

The Cosplayer

Ah, Comic-Con. I strode through the entry hall for the second time, this time on my way out. Weary but still basking in the glow of excitement at another day displaying my craft. Crafts, plural, I suppose, though the one was almost exclusively purposed toward the other. A passing set of vault dwellers from Fallout nodded respectfully, that familiar double take as awareness dawned that my costume had out-classed their own. There were numerous prizes up for grabs this con, some of the largest thus far ever offered, and I meant to stake one out myself. I'd won over two thousand dollars at conventions last year, and my New Year's Resolution was to add another grand to that total.

Not to sound arrogant, but I liked my odds. I'd been studying cosplay techniques and borrowing tips from the best in the biz wherever I could find them, and my game was way better than it had ever been. When I looked back at pics from last year's Rey Jedi costume, I want to cringe. The staff had wobbled in my hands, and the fabric I'd used was totally wrong. What I'd used had looked more like a sleeveless t-shirt with coffee stains than Jakku scavenger-casual. I could whip up better than that in a weekend in my sewing room than I'd managed with a month of preparation and \$100 of internet-acquired supplies.

Of course, the other thing I had going for me was the Craft craft. As in witchcraft. Not that I'd really call myself a witch – only that I'd studied enough of the occult to get me what I wanted. Glamers, mostly – enough to add sparkle, adjust fabric, do my makeup for me, that kind of thing. I'd even learned to summon props and raw materials, though the bargains one had to make with unsavory extraplanar types made that a last resort, only for when I was between paychecks. Still, it was a decided edge over the competition, and all day I'd been turning heads with my Kurisu Makise outfit. It wasn't even that hot, really. Sure, the schoolgirl vibe was part of it, but a lot of it was simply how well I'd nailed the look. I'd heard a group at the table behind me at lunch puzzling at how my hair managed to always be catching the light just so. It wasn't even a wig, as I'd heard more than a few folks speculate. All natural, part supernatural me.

And if they thought I was impressive today, just wait until tomorrow.

My hotel was only a couple blocks from the con center, so I decided to walk. It was chilly outside, but I wove a quick barrier against the weather and it was almost as good as a jacket. The outside world was a delightful mixture of people who at least knew the con was in session, and people who had no idea why someone would be walking the streets looking like I did. It was pretty amusing to take in the reactions. One guy took a bad step and walked off the curb, nearly falling; a little girl out with her dad asked me if

she could get her picture taken with me, swearing that Stein's Gate was her favorite anime. A rare treat, being recognized for it outside the con.

Of course, the attention wasn't all amusing. There was always that other sort, the legion of jerks who thought that because I dressed up in a cosplay with mild sexual overtones, I was open season for creepy come-ons. Not that I'm saying that's *all* guys who approach me. Some guys just want to express admiration, maybe say something flirty and then blush and retreat to safety from the watchful gaze of the hot nerd girl. They were harmless, even sweet oftentimes, and while it did get tiresome on occasion, it was still a nice self-esteem boost to know I could turn heads.

Then there were guys like this.

"Damn, but you look incredible. Sexy schoolgirl, huh? Not the most imaginative I've seen today, but you were born for it. If you're a day out of high school yourself, I'll eat my hat."

I should have kept walking. I know that. But honestly, he missed the mark at impressing me so hard I couldn't help but gape. The guy himself was nothing too remarkable. Well-groomed, not unattractive, but certainly nothing to be so confident coming up to a woman like myself. I may not have the curves of those Barbie doll types, but I've had enough people swear to me that I'm beautiful to believe it, and I don't personally think there's anything wrong with a tight bod.

Still. To incorrectly assess the costume, slight my originality when it's in fact he who was being ignorant, and on top of all to infantilize me with that line about my age...

"I hope you brought ketchup, buddy, because I'm twenty-eight." I gave him a snide look and kept walking.

Wouldn't you know it, though? He matched my stride. Lucky me. "Wow, you don't show it at all. I really like what you've done, though, really. Some impressive visuals. My name's Dustin, by the way. I'd love to pick your brain about it, if you're up for it. I bet I could even show you a few tips for improving it for tomorrow. Over coffee maybe?"

"I'm tired," I replied tersely. Unwanted male attention was always better deflected by being difficult than by being rude. Rudeness only made them fussy, and I wasn't the sort of witch who inspired a lot of terror. Lightning bolts were way above my pay grade.

"Oh, sure. How about in the morning? I'm in town for the con, too – look, same..." I lost him for a moment in the revolving door, but sure enough he followed and pressed his flirtation. "Same hotel, even. It's kismet."

I was forced to stop at the elevator. "Tell you what, Justin."

"Dustin."

"Tell you what, guy, why don't you pick up coffee and meet me in the entry hall tomorrow morning, and you can let me pick that big manly brain of yours. I take a triple

venti half-sweet non-fat caramel macchiato. OK?” It was the most complex and expensive-sounding coffee drink I could think of. If he didn’t pick up on my sarcasm, at least I could cost him a few bucks and be ready to condemn him for fucking it up as an excuse to be rid of him.

“Sounds great!” he said. “Look forward to seeing what you wear for me tomorrow.”

Ugh. There were few things more infuriating than the suggestion that my cosplay was a quest to satisfy the male gaze. Pig.

The next morning, I was up at dawn to start getting ready. First there was memorizing fresh spells for the new costume, plus the usual assortment of life convenience bits. Then it was time to become Anna. Not the Frozen Anna. Nothing against those Disney princess cosplayers, but it’s not for me. No, I was cosplaying Anna from Fire Emblem. And if I do say so myself, I was *killing* it.

The preparation was nine tenths done by now. This morning, the lion’s share of the effort went into hair and makeup. It took some doing, styling for volume, and I pushed it a little further with a spell. Adjusting body size and shape is always tricky work; it takes power and/or time. Having neither, I had to keep my ambitions small, teasing it up to a fluffy mop on top with the ponytail rising high behind me. Magic aside, it was my real hair, too – natural redhead, just like Anna herself. Then tweeze the eyebrows, shave the legs, and add a little gloss to last night’s fresh coat of clear nail polish. I looked like a girl who could play the part.

