

## Bottle of Bitch

Tightening her expression, the president of the student council climbed onto the stage, her pristine school-store heels clacking against the wood. Seizing the podium, she took a deep breath and puffed up her chest. *Confidence, Mindy*. Before her rolled an ocean of her fellow students, all staring at her expectantly.

She blew out. Time to do this. “My fellow students, for too long has the menace of underage drinking plagued our fair school. Where pupils should be learning, instead they are bingeing! Not on knowledge, but on *alcohol!*” She spat the word like a curse.

The crowd murmured. Mindy bit her lip. Quick, she needed to seize their attention.

“Once, St. Miguel’s School was the finest in the country! We produced scholars, athletes, geniuses, Olympians! But now...” Her expression darkened. “...the specter of drink has crept into our fine academy, drowning the light of knowledge beneath its sticky depths.” She shook her head sadly.

“Fear not, however, my fellow classmates! All is not lost! You can regain your academic potential! All you need to do is... stop drinking!” She gave them a reassuring smile. “After all, nothing could be simpler, right? There’s no reason you can’t just stop without consequence, is there?”

The crowd stared at her, stunned—she could only assume—into silence. Her speech had enraptured them! Time to whip out her specially-crafted three-word catchphrase and thereby seal the deal!

Her heart pounded. She drew in a long breath.

“DON’T DO DRINK!” She thrust her hand into the air in a triumphant fist pump.

Standing there, her arm still in the air, she took a deep breath to slow her racing heart. A subtle grin played on her face—they should be cheering any second now...

“Boo!” “Boooo!” “Boo-urns!”

Mindy flinched. Wh-what was happening? What was she hearing? Were they—were they *booing* her? That wasn’t right! Heart racing, she flipped through her notes. There was nothing about booing in here!

Swallowing, she turned her gaze back to the crowd. “Are you booing me?”

“YES!”

“B-but—don’t you *want* to give up drinking and become better students?”

“NO!”

Mindy screwed up her eyes and sniffed. This was an outrage! “W-well, if you won’t accept the carrot, I’ll just have to give you the stick! I’ll be speaking with the headmistress about implementing a wide array of new rules and punishments to catch you naughty, underage drinkers.” She grinned. “How do you like the sound of that?”

Someone threw a pie at her.

Whipped cream dripping from her face, Mindy turned and fled the stage in disgust.

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Half an hour later, Mindy emerged from the bathroom with a clean if sullen face. Storming through the corridors of the school, she stamped hard with every step, as if challenging the very tiles to confront her.

*Fine! Fine!* If they didn’t want to learn, she’d make them! She’d teach them herself! And she wouldn’t spare the rod or the whip or even—whisper it—the gimp suit!

From around the corner came the sound of raucous laughter. Slowing to a stop, Mindy glared at its source. Leaning against the lockers were the school’s obligatory gang of punks.

The sight of their leather jackets and denim short shorts and their many, many metal studs made Mindy grit her teeth. These... *hooligans* were the worst of all the drinkers in the school. Why, she’d show them a thing or two...

Rolling up the sleeves of her school-store blazer, Mindy advanced on the group with a glare. “You... four... five... six... You six! What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be in class?”

As one, the punks stared at her. “Oh look,” said a girl with long scarlet hair. “It’s that clown from the school assembly. Hey, do something funny, clown. Make a balloon animal for us or somethin’.” She and the rest of her gang laughed like a pack of seals.

Mindy, on the other hand, steamed. “If you persist in this—this—*delinquency*, I’ll have no choice but to—”

“Ugh,” said Scarlet. “I can’t stand the sight of her ugly face. Say, Mac, you got another one of those creampiees? Let’s see if I can hit a bullseye a second time.”

A little string in Mindy’s brain snapped. “That was *you?! H-how dare you?! How dare you?!*” Striding forward, she seized the redhead by the jacket. “You’re coming with me right to the headmistr—!”

Something slammed into Mindy’s head. She dropped, eyes full of stars.

When she opened them again, she found the redhead looming over her. “Say,” said Scarlet, flicking a glance at her gangmates. “This clown’s starting to get on my nerves. Why don’t we use some of our trademark Goth Magic on her?”

Mindy groaned. "I thought you were punks..."

"We can be both! Why shouldn't we?!"

Rummaging in her weathered backpack, the redhead extracted a big black grimoire. For some reason, it throbbed.

"Let's see..." Spreading it open, the redhead flicked through the pages. "Let's see, what should we do...? A condom? A toilet? Hmm. Ooooh, how about *this*?" She showed the page she'd stopped on to her fellows, who cackled like a coven of witches.

"Wh-what are you laughing at?!" With some effort, Mindy forced herself back to her feet. Wobbling, she raised an unsteady hand and pointed a finger right at the redhead's face.

