

**COUGH. HACK! Uuuuuuuugh.**

Emma's eyes weakly cracked open as her head rolled to the right. The room she was in was swirling, everything slowly coming into focus as her mind tried to make sense of things. Her mouth tasted like an ashtray, causing her to let out another disgusting hack and cough.

*Oooooof, she thought hazily, sm-smoking... smoking b-before b-bed... b-b-bad call...*

Her head rolled onto the left, her eyes immediately blasted by a bright, blaring light. The young woman groaned, weakly raising a hand to shield her eyes. Her head throbbed as she gritted her teeth "dumbass sun... uuuugh, wh-where am I?"

Emma rolled her whole body onto her right side and blinked a few times, rubbing her eyes gently to help them out. After a moment, the room came into focus and quick glance of her surrounding confirmed to her where she was: her room.

"Goddamn," she muttered, trying to raise her body but still too woozy and out of it to do so, "What the hell? How'd I get here?"

She rubbed her head, scrunching her forehead as she tried recalling the other night. Everything in her head was a blur and hazy. She remembered the spray bottle. She could never forget such a thing and all the "trouble" it brought to her and everyone around her. She remembered giving her sister a big ass and her friend a huge set of tits... there was the theater that turned into a porn theater...

She muttered, "then sister and her dumbass friend showed up and more spray... then the club..."

Her eyes widened as the realization hit her. *Fascinations... right? That club or whatever... I was there with everyone. Something happened? What the hell happened?*

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Emma's eyes went wide, her head throbbing despite not even taking a drink yet as she surveyed the situation. Everyone had truly entered the club now. Flashing lights; tons of thumping, pounding music was blaring; a sea of people were "dancing" (or something more intimate it looked); and many others were drinking or chatting on the dance floor or near the bar.

Emma frowned at the sight, her eyes catching what looked like the scene of two people snorting coke on a table in front of everyone. *God this place is insane*, she thought, rubbing her forehead, *who the hell would want to get involved with this freakshow?*

“This is, like, totally awesome!” Tina declared, pumping her fist into the air, “Look at all the cuties and yummy guys around here. Later girls! Tina’s on the prowl!” Before she could even react, Emma watched her busty friend vanish before her into the crowd.

“W-w-wait!” Trevor declared, following after her and vanishing as well, “W-where are y-you going?!”

“And they’re gone,” Madison remarked with a shrug. She looked at Emma and Anna, saying, “Gonna see if I can get us some drinks. Be back~”

“Laterz gurl!” Anna declared, “Get dis momma da gud stuff, ya hear?”

“You will not get “dis momma da gud stuff”,” snapped Emma, glaring at Madison. “You both know you’re underage, right?”

“Just playin’!” the African American girl chuckled, giving the two a playful wink, “I’ll just be back with something normal in a second. Peace!” Like the others before, Madison quickly disappeared into the crowd of people, presumably making her way towards the bar.

Anna turned around, glaring harshly at Emma herself now. “Ummm, excuse me sistah!” she snapped, “Yo cray-cray or sumthing? Can’t a gurl get herself sumding nice ta drink?”

“Oh shut up, you ghetto, white-ass wannabe! You really should not be in this goddamn club in the first place. Just... just let’s go right now before any stupid crap hap-”

Emma’s eyes widened, her cheeks growing red and the hairs on the back of her neck raising. A shiver rolled down her spine and all the way to her butt. She gritted her teeth and slowly turned her head to look behind herself.

Some guy, stubble with a dress-shirt that had some buttons undone, had his hand pinching her butt. He had this slimy, proud-of-himself grin to him that crawled under her skin, making her feel all itchy and wrong. It didn’t help that he was peering straight into her eyes the entire time, more smugness oozing off of him.

“Hey girl,” he said with a delighted, pleasant tone. He took a drink from the glass he held in his hand before continuing, “You’re looking fine as hell. Love that badass aura you’re giving. I bet you could shove me plenty of-”

Another crack pierced Emma’s mind, her rage boiling over once more. She clenched her fist tightly and rose it into the air. With a mighty swing, her fist smacked him hard in the cheek. Drool and some blood splattered from his mouth as he was punched. The whole world seemed to slow at that moment as she did that, almost looking like the money shot in a boxing movie.

The drink went flying and splashed a nearby woman, who shrieked in horror as her favorite dress was stained. The dudebro fell with a mighty thud, a few people moving away while others getting bonked by him on his way down. Everyone looked from the fallen man, who groaned, and to Emma.

The world sped back up, and her fist dropped, followed by her stomach. Oh crap, she thought, jaw dropping as well, oh crap, oh crap! What was I thinking?! That asshole just... but then I... oh god!