The outfit, however, had been a labor of love for weeks. I started at the boots, a pair of knee-high sturdy brown leather suited for travel with a red bows on the front. I’d even buffed them so they looked to have some miles on them. Anna was a gold-loving merchant after all, and merchants were travelers. Coming out of them was a pair of thigh-high black stockings held up by two leather garters that dug into my skin, they were so tight. I needed them to be functional, because these stockings had an annoying habit of sliding down without them. Then about three inches that was all me, newly smooth white thighs, before a dress began. It was hand-made from burgundy and white panels stitched together with black X’s, and solid black across the chest with some of the fabric I’d sheared off of the stockings. On my legs the material was sheer enough to show skin tone through them, but my meager chest didn’t strain the fabric the same way, leaving me good and covered – I could only see the traces of my bra underneath if I really strained my eyes. I’d even managed to get the gold trim at the hems – that had taken more time than the rest of it put together, and would have been impossible without a spell to steady my hand at the sewing machine. The billowy sleeves emptied into a pair of elbow-length fingerless gloves; it had taken me hours and hours of shopping to find a store who sold gloves of that sort (fingers removed by me) in the same style as a pair of stockings. Worth it.

Then the finishing touches. The cape, of course, wrapped around my shoulders and hanging loose to my knees. A spell kept it flared out slightly behind me, giving the constant impression of movement or a mild breeze. A coin purse, filled with real (chocolate) gold coins, a few carrying boxes clipped onto the leather belt and garters, and of course, a burgundy beret slightly off to one side.

With a final cantrip, I turned my green eyes brown and nudged my skin a couple shades lighter, per my character. One last twist of my bangs around a finger to give them a hint of a curl, and I was off to the convention center. Today, I was going to slay.

Once more, people on the street turned and muttered as I strode past, cape fluttering behind me. The mutters were alternately of puzzlement and curiosity, as these plebes didn't know the first thing about Fire Emblem, no doubt. Soon I'd arrive at the center, and be back amongst my people. There, I'd get the recognition I was due.

Except first, evidently, there was Justin to deal with. (Was that his name? Whatever.) He was seated on a bench to one side and locked eyes on me the moment I strode in. Even as the other attendees began to look up in admiration at my cosplay, the aggressive pouncing of this male announced that I was unavailable and under protection, and people quickly looked away.

Son of a bitch. The handful of times a year I actually *wanted* strangers to be looking at me, and this jerk was ruining it!

"Hey there, pretty lady! I got you a coffee, like you asked." He hefted one of two Dunkin Donuts iced coffees. If the brand didn't give it away, the smell certainly communicated it was plain iced coffee. He couldn't even follow directions.

"Hey, guy—"

He was already talking over me, though. "You look great, by the way. I might've gone with a different color wig, something to complement all that red, but still, it's overall a cool Red Riding Hood effect."

My jaw dropped, and after the dozens of hours of work that had gone into this display, that was all it took for me to have had enough. "Red...?"

"Yeah, but you should ditch that purse for a picnic basket, like in the fairy tale. Need me to play your Big Bad Wolf? I'll huff, and I'll puff, and—"

OK, my daily allotment of patience was officially used up. "Are you stupid or something?"

"What? Look, I—"

I held up a neatly manicured finger. "No. You look. I don't know you, and I don't want to. You can fuck off, OK? I mean, Red Riding Hood? You see me running from a werewolf? Does this purse look like I'm on my way to Grandma's house to bring her gold?"

He looked in my purse as I opened it. "Well, it's—"

“No. It’s not anything. And not that it matters but you’re thinking of the wolf from the Three Little Pigs. The one in Red Riding Hood pretends to be her grandma and eats her. But since I’m not Red Riding Hood, I don’t even care. I’m Anna, from Fire Emblem, which I can only assume it about seven centuries too pop for your culture. so why don’t you take that coffee – which was not even what I told you to get, by the way – and dump it down your pants and chill your little pickle dick the fuck out.”

All right, so normally I would never do something like this, but Tristan here had rubbed me the wrong way, and I was pissed to be starting my big day on the wrong foot. I took the whole of my modest magical power and threw it into that statement. It would take all day to regain enough strength to do much more than levitate a pencil, but I’d already done what I’d needed today. As I strutted away, I could hear people gasping as the guy tugged open his jeans and dumped in a cup (or maybe both cups?) of coffee.

If I hadn’t depleted my magical reserves, I might have sensed what happened next. As it happened, however, I made my way into the center and started showing myself off.

What a morning! Two hours in, and I was having as much fun as I'd ever had at a con. My outfit was getting all the attention it deserved, and I was having a heck of a time. Better than I'd have expected, even. I'd already had several people I suspected were award judges inspecting me, and it was looking good for my resolution. People were always friendlier and more open with cosplayers than normal strangers, so I was chatting up people left and right and having a grand old time.

Plus... All right, this is not the kind of thing I normally notice, and I don't even care or anything, but... I mean, there were a *lot* of cute guys at this con. Being Anna, it was easy to find opportunities to brush my fingers over biceps and pecs, to put an arm around a guy's shoulders, to lean against a man's chest as he deposited one of my prop coins in my purse for a selfie. I surprised myself by how well I was doing with the fellas. Heck, by the time I took a break for lunch, I was a little more hot and quite a bit more bothered than I ever remembered being at a con before.

Seated in my booth, picking at a garden salad, my thighs were rubbing against one another out of some subconscious need for friction, resuming every time I lost concentration on stopping them. The salad wasn't helping, frankly. I kept in shape, but I usually wasn't one for health food. But today of all days, I seemed to be retaining water like crazy! I'd noticed when I sat down that my legs were definitely a bit swollen, the skirt riding up high enough that I could feel the cool wood of the chair on the backs of my thighs.

It was the only cool thing happening down there, let me tell you. Every time my waiter smiled at me there was a little spark down there – like I was sixteen again or something, I was so excited. I don't even think he was being flirty, but when I reached down to see what was happening under my skirt, I found a veritable swamp down there. I felt around a bit, and boy howdy my panties were positively sopping.

Holy shit, was I just fingering my pussy in public?