Scarlet laughed. "Oh, just a little piece of irony." With a whispered word, she snapped. Pink lightning arced between her fingers.

Before Mindy could ask what the punk was doing, an invisible hand seized her, wrenching her into the air like a doll. Squeaking, she struggled against its grip, but no matter how hard she fought she just couldn't escape it.

Smirking, the redhead twisted her hand.

Mindy gasped as her perfectly-ironed clothes turned a pale white and melted, dripping from her form like sodden paper. As she watched it pool on the ground, her eyes widened in shock. "Wh-what are you *doing*?!" Even as she spoke, her lingerie followed suit, leaving her floating in the air, naked and red-faced.

Turning her gaze back to the punks, Mindy gulped to see them smirking. "W-wait! Wait!" she managed with effort. "I was lying about the headmistress! I won't actually tell her!"

"Great to hear it, Clowny." With a grin, the redhead twisted her wrist again.

Before she could muster a response, Mindy's hips seized the initiative and thrust themselves forward, aiming the shameful sight of her sex at the ceiling. As she watched, eyes wide in shock, its lips swelled and plumped and merged to form a tight, fat ring. As if this wasn't bad enough, it promptly stretched upward, dragging a curtain of elongated flesh behind it.

Mindy's eyes boggled in their sockets. "What are you *doing* to me?!"

This time, the redhead didn't even bother to answer.

With another snap of the punk's fingers, Mindy's limbs tingled. As she stared in horror, they shriveled like unwatered plants, rolling backward in on themselves till they were tight against her body. She moaned, struggling to make them move, but it accomplished very little. Even as she fought, they melted into her flesh, leaving her with four limbless stumps and very few options besides shaking.

“St-stop! Stop! St–Mmmphf!” Before she could finish this little trifecta, Mindy’s lips slammed shut and tied themselves together. Looking down in horror, she watched her flesh run like hot wax, leaving little but a smooth expanse where her mouth had been. Her eyes spasmed, but she barely made a sound.

(The punks, on the other hand, produced another round of raucous laughter.)

“Don’t worry, Clowny,” said the redhead. “We’re almost done.” She flipped the page of her grimoire and whispered another word.

All at once, Mindy’s stomach—no, her entire torso—started to swell. As she whimpered in her head, everything that remained of her body save her poor, stretched-out pussy and her head pulsed and expanded into a fat, fleshy cylinder. She tried to moan in horror, but of course she wasn’t able.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t over yet either. As Mindy struggled to deal with her sudden roundness, her sweat-slathered flesh shimmered and changed from its former light beige to a stark, glassy green. Staring at what *had* been her chest, Mindy’s eyes shivered in shock. She could see through herself. She could see *through* herself.

No sooner had she had this revelation than she found her head sinking, collapsing into her neck as if into a puddle. One moment she was staring at the punks, the next she was lost in the depths of her own body. She squealed—or tried to, anyway—at the sudden darkness.

A moment later, the light returned, and Mindy found herself looking out from what had once been her sternum.

Chuckling, the redhead twisted her wrist again, and with a sound like water gurgling from a fountain, Mindy’s molten clothes flowed back up to swirl around her glassy new body and congeal in the form of a tight label. It felt like a corset.

As if that wasn’t bad enough, a little blob of what had presumably been her panties settled on the lips of her pussy and froze into a tight metal cap. It felt like a dildo.

“Almost done,” said the redhead with a smirk. “Just one last thing we need to take care of.” She snapped.

Mindy felt something in what had once been her stomach. As she struggled to protest, something *filled* it, and continued filling it without the slightest restraint. With every second, she felt a little fuller as liters of liquid poured straight into her gut. She tried to moan, to cough it out, but of course she lacked the ability.

Within half a minute, Mindy felt so full she wanted to burst. The pressure wasn’t just on her stomach, but on her bladder as well. If she’d still been human, she would have been running for the toilet. As it was, all she could do was scream in her head as the pressure grew stronger and stronger and—

At last, the redhead lowered her arm, and Mindy felt the giant hand gripping her vanish. *Catch me!* she screamed as she dropped to the floor.

Smirking, the redhead flicked a finger, reeling Mindy through the air like a fish on a line. “Wow!” she said, voice low and ironic, “look what I found, guys. We best hope that bitch of a prez doesn’t catch us with this, right?”

The group of punks laughed like a pack of hyenas.

Mindy, on the other hand, wanted to cry and pee all at once. *What am I?!* she screamed in her head. *What have you done to me?!*

“Who wants the first swig?” asked the redhead.

Mindy’s missing heart froze. *Sw-swig?*

“Lemme have a go at her!” said a grotty young man with more rings in his ears than a jeweler’s window. Laughing, Scarlet tossed Mindy through the air into his hands.