However, most people turned and went back to their drinking, schmoozing, or whatever questionable act they were up. One or two ladies looked at her and asked, "That guy grab your ass too? Good on you, girl! Fuck guys like that!"

Emma blushed harder, turning away from them all quickly to try and separate them from her. "Okay okay," she told herself, "Just move on and forget it! It was the heat of the moment or... or it was that spray or... ugh! Just need to get Anna and-"

She turned back to where her sister stood, but was greeted by no one.

"Anna? Anna?! Where the hell are you?!" If the music didn't drown out her voice, the cheers and talking of the crowd sure did. Amongst the sea of clubgoers, another person had vanished, now leaving her all alone.

"Crrrraaaaap!" huffed Emma, gripping her forehead, "I don't need this right now! I should have never agreed to any of this horsecrap! Should have never let Tina borrow the spray bottle or even brought it up in the first place! Everything just frickin' sucks!"

Her body shook, fingers trembling and sweat dripping down her forehead. All her anger and frustration was boiling up again. She never got this anger before, not before this singular day. Everything just flowed over her, but now? Everything just pissed her off.

Grimacing, she muttered as she reached into her pocket, "goddamn, I need a smoke."

She pulled out a pack of smokes and grabbed a single stick. Stuffing the carton back, she pulled out her lighter and lit up. She wasn't sure if the place was non-smoking like a lot of businesses today, but considering the environment and how she was feeling? Fuck that noise.

She stuffed the cig into her mouth and took a long, hard drag. Her body eased up and relaxed. She could feel the anxiety almost melting off of her at that moment. Not all of it, but it sure was a lot better than before.

She puffed the smoke out into a soft cloud and sighed, muttering, "Really needed that."

She rubbed her forehead gently and took another drag. The satisfying, relaxing feeling was lighter now. It cooled her down, but... not as much as she was hoping.

Emma shook her head, taking another deep drag, this one as hard as she could. Her shoulders drooped, but the second they did, another guy approached her. He had the same, smug smile the last guy had, her skin itching again.

“Hey babe,” he spoke, giving her a wink, “Maybe after that drag, you would want wrap your lips around something else?” He chuckled, but she made sure it wouldn’t be for long, blowing all the smoke into his face.

He coughed and hacked before she turned and stormed away, further into the crowd. *Asshole*, she thought, her fingers trembling, barely holding her cigarette in place, *I can’t deal with this crap! Smoking isn’t even helping.*

As she stumbled and shoved her way through the crowd, she ran straight into the side of something hard. Her smoke nearly fell from her hand in the shock, but she managed to hold it. Looking ahead like she should have been doing, she had run straight into the bar.

She glanced around as the patrons hanging around the area, but she didn’t see a single familiar face. *Madison isn’t here... must have already gotten the drinks and-*

She twitched, sweat dripping down her forehead. Her eyes flashed past the barman serving a few people and at the bottles behind him. All of those drinks.

*God, I could use a drink.* Emma had never drank a single drop of alcohol in her entire life. Not once, not even when she finally turned twenty-one. She had seen the effects it had on other people before, growing up and watching her dad watch those live, police video shows. It did not look like a pleasant experience.

But then again, she never smoked before in her life either before this afternoon. Life was full of surprises ever since she got that spray bottle.

She didn’t fight or question it, just gruffly sighing. She took one last drag before snuffing the cigarette out on the bar, seeing no ashtray around. She waved her hand and snapped, “hey! Bartender guy, could use a drink here!”

The older-looking man, wearing a leather jacket and shades (Emma couldn’t help but mentally laugh away at the stupid look), approached. He chuckled, pointing to his nametag, “You know, I got a name.”

Emma huffed, “Look, I just want a drink, alright? No getting to know you BS.”

The man chuckled again, shaking his head as well. "Well, okay then. What does the lady want to drink?"

Emma's mind froze. Despite the urge to drink something, no new memories had filled her head yet about what she wanted to drink or even what kind of alcohol suited her now. She probably needed another spray, maybe in the mouth, to fix that.

However, she had no interest in messing with it at the moment. She just shot a mean glare at the bartender, grumbling, "Just give me something good. I don't care."

"That's vague, but can do." The bartender shrugged and headed over to the bottles, grabbing one or two of them from the shelf.

Emma couldn't be sure. Out of nowhere, a loud, blaring noise roared over the speakers, nearly causing her to jump. "ALRIGHT EVERYBODY! YOUR FAVORITE PART OF THE WEEK HAS ARRIVED! OUR WET T-SHIRT CONTEST IS ABOUT TO GET STARTED! LADIES, AND GUYS WITH MOOBS, COME ON UP HERE!"

Frustrated, Emma brushed her dark hair back and mumbled, "God, I hate this place."