My fingers darted back like they'd been burnt. Mortified, I hastened to the bathroom to escape from lookers-on – ironically, the exact opposite of what I'd set out to do when I woke up this morning. Only, as I went to stand up, I discovered the hard way that my drink was too close to the edge. My chest brushed up against my glass of water and spilled all over the table. Instinct kicked in. In a desperate effort to keep it from dribbling all over my purse, the boxes on my belt, and the other things that might not react well to water, I lunged forward, using my chest to block the spillage until I could grasp at some napkins to stem the tide. My waiter hurried over to clean it up as I made my excuses and darted away, embarrassed as could be, to the women's room.

Lucky for me I'd only been drinking water! Feeling quite foolish, I stood in the bathroom going through wad after wad of paper towels to sponge myself dry. A couple other women came through, one looking at me with sympathy and the other trying not to look at all. As I dried myself, though, I began to wonder how the spill had happened

in the first place. I'm usually pretty careful, and I didn't think my water was so close to the edge that my paltry boobs would've even had a chance of bumping it. Patting them as I was, however, I began to become aware of something else.

They were... bigger.

I had to excuse myself to a stall to be sure, but once I began paying attention to them, I first noticed that my bra was feeling pretty tight. Was I retaining water in my chest, too? That was new. Reluctantly, I removed my dress in the stall and used my phone as a mirror.

“No. Fucking. Way.”

“What?” asked a woman a couple stalls over.

I didn't respond. I couldn't. If I'd doubted it for a minute, there could be none now. Looking at my half-naked torso on the screen, it was immediately clear to me that my boobs had grown. To be clear, they weren't swollen, or “retaining water.” They were starting to pooch up out of my bra – which had actually been pretty loose to begin with – and were now thrust high and proud before me.

I took off my bra. They didn't sag even a little, though there was a weird rush at standing here in nothing but my panties, stockings and boots in the bathroom stall. I cupped one bare breast, and was surprised at how much heavier it felt – heavier even than it looked. Had I grown a whole cup size? Two? I wasn't an expert on such things – after all, they'd stopped growing most of a decade ago.

Until today. And there was only one reason I could think of why such a thing could be happening.

I squinted my eyes shut, straining to summon the feeble thread of magic I had recovered since my coffee-outburst that morning. I was breaking a sweat and experiencing a headache that felt like a full-blown migraine before I summoned enough to perform a divination of my personage.

Sure enough, all through my body were the tell-tale signs of magical tampering. Some of it my own, but so very much of it not.

It was immediately plain to me that whoever had done this had a good deal more power than I did. I would struggle to grow my hair a couple inches over a few hours, but this? This was reconfiguring my entire body. It was heaviest in all the most obvious places. My breasts, my hips, my butt – all of them practically glowing to my unseen eye with the strength of the enhancement spell. My vagina had a good amount on it, too, though there... ugh, of course, a reduction spell. A peak down the front of my underwear was all it took to reassure me that yes, my pubes were noticeably shorter. Something else, too, some kind of trait enhancer I hadn't seen before, but could guess easily enough. With my magic slipping away, I didn't dwell on it.

Holy shit, was... was there something in my head, too?

Then my strength gave out, and whatever else I might have learned was lost to me. I collapsed on the toilet seat, panting, wiping the sweat off my brow with the lousy one-ply paper from the dispenser.

I'm not stupid or anything; it took me maybe thirty seconds to guess who might've done this. Damn that guy! (Rusty? Why was that so hard to remember?) He must've seen me expend most of my energy on him and lashed out while I was defenseless. Normally a change as radical as this would take an enormous expenditure of magical power – the amount of magic it takes to resist a spell is a fraction of what it takes to assail another practitioner. Something this extensive should be like storming a fortress with a rubber mallet – except I'd left the castle gate wide open. I wondered, suddenly, if he'd provoked me on purpose.

Well I sure wasn't going to sit around here and let him humiliate me by turning me into some busty spectacle. There was nothing to do but retreat to my hotel room, pack, and go home. There I could begin what could well be several months of trying to unravel this. That would be fun, getting to explain to my friends and coworkers why I'd gained twenty pounds of tit in a week.

I left the bra in the trash can. In the short amount of time I'd been in here, I'd grown enough that it had transitioned from tight to so uncomfortable it was practically painful. Soon enough, it wouldn't fit at all, and I didn't want to have to take it off on the sidewalk during my walk back.

Trying not to wonder who might be taking stock of my newly freed breasts and the way they were flouncing around in my dress, I stalked to the convention exit – where I saw a familiar face lurking on a bench, casually glancing up from his phone as I drew near. He'd changed clothes, I noticed. That was some small satisfaction.

The smirk on his face said it all – he could tell that I'd figured it out, and thought his little stunt was hilarious. I glowered for all I was worth and would've stormed by had he not moved to block my path.

“Get out of the way.”

He ignored the venom in my tone. “You look different,” he said with a slyness that wasn't sly at all.

“Yeah yeah, ha ha, you gave me big breasts. You're hilarious. Everybody's hero. Happy?” I tried to shoulder past him, but he seized me by the hips and held me in front of him.

Why did that feel so good? Suddenly I wasn't even trying to squeeze past him.

“You had it coming,” he answered. “You crossed the line, and you had to learn a lesson. Mess with the bull, and you get the horns.”

There was a second there where I missed the metaphor and thought I might actually be sprouting horns. That was chilling. “I didn't know you were a...” I lowered my voice. “A wizard. OK? I thought you were just another creep trying to hit on me.”

“I was hitting on you, though I resent the ‘creep’ comment. Still, that doesn’t excuse what you did.”

“If that’s not the pot calling the kettle black!” I snapped. “You don’t think *this* was a mild overreaction to having to change your pants? I’m going to need a second wardrobe!”

“Well you’ll be able to sell your existing one – that should help.”

I glared, but quickly decided that glaring wasn’t going to help with things. “Look, I know you can undo this. The magic is still settling, and you could easily counter-curse me and let me off the hook. I’m sorry, and I promise I won’t try anything again. Whaddaya say?”

He looked hard at me. “I tell you what. Stick around, enjoy the con. Tonight, you let me take you out for a drink, and we’ll fix you right up. We can do the hotel bar, even – you’ll be able to change into your regular clothes as soon as we’re done. Give me a shot, eh?”

“What? Sit around going through this... this... this second puberty so every guy here can ogle me? You’ve gotta be kidding me!”

