

She shook her head and leaned forward, eating two scoops of her cereal with raisins. *Next time I see, I'll apologize. I'm sure we'll...*

The commercial ended then, and her show came on, getting straight into back to the intense confession scene. Pamela twitched, her mind pushing the apology to the back of her mind as she focused back her show. Things were about to get good.

As she leaned back, her hand moved over to the large handle of the glass mug and wrapped around it tightly. Pamela wasn't much a drinker... usually. However, she had to admit to herself, she did love a good beer every once in a while, no matter the time of day. Especially when she had the day off like today.

Pamela brought the beer to her lips and took a small sip of it. Her cheeks reddened as a warm, pleasant feeling washed over her. Her favorite beer never really had a punch like that before. Not unwelcomed regardless.

Licking her chops, she went started watching her show. The woman in the soap, Jennifer, was confessing to sleeping with her best friend's brother. Her friend looked so betrayed, especially considering Jennifer was supposed to be together with a guy the friend had introduced her to a few seasons ago. It was corny, overdramatic, melodramatic, and so many other things under the sun.

Pamela's brow furrowed as she watched, her lips frowning. *Gees, she thought, is... is this stuff usually this... blah?*

She shook her head, gripping her forehead slightly. She was usually so into these kinds of shows and all the over the top craziness that gone on in them. It was her junk food, guilty pleasure as it were. But right now though...

She reached over to her right and grabbed the remote beside her on the couch. She immediately opened the guide and started flipping through the channels. She reached over and grabbed the mug, taking a bigger sip from it as she explored her options.

"Uuugh," she muttered, "I can't deal with this crap now. Gotta be something better ta watch." Pulling the mug away, thick, black lipstick was smudged over the ring. Upon her lips, which looked to be fuller and puffier was a thick coating of lipstick.

It wasn't the only thing different either. Across her face, Pamela started gaining makeup and certain, small touches over it. Black eyeshadow, longer eyelashes, a touch of blush, and higher raised cheekbones. Her wider nose sharpened as her eye color to pale, icy blue.

She flipped and she flipped, frustration growing more and more. She took another swig of her beer, her hand trembling as she poured more in. Across her face, spreading to her body, skin pigment faded and faded quickly. Her soft tan from working outside on her garden or from her long walks was quickly vanishing, leaving her with a rather pale look. Not sickly, but just like she meant most of her time indoors or outside at night.

"Do you have questions about your insurance payments that-" **Click.**

"Detectives; a witness has come forward. They're waiting in-" **Click.**

"Today, senators will be questioning Director of-" **Click.**

Taking another sip, turning into a full swig, Pamela grumbled, "Shit, isn't there anything on that's worth a damn? Dammit, I feel like punching some-"

Her mind flashed back to her thoughts from earlier, a scowl hitting her face now as her fingernails grew longer. As purple paint splashed over her nails, she thought, *shit, I was being a total bitch to Em. Yeah, her shitty drinking needs some fixing, but decking some asshole for pissing her off? Why the fuck I get made at her? I would've done the same!*

"Today, we have Zelda Hithers today, world, renowned psychic! She's hear to speak to us about some of-" Pamela's eyes snapped back to the TV after they drifted away for a moment, her attention going with it, and her thoughts falling away once more.

"Humph, finally," she muttered, rubbing her head, "Maybe this shit will be good." She slouched more into the couch but raised slightly upwards. Her bottom was widening, filling up as her rear expanded into a full bubble butt. Her hips, already wide from her two births, seemed to widen some more, giving her shape some extra curves to it.

Beneath her oversized t-shirt, her soft, pudgy body began to smooth and tone. Her muffin top sucked in as her waist pushed in as well. Her chest rose as her breasts lifted, losing their sagginess from years of age. They swelled a full cup size, tenting the shirt as they developed into a soft C-cup.

“Now, I see you all in the room and feel the vibrations, the energy, the spirits of those long gone here with us all,” the psychic spoke, talking to the audience crowded into the talk show’s venue. They went on, “I know it is a difficult, but I need something, I need someone to answer the call. I hear a voice. It’s vague, but they’re asking for someone... someone with the last name starting with “Ja”-”

“PFFFFT! Buuuuullshit!” huffed Pamela, growling. “This is some grade A, ass bullshit! Talking to the spirits like that, yeah right...”

She took the remote and quickly hit the channel button, turning to a particular show that suddenly came to mind. “Welcome to Soul Finders. Today, Megan Hauntington is here with her fellow coven at Fellington’s State Wellness Institution. It closed down during the early 00’s after several patients’ death and our fellow soul sisters will be seeing if they can make contact and solve what happened all those years ago.”

Pamela smirked, declaring with a satisfied tone, ‘That’s fucking better. Here’s some real occult shit, not that shit from before!’

With that, she slammed down the rest of the beer and slammed it on the table, finishing it off. Her cheeks reddened further beyond just the blush on her cheeks, her body tingling some more. She let out a soft moan, liking this pleasurable feeling coursing through her.

Her oversized shirt began shrinking away on her, its goofy, cat logo fading away and slowly being replaced by an ankh. Its light blue darkened to blue and further beyond, becoming pitch black like tar or ink.

But the whole while, Pamela did not notice, much like everything else. She instead focused on her mug, frowning. “Goddamnit,” she mumbled, ‘Drank too much too fast... but get some more...’

