

HOT 'N' BOTHERED

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Sona Buvelle examined the vial with skepticism. It was no bigger than a small drinking glass, the contents held within thanks to the seal of an old cork that had obviously been applied with haste. It was nice of her friend Lux to provide her with a potion that could supposedly grant her the ability to talk, but she had plenty of reason to be worried about it too. After all, adding the disclaimer that *'it could cause some side effects'* without specifying what those side effects *may* be was totally up Luxanna's ally.

She was at a crossroads and she knew it, having taken the potion home. As much as Sona wanted to risk it all she also didn't want to risk her life over having a voice to speak with. Her inner thoughts were always so calm and tranquil and she wasn't even sure she could properly speak them aloud even if she'd had the ability to do so. But at the same time... There was an old saying that said *'nothing ventured nothing gained'*. If she didn't try it there was always the possibility that no other option could appear in the future and she'd end up regretting not taking it.

And so, resting on the large mattress of her canopy bed back home, she mentally told herself *'bottoms up'* as she downed the potion in a single gulp -- with about a third of the bottle left behind. It was strange. Lux hadn't told her that it would taste so much like raspberries despite being purple, or that it would make her body feel as warm as it did. No, wasn't this a little too warm and tingly? It was meant to affect her vocals so she could speak like a normal person yet the foreign sensation had spread from head to toe. It was easy to write this off as just one of the side effects Lux had warned her off, but she couldn't help be worried.

Though Sona couldn't deny it felt *good*. A little *too* good, honestly. She was an adult woman, so despite her profession as a famous musician she knew about arousal and how to deal with it, and the building sensation was certainly along those lines.

'Talk... I need to try to say something!' The musician had to tear her mind away from the arousal to address the reason she'd consumed the potion to begin with. "**A-... Ah...**" A noise! She couldn't believe there was a noise! Then could she process a word? A sentence? What would be a suitable first word? Maybe something like *'hello'*? Right! She wanted to try saying hello! It didn't matter than no one else was in the room, it was just something she'd always wanted to say!

She was going to try! She was going to say it! "**C-CUNT!**" Except the word she blurted out with unintended aggressiveness wasn't the word Sona had meant to say. It wasn't even a word she'd ever considered saying in her life! But the moment it was spat out, two tattoos began to glow atop her skin. The first was a very apparently butterfly tramp stamp just above her ass, the other a winged heart on her right shoulder. Both were done in black ink, and the skin around them gradually began to darken to a rich, but quite apparently fake tan.

What was that she'd said? *Cunt*? That wasn't hello, and it was way out of character but... it felt kind of nice? Blurting out such an obvious profanity made Sona feel a little more excited like she was living on the edge. "**I could get hooked on this shit!**" It seemed that her wish to talk had been granted, but she couldn't stop this new motor mouth from blurting out obscenity after obscenity. Her cheeks were dyed crimson as lust continued to plague her ability to process these occurrences, but something dark also emerged beneath this blush. The same tan that was beginning to spread from her new, slutty tats was becoming a widespread phenomenon that spread across porcelain in patch after patch, each merging together.

"The fuck am I talkin' like this though? I ain't no dumb bitch who can't put big words together!" Deliberate as she may, internalize her thoughts politely as she did, Sona couldn't help but spit out these loud, forceful sentences that reminded her of how she heard people in the slums talk from time to time. Women that were always looking to exchange sex for money that had fittingly decorated their bodies for the cause. She'd been called any manner of things from women like this, ranging from *'stuck up bitch'* to telling her she was wasting her talents not getting into the same style.

For the first time ever, her mind kind of wandered to agree.

Sona couldn't keep her hands off herself any longer, and they wandered towards her already sizable breasts, quickly slipping the top of her dress off and allowing ample flesh to bounce free, skin kissed by artificial tanning in some places while in others it remained pale for the time being. Her nipples were erect and, shocking, a rich mocha color compared to their typical pink, but the woman had become disassociated from any fear about what was happening. With her arousal and change came an unwavering confidence of the likes she'd never felt before.

Nails dug into her tits as she sought to capitalize on the pent up heat that plagued them, beads of sweat dripping in solitude as questions about the source of this interest in sexual activity went unasked by the one experiencing it. "**FUCK!**", she moaned as nails prodded her skin with a razor-sharp cut that wasn't typical of how she usually wore them. Fingers completely darkened, they were decorated with long acrylics that sparkled under her room's dull light with dark purple sparkles. They were as gaudy as the color of her skin, which was now dark in the majority.