This time I didn’t let him stop me, nor did he try except to yell after me. “I’ll be at the bar at ten if you change your mind!”

Bastard!

What my hotel room afforded me in privacy, it punished in equal proportion of loneliness. I'm kind of an introvert, most of the time, and eight times out of ten I'd like it this way. But today... well, I'd finally begun to understand what else he had done to me.

My arm soon wore itself out trying to get myself off. I never even made it out of my costume – I flounced right down on my bed, tugged my sodden panties to the side, and got to work. I rationalized it at first as simply being a natural reaction, vanity run amok. Obviously I'd never wanted to have giant boobs and a badonkadonk, but maybe my subconscious was reveling at transforming into one of those girls from high school who'd never had to do anything but show a ghost of cleavage to have friends and grades and social standing. I'd been that pretty girl that above average guys settled for – but now, that could be me, top of the totem pole. I mean, if I kept this. Which I wouldn't, of course.

Slowly, though, I'd accepted this was more than a shallow wellspring of aspiring conceitedness. My next guess was that my arousal was a reaction not supernatural, but rather a natural byproduct of these changes playing with my pituitary and whatnot to flood my body with hormones. Magic didn't always integrate itself flawlessly, after all. Yet as I forced a third finger inside me, kicking myself for not having brought so much as a simple dildo on this trip, I gradually disregarded this hypothesis as well.

This was no accident, no happy coincidence. The first time I squeezed my enlarged – enlarging – breasts and felt a shockwave of pleasure go right to my clit, I knew this was deliberate. Nobody had nipples this sensitive. If they did, there would be a documented syndrome around it, because the sensation was almost too delightful to function. My head swam with lazy waves of yearning, questing elation, reaching out for completion but not finding it. No, no matter how hard I diddled, no matter how sweetly I caressed my thoroughly engorged clit, no matter how frantically I pawed at my boobs, I could *barely* get off. I'd had this happen before, where sex or masturbation culminated in some pitiful, unsatisfying orgasm, but that was usually because I was tired, or wasn't very attracted to my partner, or simply not in the mood.

I had *never* been more in the mood than this. As horny as I was, I should've been coming from a mild breeze. Instead, the best I could do was a one-second orgasm that, if I'd never had one before, might have led me to contemplate a life of celibacy.

This was one hell of a curse, all right.

I knew what he wanted. He wanted me to come crawling to him, needy, busty, horny, desperate. I could picture it – I *did* picture it. It added another second or two to those pitiful climaxes, which was enough incentive to allow myself to guiltily indulge the sordid fantasy. I could go back to the con right now, find him, and fuck him. I knew full well it would be the best sex of my life. I mean, a curse this heavy-handed had only one overarching purpose, to make me want to fuck him. It was obvious, and repulsive, but that didn't change how fucking *hot* I suddenly found it.

I got off – such as I could – a few more times contemplating how totally sick and perverse my situation was.

But no. I may be irreconcilably horny, but I wasn't a slave to my lust. I was still a free-willed woman – and what a woman, I thought, admiring the way my breasts now filled out the entirety of the mesh portion of the dress and then some. It was now stretched thin enough that the pale color of my flesh was discernible, and with even a little examination, one had an easy time discerning the two cherry red nipples poking out lewdly, practically begging to be sucked on.

No, I would not give in. I would not give this man the satisfaction of breaking me. No way was I going to find him and beg him to take me somewhere and please, god *please* fuck the shit out of me.

No. Never.

I called for room service. After all, I was cosplaying Anna, and what better way to get what you wanted than by greasing the wheels of commerce?

I didn't even remember what I ordered, honestly. This was a nice hotel, though, so not ten minutes later a uniformed bellboy rapped softly on my door with a tray of whatever it was I'd requested. I didn't care. I'd lucked out, it seemed; the guy was of a similar age with me, and not bad-looking either. Well-groomed, reasonably fit, broad shoulders. I answered the door, still in my costume.

Well, except my bra.

And my panties.

“Well hello there,” I purred. He'd do nicely.

“Hey, there. You ordered room service, right?”

“I sure did. And here you are.”

His eyes darted over me; his male instincts couldn't fail to detect the subtle signs of a woman in heat. She didn't even know what exactly he saw – heck, he probably *smelled* my arousal in the close air of my hotel room – but I saw in his eyes that he knew what was standing before him. Awkwardly, he thrust forward the tray, its cover still on. “Right. Um, here you go.”

I set it aside without even glance. He took a step back, seeming to sense he'd intruded upon something, something intensely feminine and primal. “Wait,” I said. “You haven't let me tip you.”

“Oh. Yeah.”

I waited for him to step into the room, but he remained rooted in the hallway. “Well, come on in and take it,” I offered.

“Uh, ma'am?” he said, confused. Or at least unsure.

I peeled my dress up over my hips. It was quite snug now, and took some work tugging it up an inch at a time on each side. As it revealed my pussy, he and I both saw

that I was now officially bald down there. I touched it, and sure enough it was smooth as the day I was born. “Your tip.”

The guy stared, agog. He’d probably never imagined something like this happening. At least not from a girl like me. “Wow. You’re... you’re so... wow.”

“Uh huh. Wow is right. You gonna get in here and close the door, or does the whole hotel get to watch?” Why was that prospect suddenly so alluring?

“I... well it’s just... I mean, I’m working.”

“Tell them I spilled the tray and you helped clean me up,” I said, dragging a nail between my breasts. “It’s barely even lying. I’m a dirty, dirty girl, and I need you.” Ugh, was I really saying this stuff? Whatever. I needed it, and I wasn’t going to go give that son of a bitch wizard the satisfaction of saying it to him.

“Oh. Well yeah, I guess I could... But...”

“But what? Come on, sweetie, I’m a sure thing.”

“It’s just...” He trailed off again, and I was beginning to think he was just enjoying seeing me beg. Finally, he let out a despondent sigh. “I have a girlfriend.”

“So? You can do shit to me she would *never* let you get away with.”

I felt bad even before the words finished getting out. I was not this kind of girl! Luckily he kept me from becoming such, drawing on some reserves of loyalty I doubted any boyfriend of mine had ever possessed. “I can’t. I’m sorry.”