Slam. Pamela jolted a bit in her seat. She looked over her shoulder, frowning. Sounds like someone just left through the front door.

“Okay gurl, ya screwed the pooch on dis one big time,” Anna stated.

“Oh hell no,” Emma growled, lighting up again to purposely blow a cloud of smoke into Anna’s face, “No, no, this is not my fault. No way.” The two young women were out on their porch again, having grown too nervous by everything they saw.

“Well, it sure looks like dat, sistah,” huffed the younger sister, brushing her puffy, curly black hair back, “Ya said dat stuff would just loosen her up a bit, not change her drink into some brew.”

“It didn’t before when my friend tried it on that girl at the theater! Just changed her... well, into a pretty different girl regardless... ugh... this was stupid and we should have never done it before.”

“Ain’t no goin’ back, hun,” Anna stated, lighting up her own cigarette now, “Looks like momma is gonna have a new mind, body, and drink a whole lot more now.”

“But that’s not-”

Creak. Both girls jolted up, standing straight and turning around. Out walked their mother onto the front porch, who had a stern, frustrated look on her face. Her new blue eyes sent shivers up the girls’ spines, a new sense of fierceness in them that wasn’t there before.

Of course, that wasn’t remotely the only thing the two noticed about their mom. She was wearing skin-tight leather jeans and a very low-cut black-shirt with a silver ankh on it. Her fingernails were long, her skin white, and her makeup thick, adding to her gothic look. Her hips were much wider, while her breasts looked like they were threatening to pop out of her shirt.

She brushed some of her blonde hair back, which was rapidly shortening before their eyes. Eventually, it shrank and shrank, blackening until her head looked like Negasonic Teenage Warhead’s. Finally, a metal stud appeared in one of her ears and then her nose, ending it all.

Both sisters eyed each other before turning back to Pamela. Their suburban, working mother was no more in any sense of the word. She now looked like some weird, teenage gothic punk girl with years shaved off of her it seemed.

Pamela looked between her daughters and then the cigarettes in each of their hands. The two younger women flinched, quickly trying to put them out. However, Pamela reached over, snatched Anna’s out of her hand and put it in mouth.

She took a deep, long drag, trembling happily. “Shiiiiit,” she spoke, smirking, “Dat shit is good right now.”

Anna and Emma looked at each other again, looking more baffled by the second. They knew they should have expected this in some way, but it was still unreal to them. “Ummm,” Anna mumbled, not sure to say at this moment, “Dat’s mine.”

Pamela snorted, blowing smoke into her daughter’s face with a wicked grin. “Haven’t I ever taught you about that “sharing is caring” bullshit? Come on, hook a girl up.”

“...mom, you okay?” Emma asked.

“Oh for fuck’s sake, call me Pam. “Mom” makes me sound like some old, stuck up lady.” huffed Pam, rolling her eyes. She shook her head and added, “anyways, yeah, fucking great and shit. But, gotta say this, I was a being a total bitch earlier.”

“What?”

Pam took a slow drag off “her” cigarette and stated, “Yeah. Don’t know what the fuck I was on before. I’m fucking proud of you for decking that asshole. Should of broke his nose personally, but what the hell ever.”

Emma blushed, nodding softly. “Oh... ummm, okay then?”

Anna took out another cigarette and lit it up, purposely doing so to make sure her mom saw her do so. Pam noticed the action and asked, “What? Need something?”

“...you okay with dis?”

Their mother looked baffled. “Okay, what the hell are you high on? Just because I get all “warm” and “motherly” with Emma for a brief second, don’t mean I’m turning into some holly roller cunt if that’s what you’re getting at.”

“Oh, well alright.” Anna smiled to herself and put her smoke into her mouth, happily taking a big, long drag off of it.

“Something wrong with her?” Pam asked Emma, still perplexed, “She get into my stash again?”

“Stash? Wait, what are you-”

“Ooof, really now.” A new voice sounded off. It was low, but not low enough that it couldn’t be heard. From their position, the ladies saw an elderly woman walking her small, tiny dog down the sidewalk. The senior had stopped for a moment to glare at them before moving with her stroll.

As she walked away, Pam snorted and gave her the bird. “Well, fuck you too, you old damn bitch. Ugh, I’m goin’ back to my show.”

That was that, their mother heading back inside and slamming the door behind her. After a moment, Anna looked to Emma with a big grin. “See? Worked out like a charm.”

“If you call turning our mom into a druggie, chain-smoking, alcohol-guzzling, sailor-mouth punk bitch a charm, then sure. Let’s go with that.”

“Oh come on,” Anna stated, “She’s gonna get off our backs now. We can enjoy whatever we want now. No more her cray-cray ramblings and worryin’. Plus, come on, you liked seeing her change.”

“Bullshit,” Emma snorted, flicking her sister on the head, “Just get out of here. I wanna smoke in peace.”

“Fine with me. I can smoke where I want now.” She chuckled and headed back inside, taking a moment to puff out another large cloud of smoke, this time into the house without a care.

Emma rolled her eyes and returned to her cigarette, taking as long as she could to really breath it all in. Her cheeks reddened, her thighs rubbing gently together. Embarrassingly, she grumbled, “Goddammit... why did mom have to turn out so damn hot?”

TO BE CONTINUED...