Tongue slid across the surfaces of her swelling lips, sweet gloss that had applied itself tasted against a dark red stud that found itself pierced in her tongue's center. "**HAHN!? The hell'd my lips get all damn like, thick and junk!? They'd be good for sucking a whole cock though...**" Big and juicy, the taste of salt in her mouth... She was left stunned a moment since she'd never given fellatio before in her life, so why was it she could picture the motions, the taste, the feeling?

Pondering giving fellatio just made her breastplay more intense, something that was lent ease by the fact that the breadth of her already impressive bust line was expanding. Her dress had largely been shed now, to the point that her upper body was very bare and very tan, but her posture had gradually shifted forward as it became harder and harder for the muscles in her back to compensate.

Flesh bubbled as mass grew approximately two cup sizes, and this was a trend that was followed by thighs that contained a pussy on the precipice of squelching. Darkened legs bulged, not growing anymore athletic but definitely taking on more weight as inner thighs poked into one another, their surfaces shining from a fresh wax while more slutty tattoos danced across her body. The tramp stamp above her ass was almost obscured while sitting on the bed since the volume of her ass cheeks bulged to attention, and since they were stuck between the bed and Sona's weight the bubble butt cheeks pushed up to obscure the tat.

Saliva was lathered across her cleavage as mind drifted into bliss, making the surface of her tits more difficult to hold onto. *Since when do*

I get like, this horny? she thought to herself, but there was no answer. She wasn't even thinking on the same intellectual level she normally did, and it was questionable if she could ever again. Her lashes danced, now appropriated with extensions that shone with a glitter to match her thick eyeshadow and blush.

She finally laid down on her bed and the weight of her breasts practically slapped her in the face, though in the process she became aware of two metallic objects. Gold hoop piercings that hung from her nipples. The immediately found fingers looped through them as Sona gave a less than gently tug, swollen nips responding with a mix of pain and pleasure that only dug her deeper. Sona moaned like a needy slut, and her thoughts only continued to wander into sexual territory. She wanted to be penetrated, she wanted to service another.

Her light blue hair already looked plenty appropriate against her tainted form, but strands dyed bleach blonde had been mixing themselves through her head with increased fervor up until the moment she almost reached climax. Almost, but a knock on her door snapped her out of it when she was on the verge. **"Shit, I was just gonna shoot my load too! Who the fuck is it, I'm like waaaay in the middle of somethin'!"** With the weight of her tits it took her a moment to push herself up into a sitting position again, and for some reason she just couldn't tuck them back into her dress. It was probably for the best when all the slutty gyaru wanted to do was toss on some leopard print that covered next to nothing and saunter around town in search of some prey.

"I-It's Luxanna?" Of course she was taken off guard by Sona's demeanor. That wasn't like her at all, and thinking about her talking would never bring the mental image of that vocabulary in a million years.

"Yeah? Then like check me out! Aren't I totes the fuckin' hottest!?" The door flew open in Luxanna's face, and on the other side sat the gaudied-up Sona with her skin dyed tan, her hair tied blonde, and literally everything on display from her tattoos to her nipple rings to another piercing above a pussy that looked to be dribbling. With no clothes that fit, she'd just elected for full frontal nudity. Once she might have been ashamed about showing anyone her naked body, but now it just made her excited. So excited that she grabbed Lux's hand and yanked her into the room.

Lux didn't have a single clue what was going on. Was this Sona? She *reeked* of sexual activity and sweat. She *looked* like a woman from the city's underbelly. Was it the result of the potion? Oh no, what had she done? What had she-- *GULP!*

The blonde broke out into a gagging sound. She'd been so distracted by her friend's body and actions that she hadn't noticed Sona's free hand had contained what was left of the potion brew... and she'd shoved it into Luxanna's mouth and made her swallow. **"We're totes gonna have the sexiest night on the town, Luxie!"**

"Sona, what did you!? Oh no... Oh no... Oh no..." Sona still held her by the wrist, and looking at that wrist she could see the tone of her skin darkening to a mocha just like Sona's. **"Oh shit... Oh shit... Oh fuck... Oh fuck..."** Words of shock curdled to crueler and crueler forms, and what finally rang out in the end would define the rest of the evening for the two women. The two, slutty gyarus.

"FUCK ME!"