Holding her to his pimple-speckled face, the young man grinned. “Y’know, I’ve always wondered what it would be like to get my mouth on her snatch.”

If Mindy had still been human, she would have turned red and spluttered. As it was, she could only watch and try to whimper as he raised her to his lips. Opening wide, he wrapped his teeth around her cap, tightened his grip, and wrenched it off of her with a single sharp jerk. Mindy squealed—all of a sudden, she felt so exposed.

Grinning, the man thrust her forward. “Cheers!” The others laughed.

The next thing she knew, she was right side up again and—Oh God—liquid poured out of her pussy-turned-mouth. The feeling, the relief, made her want to throw her head back and scream. After the pressure of being filled, letting it all out like this felt like one of the greatest things she’d ever experienced. It felt like peeing after waiting hours for the toilet.

As Mindy moaned in silence, the young man gulped her contents down eagerly. Finally, he pulled her out of his mouth and wiped his lips with a sigh “Not bad,” he said. “Not bad.”

“Lemme have a go,” said a lankier, yet just as pimply, man. Snatching Mindy out of the other’s hands, he held her to his lips and stuck his tongue out with a smirk. “Mmm~,” he said, threading it into her mouth.

Mindy screamed. It felt as if he was licking her pussy. What was he doing?!

“Ew, Gary, don’t get your spit all over her.” Before it could get any worse, a wiry young woman grabbed Mindy and pulled her free. “Yuck,” she said, peering into Mindy’s mouth.

Pulling a tissue out of her pocket, she stuck it into Mindy's mouth and forced it down her throat. A sick grin on her face, she wiggled it around, making Mindy want to thrash in pleasure. *Ah! Stop! Please, stop it!*

"There, much better," she said, pulling the tissue out.

Before Mindy had had a chance to recover, she found herself upended again. Once more, the contents of her bladder poured out without restraint. Even if she'd wanted to keep it inside her, she wouldn't have been able to. It flowed without pause, and the wiry young woman chugged it down eagerly.

With every mouthful the girl swallowed, Mindy felt not only a little emptier but also a little more *scattered* too. What was happening to her? Why did she feel so... diluted?

As she struggled with the quandary, the woman holding her took another big chug, and Mindy felt the mouthful of drink *slide* over the woman's tongue and down her throat.

Oh. Oh God. She wasn't just the bottle—she was the drink too. They were drinking her. They were drinking *her!*

Mindy tried to scream, to thrash and protest and fight, but all she achieved was an emphatic silence.

Grinning, the redhead seized her. "My turn," she said, raising her to her lips. "Jeez, all this hard work has really given me a thirst."

*St-stop it! Stop it! No!*

With a final smirk, the redhead threw back her head and with it: Mindy. The president screamed as she felt her contents stream in a torrent towards her opening. *No-no!* She tried with all her heart to hold it in, but since she was a bottle, this didn't really accomplish much. *No!*

A river of her self and soul poured out of what had once been her sex and into the open mouth of the redhead, who drank her down eagerly. With every gulp, Mindy felt a little weaker, a little more sapped of vitality and strength. Her vision dimmed till she could barely see, the punks and lockers all blurring incomprehensibly.

The last thing she saw was the redhead's throat rising up to meet her. A second later, everything went dark.

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"Ahhh," said the redhead, shaking the last few drops into her mouth. "Not bad. A little sour, but I've had worse." With a smirk, she turned and flung the bottle at a locker. Her friends laughed as it exploded into a thousand tiny shards.

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A long time passed before Mindy saw the light again. Stirring from her dark little dream, she opened her figurative eyes and blinked like a sleeper who's just thrown open the curtains.  
*Wh-what? Where-?*

As her vision adjusted, the light dimmed and resolved into something a little clearer: a large white bowl and in its center: a pool of water. Mindy stared at it in confusion. The pool was reflecting something fleshy and hairy, but she couldn't tell exactly what.

*Wh-where am I?*

Before she could get an answer, someone sighed, and Mindy found herself falling. With a silent scream, she tumbled from the tight tunnel holding her. The pool of water rose to greet her—she landed with a splash.

Screaming and flailing, Mindy found herself spread out and through it as a rain of golden liquid landed on her (and in her). All she could do was moan in confusion.

Finally, the rain ceased, and Mindy's fluid new form settled into stillness. Looking up, she realized what she'd seen in the reflection of the pool.

"Ah," said the redhead, wiping her pussy with a tiny sheet of TP. "God, I've been waiting hours for that."

As Mindy stared in horror, the TP fell and struck her face like a pie, sucking up some of her liquid body in the process.

An instant later, she heard the gurgling of a flush.