

## Chaos Cocktail

For Jessicatg24

By TheSpiralledEye

It took me a moment to fully comprehend the bartender's words; at first, I thought the loud club music had made me mishear, a shot couldn't possibly cost ten whole dollars. Yet the man was still standing there with hand outstretched, waiting for more money. Swallowing down my annoyance with the last of my vodka I placed another note now atop the other. No tip. It was petty of me, I know this guy probably isn't the one setting the prices but still, I can't help it. The knowledge that the merge amount of cash I'd scraped together for tonight wouldn't go nearly as far as I'd hope stung; I couldn't even enjoy the burn of alcohol making its way down my throat. The thong push against me and I managed to escape the crush at the bar, settling against the far wall looking forlornly at the dancefloor.

I used to go out every weekend, then for financial reasons it became each fortnight; now it was looking like I was only going to get one night out a month with these sorts of prices. Maybe it was immature to still love clubbing this close to middle age but I couldn't help it. I adore that wild feeling that comes from getting drunk, the way the alcohol burned at my throat and how by the end of the night I could still feel the base throbbing in my muscles after leaving the club. It could only be better if I managed to find somebody to warm my bed afterwards but I'd long made peace with that never happening.

After working my ass off all week, didn't I deserve to let loose? But with only fifty dollars left in my wallet that was unlikely; if I stretched it out, I'd never get past mildly tipsy but if I used it all at once, the alcohol would be out of my blood and I'd be racing toward a hangover before the sun was even close to rising. May as well go home now and save up for another, proper night out.

Before I could cross the floor though, a gaggle of women rushed in front, pressing to the bar and essentially trapping me against the wall until they decided to move. I regarded them all jealously, ordering cocktails and shots without a care in the world, ready to enjoy a night of dancing and based on their outfits, company.

"Ladies, first rounds on me." A man, oozing more confidence that I would ever possess, leaned against the bar, passing the tender his credit card without ever taking his eyes off the group.

Again, a pang of jealousy struck my heart; nobody had ever offered to buy my drinks. Hell, nobody had ever paid me any mind in the clubs at all. Hell, I considered myself lucky if a tipsy girl decided to dance with me for more than a single song. It was then I noticed the dark-haired girl of the group was staring at me. More accurately, she noticed me staring at her; I'd been so caught up in my thoughts I hadn't I was glaring straight at her.

"Sorry," I blush, "I was just lost in my own head, I wasn't trying to...ogle you."

That was exactly what some loner freak who was caught ogling would say. Idiot.

The woman seemed to agree if her expression was anything to go by and before I could stop them, panicked word vomit started pouring from my mouth.

“I was looking at your drinks! I swear, I just, it’s so cool, getting your drinks paid for all the time. I wish I was pretty enough to have my drinks comped. Well, pretty probably isn’t the right word, um...is this working? Am I making things better or worse.”

The woman burst into laughter and I felt my cheeks burn. Tonight, just got better and better it seemed; how long could it take to get a group of girls their drinks for fuck’s sake? I just wanted to get out of here.

“Yeah, darling. Breathe.” The woman said finally, “I think you’re the tensest person I have ever seen in the nightclub.”

A bubble of nervous laughter makes its way up my throat.

“Yeah well, maybe if I could afford to get drunk, I wouldn’t be.”

“It *is* pretty outrageous.” She shrugged, “I’m Casey, by the way.”

“Jason.”

“Well, Jason. Were you serious, about what you said?”

“You mean the whole wishing I could get free drinks? Yeah of course.”

Casey smiled and whispered something to one of her friends before rushing forward and taking my hand, leading me deep into the crowd toward the back of the club. I felt my cock twitch in anticipation, had I somehow finally lucked out? Was asking for free drinks some inuendo or euphemism these days? My excitement fizzled somewhat as she pushed open the door to the ladies’ room; club restrooms were hardly bastions of cleanliness but I wasn’t going to turn her down. Casey looked around the room for a moment, ensuring we were alone before dragging a nearby bin in front of the door.

“We’d better work fast, before somebody asks security to break the door down. Ready to get free drinks?”

Weird flirt but okay.

“Sure am!”

“Then close your eyes.”

I do so without hesitation, licking my lips to make sure they wouldn’t be weird and dry. Through closed lids I see the light dim as Casey moves in, placing her soft palms against my cheeks and then a blazing green light flares. My eyes snap open and are immediately dazzled by it, leaving auras blocking my vision even as I squeezed them closed again.

“Jason, I told you to close your eyes! Are you okay?”