A few moments later, the bartender came up and set a drink down in front of her. It was completely clear, a barely noticeable, alcoholic scent rising from it. "There you go," the man said, giving a familiar, irritating smile, "Enjoy!"

Emma grabbed the glass and fought back every urge in her body to splash the drink in the guy's face. She instead simply brought the glass to her plump, black lips and took a swig. Her chin warmed, her body tingling. Her nervous or frustrated twitches died down almost instantly as well.

Pulling the drink from her mouth, she sighed. "Damn, I needed that..."

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Emma grabbed at her forehead, her whole mind throbbing. As best as she could, everything beyond that point had faded out. She could not remember a single thing about what happened after that single drink.

She pulled the covers off and sat up on the edge of the bed. She saw her purse on the ground, some of its contents spilled out, like her pack of smokes and lipstick. Picking it up and looking inside, everything seemed to be in order, including her money, ID, vibrator, and most importantly, her spray bottle.

She breathed a sigh of relief, taking the small bottle out. *Well, she thought, I still have you. Heh, kind of wish I lost you so that some other poor sap would have to deal with your crap.*

Knock-knock. Emma twitched and quickly stuffed it back into her purse. The doorknob turned and the door creaked open, a familiar head peering through the doorway. “Hey sis,” Anna spoke, slipping in, “Ya feelin’ bedder? Gurl, you crashed ‘nd burned hard last night.”

Emma frowned, her head stinging harder again. She was happy to see that her sister seemed to be okay, looking mostly like herself again outside of her wide hips and butt. Her clothing was normal, except for the heels, and her big afro was deflated, now just a bunch of scraggly, curly black hair.

“Yeah, so I guess.” The older sister weakly got to her feet and stumbled towards Anna, her balance still a bit off. “I can barely remember what happened last night. It’s all just a frickin’ blur. ...you didn’t do anything stupid?”

Anna huffed, folding her arms. “Gurl, you were passed out drunk on the bar. We all had ta drag your skinny ass back home. Didn’t get ta do anythang fun ‘cause of ya.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really! Wanna see tha video?” Anna reached into her pocket and pulled out her cellphone. She held it up to Emma’s face, her finger hovering over the video app.

Emma twitched nervously, sweat starting to form. The last thing she wanted to see right now was what crap she got up into while drunk. Becoming a smoker? Not so bad it turned out to be for her. Becoming a drinker? Maybe she would avoid going down that alley.

“No,” Emma huffed, pushing the phone away, “I think I’ll stick with it be a mystery.”

“Alright then.” Anna shrugged and dumped the phone into her pocket. “Well, ah don’t know about you, but ah gotta get sum grub. You comin’ sistah?” She turned and started to leave, still swaying her butt from side to side now.

The older girl sighed and started to follow, but stopped. Ignoring her sister’s new strut, her eyes focused on a strange logo that was on the back of the white t-shirt. “Fascinations Wet T-Shirt Champion~”

Emma’s face flushed, her eyes widening. The world paused for a moment as her heart started pounding. The time returned back to normal for her almost a few seconds later. She snapped, “HEY! What the fuck is up with that t-shirt?!”

Anna stopped, freezing up. She stared forward for a moment, not moving a muscle. She was silent, quiet as can be.

Emma huffed, storming over to her and grabbing her shoulder, spinning her around. "HEY!" she said, looking her sister dead in the eyes, "What is up with this t-shirt? Where and how did you get it exactly?"

Anna looked off to the right, saying nothing at first. However, her eyes turned back and a small, innocent smile appeared. "Oh," she spoke, her voice soft and returning to a familiar, non-ghetto stereotype tone, "by the way, mom wants to talk to you. She was freaking out about you coming home drunk and passed out last night."

Emma's eye twitched, her hands trembling. She let go of Anna, who casually walked away, leaving her behind. Her mind flashed back to her new memories, images of her mom chewing out constantly appearing. It was first about her buying her motorcycle, not wearing a helmet, starting to smoke, smoking in the house, discovering the "toy" she had in her purse for the first time, and so many more.

All memories connected back to being chewed out for hours on end by her mom. Everything about her lifestyle and choices. It all made her squirm and grow angry once more. The last thing she wanted to hear when she had a hangover was her mom bitching at her.

*Goddammit*, she thought, grabbing her forehead as her head rung, *I don't need this shit right now. I wish she just get off my damn ass! I am an adult and I...*

She paused mid-internal rant, turning her attention back to her bed. Her purse still laid on it and within it, the thing she just shoved back into it.

Emma gulped, shivering as a certain thought crossed her mind. It was so bad and so potentially dangerous... but, there was a certain appeal to it that she couldn't shake.

*TO BE CONTINUED...*