

Costume in a Can: Glorious Gal

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Commission done for [Clownlover321 of DeviantArt](#)

Ryan Potter was feeling the most excited he had been in a long while. The sights around him, the noises in the air, the tightness of the crowd, the joy echoing throughout. He missed this quite a bit. It had been too long since he had been to an anime convention.

Where to go first? He eagerly thought, looking all around, *So many options... maybe I should see if I can find any old, rare DVDs or-*

A bright light flashed, briefly blinding him. He stopped to rub his eyes, grumbling slightly. Once his vision came back to him, he realized what was up.

He had nearly wandered right into a photo moment. A group of people dressed like characters from My Hero Academia were getting their picture taken. They had some nice, pretty accurate costumes as far as he could tell. Though, he didn't care much for the photographer using a professional camera that had such a powerful bulb.

He slipped around them and continued to wander. However, his walk came to an end as a feeling started to creep in on him.

All around him: One Piece, Bleach, Black Clover, Demon Slayer, the whole works. So many people, so many cosplays, so many people capturing the look and feel of their favorite characters perfectly. It was an amazing sight. Almost everyone was wearing a costume.

And there Ryan was. He had no such thing at all. He was just in his normal clothes he wore every day. He scratched the back of his neck, fidgeting slightly. *Maybe... maybe I should have worn at least some show's t-shirt or something...*

Embarrassment creeping in, he looked for a solution. Quickly, he found it just as soon as he wanted it. *The dealer hall! They gotta have something I can wear in there.*

He walked into the hall, finding row upon row of booths and stations full of trinkets, artwork, clothing, and more. *So many options*, he thought, beginning his search, *I... I don't know where to even start looking. I just-*

"HEY!" Ryan jolted. A woman just yelled. "You there, sad sack with the strawberry blond hair and blue shirt & pants combo! Yeah, you!"

Someone was yelling at him. He turned towards the voice. “You look appropriately down in the dumps from what I can tell! Got the costume blues, I assume?”

The sight was not what he expected. It was a witch... possibly. Given the environment, it was probably a character from an anime he hadn't seen. Either way, the green woman dressed in all black stood at a large booth that was attached to an even larger tent. Her setup alone took up a huge chunk of the hall.

Ryan curiously approached the rude lady and humored her. “I... I guess. Kind of wish I did have a costume or something to wear. Also, I really don't like being called a sad sack. It's kind of mean, ya know?”

“My name is Beatrice!” The “witch” declared blissfully. She pushed her rather large chest out, pointing out the name tag just below her cleavage. “I have just the perfect product that'll fix you right up and make you less sad!”

She pointed beside her, Ryan now noticing the tin bottles laid out at the counter. Imprinted on them was a simple title: Costume in a Can. There seemed to be a picture of a generic anime girl's head in the corner and a bunch of ingredients on the back. However, that text was very small and hard to read.

“What is this?”

“This is the solution!” Beatrice held it up like a show model. “It's patently witch approved to give you the best costume and look for any and all convention emergency!” That didn't really answer his question as far as he could tell.

As if she sensed his doubt, she leaned in and winked. “I promise you this: one little spray of my bottle, and you'll be a believer.”

Ryan just stared at her. The witch smiled, though it was clear that she could tell he wasn't buying exactly what she was selling.

After a little bit of awkward silence, she shrugged. “Alright, don't believe me. Tell you what though, why don't you enter my tent? You can try our product there. My fellow sister will handle everything and, if for some reason you are not satisfied, we'll fix everything for you.”

Beatrice nodded over to the large, olive green tent beside her. Ryan looked at it and then back at her. She winked again and gave him a thumbs up. ...*sure. Why not?* He didn't quite understand everything she was getting at, but if she could hook him up with some sort of costume, he would appreciate that for sure.

With that in mind, Ryan entered the tent. Inside were two tables, one of which had a lot of spray cans on it, and a few chairs. In one of them, another green witch sat. She looked much younger than Beatrice, casually playing with her pigtails as she read some manga.

She looked up and twitched. Sitting up and almost fumbling out of her seat, she tossed her reading material aside and hurried over to him.

She took a deep breath, snatching up a can from the table and straightening her hair, and said, "Hello! My name is Eve! I will be handling your spray session today. Will we be doing the full-day treatment or are you looking for just a demo?"

"Ah... demo?" He didn't know what she meant by that, but curiosity was starting to get the better of him by the second. Where was this all going?