I heard a last parting “goddammit!” after he shut the door, and I flopped back down on the bed and resumed frigging myself like crazy. That had been the most degrading experience of my life – and yet I was still more turned on than I’d ever been. I was beyond cogent analysis, but I was pretty sure those two facts were related.

As I strained to bring myself to another of those sad little orgasms the curse had left to me, I heard a woman’s voice. I opened my eyes just in time to see that the door was still open, and a woman and what looked to be her husband were standing there. “You forgot to close your door, miss.” Her tone left no doubt as to what she thought of me, though her husband’s eyes were locked on my pussy until the moment the door closed.

That finally pushed me over the edge. Once the door closed, however, there was nothing doing. My pussy simply refused to cool down or cooperate with my masturbatory efforts.

I needed a man.

I'd wound up needing to adjust my dress before I could even return. Thank goodness I'd had the foresight to bring my sewing kit. My hips were now so wide that only the bottom-most portion of the dress could still fit over them, so I had to take in about four inches from the length. The result was that the thing now barely went down past my crotch; as I walked down the street towards the convention center, I could feel the breeze whistling past my naked slit. Yes, I'd foregone panties. I had more than just the soaked pair I'd discarded after this morning, but they were all way too tight on my distended derriere, and besides, they'd only wind up likewise drenched even if I suffered through it.

If only those were the whole of the changes, but they weren't even close. My thighs had swollen slightly, complementing the new curves of my backside. This meant the leather bands I'd been using for garters had to be slid down to right above my knees, and the stocks to match. The result was that my thighs were entirely bare, which, in the newly shortened dress, may as well been a flashing runway strip guiding one towards my pussy.

Then there were the tits, of course. That was a word I'd never liked, but for the first time in my life it applied. When I'd checked into my hotel, I'd done so in a 34B bra. I had no concept of whether the width was still right – my waist had definitely shrunk, after all – but the cup size on these whoppers I could only guess at. One of my friends who was well-endowed in that area wore a D cup bra, I'd learned at the laundromat, and I was easily bigger than her now. The mesh across the chest of my dress wasn't really concealing them any more so much as tinting my pale skin. The nipples were plainly visible without even looking for them. With no bra to cover them, nor any reason to think they wouldn't quickly outgrow a new bra if I ran to a store to buy one, I improvised and used two of the gold coins from my purse to cover them, discarding the chocolate inside the foil and replacing them with large buttons from my sewing kit. It would have to do. At least the coins still suited the Anna character and her love of money. And if it drew people's eyes to my tits, well...

I was pretty sure there were other changes, too. My skin seemed clearer, my hair fuller, my eyes wider, and my lips seemed to naturally settle on a smile that could only be called flirtatious. I was pretty sure my voice was higher pitched, too, though it was hard to be sure. I was tempted to strain what little magic I'd regained in the past few hours in order to surmise how much worse this might get, but what would be the point? I wouldn't have the power to stop it, and it would only further delay the point at which I might try to begin to unravel this mess.

The wizard was nowhere to be seen inside the entrance. So much for my dread that he'd be waiting for me to return. (Or was it hope?) So I started walking the con. If I thought I'd been attracting attention this morning, it was nothing compared to now. I couldn't walk fifty feet without some guy wanting to get a selfie with me. The first guy I

told no. I was distracted, and close proximity of a man was definitely not going to help. The second one also got a rejection, but more firmly – to remind myself not to seduce him more so than to dissuade him – but he took it personally.

“Fine, ya fuckin’ slut.” He stormed off.

Which was good, or he might have seen my knees nearly buckle.

When the third one, a heavysset guy around my dad’s age, asked me for one, I indulged him. He was respectful enough to instigate no touching more intimate than to stand shoulder to shoulder with me, but even that was enough to turn up the heat in my crotch another ten degrees. The fourth and fifth – maybe the sixth? I started getting too horny to count clearly – were about the same, but then came one who put his arm around my shoulder, and that’s when...

OK, I’m not proud of it, but it’s called the biological imperative for a reason. I took his hand in mine and moved it from my shoulder to the upper slopes of my tit even as his friend was snapping the photo. Curious if I might go further, the friend took a couple more – then asked if he could get one himself. In the same pose, he went right for my tit, fingers questing until they brushed against the coin over my nipple. I gasped at even that minor sensation and without thinking put my lips on his cheek. As he released me to continue on down the way, I let out a giggle that could only come from an anime girl, and I swear, I could see both of their cocks go full mast.

Then I started kissing every guy who took a picture with me. It just felt so *right*, putting my lips on a man. It was at least as satisfying as, on any day before today, a solid fingering. A surge of pleasure, of rightness, of fullness and wetness – and then they’d leave me. No matter. By now, seeing the huge-titted anime girl with the see-through top who seemed willing to kiss anything that walked, there was a line forming. In ten minutes I accepted more selfie requests than I had the entire previous day. Without quite knowing how, I wound up trapped in place for a solid half hour while I kissed and, as subtly as I could, encouraged them to touch me. I’d put their hand on my waist, then twist so it was more on my butt. Or squash my boobs against their biceps while I leaned in to kiss them. No doubt their hands could feel the waves of heat radiating off my bare cunt.

Cunt? I did *not* have a cunt. Sluts had cunts. I was a...

Well, I didn’t have a cunt, at least.

It was a ways into my impromptu photo booth session when someone who had actually played Fire Emblem came along. He was a younger guy, kinda cute in a geeky sort of way – though they were all pretty cute now, except the cute ones, who were fucking hawt – and he was blushing just to look at this pornographic version of Anna.

“You look so much like her, it’s a mind job,” he complimented me after introductions. He’d said his name, but I hadn’t heard it. I’d only heard a male voice, which meant he had a cock, which meant I wanted him to keep talking to me.

“Thanks! She’s one of my favorite characters. You’re a fan, I take it?”

“Hell yeah. Really underrated games, ya know?”

“Totally!” I kissed him on the cheek, mostly. My lips might have brushed against his lips.

“Oh, I wasn’t ready yet, sorry.”

Right, I was supposed to wait for someone to be taking a picture. Whatever.

“Sorry – can’t help myself sometimes.” There it was again, that high-pitched giggle.

“I’m surprised you’re not charging for these. Not just ‘cause you’re Anna, but... well, you know. Most girls here who, um, look like... ya know... you,” he managed, “are asking for money for photos.”