I blink, trying to clear my blearily vision and was met with Casey’s concerned face. A slight green glow fading from her hands. My guts twist almost painfully in humiliation, I should have known this was some sort of trick, I probably had green glitter on my face or something.

“What the hell was that?”

“A little spell, don’t worry I think I made contact long enough for it to take hold. You should start changing in a moment.”

“Changing?”

“Into a woman.” Casey smiled, “Don’t worry, I made sure you’d be hot. All you’ll need to do is shake that new money maker and you’ll get all the free drinks you could ever want!”

I felt my jaw drop in shock; this woman was completely off her rocker and here I was sealed in a bathroom alone with her. Not wanting to risk upsetting what was obviously an unstable individual I took a few steps back, ready to slip past her at the first opportunity and knock the bin aside in order to escape back into the club and call security. Then I felt it; a strange pressure against my backside

almost as if my jeans were too tight. I twisted, shocked to find that what had been a snug fit mere hours ago was now far too small; the denim was straining, individual stitches even began to pop and the reason was obvious; my ass. It was swelling, I could feel the skin stretching around new muscle and fat as it inflated, straining to get free of the confines of my trousers.

This couldn't be happening, was I high and hallucinating right now? Maybe the bartender was in on this and that shot had been laced, it was the only explanation for what I was seeing and feeling; other than it being real. Humiliated but lacking any better idea my hands fumbled for my belt buckle, I had to get these pants off before they started to rip! Even sliding them down proved difficult though, my ass had grown so rotund that it was hard to move the jeans at all. Forced to wiggle my hips to tug them down, I could feel my ass bouncing as it was finally freed. Casey was watching with an almost clinical look on her face, as if she were observing a science experiment, nodding approvingly at my new shapely ass as I finally kicked the jeans off along with my shoes. Something that was much easier than it should have been for reasons that became obvious a second later. My feet were smaller, a full size smaller now, allowing the sneaker to slip off without even needing to be untied.

"Hmm, I may have put a little too much junk in the trunk, hopefully your tits balance it out."

"My *what?*"

My hand is instantly at my throat; the voice that just escaped me was very much not my own. It was too high pitched, too *feminine*; what's worse, there was a bump mysteriously missing under my hand. I swallow to be sure, the option of turning to face the mirror was far too daunting and the action was enough to confirm that my adam's apple was gone. The hand travelled upwards, passing over my now smooth jaw, I could feel it gradually becoming rounder as waves of dark hair flowed down from my skull to brush against them. This was wild, *wrong*, but it was all happening so quickly there was little time to process it.

The tightness of fabric against my skin appeared once more and I gasped, hand flying to my now plump lips. For a second I stared, wide eyed at Casey and too afraid to look down. If I didn't look, I could pretend this wasn't happening, at least for a few more seconds. That wasn't an option for much longer though, a button flew from my shirt as the skin there swelled, I had no choice but to unbutton the others before their followed suit and that meant looking down at my rapidly growing chest. I was met with cleavage most women would die for; despite my lack of bra to support them my new tits were round and bouncy to the point of looking fake. I managed to get the shirt off without losing anymore buttons but that just meant they were free to grow unimpeded.

Despite the strangeness of the situation, I felt desire stir within me looking down at my newest assets. It had been so long since I'd seen such beautiful breasts, especially up close and to my surprise, I felt a touch of pride knowing they were mine. A feeling that was almost instantly washed away by the realisation that I was standing naked in the middle of a club bathroom getting turned on by my own body.

Nervously I glanced over my shoulder, catching a flash of my own reflection before squeezing my eyes closed, willing myself to open them and find this had all been some strange

dream. It was of little help though; even if I could no longer see my body, I could feel it. The new weight added to my hips and chest especially, with each subtle movement of my body they would jiggle and press against my skin. It felt wrong but also hot as hell, not that I wanted to admit it.

“Oh, go on!” Casey urged, “Take a look at yourself, you’re a damn queen.”

They say that curiosity killed the cat, but satisfaction bought it back. The phrase was oddly accurate, I couldn’t resist opening my eyes once she’d said that, it was simply too tempting to get a proper look. I expected many emotions upon seeing that I was in a body not my own but gratification and pride were not among them. Yet there they were; the woman in the mirror was a piece of art, with an hourglass figure and sharp, fierce features. She had the sort of body all men wanted and women spent thousands to have. And she was *me*! I was so busy admiring the curve of her thighs I almost forgot where we were. A loud banging at the bathroom door breaking my reverie.

“Hey! Who the fuck blocked the door, open up!”

“Oopsie, out of time.” Casey chimed, “Quick, let’s get you dressed honey.”