"Great! Now, stand over here and we can begin!" Ryan did as he was told, walking into the center of the room. "Hold out your hands, please~."

He held out his hands as he was asked, and Eve aimed her spray can at them. With a gentle tap, she sprayed a little mist onto the back of his mitts. He felt a brief dampness before they dried off.

He waited a moment, seeing if she did anything else. However, Eve only put the can away and stared at him. Waiting a little longer, he asked, "Okay... is there anything else or..."

At that moment, he felt off. His hands tingled, numbness setting in soon after. He looked at them, squinting. They seemed off. They looked a little thinner, daintier even. His fingernails were no longer chewed up, even having grown out more than he usually lets them get.

"What the..." He muttered, bringing his hand in closer. All the small hairs on the back of them were vanishing, along the lines and blemishes on the inside. His skin tone seemed to whiten even further, smoothing out to a soft touch.

But whatever change struck his hands began to spread. His sleeves grew baggy and pulling them back revealed slimmer arms. This wasn't right.

Ryan looked at Eve. "Umm... what's going on? I just... I don't..."

The witch looked at him funny. "What's the problem? Yes, Costume in a Can makes you turn into an anime girl, but it's random. I'm sorry if you were hoping for someone with darker skin or a tan, but that's just the roll of the dice here."

That explanation, everything that happened and was said beforehand... it all clicked. Ryan flinched, his shoulders tensing up as they lost their broad shape, having more of a curve to them. Everything suddenly made sense to him.

He cleared his throat. "Umm... yeah... that's the thing. I wasn't... aware of any of this at all. I'm kind of unfamiliar with that spray stuff or *whatever*." Ryan coughed, hitting his chest. His voice went up a little bit there.

Though, with a few small hits, his figure thinned. Most of his belly and chest fat melted off, dropping his weight down considerably.

Eve frowned. "Dammit Bea." She rubbed her face. "S-sorry about that. My fellow sister can be... frustrating. My apologies if you were expecting something different."

"It's okay..." Ryan reassured, "It's not like you knew." His clothing grew looser on him again, his pants baggy as he dropped two inches. He looked down at this new development and asked, "Sooooo... can we stop this before it gets out of hand?"

"Ahhh, sorry." Eve blushed, eyes trying their best not to meet his. "I can't... changes like these have to go on. Weird things happen if we interrupt a transformation midway through, or even early. At this point, we have to let it play out."

"...really?"

"Really." Ryan sighed. This wasn't turning out great. He looked sadly at the ground and blushed. He quickly grabbed his pants and pulled them back up, tightening his belt. His legs and hips thinned up a little.

Across his body, his skin slowly matched that of his hands. The paler, lighter tone completely covered him, any trace of extra color or visible veins gone. His skin smoothed out, hair and dryness a thing of the past soon enough. Blemishes and bumps soon followed, giving him an almost flawless complexion.

Yet, Ryan was worried. He had never been transformed before. What was he becoming? It was all incredibly nerve-wracking and tense for him.

The young witch seemed to realize that from the look on her face. "H-hey," she squeaked, "It's okay! You're gonna look amazing, I promise! In fact, why not have a look?"

She took over to the side and clapped her hands, a full-length mirror suddenly appearing before him. Ryan looked into it and blushed. He looked different, but not too different. Mostly just whiter and a little bit smaller than he used to.

Though, that slightly changed when what looked like a breeze flowed through his hair. It ruffled and waved gently, the roots darkening. That strawberry blond changed to a rich chestnut brown instead. His short hair grew longer, stretching just past his chin. It brushed to the left, a bit wavy and curly at the ends.

He poked some of the long strands. Yep, still felt normal. That was good at least.

He stared at his reflection. He was different and soon, would probably be unrecognizable at the rate things were going. It was an uncomfortable thought for sure.

But the longer he looked, the less the feeling affected him. It wasn't like this would be permanent or anything, right? This would eventually fade. It wouldn't be too bad to walk in another person's shoes, even if that other person was fictional.

He shivered gently, his stomach gurgling. His waistline pushed in, developing his first bit of curves. His stomach flattened and toned ever so slightly as if he exercised regularly.

The shiver turned to a pleasant, warm feeling. He let out a low pant, brushing his forehead. His jeans tightened on him, his hips and rear expanding into a curvier, rounder form than they once were. He quickly readjusted his belt again.