“You want to pay me?” I asked. I was barely following. I was mostly just thinking about how bad I wanted him – or anyone – to touch me. Maybe more than touch me.

“Well, I mean... sure?” He sounded uncertain, probably unclear if I was saying I was one of the pay girls or if I was simply flirting.

He fished out his wallet, frowning. “I only have a \$10.”

Maybe I was channeling Anna; maybe I was excited to get something out of this stupid curse; maybe the idea of being paid made letting these guys use me as a prop more gratifying. Regardless, I snagged the bill, and while he was still squeaking out a protest, put a finger to his lips. “I am an honest merchant,” I assured him, doing my best impersonation of my character. “And I would love the opportunity to earn this. May I?”

“Um...” he said, pretty much right to my tits.

I lead him down the hall and around the corner to where I knew there was a bench. Most of the guys in line seemed to interpret this as a sign that I was done posing with them and dispersed; a couple eager and curious ones followed, though. The bench I’d remembered was now occupied, so I continued, leading him down a side hallway with my fingerless glove seizing his nervous, sweaty hand. Nice and secluded. Perfect. It was only then it occurred to me that what I’d been thinking about doing – fantasizing, really, as to some extent all of my thoughts were starting to become fantasies – might be a poor idea out in the open.

“Uh, where are we...?”

“Right here, honored customer,” I said, shoving him down onto the bench. Not hard. But I wasn’t about to let him walk away either. Then I sat down sideways in his lap, legs extended out over the rest of the wooden bench. Could the few guys who’d followed us see my pussy like this? I didn’t care. I sort of hoped they could, actually. This dress had never looked better, nor had what was underneath it.

I squirmed my butt into his lap, sighing in relief at the reassuring presence of a cock fighting to pierce the layers of fabric separating us. He’d forgotten all about the selfie, but I dimly remembered he’d said something about only wanting to kiss on camera. I seized his phone from him and held it out, pointing the camera at the two of

us. This time, I kissed him full on the lips. My mouth opened slightly as I snapped picture after picture, but he never did give me his tongue, sadly.

Should that cost more? Or had he already paid enough for that?

The next guy wasn't so shy. His friend stood back snapping – recording, maybe – as I wriggled into his lap, giggling coquettishly. His hand found his way right to my tit, which only made me giggle louder. His tongue ventured into my mouth after only a few kisses, and when his friend finally insisted it was his turn, I pouted right up until he slid a fresh \$20, which was twice (I think?) what the other guys had paid, right into my top.

For twenty dollars, the makeout that ensued seemed about right. I'd have happily kept at it, too, except at some point the other guy who'd followed us interrupted. "Wow, what's \$50 get me?"

"You wanna gimme fifty bucks?" I asked. Was I even worth that much? I guess with my new big titties.

"You are to me," he said.

I didn't even see what happened to the other guys. They ran off in an awful hurry. I tugged out the mesh neckline and invited him to stuff it in between my tits, and let him give one of them a nice big squeeze as he did. That was good. He took a seat on my bench and I straddled his lap, grinding my bare pussy against his slacks. He'd have a hell of a wet spot there when he stood up, but I was basically a machine that mass produced wet spots now. I didn't even pay attention to whether or not he was getting any pictures as I sucked his tongue into my mouth, both of his hands squeezing my huge ass where it had emerged from beneath my teensy joke of a dress.

Then the last two guys were back. I guess they'd found an ATM, because suddenly they had *two hundred dollars*. What would Anna do? I mean, it was *money*. Was I supposed to say no? They didn't even want me to do anything I didn't want to – just let them squeeze my titties, grope my butt, and eventually get on my knees and take turns sucking them off. I think they might have been kidding when they asked, but where there was two hundred dollars, there was probably more, and Anna wasn't about to spurn a paying customer. The one who didn't have his dick in my mouth stood back to do the filming. I grinned – when my mouth wasn't full – at the thought of all the free publicity these shots would give me once they hit the internet.

Plus, they were cocks. Big, hairy, veiny, throbbly cocks. At that point, I didn't care why I wanted them so bad; I only knew that I did. And they were amazing, in every way a cock can be amazing. They looked good, smelled better, tasted divine. Why hadn't I been doing this all day? Dumb me, wasting my time primping and socializing when I could be getting cum. I was careful to swallow them – all four loads – should I have charged them again? – so I could keep my costume clean. Though on second thought, I figured it paid to advertise, so I let one weighty blob drizzle out my mouth, down my

chin, to where it stood out nice and prominent against the black mesh that by now was only the most technical of covering over my titties.

At some point, some guy cosplaying a security guard from some game or show I didn't recognize came over and wanted to cut in line, and he was *really* handsy about it, making me get off my knees and keeping my hands off of him. The other guys ran off, I guess playing along?

"You need to come with me, miss," he said in an authoritative tone. He was a good cosplayer – really nailing the part. Mm, nailing.

"But you haven't even paid me," I said. I wasn't resisting, but I wouldn't say not to a few more bucks if I could get them out of him.

"I'm not here to purchase your services," he said, still half-dragging me by the arm.

"Really? Because I went down on those guys for only twenty," I told him. Or had it been two hundred? Two thousand? There was a two, I was sure. Maybe just two.

He stopped trying to lead me away when I said that. "What'll forty get me?"

After a while, I began to wonder if he was a real security guard. I had plenty of time to think, which was good, because it was *really* hard to think through the explosions of happy in my pussy. He took me to this room with lockers and monitors and stuff, and I started thinking this might be the security station. Because then, as he was bending me over the console and fucking me – for thirty dollars! Typical Anna, right? – another guard came in, and then he took *his* turn. Before long, there was just a line of them. Some of them paid me, some of them didn't. I figured the payers were probably paying for their buddies anyway. All I asked was that they not mess up my dress, and aside from some jizz spots, they were good about it.

