

Spray for Trouble: Chapter 9

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. *Craaaaaaap*, she thought irritably, *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, her partying with her newly enhanced busty friend, and more. She understood why she 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.