There was a wave of green from her hand and I winced, two sharp pricks of pain struck my earlobes and I watched with shock and fascination as golden hoops appeared in them. A moment later, fabric began to unfurl down my body, tight and pink, forming a mini dress that showed off my ample cleavage and stretched flatteringly across my new ass. I turned, trying to get a better look and wobbled as matching heels formed around my feet.

“Perfect. You’ll never need to buy your own drinks again!”

I wanted to respond but was too busy trying to collect myself. I was wobbling like a newborn fawn in these heels, how was I supposed to balance so much weight on the thin stiletto? I just needed a moment, everything had happened so fast, how was I supposed to process it? Casey kicked the bin clear of the door and a host of women stumbled in looking thoroughly annoyed; just how long had we been in here? I’d lost all track of time.

I desperately tried to come up with some convincing lie but never had the chance, as I stepped forward, I lost my balance and barely had time to grab a sink in order to keep myself upright. Instantly, the annoyance was gone from their faces, replaced with, of all things, concern.

“Woah, you’re a bit wobbly, do you need us to call you a taxi?” One woman asked gently and I blushed.

“No, it’s um...the heels. I’ve never worn them before.”

“I bought her in here so she wouldn’t get trampled.” Casey cut in, “Jessica here just needs a little practice that’s all.”

“Oh! Here, let me help you.”

Suddenly the group was surrounding me, gently offering their arms and explaining, clearly and concisely just how to balance myself. The gesture was so kind, it made a sort of warmth and confidence bloom in my chest. I had heard the tales of women’s bathrooms being a sort of refuge where drunk ladies complimented and helped one another but I never realise it would feel so...wholesome. The dirty restroom had taken on an almost sisterhood sorority vibe and suddenly, this body didn’t seem quite so wrong. After a few minutes, I was strutting across the room without aid to rapturous applause.

“There you go girl, you’ve got this! The men out there won’t stand a chance.”

The affirmation gave me comfort and Casey shot me two thumbs up from across the room. Our little group began to disperse and she took me by the arm, leading me back toward the door, leaning in to whisper in my ear.

“Go and enjoy, the spell will wear off in a few hours so long as you don’t get intimate, alright?”

“What, why?”

The door opened, flooding the room with loud rock music and drowning out Casey’s response. I shrugged, the reason didn’t matter really, so long as I used the men for drinks and nothing more it wasn’t an issue.

An odd sense of anticipation filled me, entering the club proper as Jessica; I was excited to see just what I could achieve in this body. Naturally, my first stop was the bar but even the short journey there proved interesting. I watched from the corner of my eye as men turned to watch as I walked by, feeling the gentle curve of my hips sway naturally with my new gait. For the first time in my life, I was an object of desire.

I reached the bar and leaned over it, feeling the shift in my weight as my breasts swung beneath me. I could see men watching from the corner of my eye and pretended not to notice. Just as I pressed a finger to my lip in ‘thought’ one approached, the same handsome businessman fellow from before with platinum credit card in hand.

“Whatever the lady’s having, it’s on me.”

I ordered, downing the shot with ease and treasuring the burn. The alcohol seemed to hit my system instantly, mixing with the adrenaline and setting my senses ablaze. For the first time in my life, I was confident, so much so that I didn’t hesitate to order a second drink on the gentleman’s card. A cocktail this time, I’d never much gone in for fruity, sweet alcohol before tonight but it seemed appropriate. And my benefactor didn’t seem to mind.

“A girl who knows what she wants,” He purred before taking back his card, “And doesn’t let opportunity slip her by.”

I lifted the sugar rimmed glass to my mouth and sipped; it didn’t burn like straight liquors but I could feel the alcohol on my lips all the same. Already I could feel myself getting pleasantly tipsy; a few more of these and I would be well on my way to a fabulous night. Alcohol fuelling my movements I reached out and threaded an arm through the man’s, giving him what I hoped was a grateful smile. I watched his eyes dip from my face, to my breasts and then back again; I swallowed down my last mouthful of cocktail and wordlessly, the man handed the card back to the bartender. Within moments a fresh glass was in my hand. A feeling of power, like none I have ever experienced flowed through me; this man was wrapped around my finger and I was yet to even say a word.