Now, I wasn't stupid or anything. I don't think, at least. Definitely not as clear-headed as I was before, but not a total ditz. Huuuuuuge titties now, though. They'd gotten so big they finally started tearing a little line through the fabric in my top, which hadn't really been covering them any more anyways. The dress was clinging to me like a second skin now everywhere but around my tummy, where the belt kept it strapped down to my newly diminished waistline. When I wanted to show off my ass now, I really had to peeeel it up. I didn't really need to – I was easy enough to fuck in my itty bitty skirt already – but it was fun to show off. I felt really good every time I heard somebody say "oh wow look at that ass" or "her tits are fucking enormous, Jesus" or "aren't you worried you're going to catch something from a girl like that?" I giggled super hard at that one. I'd only slept with two other guys before, and they were both virgins. Well, unless you counted the ten-ish other guys who'd fucked me right before he made that comment, but I don't think I have to count Anna fucks as my own.

What was I saying? Oh yeah, how I'm not stupid.

So yes, I knew this was the curse doing this. And yes, I noticed that as amazing as it felt to have cocks inside me, each one was less fulfilling than the last. By the time the guys said they'd had their fill and I should get moving, I was basically ready to go anyway. I hadn't been able to come in almost an hour. Obviously, wizard-guy wanted to reserve my cunt for him and him alone.

Back in the convention hall, I glanced at a clock and saw it was... um...

"What time is it? I can't read the handsy clocks."

"Half past nine."

"Oh. Thanks." I paused. "Um, what does that mean?"

"Nine thirty...?" he said, looking at me like I was an idiot. Mean. But fair, probably.

"Oh. So that's, um thirty minutes to ten? Or sixty?"

"How on earth did you get sixty?" asked the girl beside him. She was cosplaying some kind of ninja, and she probably would've looked way hotter if I hadn't been standing there, titties as big as her head. Err, head.

"You know, thirty plus sixty equals a hundred, hundred minutes in an hour...?" That didn't sound right. I wondered how big her boyfriend's cock was. If I was at full strength, I totally would've looked through his pants to check. I couldn't wait until my strength was back.

"*Sixty* minutes in an hour, and thirty plus sixty is fucking ninety," she said contemptuously, glaring at me.

"She's just role playing her character, hon," her boyfriend assured her. "Nobody's *that* dumb."

"Well, it's offensive." They stormed off as she gave him an earful about how I was eroding women's empowerment. I blew a kiss to her boyfriend and flashed my my drippy pussy when he looked back before they rounded a corner.

OK. So I had sixty, or ninety, or thirty minutes to get to the hotel bar. Whichever it was, I ought to get moving. I was right to hurry, because sure enough, the guys left at the con were relentless in the main thoroughfare. There were still dozens of girls cosplaying out here, many of them wearing outfits way more sexualized than mine. None of them had the body I did, though, even if a few of them were so hot I wanted to ride their fucking faces.

Shit, he made me bi, too? That was so *hawt*. And wrong, of course, but still.

I posed more, kissed more, got felt up more, but even as every too-bold comment and compliment burned through my nipples and clitty and what was left of my brain, I couldn't let myself get bogged down again. These were cocks, yes, and cocks were awesome, but they weren't Austin's wizardy cock. That was what I needed now. Unless I could convince him to turn me back instead. I guess.

Finally, I made it out into the frigid night air, out of the con, and on my way. I was having a hard time walking, between thighs sore from being spread for several hours, not having adjusted yet to the enormous new weights on my chest, and some residual stinging from one guy who gave my ass a slap as I walked by and then indulged me with a few more spankings. (For money, of course; I'm not a total slut. A dollar a whack, and he kept count for me.)

All right, I admit it. It took me like four tries to get back to the hotel. I couldn't remember which way it was any more, and every time I tried looking for familiar landmarks I started noticing how much tall buildings look like cocks and I'd get distracted and have to start all over. So I hailed a cab – three of them pulled over for me! – and told the guy to take me to the hotel. He asked which one.

“The one I've got a room at.” Duh. And the wizard thought he'd dumbled *me* down.

But he wound up taking me to this seedy place like half an hour away with hourly rates posted out front. I went inside to make sure it wasn't the right place, but by the time I got back outside, he was gone. Even this far from the convention center, though, there was a guy who seemed to recognize a cosplayer, so I made another fifty bucks behind a dumpster in an alley. That was cool.

Three cab rides later, each time with a wrong guess, I finally got a guy who knew what hotel was by the convention center. I offered to suck him off before I left, like as a tip. He let me, and he said I didn't even have to pay for the ride! I was *soooo* Anna, the perfect cunning capitalist.

Once I was out of the cab though, I was running to the bar. Trying to, anyway; my titties were too big and my dress too tight to run. My timing was perfect, because I saw Gus leaving right as I was coming in. I practically ran right into him.

“Gussy!”

“It's Dustin,” he corrected somewhat peevishly. Oh yeah, Dustin. “I was starting to think you weren't coming. I hate being stood up almost as much as I hate having iced coffee dumped down my pants.”

“I'm sorry,” I said hurriedly. “I won't ever do it again. I promise.”

He looked me over, smirking once more. “So, looks like you didn't summon the will to fight it off, eh?”

“Nope.” I blushed, looking down. I was so weak.

“Well, maybe next time you'll think twice before abusing those little powers of yours, mm?”

“Yeah, maybe,” I said. Face to face, it was so hard to get words out.

He studied me a moment. “Is that it? Still no apology?”

My jaw dropped. I'd come here to give in, and that wasn't enough – he wanted me to ask forgiveness for what I did to him! Boys! “Me apologize! To you?! You turned me into a super-titted slutty girl!”

The few heads in earshot turned to look at me. God I liked being looked at now. “Fine, have your pride,” said Dustin – I couldn't forget his name again; now it was burned into my soul – and with that, he brushed past me. I glared after him, barely even aware that I'd started playing with myself right there in the lobby.

The hotel didn't give out guest room numbers. As such, I wound up having to suck off the guy at the front desk; he'd evidently heard about me from the bellhop this afternoon and went on and on while I blew him about how he hadn't thought the story could be true. “328 B,” he squeaked as he flooded my mouth with what had to be a week of pent-up cum.

I thanked him, and after popping a breath mint from my purse, on shaky legs, I made my way to the elevator to face the music.

I knew I should be mad. He'd turned me into his love slave, after all, warped my mind and my body into this walking talking sex toy, a farcical parody of femininity. He was going to win, which only made me pout harder, for there was no scenario I could envision in which I wasn't going to let him – no, beg him – to fuck me. Even if he offered to end the curse, I'd be on my knees pleading for him to use me first, to give me the pleasure I'd been building towards all day. My IQ had probably dropped forty points, and I could feel a slew of vulgar words eager to infest my every statement, overriding years of dislike for such terms.