Yet, Ryan's heart raced, that feeling growing warmer and ever so stronger. "Oh man, does it always feel this warm?"

Eve leaned in, her eyes... looking down. "Well... it usually does when we reach this point in the transformation."

"Wait, what point *are we aaaaaaaaOOOOooooooOOooo~.*" Ryan hunched over, legs crossing and quivering. His voice suddenly jumped several octaves, reaching a cute, girlish pitch. In his pants, however, the bulge in his crotch suddenly flattened. There was a huge burst of warmth and everything overwhelmed them.

Ryan placed a hand against the mirror to support themselves. She breathed heavily, trying to calm down. She felt so tingy and excited. It was rather nice but wild.

She looked up into the mirror, lovely almond eyes meeting their gaze instead of the usual green. Not only that, her face was changing before her eyes. Blemishes vanishing, eyebrows

thinning, and eyelashes lengthed. Her jaw thinned as her face gained a more feminine look to it. It was... she was...

Ryan squeaked, "Gloria!" Her chest felt warm and slightly heavy for a moment. Her shirt stretched out at the top, forming her breasts. With that, her transformation was complete.

"Hmmm? What was that?" Eve asked.

Ryan blushed, turning around. "Oh! Ah... that's who I am. I look like Gloria from Pokémon: Sword & Shield."

"Ah!" Eve nodded, looking over the new woman. "Well then... how is it? Do you like the results then?"

Ryan looked back at the mirror. She ran a hand down her face and her sides. She fiddled with a little of her brown locks, which sprung back into their anime shape after she let go. It was so weird to her. She was literally a whole new person, someone not even real. Yet, the results were impressive, to say the least.

"Welllllll, it's not bad." She admitted to the witch. "It's kind of amazing. I look just like her, just a bit more realistic, I guess."

Eve smiled brightly. Her mood instantly cheered up. "Oh, I'm so happy to hear that!" Eve declared, "I'm glad you're doing better and that you're liking the new you. Changing into your favorite characters is always a blast!"

"She's not my favorite, but she is still pretty cool," Ryan added. She glanced over at the table nearby. All of those spray cans were just laying out there and she still needed a look for this convention. "Ya know... maybe... maybe I could buy one of those--"

"Did someone say buuuuuy?" The two jumped as Beatrice suddenly stood between them.

After they recovered from that heart attack surprise, Ryan composed herself. "Ummm, I-I guess so. Maybe a can or two." She looked down at herself and frowned. "Though... maybe you could also help me out with some clothes that could fit me."

Beatrice smiled. "Of course! Since this is your first time, we'll toss in one free clothing change. Just need to see a picture of what your character looks like for me to work with."

Ryan quickly took her phone out and found a picture of the Pokémon trainer. Beatrice looked it over, mumbling a little before smiling. She held up her hand and snapped her fingers, a green burst of electricity coming off of it.

“Thank you so much!” Ryan cheered, exiting the tent and waving goodbye to the witches. “You made me so happy!”

“And thank you for your money!” Beatrice chimed, counting the bills in her hand.

Eve shook her head. “What she means to say is thank you for patronage and that we hope you enjoy the rest of the convention.”

“I will now~.” Ryan Gloria looked down at herself. Everything was perfect. She looked just like Gloria, especially with her clothes. She had the grey, woolly sweatshirt with the reddish-pink dress underneath. She had her green beret, brown hiking boots, and her lovely brown satchel, two cans of Costume in a Can resting in it with her personals.

It was all perfect.

With that, Ryan Gloria left and returned to the convention. She felt more confident and sure of herself now like she truly belonged. Sure, all of the extra looks in her direction were a bit embarrassing, but it wasn't bad at all.

In fact, a few seconds after she left the dealer hall, several people were upon her. “You look great! Can I get your picture?” “Oh! Can we get a selfie together?” “I love your look! How did you do it?”

The anime girl blushed and went along with all of it, pulled and dragged along with every tug and whim of the people. In less than ten minutes, she felt like she had taken over dozens of photos. It was a bit much.

However, the last people to talk with her were much more exciting. It was a group of girls all dressed as different Pokémon girl trainers from the series. The leader, one who looked like Green, asked, “Hey! We're missing a Gloria in our group. Wanna join us?”

Ryan lit up, eagerly agreeing. She knew then that this would be the best anime convention she's ever been to. She just needed to remember Costume in a Can for future events for sure!

THE END