Time took on a new flow, passing both incredibly fast and slow simultaneously as my world narrowed to my new beau and the drinks he freely provided. The man, who’s name was Charlie, was charming and liberal with his money. I tasted the most expensive whiskies and largest cocktails on his dime, things I never would have had the funds to try even if I did save all month. I could feel them all going to my head; making me feel airy and light and yet hyperaware of every inch of skin. I could feel my nipples growing hard under the soft dress fabric and a strange ache began between my legs the longer we talked. Somehow, we ended up sitting on a couch in a dark corner, our legs pressed together. I could feel the warmth of his thigh through his trousers and for some reason once I had noticed, I couldn’t stop thinking about it. Fantasies began to dance in my mind of what it would feel like to have bare skin against my new curves. I couldn’t of course, Casey had warned me as much but there was no harm in thinking about it. It wasn’t weird.

At some point Charlie must have put his hand around my shoulders because suddenly, there was the warm presence of a hand on the small of my back. It stroked down my spine and I felt myself shiver, inching closer so that my tits were pressed up against the warmth of his chest. It felt...good, really good. Even better when that hand sunk down further to cup at the roundness of my ass. That ache between my legs intensified; I was instantly aware of the folds between my legs and how they were steadily growing wetter. It was fine though; I’d just finish my drink and excuse myself before things went further.

I lifted the glass to my lips, finishing the fruity concoction ready to apologise and make a move when suddenly the coolness of the glass was replaced with warm lips. My eyes went wide for a second before drooping, my lips were already so sensitive from the alcohol I couldn’t resist returning the gesture. A little making out wasn’t dangerous, just a little more, then I’d stop.

My eyes closed as Charlie pulled me closer, practically onto his lap and pushed his tongue atop my own. It was so different, being kissed as a woman, my lips were so soft and sensitive I couldn't help but moan as he pressed against them firmly. His arms were wrapped around me, pulling out chests flush; I'd never realised just how sensitive they could be. A rough hand slipped inside my dress to cup at my tit and I found myself pulled back to give him more room. I couldn't believe such a feather light touch could bring such pleasure and when he reached my nipple it near doubled. The intensity elicits a gasp, finally breaking off the kiss and instead I rest my forehead against Charlie's shoulder; finding it hard to concentrate on anything but the feel of his fingers on my nipple. What counted as intimate? Sex? A hand job? I was getting so turned on already it was almost painful, surely letting Charlie feel me up a little longer wouldn't turn the spell permanent.

My hips began to rock, seemingly on their own or perhaps it was the alcohol fuelled hormones doing their part. I could feel something solid and warm pressing against my crotch and another moan escaped me. I'd never been attracted to guys before now but in this very moment, I wanted nothing more than to reach in and feel that cock. How much warmer would it feel without fabric between us? More importantly, how would it feel if I were to lift the skirt of my dress and press myself against it?

Casey had never made me any underwear, a fact I was just now realising as wetness began soaking into the back of my dress. The temptation was too great; I lifted the skirt just enough to press my bare pussy to that length, quivering slightly and eliciting a primal growl from Charlie. My juices were no doubt soaking through to him as gently I rocked my hips in time with the music. From the outside, we probably looked like a couple making out and a thrill went through me. Imagine the risk of fucking right in the middle of a club, odds were somebody was watching right now; jealously wishing they were in Charlie's place.

Reason slowly began to break through the haze of alcohol and lust; I needed to stop, things were getting far too close to intimate. Just as I was about to push away, Charlie's other hand appear, not at my breasts but the front of my dress; gently stroking as if asking permission.

*Just a little...*

My hips raised.

*Just a little more wouldn't hurt.*

That finger pressed against my fold and Charlie was forced to kiss me and swallow the sounds that escaped. My whole body shook as he continued to stroke, fingers swirling around my new clit before moving downwards to do the same to my hole. My legs wouldn't stop shaking, it felt like ecstasy. I needed more, just a little more. I could feel something coiling inside me, a pressure was beginning to build, fed by the pleasure he was giving me. His lips on mine, the hand on my nipple, the finger threatening to press inside me; it was all too much. I had to stop, I knew that, but it just felt so good.

That finger slipped inside me, pressing against my velvet folds as Charlie's thumb pressed against my clit and all thoughts of stopping fled my mind. There was only pleasure. Pleasure and the



hunger for more of it. Each stroke felt better than the last and my hips rolled to create more friction. The pleasure crested, and for a few glorious seconds I was suspended in ecstasy, held right on the edge and then it all came crashing down. Every muscle tightened and released as my eyes rolled back and I came, Charlie's finger continuing to pump in and out of me till I was nothing but a wet, mewling mess. The music was still pumping, as was the alcohol in my veins. As he finally withdrew, I found myself strangely numb in the knowledge that whatever that had been; it definitely counted as intimate.

It was sound foolish but the only thought in my blissed out mind was that at least from now on, I'd never have to pay for drinks.