“Titties.” I giggled all by myself in the elevator.

I'd whored myself out to strangers, flaunted my body and sold it, given it away, for the amusement of men whose names I'd neither learned, nor even asked for. It was humiliating, and degrading in the extreme. But as I took those mincing steps towards 328 B, I had to admit, if only to myself, that it had been the most thrilling day of my entire life.

“Well?” he said as he answered the door.

“I'm sorry,” I began. I think I might have even meant it. Standing up for myself had its place, or had once, but as I stood there in his doorway thanking him for transmuting my brains into booby and booty, I had to concede that it paled in comparison to the sheer thrill of subordination.

“You're forgiven,” he said. The door swung shut in my face, but I dropped to my knees in a flash, blocking it.

“May I come in, please? I'll be good, I promise. No more being bad. Never.”

“What do you think, girls? Should I throw this bitch a bone?”

He swung the door open, and I saw the girls he was referring to. They were... well, frankly, they were like me. Huge tits, dopey grins, slutty outfits. Theirs were more garden variety, the blonde in booty shorts and a tank top and the brunette in a strapless micro minidress that looked like it was a belt struggling to do a dress's job.

“Be nice, honey,” said the blonde. “She looks really desperate.”

“I am,” I assured them. “He made me this way.”

“He makes us all that way, babe,” said the brunette in a voice that might have been a parody of a 90's valley girl if she hadn't looked so guileless about it.

He plopped down on the couch between his other bitches – which is I guess what I was, now – and looked at me with middling interest. “We can give her an audition, I suppose. If she asks nicely.”

“Oh, I will!” I exclaimed, scurrying inside the door. The blonde rolled her big blue eyes and went to close it behind me, so I could do my begging in relative privacy. Privacy, that is, aside from these two strangers, and the man who was basically a stranger whose name I happened to know.

“This is how much money I made today,” I told him, tearing open the front of my dress. Wads of sweaty, cum-stained cash spilled out (how did cum get on them?), as did two mammoth boobies. Almost as big as the blonde’s. “I earned it at the con for you showing off this new body you gave me. Thank you, sir. You really made my cosplay a hit.”

“No doubt,” he said, nudging aside the grubby money with a foot.

I continued; just kneeling at his feet was the biggest rush I’d had in a day filled with rushes. “And I have you to thank for it. Thank you, Dustin. Thank you! And, um, not that I’m not grateful, but... it’s just... Just please, let me come, sir. You can do whatever you want to me. I’ll be whoever you want – from now on. Not just tonight, if you want to keep me. I’ll be your personal cosplay witch girl, your fuck toy who you can dress up however you want and undress whenever you want, wherever you want.”

I pictured him finding me at the con, telling me to strip right there in front of everyone. That would be so fucking hot, having him make me do that. After this evening, I bet the security guards would let me do it, too. I’d have to suggest it tomorrow.

“I’ll suck your cock, and you can fuck me, fuck my ass, fuck these huge big gigantic huge titties you gave me, any time you want. Please? Please do those things?” He didn’t look motivated. “I... um... I’ll let you have some of my money.” He arched an eyebrow, but only that. “All my money? Yeah, you can have it. And I’ll make more tomorrow. Tons of horny guys wanna pay me to pose with them, ever since you turned me into this. I’ll take their money and pass it on to you. Is... is that OK?”

“What do you think, Terra?”

“I think you should fuck *me*,” purred the brunette.

“Jes?”

“I think you went to the trouble of making yourself a cosplay slut, you owe it to yourself to use her.” The blonde smiled sympathetically at me.

With a sigh of ennui, he lowered his pants for me for the second time that day. Terra and Jes cooed at the sight of it, and I think I might have too. “Well then? Come on up, my little cosplay, before I change my mind.”

He didn’t have to ask me twice. I snatched up my money, giggling at the feel of the grimy balls of cash in my gloved fists. I loved money almost as much as I loved Dustin’s cock.

He fucked me. Lord, how he fucked me. I rode his lap, he fucked me doggy style in the luxurious bed. With his own magical reserves still recovering from cursing me that morning, he let me use what I’d recovered to help him back to full erection. I tried to remember what I’d been saving my energy for, but whatever it had been, it couldn’t be as good as that. He pulled out and came all over my face – hopefully it would wash out of the beret – and I pleaded with him to fuck me again. He obliged. Dustin wasn’t attentive, or even very energetic; I had to do most of the bouncing and grinding and

wiggling, while he mostly lay there and smacked my butt, slapped my titties to watch them sway, or otherwise treated himself to my body. Every time he came, it was like Anna had closed a sale for a million gold. And, like a good merchant, I thanked him for his business and invited him to keep browsing my wares.

Eventually, I knew he'd get tired, or worse... Terra and Jes looked on, diddling their pretty pussies in envy. Other shops were open. Wary that they might distract him from me, I even took that hardest step for Anna.

"I could pay you, sir. I don't have any more money with me, but I have a bank account. You can have... half? My character is a merchant, after all." I imagined my credit card as a pile of cash. Cash I could use to get me what I really wanted – more Dustin dick. Hopefully he could do the adding and mathing and stuff. I retained only a vague sense of which numbers were bigger, though I mostly prized bills now by how fuckable the guy on the front was. The guy on the five was pretty hung, I just knew it.

Dustin patted my rump affectionately; a tiny orgasm – though bigger than any I'd had that day aside from on the end of his cock – rippled through me at his touch. "Oh that's right, you told me this morning. Say, that reminds me, I never did get your name, girl."

I have my own name, of course. He'd done a real number on me today, but he couldn't take that from me. Seeing my reflection in the mirror hung by the closet, I didn't even recognize myself. That vapid doe-eyed face, simpering lips, ponderous titties, wide hips with an ass jutting out behind them like a shelf, two glistening trails of moisture seeping down either thigh. That girl looked like a sweet, stupid, eager slut – and up close, she sounded and smelled like one too.

Still, inside, it was me.

And all me wanted right now was to be the girl he'd sculpted me into, because that was the girl he wanted to fuck.

"You can call me Anna."

